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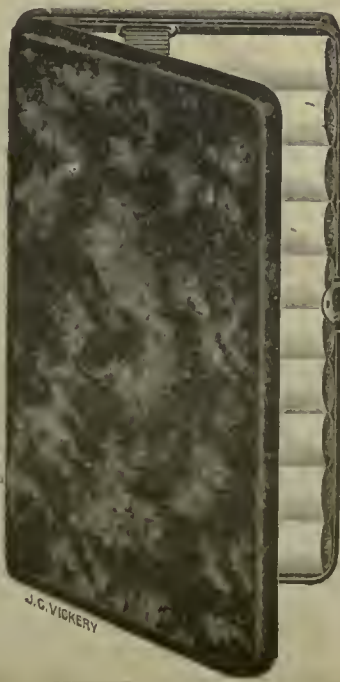
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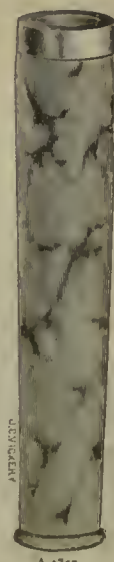
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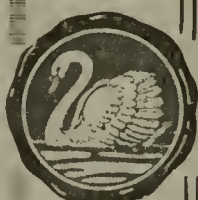
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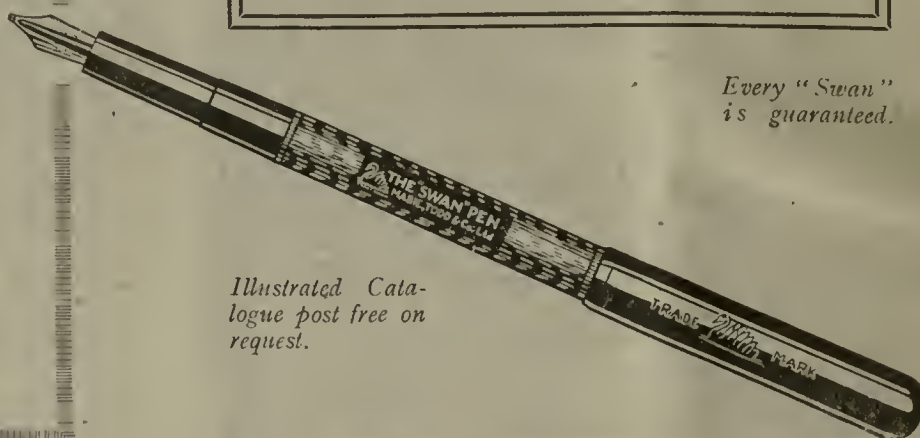
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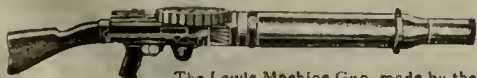
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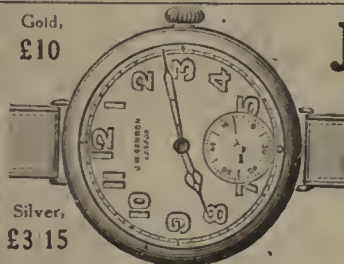
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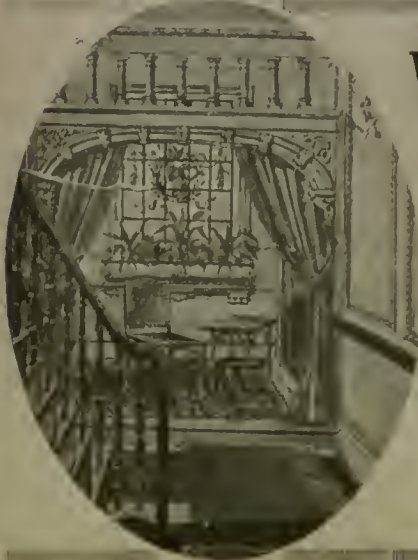
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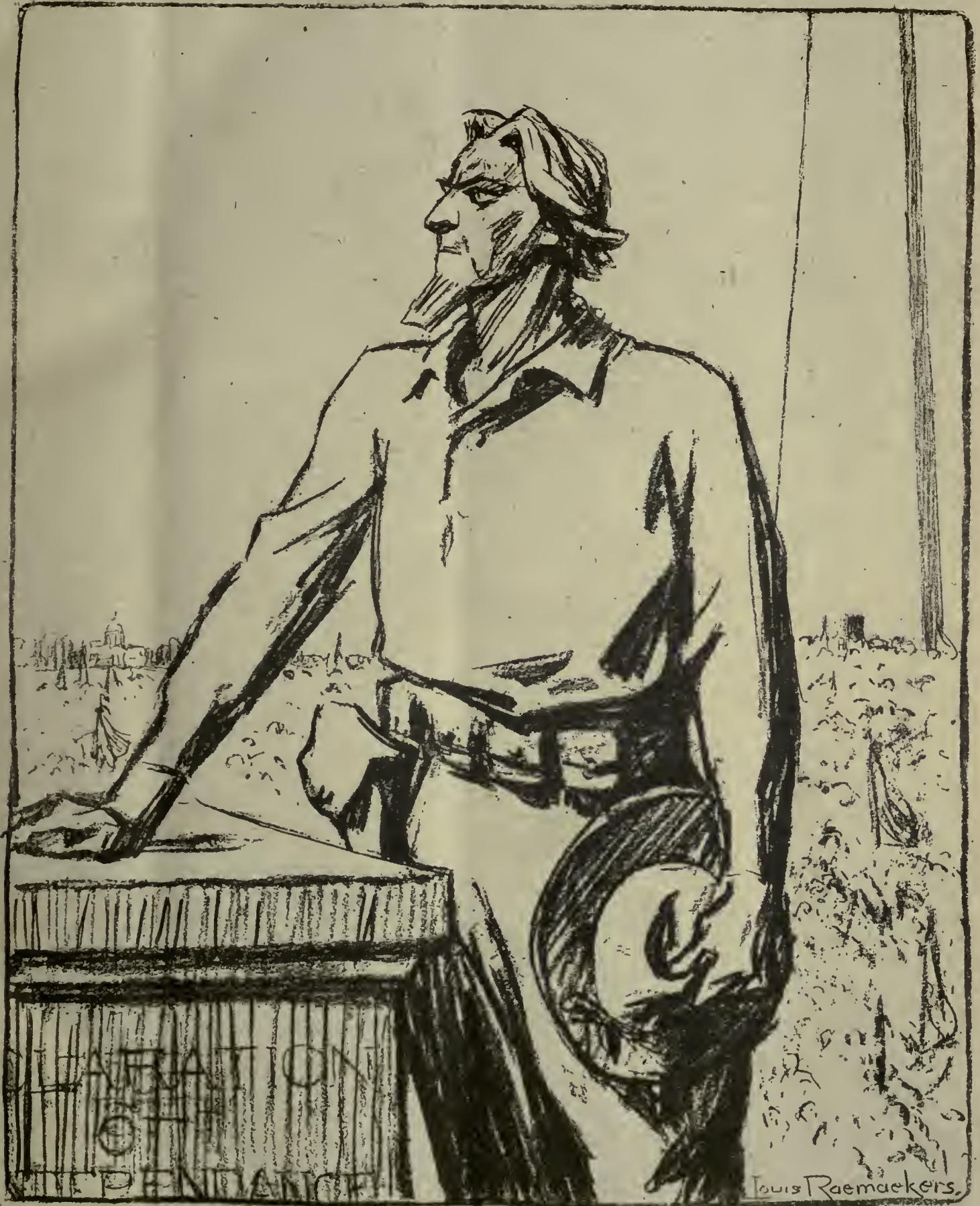
# LAND & WATER

Vol. LXXI. No. 2930. [56TH YEAR]

THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1918

[REGISTERED AS  
A NEWSPAPER.]

PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
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The Fourth of July

By Louis Raemaekers



# LAND & WATER

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Telephone: HOLBORN 2828.

THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1918.

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## The Outlook

THE week has been marked by a number of local actions, French, English, and Italian, of which the latter are the more important. In combination they have succeeded in the course of three days—Saturday, Sunday, and Monday—in taking all the heights which dominate the Frenzela valley, and therefore the eastern approach from the Asiago plateau to the great Brenta avenue of communication, with its railway and roads. The feat is remarkable as proof of the spirit of the renewed Italian forces and of the moral effect produced by the Austrian retreat after the abortive offensive of June 15th.

All these actions on the part of the Allies are, of course, quite minor things compared with the great struggle which has only been postponed so long through the severity of the German losses in the last great battles in France, but they show the continued activity of the defence, and they are always locally valuable. Thus it is probable that the attacks on Nieppe Forest by the British, and outside the Villers-Cotterets Forest by the French, were both undertaken to forestall enemy movements, the preparation for which had been observed, or news of which had reached us through prisoners. The constant raids on the enemy have resulted in much valuable information, and orders have now been issued by Ludendorf with the object of muzzling captured Huns.

The debate in the House of Commons last Monday with regard to the summoning of men to the Army from agriculture was at once more interesting and more straightforward than most Parliamentary discussions. Mr. Prothero frankly stated that the demand for men might imperil the harvest. It is a demand for only 30,000 men; but these are young men and skilled. Few people not connected with agricultural work appreciate the high-grade skill and training which is required and its great complexity, and it is this lack of understanding which has greatly complicated the problem.

Though Mr. Prothero spoke of the extreme need for men which the Army now has, and alluded to the decision of the Government as one which has been come to in common by all its members, he clearly showed from his tone that he thought the experiment perilous. It is probable that no one who really had to make the decision has any experience of work upon the land or any idea of its character. The country has become so industrial that less than one family in ten is occupied in agriculture, as even in the heart of the country you have great numbers whose interests lie in other departments of activity, and will remain all their lives quite ignorant of the work of the fields. If we had a large number of women trained to field work and experienced in it, as have the French and the Irish, for instance, it would be another matter, but neither the necessary training nor experience can be gathered in the course of this war, and this great auxiliary does not exist.

From Admiralty and Berlin *communiqués* we learned, at the end of last week, that on Thursday evening there had been an encounter between a British destroyer leader and three destroyers and, first, eight, and then eleven, German

destroyers. It seems to have been a long-range, high-speed affair, to have lasted about a quarter of an hour, and to have ended without damage to either side. That the British, being in an inferiority of four to eleven, should, in the language of the official report, "have fallen back on their supports," or in the phraseology of the enemy, "should have withdrawn at high speed, escaping out of sight by developing a fog," was, of course, the correct tactics to follow. What is significant is that the force, which was nearly three times as strong, did not attempt to pursue. It is possible that the use of a smoke screen may partly explain this reluctance. It was evening, and the light presumably not very good. Perhaps a trap was suspected. The fact that eleven boats did not pursue four teaches one something of German caution.

It is obvious from these announcements that the shifting of *Vindictive*, of which we were told some time ago, has enabled the enemy to make some, though not a very extensive, use of Ostend as a port. There is no suggestion yet that he can use Zeebrugge, and until he is able to, the full value of the docks at Bruges cannot be available to him. So that the enemy's naval activities must for some time to come be very greatly curtailed.

The Select Committee on National Expenditure has issued its fourth report. It is an unpleasant document from a public point of view, for it again demonstrates the ease and deliberation with which Government Departments are able to squander millions. This time it is national shipyards; what will it be next? On the supreme folly of these shipyards we wrote strongly last year, and in Parliament Mr. George Lambert and others vigorously opposed them, but it was of no avail. Government had committed itself to "the entirely novel scheme for the national construction of merchant ships without consultation with private shipbuilders and without any estimate of the cost being prepared," to quote the Committee's report, with the not surprising result that a dead loss of close on four millions sterling has resulted. Worse than this, by taking over the Chepstow Shipyard from private enterprise, the Government put a stop to the work that was then proceeding, and the keels of ships have not yet been laid which should by now have been almost ready for launching had only the Government been better advised. We suppose nobody is to blame, and we have little doubt, if we only knew it, that the same waste and extravagance is continuing at the present moment in half a dozen different directions. Can nothing be done to anticipate this utter lack of ordinary business prudence and straightforward intelligence. Must we always wait until—to use the Prime Minister's pathetic cry—it is too late?

At the end of the Labour Conference, last week, a meeting of delegates from trade unions was held at which a new party was formed. If this new party desires to win the sympathy of the country, its first act should be the preparation of a concise and accurate guide to Labour politics. Except those of the inner circle, no one seems to understand the exact drift even of Labour resolutions. To give an instance, the Labour Conference last week carried a resolution to terminate the party truce, the effect of which would be, so the public was told, that all Labour M.P.s. would have to resign from Government. Then comes the voting for the new Executive Committee, and Mr. Clynes, M.P., who spoke strongly against the resolution, and is in the administration, heads the list by a large majority. The one thing is an apparent contradiction of the other. What is the true meaning of it? The system of voting is also understood by very few. Labour has never enjoyed a better opportunity of having its rights and claims accepted by the people; but it must rid itself of the obscurantism which it has borrowed from party politics.

There was a flower fête held in Trafalgar Square last week, and the prettiness of the scene will, we trust, animate a new effort to do away with that dreary flag-paved space. Trafalgar Square is a blot on London; even before the war its famed fountains were too often quiescent; in fact, ever since the closing of the St. Martin's Public Baths. It was the soapy waste of these baths, resorted to by the more cleanly inhabitants of Soho and Seven Dials, that provided the Victorian rainbows round Nelson's Column. It is to be hoped that amid the many memorials and peace offerings that will ensue after the war some wealthy committee or millionaire may be inspired to plant a rosary and to set out herbaceous borders in Trafalgar Square. We can see for ourselves in half a dozen different spots how well, with the exercise of a wise choice, flowers thrive in the very heart of London.



## Hungarian Disclosures: By H. Belloc

**T**HE week has contained no military news of importance, though the capture of the summit of the Val Bella is not without value, and both the disclosures and the scene in the Hungarian Parliament at the end of last week were illuminating.

The capture of the Val Bella summit by the Italians with over 800 prisoners restores to our Allies the chief dominating ground between the mountains and the plain west of the Brenta Valley. This crest overlooks the Asiago Plateau entirely from the east, and on the west commands that rugged and wild descent called the Frenzella Ravine, which is one of the two ways out of the Asiago Plateau to the plains. This summit, with its value both for observation and as a strong point in the chain of defence, was lost in the last movements that followed Caporetto. It was not the most important by any means, but it was one of the important points which gave the enemy their power of launching an attack on the Asiago Plateau. It secured the left flank of such an attack and overlooked the dispositions of its opponent. It remained in enemy hands during all the recent battle; the first Italian counter-offensive was unable to recover it. Its capture now, after an interval of so many days, is good testimony to the vigour and renewed spirit of the Italian Army.

The action began on Saturday morning at dawn, lasted throughout the day and the night, during which considerable enemy reinforcements must have come up, since prisoners from no less than four divisions were captured on the following day (Sunday), when the summit was carried.

The statements made in the Hungarian Parliament at the end of last week, of which a detailed report has arrived in this country, have all the appearance of truth. It seems to

have been one of those occasions when the authorities deliberately take the people into their confidence in spite of the danger of this during the crisis of a war, and do so because further concealment or discovery of falsehood would be dangerous.

I warned my readers that the estimate of 180,000 for the Austrian casualties in the Battle of the Piave was much too high. It would have meant the fall of half—or perhaps more than half—the enemy infantry engaged, and that is a ridiculous supposition. The enemy statement of “about 100,000” is much more probable, though it probably excludes the sick and the very lightest cases which immediately return. The very fact that the Army authorities in Vienna were in a hurry to say that the sick were included and our knowledge that in practice the sick are never included when we talk of losses in a great action, confirm one in this judgment.

Losses of somewhat over 100,000, counting all cases, are amply sufficient to account for the position in which the Austrians found themselves on the fifth day of the battle, when they determined to break it off and retire behind the Piave. It would be interesting to know what proportion of these losses were suffered in the mountains. I have already pointed out that the battle was really two battles: One which might have been decisive in the mountains; the other, a second best, in the plains. What puzzled every one at first was why the really important one, in the mountain sector was broken off so quickly, and it is probable that the reason will turn out to be the extreme severity of the loss there suffered. The success of the Asiago Battle, by the way, counts in favour of the policy of mixed units, much as there is to be said against it. The battle was fought by the troops of the three nations, each of them largely represented.

## The Numerical Position

**I**T seems clear from the tone of the Press, and especially from private letters printed in it, that a considerable confusion has arisen in the public mind with regard to the numerical position in the West. When we say “in the West” we must remember that the West is the only front that has ever really counted, and that it is now the only front seriously engaged at all, and we mean by the West the whole line from the Adriatic to the North Sea, with the interruption of the neutral territory of Switzerland. I have myself received a very great number of letters asking me to explain why there now exists a heavy numerical enemy preponderance against the Western Allies; how this preponderance has enabled the enemy to do what a former Allied preponderance in the West could not do; and why thus having obtained the initiative the enemy allows himself to suffer these long halts in the face of a rapidly increasing Allied recruitment from the United States: the present one has, at the moment of writing (Monday, July 1st) lasted eighteen days.

The whole situation has also been so confused by vague political speeches—speeches in which the terms are emphatic indeed, but never clearly defined, that men, then, seem to think the problems involved insoluble and the study of the war in its present stage futile.

That is quite wrong. The present situation is a natural result of the past. Its numerical gauge is perfectly well known, and though there is little at the present moment to comfort us, the best way of confirming resolution is still, as it always has been, the study of reality. It is not difficult to know what the present situation is or how it came about, and to understand it is of the highest practical value in support of the national determination.

Let me begin at the beginning. The Central Empires were leagued together for war under Prussia. It was a war which they had long prepared, and which was launched at the moment they had chosen. It was a war principally directed against France, but concerned also with the defence of central interests against Russia.

We might put it in a phrase by saying that the system organised under Prussia regarded France as a menace which must be got right out of the way—and Russia as something which must be stemmed. If Central Europe under Prussia

were to be, as it desired to be, the most powerful State in the world, France must be reduced to the second order and the Russian Empire, regarded as a great clumsy thing standing on the flank of all Eastern development, must be put in its place. It could not be crushed, of course (so they thought), but, being little industrialised and slow in its movements, it could be shoved back out of the way. As a partner in the division of Poland it was regarded as something necessary. But its interference in the Balkans, which cut the road to the East, was very aggravating, and must be put an end to.

For the carrying out of this programme there were many combined factors which gave Prussia and her dependents every hope of immediate success. There was the recent very rapid development of an exceedingly offensive but powerful commercialism; there was the tradition of complete success in war covering the whole of a generation. (The oldest man living could not remember the last French successes, and all the older governing men living could remember the triumphant turning point of 1870. Directly connected with this there was the strong and secure homogeneity of the military Prussian State contrasted with the humiliated and divided French State under its unpopular and corrupt Parliament. There was the new Fleet and, above all, there was immense superiority in numbers.

That is what one has to insist upon the whole time. People are tired of it because it is a lesson or task, but without it all comprehension of the war falls into chaos.

The basis of the enemy's hopes at the beginning of the war was *numbers*. The basis of his successes against the West, whenever he has had such successes, has always been *numbers*. If we could not do in the West what the enemy is doing now for the moment, it is because we had not the *numbers*. If we can hold out he is doomed because *numbers* are his reliance and his superiority will not survive the present fighting season.

Now let us see what this superiority of numbers was at the beginning. The German Empire can mobilise, as compared with France, seven men to four. The German and Austrian empires combined can mobilise, as compared with France, three men to one. The counter-weight, then, was in Russia; but Russia, while providing a very large reservoir of men, was not industrialised. She could not move



her masses quickly; she could not arm them quickly (nor, as it turned out, anything like sufficiently), nor replace her instructed and properly equipped men with rapidity as losses increased. It was unlikely that there would be actually in the field and properly equipped for war on the Eastern and Western fronts combined—during the first stages of the war, at least—more than two-thirds of what Austria-Hungary and Germany could bring to bear; while the enemy which had to be immediately defeated (the French) could be attacked in almost any superiority—at any rate, in a superiority of 50 per cent. The British entered the war, and added at its opening a contingent of 5 per cent. to the French armies. The overwhelming numerical preponderance of the German armies failed them at the Marne. Better generalship overcame numbers. No decision could be arrived at, but the hopes of immediate victory were restored. The enemy was pinned, fought hard to get out, and failed. Meanwhile, the Russian forces, about equal in number to the German and Austrians pitted against them, had had very varying fortunes; advancing in the south, suffering a heavy check in the north. With the end of 1914, so far as numbers alone were concerned, you had upon a vast scale the spectacle not unknown in military history, of a greater force in the middle contained by somewhat lesser forces on either side; but contained and siege established.

That was the story of 1914.

### British Military Growth

In 1915 came the construction in almost miraculous fashion of the British Army. It grew from a few thousands to millions. But the army in line and able to bring its weight to bear was at first but a small proportion, and even towards the end of the year no very great proportion of the total number enrolled. The marvel is that things should have proceeded as rapidly as they did. In 1915, therefore, although before the end of the year equality and perhaps slightly more than equality was established upon the West, no Allied offensive succeeded in effecting a breach.

Upon the East of the siege wall, against the Russians, there appeared a totally new factor. The immense industrial production which the war had rendered necessary could be met by the Central Empires, and could not be met by Russia. Hence the great retreat of the Russians throughout 1915; their terrible losses; the overrunning of Poland, and that shaking of the whole Russian State the ultimate effects of which we were to see eighteen months later. Horribly expensive as the retreat was in men, and still more in the insufficient equipment of our then ally, there was no decision. The Grand Duke escaped envelopment time after time, and by the end of the year the offensive power of the enemy was here exhausted. Meanwhile, Serbia had been overrun with the aid of Bulgaria, and the Turkish allies of the Central Empires had maintained their mountain front against the Russians, had threatened Egypt, and had prevented any forcing of the Dardanelles. If, at the end of 1915, we sum up the numerical position we find this:

Of men armed, equipped, instructed, and in line, there was now some preponderance upon the side of the Allies. It was ill-distributed. Italy had come in, and had occupied nearly half of the Austrian forces which had been thrown in in defence. The British Army had grown very largely. The French losses were somewhat less than those of the Germans upon the two fronts. The Russian numbers upon paper were less than the Russians actually in the field, and the Russians actually in the field were in a great measure ill-equipped. Anyone surveying the whole field from above would have seen some such scheme as this:

From the Alps to the North Sea the Franco-British forces, somewhat superior to the German line in numbers, so that the German line stood upon the defensive, but with nothing like the superiority required to effect a breach. South of the Alps again, an Italian superiority over the Austrian line, but that line standing in strong mountain positions and the Italians without the necessary superiority for forcing such positions. On the South-Eastern front everywhere a mere defensive of the Allies against far superior forces. On the Eastern front the Russians incapable of aggressive action against any tolerable cordon of men stretched from the Carpathians to the Baltic.

In 1916 this numerical position—slight inferiority of the enemy in total numbers, coupled with an advantage to him in the fact that his opponents were ill-grouped, threatened to become with the continual growth of the British Army, a serious Western superiority against them in, say, twelve months. He determined in the interval, before the full effect of the British increase could be felt, to break the French resistance. He could hold the Eastern line with

much smaller forces than those used in the great offensive of 1915. He massed in the West, and began the Battle of Verdun. He obtained no result. He lost a good many more men than the French, and he could afford the disproportion for the moment. But he watched with anxiety the growing strength of the British. Austria still had to be on the defensive against Italy; less than half and much more than one-third of the enemy's disposable strength was massed against a still existent Russian State and Army. The effort at Verdun had not succeeded, and the great Allied counter-offensive of the Somme opened in the middle of the summer of 1916. It was, in its largest aspect, a repetition of Verdun; that is, a continued offensive, but one conducted with a superiority of numbers not sufficient to effect a breach; it compelled a retirement, but it did no more.

Meanwhile, the entry of the Rumanian forces into the war upon the Allied side, affecting the total forces in but a small proportion, had, before winter, failed to change the state of siege in our favour. One-half Rumania was overrun, and in the proportion of losses the Rumanian campaign slightly decreased the still existent though quite insufficient numerical superiority of the Allies. One great event had come in during the year to tip the balance a little more in our favour, and that was the unexpected success of Brussiloff, gravely weakening the existing Austrian armies. But it was not sufficient. It was checked, and we must remember that the main Russian attack which had been delivered to the north of Brussiloff broke down.

If we survey the position in the early winter months of 1917 we find a numerical preponderance still in our favour, allowing for the existence and equipment of such Russian forces as were in line. That proportion in the West was considerable, but still, as experience had proved, insufficient to achieve any decisive end.

Now, supposing at this moment one could have counted the Russian State as a permanent unit in the war like France or England; supposing one could have counted upon the regular Russian recruitment, and its now increased equipment from the manufactories of the Western Allies, and particularly of Britain. What we should have had would have been the renewal of the siege during 1917 with a gradual exhaustion of the Central Empires, and probably their collapse within that year. Numbers were still against them, and the Russian pressure, if it could be continued, was the counter-balance. Against the three Western Allies alone the Central Empires had an enormous superiority. But, granted the permanent presence in the field and activity of the Russian Army; granted our power to equip them, which was now at last fully organised; granted, above all, their enormous reserves in men which could be perpetually called up and trained and thrown in to replace losses, and the issue was not in doubt.

### Downfall of Russia

The whole position was turned upside down by the dissolution in the spring of 1917 of the Russian State. Properly speaking, it ceased to exist. It lost its offensive power; it lost in rapid dissolution its armed forces; it fell into dust. The full process of this was a matter of six months, during the earlier part of which sporadic, ill-combined, utterly undisciplined efforts were made, especially upon the south of the Russian line against our enemy, but by the end of which the Eastern sector of the siege wall no longer existed.

In the West the remaining Allied superiority again proved insufficiently great to break through, and 1917 ended with the following situation:

The Central Empires, now relieved upon the Eastern side, were potentially stronger in numbers than Italy, France and Britain combined in a proportion as to their total of about 10 to 7, or perhaps a little more. One whole half of the bulk which had formerly given the Allies their superiority had disappeared. To turn that potential superiority into an actual one; in other words, to train men for the new task in the West, to bring them over to the West, to make use of the new numerical superiority in what was now no longer a siege, but a duel, was the task of the autumn and winter.

On the other side was the element of American recruitment. The United States had come into the war at much the same moment as saw the dissolution of the Russian Empire. But even more than had been the case with Britain, the vast new armies had to be created, as it were, out of nothing. The enemy argued, rightly, that it would be a year at least before any American troops were in line; eighteen months before they could come near to redress the balance of forces in the West; two years before they would achieve numerical preponderance. For a year, at least, he would be highly superior, and even during the following six months, to the



end of the first eighteen months he would still be superior, though approaching equality.

He saw before him, therefore, the fighting season of 1918, during which he might use his now greatly superior numbers for the purpose of achieving what neither party had yet approached at achieving in the West—a true decision. His use of superior numbers took the form of special training behind the lines in very great masses. We had the first fruits of it at Caporetto; then came St. Quentin and the Lys; his great success between Soissons and Rheims; the Battle of the Matz; the battle of the Piave. Very varying success has attended these different blows. They all have this in common: That in every one of them the enemy possessed the initiative, struck and advanced and captured far more prisoners and guns than he lost, and was, in general, the continuous aggressor. He is so still. Against him and his chances there are these two combined factors: The growth of the American Army and, a co-relative to this, the pauses imposed upon the enemy by each check which he receives in proportion to its severity.\* Because he must win quickly and win in this season, he budgets for very high losses—and receives them. But these very high losses involve—since the price paid does not purchase victory—correspondingly long pauses for recruitment, reorganisation, and further intensive training, for his new tactic, of his recruits. Every such pause is, in proportion to its length, a matter of anxiety to him, for the American tide rises steadily. But until or if some blow at last succeeds, he cannot avoid the necessity of such lulls, and they endure, as I have said, in proportion to the counter-blow he has received. In other words, the success of the defensive is largely to be measured in the length to which the offensive must be drawn out. He still has a superiority in numbers, though it is not what it was three months ago; it gets less every day. He must see it with final success within the next three months or expect to see it disappear with the winter.

### Subsidiary Factors

I have confined myself entirely to this root matter of numbers, eliminating other most important things: the prestige of victory, the advantage of invasion, the threat to great Allied towns and to one capital, and, the most important element of all, the fact that the enemy's advance has left the Allies in France very little room to manœuvre. I have omitted the two vital factors of heavy strain on the enemy's side through our blockade and on ours through the submarine campaign. But so far as the conspectus of numbers is concerned, the description I have given is just.

Put the thing in the very broadest form and it may be thus summarised:

Until the Russian Revolution a regular and mathematical calculation (such as was presented in these columns) showed the gradual numerical exhaustion of the enemy and the necessary growth of preponderance against him. With the Russian Revolution the whole situation changed. The enemy is once again in a high numerical preponderance resembling that of the early days of the war, only to be redressed by the necessarily belated American recruitment, just as the preponderance in the early days was only redressed by the necessarily belated British recruitment.

There is, in conclusion, to be answered a question very often put to me by correspondents, which is this: Why should our combined enemies have a greater preponderance against us than their united populations would seem to warrant?

### Root Causes

Great Britain (excluding Ireland), the French Republic, and the Italian Kingdom, have a total population not very much less than the total population of the Central Empires; with colonial contingents there is approximate equality. What is the secret of this numerical preponderance of which I speak?\*

It proceeds from the following causes, which I will tabulate:

(1) Britain is the coal-field of the European Allies, possessed of the industrial equipment required for their munitionment. Therefore, a very large proportion of her total man-power is reserved for production.

It may be argued that the same handicap would affect the German coal-fields on the other side, and that the advantage the Central Empires obtained from the enslaved labour of the countries overrun should be balanced by the access we have to transatlantic production. But the Central Empires control a very great body of labour beyond that which is represented by the corresponding factors on our side. The transatlantic production is 3,000 miles off, and its transport is more and more absorbed by the recruitment of the American forces.

(2) The British maritime effort in supply, blockade, and counter-blockade, including building, transport, and all the rest of it, takes up another large proportion of man-power; and the fact that Italy has no coal, and France in the uninvaded part very little, enormously increases this factor.

(3) The communications of the Western Allies, which are exterior lines—and mainly maritime at that—are a further great drain upon man-power compared with the interior lines, all terrestrial, of the enemy; there may be three times—there may be five times—as much man-power required to get material from Britain to the Italian front as is required to get it from Silesia, Bohemia, or Westphalia.

(4) The scattered and mostly very distant dependencies of the British Crown, with the necessity for garrisoning them, and for recruiting and maintaining the garrisons, as also their supply, are yet another element of diminution.

(5) The Oriental Allies of the Central Empires impose by their position a considerable drain upon the total forces of the West.

There are many other lesser items in the list, but there are the five main ones, and their effect is that though the combined populations of the three Western European Allies is in relation to the combined population of the Central Empires nearly equal, the disproportion in armed forces upon the Western front between the Adriatic and the North Sea is high. This inferiority is already in process of reduction by the advent of American forces passed through the training camps in Europe; the process steadily continues, and we are watching a race between it and the remaining efforts of our enemy, while his superiority shall still endure.

## The Pacifist—II

SPACE compelled me to hold over last week the conclusion of what I was writing upon the so-called "Pacifist" state of mind in this country. My object, it may be remembered, was to analyse the suppositions upon which a small but, to my mind, important body in this country have reached the conclusion that the negotiation of peace with the enemy is advisable. It seems to me unwise to neglect either the sincerity or the weight of this minority, and important to understand why it is in error. If it were a merely treasonable, or even unpatriotic, attitude it could be met by rhetoric or silence; but since it contains, as it certainly does, men perfectly patriotic, it behoves us to understand why they think negotiation even at this stage to be advisable in the interests of their country, and to see where what is undoubtedly a most dangerous error lies.

I said at the beginning of this analysis that the suppositions underlying such a frame of mind were not logically connected, and that it was their combination which produced the result. The first seemed to me (I said) to be a conviction

that complete military victory was unattainable. That is undoubtedly something in common to all of those who put forward such proposals, and I pointed out that a mood of this kind had proved very common in all the long struggles of history, especially towards their close, and that the event invariably showed it to be wrong.

A second element, I pointed out, was the confused idea that fighting in itself, the use of force—for no matter how noble or even necessary an object—was wrong, and coupled with it an exceedingly erroneous judgment that in this war all belligerents had much the same motives, and were all equally aggressors.

The third element, which I said I would examine this week, is the conception that some stable arrangement could be come to even if the war were to cease at its present stage, and even with the enemy enjoying his present power. That, I think, is never said in so many words, and probably would

\* We must place no reliance in the talk of falsified German census returns.



be seriously denied by all those who count among the group I am considering; nevertheless, it does run through their thought, and is indeed a necessary implication of their thought. There is always implied in what they say the supposition that with an undefeated Prussia negotiating, a European system, balanced as ours was supposed to be balanced in 1913, would re-arise.

In this there are two great errors. First, the idea that a military victory does not affect the future, quite apart from whether it is followed up by further military action; and, secondly, the idea that the old certitudes of Europe have not been affected by the war.

Both ideas are grievously wrong. The enemy has so far achieved, indirectly, indeed, but still has achieved, a military victory of the utmost consequence. He has destroyed Russia, and on its ruins he has built up his Central State. When you make peace after a victory, and before undoing the effects of the victory, the consequences of the victory go on indefinitely. You might have no further fighting within the lifetime of men now young; but you would have the renewed and repeated claims of the victor to this and to that; the perpetual interference of his power; the threat of his capacity to renew and complete his task; the situation would be what is familiarly called "the squeeze." By just so much as one man had learnt to dread Prussian war, by just so much would the Prussian squeeze be continuously effective. The thing has been put first, I think, by Mr. Maetzu, after that by several other acute observers in a single phrase: "If you leave Prussia to organise the Slavs she is the mistress of the world." For an undefeated Prussia means a Prussia left at liberty to organise the Slavs at will.

What Prussia has already organised in Central Europe as her dependency is superior in numbers to all that the West can bring forward. What she could threaten us with a generation hence would be more than double what all the West could meet it with. It would be more than treble what Britain and France could bring forward. Europe simply could not stand up against it. And when one has such power one does not have to use it. Western Europe would live then for the next generation as France lived during the last generation, but without that unity of tradition which makes a single nation sometimes capable of revival and of restoring its position.

The fourth and last element in the make-up of those who would surrender is the most respectable: I mean the most intellectually respectable. It is the conception that no matter what the magnitude of the issue, there is another issue greater still, and that is the survival of Europe as a whole. There is a degree of panic or of fatigue in which a man conceives of this war as the suicide of Europe. Men thus affected argue very truly that parallels from past wars are false in this: Their losses were not comparable to the present losses. The rate of loss in men and in material (and in the political factor of social cohesion also) is already alarming. The pacifist believes it will quite soon become disastrous.

Now here we have only judgment against judgment.

### The Real Europe

It is not a demonstrable thing. It is a thing of taste and conscience. If, in order to save what must yet be spent a halt is called, will the thing that survives really be Europe at all? Those who think of the Italian cities as one pleasant summer's experience during a tour and the German cities as another; those who, in comparing the great minds of European civilisation, give the same weight to the German metaphysicians as they do to the clearer traditions of philosophy; those who find Berlin a well-built and pleasing city and its habits no worse than the habits of Rome; those who note in the equal approval the cleanliness of Frankfurt and the colour of Toledo and think all these things so many units of equal value; those who judge Europe thus may say "Let us call a halt and save what we can of Europe."

But Europe is not a map. It is not a congeries of many countries including the modern German Empire, each of which countries is to count as one in an arithmetical sum, or to count even more mechanically according to its head of population for the moment. Europe is a living organisation, and it has a soul. If we concede the Prussian thesis—and we do concede it by leaving Prussia undefeated—then that undefeated Prussia will go on to the great practical proof of that thesis: it will poison and rapidly destroy the soul of Europe. Already academic men are talking of indiscriminate murder at sea as in some way "modern," and, therefore, necessary if war is waged at all. Luckily the seamen think otherwise.

It is this truth which makes the difference so great in different countries between the proportion of pacifists which

they bear. (We can eliminate the International Socialist and the international financier. They are not pacifists. They are men indifferent to our race.) If among the Allies this type is commoner here than elsewhere, it is because historical accident has largely cut us off from Europe in the immediate past. None the less this island lives by the life of Europe as truly as does any other part of that great body. That which has attacked Europe spiritually from without (though geographically within its boundaries); that which has boasted its contempt for the traditions of Europe and would master Europe, is something mortal to Europe. If you accept it Europe dies, and if Europe dies you die. The soil will remain, and millions of human beings will remain upon it. They will continue their material activities, but the spirit which moulded them and to which you owe all the great monuments of the past and all your own security of soul, will be broken.

Mrs. Drew, *nee* Miss Mary Gladstone, is a person who inspires voluminous correspondence, if any judgment may be based on the collection of letters, addressed to her, published under the title *Some Hawarden Letters*, edited by L. March Phillips and Bartram Christian (Nisbet, 15s.) Such material, collected from correspondence extending from 1878 to 1913, gives a kaleidoscopic view of the life of the later Victorians; Burne Jones, Ruskin, Browning, James Stuart, Lord Acton, J. R. Illingworth, are names that may be selected at random from among the many that figure as writers in these pages, and in the names themselves is evidence that the work is a picture of the times with which it deals, a volume of general rather than personal interest. The subjects treated range through all affairs that merit discussion, from women's suffrage to the "elements of greatness," and that is a far cry; there are specks, and sometimes more than specks, of didacticism, thoroughly characteristic of the age which these letters represent, and here and there are views which to these days seem odd—but there is a good deal of real wisdom as well. It is a book to take up again and again, not the sort of volume that one would read through solidly, but rather a medley of thought and ideas which will attract in many moods, and perhaps induce a regret that these times are not so productive of leisure as the 'eighties and 'nineties, when the art of conversation had not finally died and that of letterwriting was still flourishing.

Mr. Blackwell wins merit with the Sheldonian series of reprints and renderings of masterpieces in all language. They are most pleasant little books to gaze on, and the printing, on hand-made paper, is a delight. The two that lie before us are the *Ballades of Francois Villon*, interpreted into English verse by Paul Hoolihan, and *Peuple's Funeral Oration*, Englished (not a happy word!) by Thomas Hobbes, of Malmesbury. Each volume is published at half a crown, and Mr. Blackwell the friend, philosopher, and guide of Oxford book-lovers, would welcome suggestions for subsequent volumes.

### Le Rire de Paris: By Emile Cammaerts

Du Luxembourg à Notre Dame  
De la Bastille au Panthéon  
Bat le sang et rêve l'âme  
D'une grave nation.

La France peut railler ailleurs,  
Mais elle ne raille pas où repose son cœur  
Et où couve sa flamme,  
Du Luxembourg à Notre Dame.

Pour réveiller ses morts  
Il faut la voix des bombes et des canons,  
Pour réveiller son cœur qui dort  
De la Bastille au Panthéon.

Pour égayer ses lèvres  
Il faut de longues nuits de fièvre,  
Pour égayer sa bouche qui clame  
Du Luxembourg à Notre Dame.

Pour découvrir ses dents, il faut  
Que le gouffre d'Enfer s'ouvre large et sans fond  
Et que sa fumée monte si haut  
Qu'elle cache la Bastille et voile le Panthéon.

C'est l'heure où l'on entend le grand cœur de la France  
Tressauter de misère et rugir de souffrance,  
Où son rire surgit, comme l'éclair d'une lame,  
Des toits du Luxembourg aux tours de Notre Dame!

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# Strategical Problems: By Henri Bidou

*The writer of this article, M. Henri Bidou, is a most distinguished French military critic, on the staff of "La Journal des Debats." He has proved himself again and again singularly well informed, and his writings are closely followed in military circles. It must be remembered that M. Bidou wrote the following article twelve days ago.*

**I**F we would form a clear conception of the military situation we must begin by ascertaining what the problem is that actually confronts each of the belligerents for solution at the present moment. "What is the proposition?" was the question that General Verdy de Vernois asked in 1866, when he arrived on the battlefield at Nachod. It became a traditional maxim, and was the first question proposed to the pupils of General Foch at the School of War.

For the Germans the proposition undoubtedly is the termination of the war by putting the Western enemy out of action as the result of a decisive battle in the ancient manner. The German Press frankly declares its desire for such a decision.

This decisive battle has been made possible by the defection of Russia, which gave Germany a numerical superiority of some fifty divisions. It has been made necessary by the internal condition of Germany, where the distress is very acute, and it has been made urgent by the fear of the American Army coming into the line. The Germans, although enjoying a temporary superiority, have but a very short time in which to exploit it, and are obliged to obtain a decisive victory within that period. And, lastly, their superiority is not renewable, by which is meant that their reserves of man-power have been encroached upon much more deeply than have those of the Allies.

It is calculated that this spring they had 600,000 men in their depots, 200,000 of these being former casualties returned to service and 400,000 recruits of the 1919 class; but since the beginning of the Offensive large use is known to have been made of these recruits. Further, Germany has called up half of the 1920 class, and the other half will be called up in September. That is a tragic state of affairs. After having led the whole of her young manhood to the slaughter, the only resource left to Germany would be the employment of non-German soldiers. It is by no means impossible that she has thought of this already.

During the spring a powerful Austrian mass of manœuvre was disposed in such a way as to be available for movement as circumstances might require to either the French or the Italian front. The German High Command finally decided to launch it against the Italian front, and on June 19th the entire available might of Austria was thrown into a great battle from which the appearances at the moment of writing are that it will not extricate itself very easily.

At the beginning of the year the British airmen distinctly observed behind the Cambrai-St. Quentin Front preparations for a great attack directed westwards upon the British right wing. Simultaneously, the Germans were fortifying the line of the Serre, behind Laon, to the south, in order to protect the left flank of this attack from possible French intervention. And, lastly, in accordance with its invariable practice at the beginning of operations on a large scale, the German High Command created two new armies—the XVIIth and the XVIIIth—which encircled the old IInd Army to the north and the south.

The object aimed at was the separation of the French and British forces. It is very likely that the

ulterior development of the operation would have been the containing of the British forces in a vast entrenched camp, formed by their bridge-head upon the Continent. Experience has shown that no army has ever escaped from an entrenched camp of this kind when it has once been enclosed within it. So there is no need whatever to credit the enemy with the idea of having planned the destruction of the British Army. There is no reason to suppose that it desired to commit so gross a strategical blunder. The destruction would have cost the Germans a great number of men and a great deal of time, and it would also have been harassed constantly by French interference, so that the German Army would inevitably have been compelled to split up into two masses of equal strength—that is to say, of equal weakness—one engaged with Sir Douglas Haig and the other with General Pétain. It is much more reasonable to suppose that Ludendorff, if his plan had been crowned with success, would have been content with locking Sir Douglas Haig up within a ring fence, extremely difficult to break through and capable of being guarded by a comparatively small number of troops, while all the rest of the German Army would have fallen upon the French.

Only—Ludendorff's plan was not crowned with success. His attack, launched on March 21st, brought him at 10 p.m. on the 27th to Montdidier. Just for a moment he had ground for believing that he had separated his two opponents, and that he had won the match.

His dismay can be imagined when on the following day—the 28th—as he was preparing to cut the railway from Amiens to Paris, he was held up on the west of Montdidier by French colonial troops who detrained and defended the stations at which they had just landed. It was a terrible moment for the German Army. The troops had been fighting for a week. They were something like thirty-eight miles from the point whence they had started, were exhausted, without food, almost without artillery and munitions, and all their units were mixed up. They were in the same plight that they had been in on the Marne in September, 1914. The only difference was that in 1914 the French had retired towards their base and their reinforcements, which enabled them to make an energetic counter-advance, while in 1918 they were retiring in an eccentric direction, which made a similar re-establishment impossible.

The German XVIIIth Army was thus able to escape the disaster which had all but overtaken it in the very moment of its triumph. But Ludendorff's plan nevertheless was hopelessly compromised. Future historians will very probably regard this March 28th as one of the most decisive days in the war. For from that moment the enemy High Command provisionally abandoned the idea of delivering a decisive blow, and began another series of preparatory manœuvres.

It is impossible not to be struck by the resemblance between these manœuvres and those which marked the beginning of the battle of Verdun in February and March, 1916. At Verdun, likewise, the German attack began with

a violent blow, intended to carry the town. After an initial assault, the Crown Prince was checked on the Douaumont height. He then began a series of new manœuvres, consisting of alternate battering-ram blows on the two flanks of the action, on each occasion gaining a scrap of ground, but without being able to retrieve the final success which had been missed once for all. Exactly the same thing occurred in 1918. The battle of March 21st, 1918, was the equivalent of the initial assault of February 21st, 1916. The check to the west of Montdidier repre-



Official Photo

General View of the Marne Valley



sents the check to the south of Douaumont. And the alternate blows on April 9th on the Lys and on May 27th on the Ailette represent the alternate blows delivered by the Crown Prince upon Vaux to the east and the Mort Homme to the west.

These tactics of alternate blows upon the flanks might be a doctrine of the Crown Prince, who had employed them before in the Argonne. It is poor strategy, and has never achieved its object. In any case it is the exact antithesis of the method of Hindenburg who, adopting the grand style of Napoleon and Moltke, delivers a heavy blow with all his concentrated strength, and does not scatter his attacks.

Thus the battle of March 21st was absolutely different in principle from the battles that succeeded it. The battle of March 21st was a direct blow, delivered with formidable force and the superior weight of 75 divisions, and intended to break the adversary's line, as Mackensen broke the Russian line at Gorlitz on April 30th, 1915. It was a typical Hindenburg battle. The subsequent operations, engaged in with greater economy of forces and with more limited objectives, were of the nature of demonstrations and manœuvres, partial, but concurrent and interdependent assaults, whose ultimate purpose was the tiring out of the enemy. They were Crown Prince battles.

Applying this principle, the German High Command proceeded, the day after its check on March 28th, with rapid preparations for an attack on the right extremity of the line in Flanders. In front of the Aubers Ridge there was a sector of the front tactically dominated by the enemy, the lines running to the western foot of the slope which he occupied. This sector was held by Portuguese troops, behind which were British troops in rest billets. The enemy assembled divisions, some of which he stealthily moved from the north, from the region between Ypres and the sea, and some from the south, from the neighbourhood of Douai, and on April 9th he attacked. The Portuguese troops were dispersed, with the result that at ten o'clock in the morning the British troops in the second line were attacked.

The German Offensive crossed the Lys and rushed into the funnel formed on its left by La Bassée Canal, in front by Nieppe Forest, and on its right by the chain of hills in Flanders. On the 26th it succeeded, in overleaping the eastern point of the range of hills, carrying Mont Kemmel. Then it seems the enemy believed that he had for the second time come within reach of a great strategic success. The attack in Flanders, begun merely as a diversion, might be converted into a main attack. The plans of 1914 might be picked up once more and the sea might be reached. With that objective in view, the front of the attack must be changed; instead of being developed between La Bassée Canal and the hills, opposite the Hazebrouck gap, it must be developed further to the right, between the hills and Ypres, opposite Poperinghe. It took place on April 29th, and resulted in a complete check.

Thus in this battle of the Lys we see the enemy dispersing his forces instead of concentrating them, changing his strategic design, which is always a serious matter in a campaign, marching off to carry out an eccentric attack at a distance, which is always dangerous—Napoleon always forbade too widely extended attacks—and in the end left with two enterprises, both of them failures, upon his hands: one directed against Amiens, the other against Ypres. It is probable that future historians will pass very severe judgment upon the German command in this battle of the Lys, which was conducted as badly as a battle can be.

Confronting the Germans thus scattered, Marshal Foch stood concentrated, with his reserves deeply disposed behind the Picardy front, as advantageously as the restricted space at his command permitted, ready to bear down upon the Flanders front on his left, upon the Amiens front before him, or upon the Aisne and Champagne front to his right. What would the enemy do? At any rate, he remained immovable, and no better proof could have been forthcoming of his disorder. He had, however, massed large forces before Amiens. There lay the real point of danger for the Allies, between whose armies the twenty-five mile wide Isthmus between Amiens and Abbeville was the only means of communication. It was there Hindenburg might hope to achieve great results by one powerful blow. Besides, the possession of Amiens was absolutely necessary to him for a further operation directed upon Paris. But, on the other hand, the very fact that the node of the battle was there, and that he was expected there, was an inducement to him not to attack at that point, where preparations were made to receive him, but to endeavour to effect a surprise at some other point of the field of battle.

Now, since his advance to Montdidier his left flank had

been compressed by the French positions upon the plateau of the Chemin des Dames, definitely conquered at the end of October, 1917. The German High Command had always feared a French attack delivered from the Soissons-Rheims front in the general direction of Laon, and the recent extension of von Hutier's army to the Amiens-Noyon line rendered such an attack much more dangerous. The German High Command therefore determined to free itself from this menace and to carry the plateau of the Chemin des Dames by surprise, the more so as it was weakly held by a small number of tired divisions. In two days it rapidly collected six army corps, and on May 27th hurled them between Soissons and Rheims. Here, as on the Lys, the operation was a limited one, in the nature of an active defensive.

### Fall of Soissons

The result was very different. In a few hours the plateau of the Chemin des Dames was reconquered. The Aisne was crossed by means of the French Army's own bridges, and at the end of the day the Vesle was reached by von Conta's corps, which had made an advance of nearly twelve miles. From the Vesle the enemy continued his southward movement, and reached the Marne. It is true that he was contained on his two flanks, on his right by Soissons and on his left by Rheims. And his situation was the more precarious because General Foch, profiting by this situation, was preparing a great counter-attack upon his right flank. So, leaving von Below's army to watch Rheims, von Boehm's army changed front, facing to its right in order to receive upon its front the blow which Foch was preparing to deliver on its flank. Having marched southwards up to this point, it now turned westwards, resting its right upon Soissons, which had been taken on the 29th, and its left upon the Marne. It was thus turned towards Paris; but, as will be recognised, this movement was much more defensive than offensive. It was rendered possible by the fall of Soissons. If that town could have held out a few days longer, von Boehm's army, not having that *point d'appui* upon its right, would have been in a most critical situation.

A regular battle was thus joined between Foch and von Boehm on the ground between the Oise and the Aisne. The German General had succeeded in effecting his change of front in time not only to receive the shock, but to anticipate it. But he himself was contained a little way in front of Soissons, with his right on the Ambleu ravine, his centre on the edge of the forest of Villers-Cotterets, and his left on the high ground between the Ourcq and the Marne. Definitively, the battle of May 27th thus assumed two phases: an initial, very rapid advance to the southward, in which von Boehm's army scored an indisputable success; and a wheeling movement to the westward, in which this army fought with the reserves of General Foch, that had at once been hurried up, a bloody and indecisive battle which checked it in front of the forest of Villers-Cotterets.

Despite the successes obtained, von Boehm's tactical situation remained but mediocre. In front of him, to the west, was a menacing forest region; his right was in danger of being thrown back upon the Oise; his left was very poorly protected by the Marne, of whose southern bank he was not in occupation; and behind him there was a mere barrage to protect his rear between Rheims and Soissons.

The two neighbouring armies then essayed to aid von Boehm, by two partial operations intended to release his two flanks. On June 9th von Hutier's army, on his right, attacked between Montdidier and Noyon, his object being to penetrate to Compiègne. On June 18th Fritz von Below's army, on his left, attacked the *point d'appui* of Rheims, which, although encircled on three sides, still held out. Neither of these two movements was crowned with success. Von Hutier succeeded, indeed, in carrying on his left the massif of Lassigny on the right bank of the Oise, and by a counter-blow he compelled the French to evacuate the wood of Carlepoint and the forest of Ourcamp on the left bank; but, being himself counter-attacked on his right, to the south of Montdidier, he was brought to a halt, and could not get within six miles of Compiègne, which he should have reached on the second day. As for von Below, the attempt which he made with three divisions upon Rheims was a complete failure.

Such is the general outline of the strategic situation in France. No one can fail to be struck by the lack of coherence in the German operations since the end of March; one plan has succeeded to another, each one induced by the last; their forces are being scattered, in divergent operations of which the magnitude steadily grows less. But in the general military situation there are still some other elements which we will examine in another article.



# The Turkish Conspiracy—VIII

## A Plot to Assassinate Sir Louis Mallet, the British Ambassador

Narrated by Mr. Morgenthau, late American Ambassador in Constantinople

**A** QUESTION, which had been under discussion for several months, now became involved in the Turkish international situation. That was the matter of the Capitulations. These were the treaty rights which for centuries had regulated the position of foreigners in the Turkish Empire. Turkey had never been admitted to a complete equality with European nations; in reality she had never been an independent sovereignty. The Sultan's law and customs differed so radically from those of Europe and America that no non-Moslem country could think of submitting its citizens in Turkey to them. In many matters, therefore, the principle of ex-territoriality had always prevailed. Most European countries as well as the United States had their own consular courts and prisons for trying and punishing crimes which their nationals committed in Turkey. We all had our schools, subject, not to Turkish law and protection, but to that of the country which maintained them. Thus Robert College and the Constantinople College for Women, those wonderful institutions which American philanthropy has erected on the Bosphorus, practically stood on American territory and looked upon the American Embassy as their guardian. Several nations had their own post offices, as, perhaps not unnaturally, they did not care to submit their mail to the Ottoman postal service.

Turkey also did not have unlimited power of taxation over foreigners. It could not even increase their customs taxes without the consent of the Foreign Powers. In 1914 it could collect only 11 per cent. in tariff dues, and was attempting to secure the right to increase the amount to 14. We have always regarded England as the only Free Trade country; yet this limitation in Turkish Customs dues practically made the Ottoman Empire an unwilling follower of Cobden. Turkey was thus prohibited by the Powers from developing any industries of her own; instead, she was forced to take large quantities of inferior articles from Europe. Against these restrictions Turkish statesmen had protested for years; they declaring that they constituted an insult to their pride as a nation and also interfered with their progress. However, the agreement was a bi-lateral one and Turkey could not change it without the unanimous consent of all the contracting Powers.

Certainly the present moment, when both the Allied and the Central Powers were cultivating Turkey, furnished a valuable opportunity to make the change. And so, as soon as the Germans had started on their march toward Paris, the air was filled with reports that Turkey intended to abrogate

*A plot to assassinate Sir Louis Mallet, British Ambassador at Constantinople, is related by Mr. Morgenthau in this chapter. It is the first time this has been made public. With the rise of Enver, a "tried statesman" according to von Kühlmann, a penniless adventurer who had grown rich on German gold according to Mr. Morgenthau, Germany's influence in Turkey had become predominant. But "distressing as was the collapse of British influence in Turkey, the honour of Great Britain and her Ambassador was still secure." In these words Mr. Morgenthau sums up the position. It is a thrilling revelation of international diplomacy.*

the Capitulations. Rumour said that Germany had consented as part of the bargain for Turkish co-operation; and that England had agreed to the abrogation, as part of her payment for Turkish neutrality. Neither of these reports was true. What was manifest, however, was the panic which the mere suggestion of abrogation produced on the foreign population. The idea of becoming subject

to the Turkish laws and perhaps being thrown into Turkish prisons made their flesh creep—and with good reason.

About this time I had a long conference with Enver. He asked me to call at his residence, as he was laid up with an infected toe, the result of a surgical operation. I thus had an illuminating glimpse of the Minister of War *en famille*. Certainly this humble man of the people had risen in the world. His house was in one of the quietest and most aristocratic parts of the city; it was a splendid old building, very large and very elaborate. I was ushered through a series of four or five halls; as I went by one door the Imperial Princess, Enver's wife, slightly opened it and peeped through at me. Farther on another Turkish lady opened her door and also obtained a fleeting glimpse of the Ambassadorial figure. I was finally escorted into a beautiful room in which Enver lay reclining on a semi-sofa. He had on a long silk dressing gown and his stockinged feet hung languidly over the edge of the divan. He looked much younger than in his uniform; he was an extremely neat and well-groomed object, with a pale, smooth face, made even more striking by his black hair, and with delicate white hands, and long tapering fingers. He might have easily have passed for under thirty; in fact, he was not much over that age. He had at hand a violin, and a piano near by also testified to his musical tastes.

The room was splendidly tapestried; its most conspicuous feature was a dais upon which stood a golden chair; this was the marriage throne of Enver's Imperial wife. As I glanced around at all this luxury, I must admit that a few uncharitable thoughts came to mind and that I could not help pondering a question which was then being generally asked in Constantinople. Where did Enver get the money for this

expensive establishment? He had no fortune of his own, his parents had been wretchedly poor, and his salary as a Minister was only about £1,500 a year. His wife had a moderate allowance as an Imperial princess, but she had no private resources. Enver had never engaged in business—he had been a revolutionist, a military leader, and politician all his life. But here was Enver living at a rate that demanded a very large income. In other ways Enver was giving evidences of great and sudden pros-



Djemal, Minister of Marine

On the right, and Enver, Minister of War—on the left. Popular report said that Djemal was pro Entente. When news came that the Germans, in command of Turkish warships, had bombarded Odessa, and so had pushed Turkey into war, Djemal was playing cards at the Cercle D'Orient. He expressed his surprise and declared that he had issued no orders for the bombardment. The Germans simply did it on their own responsibility in order to make war inevitable between Turkey and the Allied Powers.



perity: his investments in real estate, for example, were also the talk of the town.

Enver wished to discuss the Capitulations. He practically said that the Cabinet had decided on the abrogation, and he wished to know the attitude of the United States. He added that certainly a country which had fought for its independence, as we had, would sympathise with Turkey's attempt to shake off these shackles. We had helped Japan to free herself from similar burdens; wouldn't we now help Turkey? Turkey was as civilised as Japan?

I answered that I thought that the United States might consent to abandon the Capitulations in so far as they were economic. It was my opinion that Turkey should control her customs duties and be permitted to levy the same taxes on foreigners as on

her own citizens. So long as the Turkish courts and Turkish prisons maintained their present standards, however, we could never agree to give up the judicial Capitulations. Turkey should reform these judicial abuses; after they had established European ideas in the administration of justice, then the matter could be discussed. Enver then said that Turkey would be willing to have mixed tribunals and to have the United States designate some of the judges. I suggested that, inasmuch as American judges did not know the Turkish language or Turkish law,

his scheme involved great practical difficulties. I also told him that the American schools and colleges were very dear to Americans, and that we would never consent to subjecting them to Turkish jurisdiction.

Despite our protests, the Cabinet issued its notification to all the Powers that the Capitulations would be abrogated on October 1st. England's position was about the same as ours; they would consent to the modification of the economic restrictions, but not the others. Wangenheim was greatly disturbed; I think that his Foreign Office reprimanded him for letting the abrogation take place, as he blandly asked me to announce that I was the responsible person! As October 1st approached, the foreigners in Turkey were in a high state of apprehension. The Dardanelles had been closed, shutting them off from Europe; and now they were to be left at the mercy of Turkish courts and Turkish prisons. Inasmuch as it was the habit in Turkish prisons to herd the innocent and the guilty, and to place in the same room with murderers, people charged—not convicted—of minor offences, and to bastinado recalcitrant witnesses, their fears may well be imagined. The educational institutions were also apprehensive, and in their interest I appealed to Enver. He assured me that the Turks had no hostile intention toward Americans. I replied that he must show in unmistakable fashion that Americans would not be harmed.

"All right," he answered. "What would you suggest?"

"Why not ostentatiously visit Robert College on October 1st, the day the Capitulations are abrogated?" I said.

The idea was rather a unique one. In all the history of this institution an important Turkish official had never entered its doors. I knew enough of the Turkish character to understand that an open, ceremonious visit by Enver would cause a public sensation. News of it would reach the farthest limits of the Turkish Empire; the Turks would interpret it as meaning that one of the two most powerful men in Turkey had taken this and other American institutions under his patronage. Such a visit would exercise a more protecting influence over American colleges and schools in Turkey than an army corps. I was

therefore greatly pleased when Enver promptly adopted my suggestion.

On the day that the Capitulations were abrogated, Enver appeared at the American Embassy; he had two motor cars, one for himself and me, the other for his adjutants, all dressed in full uniform. I purposely made the proceeding as spectacular as possible, as naturally I wished it to have the widest publicity. On the ride up to the college I told Enver all about these American institutions and what they were doing for Turkey. He really knew very little about them; like most Turks, he half-suspected that they concealed a political purpose.

"We Americans are not looking for material advantages in Turkey," I said; "we merely demand that you treat kindly

our children, these colleges, for which all the people in the United States have the warmest affection."

I told him that Mr. Cleveland H. Dodge, President of the Trustees of Robert College, and Mr. Charles R. Crane, President of the Trustees of the Women's College, were intimate friends of President Wilson. "These," I added, "represent what is best in America and the fine altruistic spirit which in our country accumulates wealth and then uses it to found colleges and schools. In establishing these institutions in Turkey they are trying not to convert your people to Christianity, but to help train them

in the sciences and arts, and so prepare to make them better citizens. Americans feel that the Bible lands have given them their religion, and they wish to repay with the best thing America has—its education."

Enver was immensely impressed, especially at my statement that the institutions had not converted—or attempted to convert—a single Mohammedan to Christianity. He went through all the buildings and expressed his enthusiasm at everything he saw, and he even suggested that he would like to send his brother there. He took tea with Mrs. Gates, wife of President Gates, discussed most intelligently the courses, and asked us if we could not introduce the study of agriculture. The teachers he met seemed to be a great revelation.

"I expected to find these missionaries as they are pictured in the Berlin newspapers," he said, "with long hair and hanging jaws, and hands clasped constantly in a prayerful attitude. But here is Dr. Gates, talking Turkish like a native and acting like a man of the world. I am more than pleased, and thank you for bringing me."

We all saw Enver that afternoon in his most delightful aspect. My idea that this visit in itself would protect the colleges from disturbance proved to have been a happy one. The Turkish Empire has been a tumultuous place in the last four years, but the American Colleges have had no difficulties, either with the Turkish Government or with the Turkish populace.

This visit was only an agreeable interlude in events of the most exciting character. Enver, amiable as he could be on occasion, had deliberately determined to put Turkey in the war on Germany's side. Germany had now reached the point where she no longer concealed her intentions. Once before, when I had interfered in the interest of peace, Wangenheim had encouraged my action. Hearing that I was still attempting to restrain the Turkish authorities, he became angry. "I thought that you were a neutral?" he now exclaimed.

"I thought that you were—in Turkey," I answered.

Toward the end of October, Wangenheim was leaving



A Group of Americans in Constantinople

Reading from left to right: Mr. Henry Morgenthau, Dr. Mary Mills Patrick, President of Constantinople College, Prof. Isabelle Dodd, of the same institution, Mrs. Morgenthau, and at the extreme right, Dr. Gates, President of Robert College.



nothing undone to start hostilities; all he needed now was a favourable occasion.

Even after Germany had closed the Dardanelles, the German Ambassador's task was not an easy one. Talaat was not yet entirely convinced that his best policy was war, and, as I have already said, there was still plenty of pro-Ally sympathy in official quarters. It was Talaat's plan not to seize all the Cabinet offices at once, but gradually to elbow his way into undisputed control. At this crisis the most popularly respected members of the Ministry were Djavid, Minister of Finance, a Deunme; Mahmoud Pasha, Minister of Public Works, a Circassian; Bustány Effendi, Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, a Christian Arab; and Oskan Effendi, Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, an Armenian—and a Christian, of course. All these leaders, as well as the Grand Vizier, openly opposed war; all informed Talaat and Enver that they would resign if Germany succeeded in her intrigues. Thus the atmosphere was exciting; how tense the situation was a single episode will show.

Sir Louis Mallet, the British Ambassador, had accepted an invitation to dine at the American Embassy on October 20th, but he sent word at the last moment that he was ill. I called on the Ambassador an hour or two afterward and found him in his garden, apparently in the best of health. Sir Louis smiled and said that his illness had been purely political. He had received a letter telling him that he was to be assassinated that evening, this letter informing him of the precise spot where the tragedy was to take place, and the time. He therefore thought that he had better stay indoors. As I had no doubt that some such crime had been planned, I offered Sir Louis the protection of our Embassy. I gave him the key to our back gate; and, with Lord Gerald Wellesley, one of his secretaries, I made all arrangements for his escape to our quarters in case a flight became necessary. Our two Embassies were so located that, in the event of an attack, he might get unobserved from the back gate of his to the back gate of ours.

"These people are relapsing into the Middle Ages," said Sir Louis, "when it was quite the thing to throw Ambassadors into dungeons," and I think that he anticipated some such demonstration.

I at once went to the Grand Vizier and informed him of the situation; and said that nothing less than a visit from Talaat Pasha to Sir Louis, assuring him of his personal safety, would satisfy his many friends. I could make this demand with propriety, as we had already made arrangements to take over British interests when the break came. Within two hours Talaat made such a visit. Though one of the Turkish newspapers was printing scurrilous attacks on Sir Louis he was personally very popular with the Turks, and the Grand Vizier expressed his amazement and regret—and he was entirely sincere—that such threats had been made.

But we were all there in a highly nervous state, because we knew that Germany was working hard to produce a *casus belli*. Souchon frequently sent the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* to manoeuvre in the Black Sea, hoping that the Russian Fleet would attack. There were several pending situations that might end in war.

At one meeting Talaat frankly told me that Turkey had decided to side with the Germans and to sink or swim with them. He went again over the familiar grounds, and added that if Germany won—and Talaat said that he was convinced that Germany would win—the Kaiser would get his revenge on Turkey if Turkey had not helped him to obtain this victory. Talaat frankly admitted that fear—the motive, which, as I have said, is the one that chiefly inspires Turkish acts—was driving Turkey into a German alliance. He analysed the whole situation most dispassionately; he said that nations could not afford such emotions as gratitude, or hate, or affection; the only guide to action should be cold-blooded policy. "At this moment," said Talaat, "it is for our interest to side with Germany; if, a month from now, it is our interest to embrace France and England we shall do that just as readily."

"Russia is our greatest enemy," he continued; "and we are afraid of her. If now, while Germany is attacking Russia, we can give her a violent kick, and so make her powerless for some time, it is Turkey's duty to administer that kick!"

And then turning to me with a half melancholy, half defiant smile, he summed up the whole situation.

"*Ich mit die Deutschen*" (I am with the Germans), he said, in his broken German.

Because the Cabinet was so divided, however, the Germans themselves had to push Turkey over the precipice. The evening following my talk with Talaat, most fateful news came from Russia. Three Turkish torpedo boats had entered the harbour of Odessa, sunk the Russian gunboat *Donetz*,

killing a part of the crew, and damaged two Russian dreadnoughts. They also sank the French ship *Portugal*, killing two of the crew and wounding two others. Then they turned their shells on the town and destroyed a sugar factory, with some loss of life. German officials commanded these Turkish vessels; there were very few Turks on board, as the Turkish crew had been given a holiday for the Turkish religious festival of Bairam. The act was simply a wanton and unprovoked one; the Germans raided the town deliberately, simply to make war inevitable. The German officers on the *General*, as my friend had told me, were constantly threatening to commit some such act, if Turkey did not do so. Well; now they had done it. When this news reached Constantinople, Djemal was playing cards at the Cercle d'Orient. As Djemal was Minister of Marine, this attack, had it been an official act of Turkey, could have been made only on his orders. When some one called him from the card table to tell him the news, Djemal was much excited.

"I know nothing about it," he replied. "It has not been done by my orders."

On the evening of the 29th I had another talk with Talaat. He told me that he had known nothing of this attack beforehand; that the whole responsibility rested with the German Admiral, Souchon.

Whether Djemal and Talaat were telling the truth in thus pleading ignorance I do not know; my opinion is that they were expecting some such outrage as this. There is no question that the Grand Vizier, Said Halim, was genuinely grieved. When Monsieur Bompard and Sir Louis Mallet called on him and demanded their passports, he burst into tears. He begged them to delay; he was sure that the matter could be adjusted. The Grand Vizier was the only member of the Cabinet whom Enver and Talaat particularly wished to placate. Talaat called on me in the afternoon, saying that he had just had lunch with Wangenheim.

He laughed and said: "Well, Wangenheim, Enver and I prefer that the war shall come now."

Bustány, Oskan, Mahmoud, and Djavid at once carried out their threats and resigned from the Cabinet, thus leaving the Government in the hands of the Moslem Turks. The Grand Vizier, although he had threatened to resign, did not do so; he was exceedingly pompous and vain, and enjoyed the dignities of his office so much that, when it came to the final decision, he could not surrender them. The Party of Union and Progress now controlled the Government in practically all its departments.

One final picture I have of these exciting days. On the evening of the 30th I called at the British Embassy. British residents were already streaming in large numbers to my office for protection, and fears of ill treatment, even the massacre of foreigners, filled everybody's mind. Amid all this tension I found one imperturbable figure. Sir Louis was sitting in the chancery, before a huge fireplace, with large piles of documents heaped about him in a semicircle.

Secretaries were constantly entering, their arms full of papers, which they added to the accumulations already surrounding the Ambassador. Sir Louis would take up document after document, glance through it and almost invariably drop it into the fire. These papers contained the Embassy records for probably a hundred years. In them were written the great achievements of a long line of distinguished Ambassadors. There appeared the story of all the diplomatic triumphs in Turkey of Stratford de Redcliffe, the "Great Elchi," as the Turks called him, who, for the greater part of almost fifty years, from 1810 to 1858, practically ruled the Turkish Empire in the interest of England. The records of other great British Ambassadors at the Sublime Porte now went, one by one, into Sir Louis Mallet's blazing fire.

The long story of British ascendancy in Turkey had reached its close. The twenty years' campaign of the Kaiser to destroy England's influence and to become England's successor had finally triumphed, and the blaze in Sir Louis's chancery was really the funeral pyre of England's vanished power in Turkey.

We sat there before his fire and discussed the details of his departure. He gave me a list of the English residents who were to leave and who to stay, and I made final arrangements with Sir Louis for taking over British interests. Distressing in many ways as was this collapse of British influence in Turkey, the honour of Great Britain and her Ambassador was still secure. The diplomatic game that had ended in England's defeat was one which English statesmen were not qualified to play. It called for talents such as only a Wangenheim possessed—it needed that German statecraft which, in accordance with Bismarck's maxim, was ready to sacrifice for the Fatherland "not only life but honour."

(To be continued.)



# The May Losses : By Arthur Pollen

IT cannot be disguised that the figures for the tonnage lost in the month of May are disappointing. There seemed every reason to hope that the improvement which has been slow, but more or less consistent, in the last six months would soon show a sharp turn in our favour. Instead, there is an increased loss of over 44,000 tons. It is material to ask whether this argues any increased efficiency in the enemy's efforts, or decrease in the efficiency of our own. The facts as known to us seem to be as follows :

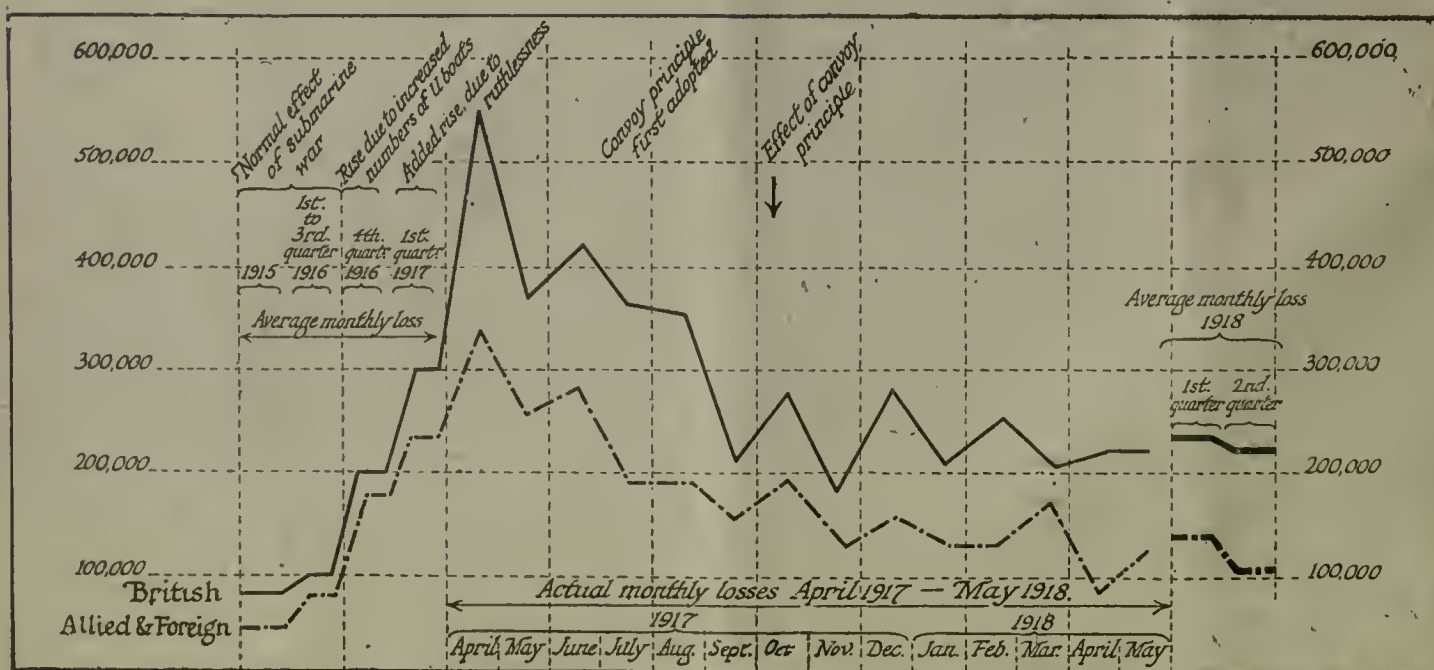
First, the Admiralty has appended a note to the returns, saying that the losses from marine risk were unduly heavy. The use of the word "unduly" may mean that they were unnecessarily large, because certain merchant skippers continued slack in observing the precautions so persistently urged upon them, or it may mean that they are "exceptionally" heavy through mere mischance. But, as we do not know the proportion of marine losses in previous months, this note, by itself, while clearly suggesting that some of the increase is due to this cause, affords us no guidance in estimating whether the direct war losses are greater or less than before.

The second addition to the returns does, however, throw some light upon this, for, while losses have increased approximately 12 per cent., so, too, has the amount of tonnage engaged in overseas trade—that is, exclusive of coast-wise and cross-Channel trade—which has entered or cleared British ports in the period. It is, then, certain that the direct action of mines and submarines must have taken a smaller, and not larger, proportion of the shipping. But marine losses have been abnormal ever since the U-boat campaign began, simply because it has been necessary to navigate by night without the aids to safety that are universal in peace time. And, further, the quota of skilled skippers, officers, mates, and watchkeepers has been much reduced by the demands of our offensive and defensive naval work. The exceptional marine losses, then, are truly caused by the submarine campaign, even though indirectly. We must next note that, in spite of the rise of 12 per cent. in May, the actual rate of loss for that month is lower than that for the first three months of the year. The average loss of shipping for these months was 380,000. The actual May figures are just over 350,000, and the mean of April and May is just over 330,000. Looked at broadly, then, though May is a set-back, it is a slight one only, and may mean no more than that the larger number of targets has naturally been followed by a proportional increase in casualties.

To make the course of the submarine war intelligible, I have made out the accompanying graphs, which are, so to speak, both an abbreviation and extension of those issued by the Admiralty in March. The diagram shows two curves—one for British and one for foreign and Allied shipping. The first part of the graph gives the average monthly losses grouped as follows. We start with those for the whole of 1915, and then proceed with the combined mean for the first,

second, and third quarters of 1916, and then for the last quarter of that year. The year 1915 and the first nine months of 1916 should be distinguished from other periods for these reasons. From 1915 to the end of the third quarter of 1916, neither side was prepared with its maximum effort, either for attack or defence. In the brief period from the end of March to the beginning of May, 1916, when Tirpitz's first effort at ruthlessness was tentatively begun, and prematurely stopped by the threat of American intervention—there was, as we all remember, a sharp rise in losses. But it was followed by a period of comparative quiescence, so that it seems scientific to treat from January to the end of September of 1916 as reflecting what might normally be expected from the conditions as they existed in the previous year. But in September, 1916, and to the end of that year, the Germans brought a very greatly increased number of U-boats into action, and in February of the following year began the sink-at-sight policy. The last quarter of 1916 shows, therefore, the effect of increased numbers without change of method, and the first quarter of 1917 the advance due to the transition from a comparatively civilised to a purely barbaric piracy. After the close of the first quarter of 1917 the progress of the campaign is set out month by month—that is, from April, 1917, to May of this year. And I have ended the graph with the indication of the quarterly averages for this year on the assumption that June will show the same results as the mean of April and May.

Set out in this manner, certain not uninteresting facts come to light. In 1915, for instance, neutral and Allied shipping suffered only to the extent of 59 per cent. of what British shipping had to endure. But in 1916 German exasperation with neutrals, and especially Scandinavian neutrals, brought about a remarkable change which continued in the intensive campaign during the last quarter of the year. During both these periods the non-British loss was 87 per cent. of the British. But when the sink-at-sight policy came in, the percentage fell off. Thus, in the first quarter of 1917 it fell to 79 per cent.; in the next quarter to 65; in the third to 55. In the December quarter it rose to 62 per cent., and remained at 62 in January, February, and March of this year; but for the last two months it has fallen again to 48. The rise in 1915 was due partly, as I have suggested, to Germany's determination to make neutrals see that she meant what she said in threatening a complete blockade of the British coast, but possibly more to the fact that neutrals could neither benefit by the direct assistance that the British Admiralty could give our own shipping, and, most of all, possibly, to the arming of our merchant vessels which began to be general at the beginning of that year. It was natural that the U-boat captains should prefer to go for targets that could be attacked without danger. The decline in the percentage when the ruthless campaign began was natural enough, because much neutral shipping was held up, and much of what was still afloat



Monthly rate of loss, British and Allied Shipping, from beginning of 1915 to the present time



came under British charter. But one of the decisive factors in the change was undoubtedly that America added a million tons to Allied shipping, largely through the sequestration of German vessels interned in American ports, all of which came directly under the same protective measures as our own. The ratios, that is to say, of protected to unprotected trade in the Allied and foreign category was completely changed, so that the ratio of loss tended to approximate to the tonnage in the two categories. But that the present ratio should be so low is remarkable, because at no time has non-British shipping been so large, and it will be interesting to see if it continues.

Another fact which seems to me to come out very strikingly in these curves is that if we start with April, 1917, we see that there is an extraordinary drop between that month and September, and that after September, though the decline continues, the improvement is more gradual. Take the British losses first—the rate in the April, May, June quarter of 1917 was 450,000 tons a month, and in successive quarters it has declined to 327,000, to 260,000 and, for the present quarter, to 225,000. Measured in percentages, the fall is from 100 to 72, then from 72 to 57, then to 51, and then to 49. The percentages for foreign and Allied are 100, 62, 55, 52, and 37. The British losses declined 43 per cent. in the first six months, and 8 per cent. in the next five; and the foreign and Allied 45 per cent. in the first period and 18 per cent. in the second.

The decisive change in our counter measures, adopted after the April-June quarter—when the Americans came into the game actively—was the establishment of the convoy system. And these figures seem to show that, while this measure was, in six months, able to halve our losses, its benefits have not been progressively felt. The limits, that is to say, of convoy, so far as the means at our disposal enable us to apply it, have been more or less reached. That it did so much, and in so short a time, is a complete justification of those who, when von Tirpitz first issued his challenge to the world, in December, 1914, met the challenge with the very obvious reply that the methods which, in the previous four or five months had been completely effective in protecting our transports and our warships, should be found an adequate, if not a complete, protection for our merchant shipping. The three elements that had saved the only vessels till then under attack, had been their speed, their armament, and their escorts. The chief weakness of merchant shipping, as compared with the Royal ships and the trading

vessels commandeered for transports, was their want of speed—pace through the water being a protective element of very great importance indeed. As this was lacking, the need of the other two elements, armament and escort, quite clearly became greater. The situation called for two forms of effort on the greatest possible scale. First the production of escorting vessels in numbers proportionate to the number of ships to be protected, and next—to supplement any deficiencies in escort—the development and production of means of self-protection and the training of men so that they should be used effectively when needed.

Had the policy of building destroyers and providing armament crews been energetically followed since December, 1914, how would it have affected the situation? Is it reasonable to say that if, in 1917, convoys halved our losses, it would have had the same effect had it been adopted from the first? If this is reasonable, the effect would have been astounding. Before the convoy principle was instituted the loss of British shipping was over 5,300,000 tons, of which nearly five millions must have been caused by submarines and mines. The loss of foreign and neutral shipping was over three and a half millions, of which at least two millions must have been due to the same causes. If half the British losses and, say, a quarter of the foreign losses could have been saved by convoy, the Allies would be better off to-day by over three million tons. A much smaller saving than this would long since have changed the whole aspect of the war. It is difficult to imagine a more suggestive illustration of what was set out in these columns last week, viz., that the conversion of the chief naval command from its former autocracy into a republic of brains—quickened by an international infusion—has effected a complete revolution in the naval situation. It came none too soon, and must have changed the history of the last three years had it been effected earlier.

The question arises: Do these curves really show that the convoy principle has reached its limit of economic application? Is the drop in loss in the last five months of 8 per cent. in British and of 18 per cent. in foreign and Allied shipping, due to other causes than convoy or to its further extension? If to the latter, is the cost of this extension justified by the saving it effects? Can it be extended further and give virtually complete protection? If the economic limit has been reached, then clearly it is to the barrages and to the hydrophone hunting, so vividly described by the German Captain Rose in lectures reported to us from Munich, that we must look for our final success.

## Germany in Asia: By Sir Mortimer Durand

ANYONE who looks at a map of the world will see that Europe is, to all appearance, a comparatively small tract of territory lying in the north-west corner of Asia. Some geographers have called it a peninsula of Asia, or a mere appendix to Asia, and neither geographically nor otherwise can the smaller continent be regarded as wholly separate from the greater. The religions of Europe came from Asia; the civilisation of Europe originated mainly in Asia; the blood of Europe is intermingled with the blood of Asia.

At the present day Europe is politically the more important of the two, but that was not always the case. In area, Asia is more than four times as large as Europe; the population of Asia is even now more than double that of Europe; and in former times the political importance of Asia was correspondingly great. The wealth of Europe has been largely drawn, and is still largely drawn, from her trade with Asia, which has enriched and strengthened one European State after another: Rome, Constantinople, Venice, Portugal, Holland, England. Even in military power Asia has, until a few hundred years ago, been equal, at times superior, to Europe. We know what the Turks did in Europe. Perhaps not one Englishman in a hundred has ever heard of the Persian conqueror, Nadir Shah. Yet, in the eighteenth century, while Turkey was still strong enough to stand up against Russia and Austria combined, he routed great Turkish armies in the field, and carved out an empire as extensive as Napoleon's. It is certain that in the future, if predominance in Asia remains with Europe at all, the European State or States which can command the resources of Asia in wealth and man-power will have an immense advantage.

Until lately it seemed reasonably sure that this predominance was to fall to the lot of Great Britain or Russia, or be shared between them. The astonishing break-up of Russia in the last two years has entirely altered the position, and has

brought us face to face with a new set of circumstances which require close study by Englishmen, for they must be of vast importance to the future of the British Empire. Germany has stepped into the place formerly occupied by Russia, or is, at least, openly trying to do so, and the fact is momentous.

No one can say what will be the future of the Russian dominions, but it seems probable that sooner or later, in one form or another, Russia will again take her place among the nations of the earth. It is by no means certain, nor even likely, that the various adventures to which Germany is committing herself in those dominions will prove to be as easy and free from complications as they may now appear to her. We know something ourselves of the difficulties which are apt to gather round such tempting excursions into distant lands. But, however this may be, whether Russia has been shattered once for all into separate fragments, or will yet show that she is capable of more or less complete reunion, the fact remains that she seems at present in a helpless condition, and that Germany is stretching out an eager hand to grasp the power she once held in Asia. It seems, therefore, necessary to consider what are Germany's chances of success, and how her proceedings concern us.

It is evident that in some respects Germany is now well-placed for forward action in Asia, and that if she cannot be disabled for such action by blows struck at her in Europe, she may hope to establish herself in a formidable position among Asiatic Powers. Between her and the centre of Asia, as far as the frontiers of China and India, lies a great stretch of territory hitherto held in part by the Russians, in part by independent Mussulman States. The Russian part, also largely Mussulman, is now completely disorganised, and it is impossible to say what power, or will, of resistance against aggression it may retain.

Of the independent Mussulman States the strongest is Turkey, which lies across the Straits between the two Con-





### Central Asia in its Relation to the European Powers, India and China

tinents, and projects for hundreds of miles into Asia. Turkey marches with Persia, Persia with Afghanistan, Afghanistan with India, and in a sense with China.

Persia is not only weak, and wanting in organisation, but, though regarded by Turkey as unorthodox, has in her considerable elements of Mussulman fanaticism. Afghanistan has obligations towards Great Britain, and it may be hoped that she is proof against any temptation to disregard them; but she consists of a number of wild tribes with a fervent ardour for Islam. Even China has some outlying Mussulman provinces. And the Sultan of Turkey, who considers himself the head of the Mussulman faith, is in German hands.

Germany has, in fact, two direct lines of advance into the heart of Asia—a northern line by the Black Sea and the Caspian into what used to be called Turan, the old Mussulman Khanates of Bokhara, Khiva, and Khokand, the steppes of the Turkomans, and neighbouring tracts—a southern line through Turkish territory to the borders of Persia. As to the northern line Germany is already in the Black Sea, apparently at Odessa and Sevastopol, and her vassal Turkey is in possession of the port of Batoum, from which runs the railway across the Caucasus to the Caspian.

No doubt it would require a considerable development of military strength to open up this line and make it secure against local attacks; but the military strength need not be German in anything but direction and supervision, for Turkish forces, and perhaps local forces, could be utilised for the purpose. And even if military occupation seemed to involve an unduly large effort, the line affords a fine opening for the intrigue and peaceful penetration in which the Germans are so proficient. As to the southern line, through Turkish territory, the Germans are practically in military strength on the border of Persia now; and during the first two years of the war, until expelled by the Russians and English, they upset the peace of that country very thoroughly.

It is true that the line of advance into Central Asia by way of Turkish territory is threatened from the south, at three points, by the British. A British force is in Palestine, based on Egypt and the sea. Another, mainly composed of Indians, is in occupation of Mesopotamia, with its base on the Persian Gulf. A third force, raised by the British from tribal levies, is in Southern Persia. But, if Germany can spare troops for Eastern adventure, she can push them safely and easily into Asiatic Turkey, and in any case she is directing and supervising large Turkish armies on this line; while the Black Sea, and the line of advance from it, is not open to attack from the south. It may be pointed out, moreover, that to the north of both these lines Germany can act to some extent, and is believed to be acting, upon Siberia and Northern Asia generally, through Russia proper.

For the purposes of the present war, therefore, Germany has already a strong position in Asia; and it is to be noted that this is not the whole nor perhaps the main question.

We have to consider also what would be the state of affairs in Asia if Germany succeeded in averting complete defeat in Europe, and in making peace on something like equal terms. It seems not improbable that even if checked and contained in Europe she would then be left free to throw her weight eastward upon Asia, as Russia was left after the Crimean war, and that she would, in that case, make at least as much use of her position as Russia did. She might, no doubt, incur some risk in the future from such a distant development, for she is not immediately in contact with Asia

as Russia was; but there seems to be no reason to suppose that, her alliances holding good, she would fail to establish herself as the leading Power in the west of that continent, and she would then become for all other Asiatic Powers a very different neighbour from the Russians.

The Russia of last century and the beginning of this was, perhaps, at times somewhat peremptory in her methods, military and diplomatic; but she had nothing like the German strength or organisation or aggressive spirit. In many respects she was an Oriental rather than a Western Power, with easy-going Eastern ways. Imagine Germany with her resources and her ruthless policy established on the Caspian and in Asiatic Turkey. It is not difficult to realise how German trade and German influence of all kinds would be pushed from such a vantage ground into all the neighbouring countries.

We know the love that Germany bears to us. Could anyone suggest a limit to the military preparations we should be forced to undertake, or the expenditure we should be forced to incur, in order to safeguard India and Egypt from the ever present danger of finding the greatest military power the world has ever known suddenly striking out at us from the Turkish border? Japan, and possibly China, the two great Asiatic nations, would stand with us in a league of defence against the common peril; and Japan has shown that an Oriental State can contend with Europeans in modern warfare, even in sea fighting, so long the monopoly of Europeans. But every Asiatic Power would be exposed to incessant pressure; and it is conceivable that even China might be drawn into the circle of German influence.

These may seem to be imaginary contingencies, but no one dreamt five years ago that there was the remotest possibility of our seeing Russia wiped off the map. No one can say now that the prospect suggested is impossible or even very unlikely. We know that the Germans are already raising the cry of Hamburg-Bombay, and that they have for many years past been working hard to bring Turkey under their control, with what success we have seen. That they meant, and mean, to found a great Asiatic dominion is not denied by them, and that such a dominion would be a formidable danger to every Asiatic Power seems evident. Germany would, naturally, be in Asia what she has been in Europe—the general bully and disturber of the peace.

I do not believe the danger will materialise, for the Germans will be beaten in Europe, and if so, presumably, their whole system will be brought to an end, and Asia will not be left open to their unscrupulous lust. Also I believe that Russia is not dead, and that her dominions will not always be derelict. But the vast importance of Asia should be understood by the British people.

Other nations may be excused for not recognising it so clearly. We cannot afford to have any illusions on the subject. A peace which treated Asia as unimportant would be for us the beginning of a ruinous antagonism. We must never lose sight of this. Meanwhile we should do everything in our power to help Russia in her hour of prostration and bitterness. At the beginning of the war she did great service to the common cause, and if it be in any way possible we are bound in honour to come to her rescue now. But in any case, let us keep always before our eyes the fact that a peace which left Germany with her present position and policy in Asia would be for us, and in the end for the world, not peace, but a sword.



# Life and Letters by J.C. Squire

## A Man of Action

**I** THINK it is about a year since I last reviewed here a war book that seemed to me to be sure of a protracted life. That was Captain Brett-Young's *Marching on Tanga*, and I have now read another which I should say is equally certain to be read long after the war is over. This is *Outwitting the Hun*, by Lieutenant Pat O'Brien (Heinemann, 6s. net). It is as much unlike the other as one good book can be unlike another. The *Tanga* book was a reflective poetic work, beautifully composed by an artist. *Outwitting the Hun*, as might be deduced from its mere title, is not by an artist, and is entirely devoid of conscious literary effort. It belongs to the other main type of good narrative: it is a good book perpetrated unawares by a man who has extraordinary adventures to relate, a vivid personality which seasons them, a keen eye, gusto, and a capacity for driving straight ahead. Slangy and unsophisticated, this candid tale will be read when a hundred more ambitious works of the "Dawn broke over Helles. The vermilion sun slid upwards into a sky of purple and puce" species are forgotten.

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Lieutenant O'Brien is an American citizen; his extraction it were superfluous to specify. He had been risking his neck for several years when in May, 1917, at the age of twenty-four, he joined the R.F.C. with other Americans. He was not at the front long; his third chapter begins:

I shall not easily forget August 17, 1917. I killed two Huns in a double-seated machine in the morning, another in the evening, and then I was captured myself.

It was characteristic of him that when he did come down he fell eight thousand feet, insensible, in a spinning nose-dive, and was picked out of the wreckage with bullet-holes in throat and lip, but not one bone broken. That takes a lot to live up to; but by the time one has finished his book one feels that this tumble was a comparatively tame episode. For three months he led a life that would have done credit to both Robinson Crusoe and Brigadier Gerard. One despairs of giving an adequate impression of his ordeals and his resourcefulness; all one can do is provide a rough summary, quote a few specimen incidents, and commend every kind of reader to a book which may be guaranteed to interest the most blasé and excite the most phlegmatic.

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He was taken to a hospital where German airmen were kind to him, a German doctor was offensive, and a wounded German officer said that we wanted to make Germany a republic "and hang the damned Kaiser into the bargain." All his experiences here are told with the simplicity and straightforwardness of the man who takes things as he finds them, and has no theories. After a sojourn in a Belgian prison, the daily details of which are most vividly shown, he was put into a train en route for a reprisals camp at Strasbourg. They were nearly there; the train was going at over thirty miles an hour; his companions whispered "Don't be a fool, Pat"; when he suddenly hoisted himself up by the rack in front of his guard and shot himself out of the window. "I landed on my left side and face, burying my face in the rock ballast, cutting it open and closing my left eye, skinning my hands and shins, and straining my ankle." His old throat wound re-opened; he thought he had lost the sight of one eye; he had a British uniform, a German cap, two pieces of bread, a piece of sausage, and a pair of flying mittens. He was over two hundred miles from the Dutch frontier, with part of Germany, Luxembourg, and Belgium to cross. When he got to the frontier he would have to tackle a triple barrier of barbed wire, one line of which was electrically charged. That, as they say, was his problem.

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He solved it. His luck in subsidiary matters was cruel the whole time; but in the worst corners he had the good fortune which men so quick and courageous often seem almost to command. The tale of hardships and misfortunes is so crowded, and his method of recounting them so terse and jaunty, that the effect is actually comic. "I was bleeding profusely," he writes, "from the wounds caused by the fall, but I checked it somewhat with handkerchiefs I held to my face, and I also held up the tail of my coat so as to catch the blood as it fell, and not leave tell-tale traces on the ground." Here we have both his businesslike style and his

ready astuteness: they are everywhere the same as he proceeds with the story of his two months' wanderings. He travelled by night. He was always wet through from swimming rivers and canals and squelching through marshes. Until he got to Belgium, where friendly poor peasants occasionally gave the bearded and ragged fugitive food, he ate only a few vegetables:

I was living on nothing but cabbage, sugar-beets, and an occasional carrot, always in the raw state, just as I got them out of the fields. The water I drank was often very rank, as I had to get it from canals and pools. One night, I lay in a cabbage-patch for an hour lapping the dew from the leaves with my tongue.

Another time, in the dark, he swam the same curving river twice; and even then had to dive for an hour to recover a shoe which had come off. Hidden under bushes, he had narrow escapes from travellers and woodcutters. But his direct contact with humanity did not begin until he had entered Belgium, having swum the Meuse, half a mile wide, in a bruised, tired, starved state which would certainly have meant death by drowning to anyone but those rare Heroes of Adventure whom the gods protect in order to show mankind what can be done. He fainted on landing; and awoke delirious; walking along talking with "a Pat O'Brien with a yellow streak" who wanted to throw up the sponge and lie down for the Huns to find him.

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He pulled himself together, and began the direct contacts with people which give the story dramatic passages that make one's heart stand still in fear for him. With a stone in his handkerchief as a weapon in case of need, he goes to cottages at midnight to demand food: old men and women open to a tall, shaggy, dirty tramp who can speak not a word of French or Flemish, and talks by signs. By gifts and burglaries he acquires clothes to cover his uniform: then deliberately walks through a village where Germans are in order to train himself for what must come; then he is searched by German sentries, agonised lest they (who think he may be smuggling potatoes) should invite speech from him or go through his clothes thoroughly. He starves until his wrist-watch has to be thrown away, as he finds it heavy when swimming. He gets into a big city, and in touch with a greedy and treacherous dealer in false passports, who hides him in a large unoccupied house. There he stays for days, hungry; once darting into the street to steal a piece of stewed rabbit from a cat. Once a German squad entered the house; he ran down to the cellar and hid while they wandered about breaking things and battering walls. But they had only come to look for metal pipes, taps, etc. His confidence increased, and he began wandering the streets. One evening he spent at a cinema at the same table as two German officers! The waiter came for orders; the starving man longed for food, but could not understand the menu, and had to say "Bock," which he had just heard a neighbour say. He tendered a note; the waiter had no change; another crisis which seemed to demand speech. But after scores of encounters which a novelist would never think of and escapes for which the word "hairbreadth" is not adequate, he got to the frontier and the great barrier, charged with current and paraded by sentries. He did not bribe; he rejected the plan of a pole-jump and the other (it was like him to think of it) of a pair of titanic stilts; and his impromptu ladder collapsed and nearly got him electrocuted. How did he get over, then? He dug his way under, making a trench in the earth with his fingers, whilst the sentry passed and repassed in the dark. On its way to England his boat had—one begins to think that it could not but have—a collision with a destroyer. But he survived to have an interview with King George—which he confesses frightened him more than most things—and to supply the authorities with a great deal of information. He is sure the Germans will not be starved out. He thinks their machine has a great deal left in it. But he is equally certain that the German soldier personally longs for peace. He never heard them laugh or sing. "I don't believe," he says cheerfully, "I saw a single German soldier who didn't look as if he had lost his best friend—and he probably had." Lieutenant O'Brien has now gone to America to see his family. He says "I would have to be pretty hungry to-day before I could ever eat cabbage again; and the same observation applies to carrots, turnips, and sugar-beets—especially sugar-beets." As for turnips, the mere smell makes him sick.



# The Land: By Agricola

IT is at once right and necessary that the State should play a great part in the re-establishment of agriculture; and this not only during the remainder of the war, but for a long time after peace; perhaps for good. The reasons of this are so obvious that mere negative criticism is foolish, and may be neglected. But it is important to render people familiar (before it is too late) with the practical truth that mere State action without a strong natural system on which to act, and without the highest elasticity in the whole arrangement, will be disastrous.

At the bottom the cause of this danger is the unfortunate fact that Great Britain, which from time immemorial had been a country of farmers, has become a country of large towns in the last fifty years. That has happened, and its immediate consequences to-day are inevitable. It is unfortunate so far as character and happiness are concerned; on the other hand, it has increased the power and the wealth of the country; at any rate, the thing is done.

It may seem surprising to use the phrase *the last fifty years*. We are so familiar with the idea of England becoming "industrialised" in the eighteenth century that the setting of so short a term for our final transformation will astonish the reader. But the truth is that an even shorter period might more accurately express the truth.

What determines the occupational character of a society is partly the numbers engaged in various kinds of work, and partly the way in which the governing medium of that society is more in touch with one kind of work than another.

## The Country Frame of Mind

Now, it is an interesting fact that, in spite of the tremendous industrial revolution of 1760-1850, the people of this island were still living for the most part under agricultural conditions as late as the Crimean War. Even up to a date as late as 1870, or so, a clear majority probably, and certainly close upon a half of the whole population, were still in what one may call "the country frame of mind." This does not mean that if you had taken a statistical table of occupations at that moment you would have found the agricultural occupation to be predominant. Far from it. But the older men and women already working at town things were still, for the most part, agricultural in their up-bringing; there was still a strong agricultural effect of travel and association upon the towns. The domestic family life of the English village still dominated experience—the experience of living people. Save in the largest towns, agriculture was a neighbouring thing even to the townsman. That class which still governed England was still half agricultural and had its real home in the country houses. The effect of the small cathedral city, of the medium squires, of the countryside in general, was very strong. Men still thought of the great industrial towns as a sort of chaos or disease.

The institutions of England as late as the 'seventies—and later—reflected this strong surviving tradition. They were still parochial, individual, familiar and free.

The really great change has come within the memory of men actively at work to-day. It has come since the 'seventies. To-day our popular education, our arrangements for the relations between employer and employed, our reading matter, our hours, all that we do, is based upon the town model. There has even appeared an appreciable divorce between the wealthier directing classes and the land. They have come to contain a preponderating number unfamiliar with the use of land.

It is a hard saying, but a true one. The soul of England is still rooted in the soil; but the mode of public thought, even in that which governs and directs, is now already a mode bred by the town: by the modern large industrial town which has lost all touch with the fields. While in the mass of the people a generation has arisen whose fathers and mothers (now dead) were indeed of the countryside, but which itself has nothing but a town experience.

This phase in the long history of England will pass—or, rather, will be modified. The fields are coming back to their own. But we must be careful that in transition no irreparable errors are committed.

This transformation of the nation from a mainly agricultural to a mainly industrial condition has effects upon Government action which are not always appreciated. Every one can see that the town population is quite different from the country population. Every one can, after a little thinking, set down the main features of this difference. For

instance, the town population is less cohesive. Each household stands separate from its neighbours. The country population is one in which everybody knows about everybody else, in which actual neighbourhood is the test of familiarity. A town population lacks traditions; a country population is built upon them. A town population can be worked up to an artificial and excited opinion on any matter through the Press. A country population is interested only in that of which it has full personal experience. You can, through a Press campaign, make a public man detested or supported by a town population. You cannot make a big local squire detested or supported in his own neighbourhood by the printed word. Men know all about him, and his own character is his witness.

## Lack of Personal Interest

Again, the town population has very little direct personal interest in its own industrial productions, whereas agricultural produce is the whole concern of the country population. This last point has nothing to do with what Socialists call "exploitation." It is a question of the manner of life. A manufacturer who employs a turner at a lathe may "exploit" him (that is, make a profit out of him) or the reverse according as he manages well or ill. His employee's lack of interest in the final product has nothing to do with the fact that a profit may or may not be made out of him; it is due to the fact that an imperfect product is handed to him; that he adds to it only one mechanical repeated monotonous process, and that then it passes out of his hands. But the country population, capitalist or proletariat—owner, farmer, or labourer—feels a direct personal interest in the whole business of agricultural production from the first stage to the last. This alone creates between the two types of activity a contrast of the utmost moment to the State. Again, the townsman depends helplessly upon great organisations which he cannot control; which transport him, provide him with his food and his water, and all the rest of it. The countryman is in touch with everything by which he lives, and himself handles nearly all of it. . . . and so forth. The contrast is complete.

All this we know—and much else in the great distinction between the townsman and the countryman to-day. What is not so clearly appreciated is the subtle effect of this distinction upon the mind of those who govern, and especially upon their host of servants in the administrative work of the State.

The civil servant—almost in proportion to his excellence—is to-day a *townsman*. He thinks in terms of what he calls "efficiency" and "organisation." He tabulates figures in a few categories. His labels are abstractions. For instance, revenue is for him the result of "investment." Pieces of paper pass, and the machinery of society provides a certain purchasing power as the result. But he himself *makes* nothing, nor ever comes in contact with those who *do*. He standardises. He sees things in great nominal groups. He is impatient of things highly individual and different; he is impatient of complexity. Also, his kind of work teaches him the value of rapidity: the waste involved in all delay, which he conceives as the result of mere mis-judgment, inefficiency, or sloth.

Such a man, then, brought in contact with agricultural processes, meets an alien thing. The prime truth about agricultural work is its enormous complexity, which includes a vast diversity in effort, long periods before the result of effort can be fully appreciated, and minute, detailed experience in the very corners and pockets of the work. The tilling of the earth is the most artistic because it is the earliest and most necessary of human affairs; and it is this character which may most fatally be neglected and (through interference with it or misunderstanding of it) most disastrously misused in the near future, unless we are very careful of how we go to work.

It is this which gives peculiar value to the formation of strong local committees who ought to have co-ordinate powers with anyone who may be deputed from the central Government to inquire into local agricultural conditions and to aid them. Of how such committees might be formed, and what their powers might be, we will deal later. But, meanwhile, we will turn in the next article to practical examples that should show what the complexity of agricultural work is and the consequent necessity for some highly elastic method of dealing with it.



# Controlling National Finance: By F. Aldridge

**N**OT one person in a thousand can tell you where are the headquarters of the Controller and Auditor-General. His address is simply "Victoria Embankment," yet it has been in the same place for nearly twenty years. Nor can one person in a hundred tell you the exact functions of this public official who enjoys the exceptional privilege—the unique privilege—of being independent of the Executive or, in other words, of the Government of the day, and who is only removable by the Sovereign on a joint address by the two Houses of Parliament.

The Auditor-General is not merely the Grand Inquisitor of Expenditure, but he is responsible for all money issued as well as for all money spent. In other words, he endorses by actual signature every cheque or draft drawn by the Treasury on the Exchequer for any Government Department. This sounds simple enough; but every cheque has to be examined and the correctness of its issue, so to speak, *viséd*. Few know, indeed, how the method of financing Government machinery is carried out. The State can either vote an exact sum of money for specific departmental services—money which has to be applied to specified objects—or it can vote a credit which gives absolute latitude to the Executive as to how it applies these funds inside the terms of outlay. The Vote of Credit is always comprehensive in terms so as to embrace every purpose connected with the subject for which the money is voted. The terms of the last Vote of Credit practically allowed the expenditure of the money in any and every way connected with the actual conduct of the war.

In years of peace the country's machinery is carried on by estimates strictly worked out, but in war time the Executive must resort in part to Votes of Credit. It does so because certain Departments, such as the War Office, Admiralty, and Ministry of Munitions, decline on national grounds to give details of their expenditure, and therefore if estimates of the usual type were provided they would be so vague as to be useless for the purpose of information. In a way, the system is helpful to the Government of the day, since under a Vote of Credit it can obtain money to be devoted to any scheme it holds to be useful to the prosecution of the war without having to specify its nature in public. Let it be stated, in passing, that the Auditor-General knows what is done with the money, since nothing is secret from him—he has the right to enter any Government Department at any convenient time and call for papers on anything and everything. Nothing can be withheld from him, however important its nature. This presupposes a vast amount of tact in the person of the Auditor-General, a condition which is fulfilled by Sir Henry Gibson.

All moneys collected by taxation or by loan are paid into the Exchequer Account at the Bank of England. It is not the case that Departments to which specific sums are allocated by Parliament at once withdraw them by indenting on the Treasury. They usually draw according to current requirements, and the Treasury cheque goes to the Auditor-General, who has in the first place to see that the charge is authorised by Parliament and in the next that it is within the limits of authorisation. If the original estimate has been exceeded, then a supplementary one must be presented to the House of Commons. There used to be plenty of such excesses—thirty to forty a year—but in recent time the control has been so thorough that some six or seven are the customary number. In respect to a Vote of Credit, the Controller-

General cannot check the employment of the money according to any prescribed scheme of allocation, but he can control the extent of the drawings, and afterwards he can, of course, see that the whole of the sum has been laid out on the exact lines included within the terms of the Vote.

In addition, the Controller grants issues, on Treasury requisition, for all such purposes as the King's Civil List, the Judges' salaries, and the like, and the receipts have ultimately to be sent to him for verification. He also signs all warrants for Exchequer Bonds and Treasury Bills. So much for the payments, though it should be added that naturally the Controller receives from the Banks of England and Ireland a daily account of their receipts and issues. Next comes the checking of the employment of the money.

The vital point in considering the work of the Auditor-General is to remember that receipts must be furnished for everything. This explains why occasionally, to take Army work, as an instance, so much trouble has to be taken in a regimental unit to account for a few pounds. People are apt to forget that this work of accounting for all outlay has to go on all over the British Empire where there is British expenditure, and therefore it is not surprising that in every Appropriation Account which is furnished yearly there are certain pages devoted to "losses consequent on theft, fraud, arson, or gross negligence" and to "losses other than by theft, fraud, arson, etc." Such Accounts deal in separate form with the Departments if they are important enough, but otherwise they are grouped together. The marvel in these reviews is not what is discovered, but how little there is to discover. Thus in the Army Report of 1916-7 ordered by the House of Commons to be printed this year—they are necessarily much in arrear—there are only 46 items in the former and 149



J. Russell and Sons

Sir Henry Gibson, K.C.B.

items in the latter category. Here is a small table of the sums:

	Claims abandoned for pay, etc., over-issued in prior years, rents, value of stores, etc.	Cash
Losses due to fraud, etc.	£149,464 7 8	£3,775 8 4
Losses other than fraud, etc.	£325,702 8 7	£236,624 16 8

Considering this is war time, these are not so very terrible, and as a type in the first class one may mention "Loss of sheep in East Africa attributed to thefts by natives," and in the latter "stores and cash losses sustained through the fall of Kut el Amara." In addition, there are a number of sums written off "under Treasury Authority," "by authority of the Army Council," "by authority of General Officers Commanding," "written off by Treasury and War Office Board of Investigation," and "debtor balances on non-effective soldiers' accounts." Even with all these additions, the aggregate totals are only £475,166 16s. 3d. and £240,400 5s.

These details have been given to show how thorough is the examination of the accounts of each Department, though it should be added that often there are included in these statements more or less critical analyses of the methods of procedure of the Ministry whose affairs are under examination. Now, if the Auditor-General was to check every item of expenditure of any Department he would obviously need thousands of assistants. Of course, he does nothing of the kind. In normal cases of *ad hoc* Estimates his policy is to take test cases and examine them in detail. His workers are selected for their ability to "spot" possibly weak points.



If all seems correct he initials—or, rather, endorses—the accounts: "I hereby certify that this account has been examined under my directions and is correct." This is the usual procedure—at all events, in peace times—for all Departments, and, as stated, even now for the smaller Ministries. The accounts are sent in monthly, or, in the case of certain Departments such as the Foreign Office, at rather longer intervals, and they are then returned, when passed, to the senders.

In the case of the larger Departments, the existing procedure is rather different. In all these cases the Auditor-General has one of his representatives permanently at work in each of these Departments, carrying on *pari passu* the task of investigation with the labours of the members of the Accountancy Branch, which each Department dealing in hundreds of millions has established since the war started. As they work on lines of friendly and helpful co-operation, the representative of the Auditor-General is thus able to check everything as the expenditure is incurred, and while the system accounts for the detection of the mistakes to which publicity has been given it also guarantees that no others of a similar nature—yet undetected—can possibly exist. Indeed, the large Departments are, it is only fair to state, now run on quite up-to-date lines; and thus, for instance, in regard to the Ministry of Munitions there is at the Audit Department a notable readiness to pay tribute to the work of Sir Worthington Evans. These representatives of the Auditor-General report direct to their own chief, so that the results of their labours, when he has considered them, may receive his official imprimatur.

There is, of course, another aspect of the work of Sir Henry

Gibson. He has to ensure that all payments to individuals for personal services are according to Treasury regulation. This is specially necessary in these days, when Ministries have a great amount of latitude in regard to staffs and salaries. He has the right of surcharging when excessive payments have been made, and unless there are very special reasons, such as the over-riding order of a strong-willed Minister; he can withhold payments. In that case he will endorse the outlay, but report the matter to the Public Accounts Committee of the House of Commons, to which, as the supreme authority, all his findings are sent. In that case, the Minister will have to appear and justify his action; and if he cannot, he will have to introduce a proposal to make the payment in the next Estimates of his Department, when the point can be discussed in the debate. As a rule, Members of the House are so ignorant of finance, so little in touch with systems of payment, that the items slip through with little or no comment.

The Controller and Auditor-General has no responsibility either for policy or the preparation of the accounts on which he is called to report. His Department is the key-stone of national finance: It is only to be regretted that it is so short-handed. If we had placed it at the very start of the war on a footing commensurate with the vast expenditure of national money we should have saved millions to the nation by the immediate compulsory introduction of up-to-date methods of accounting. But in those days Ministers were autocratic and resentful of detailed criticism. One would much like to know the private views of the Auditor-General on the waste of public money as a result not of policy—that is another matter—but as an outcome of insufficiency of financial control.

## Whales in War: By Alfred Bigland, M.P.

I STAND looking at an Admiralty chart of South Georgia, a group of islands in the South Atlantic ocean, in the same parallel, but to the east, of Terra del Fuego. A Norwegian captain, reaching over my shoulder, points out the channels amongst the numerous islands. For the captain, each of these tiny dots on the map mean something: for him each tiny dot stands for some conflict with Nature, some struggle out of which he has come victorious—perhaps some grave where a friend is taking his last repose,

"Here," he said, pointing to a spot on the chart, "I and my shipmates had the closest call I ever experienced. We had arrived very early for the summer fishing, and were pushing our way to our land station; icebergs were still drifting, and, as we came to this narrow channel, a great berg was moving slowly down towards a high cliff, and I saw it was a case of turning back and going a hundred miles round, or taking the risk of being caught between the berg and the cliff. I chose the latter, but rather misjudged the distance and the wind pressure on the berg. I thought for a moment we were about to be crushed like a walnut between the perpendicular mass of ice and the cliff. I had to run the bow of the steamer (a vessel of 6,000 tons) hard against the edge of the iceberg, and, grazing its side, I just managed to squeeze through into the open water beyond.

"Almost immediately the huge mass of ice came floating majestically up against the cliff, closing the channel. Only a few minutes to spare! I shuddered to think what the fate of the old liner would have been had she been caught in that trap.

"Here," again he said, pointing to a circular formation of the hills, "is an extinct volcano, the only ice-free tract of land. In this place for five months in every year a busy scene of industrial activity is to be observed when the whale fishing is in full swing. Here is the land station. Every steamer brings its load of stores, empty barrels, coal, and men; there is not an animal or tree that can live through the awful winter, so we carry all our supplies.

"My ship," he proceeded to inform me, "is a modern factory ship fitted with steam digesters for reducing the blubber on board, and tanks to hold the oil—other companies have their digesters on land, and have to fill all their oil into barrels and carry home their catch in these barrels, which, economically, is not such a profitable method."

\* \* \* \* \*

This introduction presents a sketch of one of the great whaling stations of the Antarctic, as it was given to me over a cigar in the captain's cabin of the *Benguela*, lying at Birkenhead dock. I had recently been appointed Assistant

Director of the Propellants Branch of the Ministry of Munitions, and my special work was to see that His Majesty's Government had ample supplies of material to produce glycerine used in the manufacture of cordite for our Navy and Army. In order to perform this service with satisfaction to myself and due success to the carrying on of the great struggle we are embarked upon, I had cast greedy eyes upon the supply of whale oil.

Wherefore I prosecuted further inquiries, and was informed that no one was permitted to engage in this whaling in the Antarctic without a licence from the British Government, which licence regulated the number of craft engaged by each company in the actual killing of the whales, and imposed restrictions safeguarding the limits of the catch and other conditions which, if not obeyed, rendered the holder of the licence liable to have it cancelled.

This power, it seems, came into our hands many years ago, when whaling in the Arctic Ocean became unprofitable and the industry centred itself in the Antarctic. It was suggested to the existing powers that be, in view of the fact that no one could enter this trade without a land station, and that the British had all the land contiguous to the Antarctic, in order to preserve the whales from extinction it was advisable to control the trade by a system of licences. This was adopted. I then ascertained that two British and several Norwegian firms had very large capital invested in the enterprise, that it was so profitable others were waiting for licences, and each knew that if he failed to comply with the conditions as set forth on his licence, he would lose it, and that another firm would take his place. This constituted the very real strength of the control.

Armed with this valuable information, I saw that a further control would be possible during the war, and that as it was impossible for these vessels to get stores and coal from any other country than ours, it would not be unreasonable to add a further condition to the licence, namely, that in consideration of our supplying coal and stores *the whole catch must be brought to and sold in Great Britain* during the period of the war. This was happily arranged, with the result that in 1916 no less a quantity than 640,000 barrels of this valuable oil was brought to this country and purchased by the Propellants Department of the Ministry of Munitions; this country thereby became possessed of nearly 10,000 tons of glycerine at a price far below that at which any other country in the world was able to buy.

It must not be thought that the producers of this whale oil—principally Norwegian companies—were not fairly treated in the matter of the price fixed by the Ministry of Munitions.

(Continued on page 20.)



# Pre=War and Pre=Pelman

By Edward Anton

I am being frequently asked, by all sorts of people, what is the actual difference which Pelmanism makes in a man or woman.

The question is best answered by simile. "Pre-war" is a term, of which, unfortunately, all of us recognise the significance; it refers to a standard of values and a state of affairs which has completely passed away—most of it beyond the possibility of recall.

"Pre-Pelman" indicates a similarly complete change in the individual. Of no other system of training, of no other experience can it be so surely said that it re-creates the individual and opens up an entirely new view of life. "In my pre-Pelman days" is a phrase which one often hears, and it refers to a condition of mind which—compared with the present—can only be termed embryonic.

Few people have truly realised—prior to taking a Pelman Course—what boundless possibilities lay ready to their hands. I have seen letters from Pelmanists telling of positions occupied by them and salaries gained by them which far transcends the wildest dreams of their "pre-Pelman days."

I think that those who adopted Pelmanism years ago deserve especial praise for their enterprise and broad-mindedness. Nowadays the sheer force of evidence or testimony or the weight of public opinion (which has become enthusiastically Pelmanistic) almost compels every progressive man or woman to take a Pelman Course.

But these earlier Pelmanists—these pioneers of the new movement—these experimenters with a new idea (as it then was)—these were clear-sighted beyond the normal. Even before the stress of war made the demand for efficiency so insistent, they had apparently grasped the vital fact that training was an essential to efficiency of mind as to efficiency of body.

And they were right. Subsequent events proved it; scientists agreed with it; and—most important of all—their own experiences endorsed it. And to-day the value of mind-training is a matter which is no longer open to question.

## Two Years' Progress.

In the last two years—largely owing to the courage with which *Truth* boldly advocated the new movement—Pelmanism has won national recognition. In the whole of the Empire there is not a class of the community which has not adopted Pelmanism. Brain-workers, manual-workers, soldiers, sailors, and civilians, men and women, tutors and students, scientists and society leaders—each class has found in Pelmanism a source of new strength, a key to new opportunities, an avenue leading to new possibilities.

"Too marvellous to be true," says the sceptic. But once he begins his study of "the little grey books" his scepticism is quickly dispelled. One such sceptic, to the writer's own knowledge, declared that *each* of the twelve books of the Pelman Course was worth £100 to him! And this in a few weeks after declaring that the claims made for Pelmanism were fantastic.

"Nothing in the world would make me willingly part from my Pelman books," writes another one-time sceptic. Mr. George R. Sims and Sir James Yoxall, M.P., both own that they viewed Pelmanism with suspicion, until actual acquaintance with its principles opened their eyes and made them enthusiasts.

Look at the list of prominent men who have written in warm praise of the System and of the results achieved by its aid by all classes of men and women. In addition to Mr. George R. Sims and Sir James Yoxall, there are Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, the veteran editor of *The British Weekly*, and one of the most eminent *litterateurs* of the present day, Sir H. Rider Haggard, a writer whose fame is literally world-wide; Sir Robert S. S. Baden Powell, the brilliant soldier, defender of Mafeking, and founder of the Boy Scout movement; Mr. H. Greenhough Smith, life-long editor of *The Strand Magazine*; Mr. Max Pemberton, the gifted novelist, who says in his article

## "The Romance of Pelmanism"

that "I do not know that there is, or is going to be, any greater

real romance in this 20th Century than the romance of Pelmanism."

Every day Pelmanism is attracting more and more attention. The masters, and tutors of our great public schools are taking it up; officers of the Army and Navy discuss it at mess and in the ward-room; men study it in the trenches in the very firing lines; business men and women con their "little grey books" upon every chance occasion.

"Pelmanism," in fact, is no longer a mysterious "cult" known only to a select few; its students are numbered by the hundred thousand, and there is not a remote corner of the Empire in which you will not find a startlingly large number of Pelmanists.

The results are as varied as the vocations of the students. Salaries doubled (and in many cases trebled); professional and social advancement; promotion for military and naval officers and men; war distinctions; educational honours; and a tremendous gain in the interests and pleasures which go to make life desirable and worthy.

E. A.

## 38,000 New Enrolments.

In five months more than 38,000 men and women have enrolled for a Pelman Course! Nothing could show more plainly the growing strength of this new movement—a movement which is of infinite importance both to the individual and to the nation.

Clerks, typists, salesmen, tradesmen, and artisans are benefiting in the form of increased salaries and wages. Increases of 100 per cent., and 200 per cent. in salary are quite frequently reported; in several cases 300 per cent. is mentioned as the increase of salary due to Pelmanism!

Professional men find that "Pelmanising" results not only in an immense economy of time and effort, but also in vastly more efficient work. It says something for Pelmanism when members of such different professions as solicitors, doctors, barristers, clergymen, architects, journalists, accountants, musicians, and schoolmasters have all expressed their emphatic appreciation of the value of Pelmanism as a means of professional advancement.

Members of Parliament (both Houses), Peers and Peeresses, men and women high in social and political life, famous novelists, actors, and artists, scientists, professors and University graduates and tutors—the "little grey books" have ardent admirers amongst all these. Even Royalty is represented—and by several enrolments.

*Truth* has just published a fourth supplement on Pelmanism. The sensation caused by the first three extended reports on the Pelman System published by *Truth* in 1916 will still be remembered. In its fourth report, *Truth* reviews the progress of Pelmanism in 1918.

"Pelmanism," it says, "is to-day a household word. The little grey books which contain its teaching are being carried all over the world wherever the English language is spoken. In Mesopotamia and Macedonia, on mine sweepers and battle cruisers, men of all ranks are busy in their leisure moments training their minds to a higher efficiency. And at home, men and women of all classes are just as earnestly striving to make themselves mentally fit. A roll of a quarter of a million students is something to boast about, a roll of a quarter of a million contented students is a matter of justifiable pride."

A full explanation of Pelmanism (with a description of the Pelman Course and a complete Synopsis of the lessons) is given in the pages of *Mind and Memory*. A copy of this fascinating booklet, together with a reprint of *Truth's* sensational article on Pelmanism, and particulars showing how you may, at present, secure the full Course for one-third less than the usual fees, will be sent *gratis and post free* upon application to The Pelman Institute, 39, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.

Overseas Addresses: 46-48, Market Street, Melbourne; 15, Toronto Street, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.



(Continued from page 18)

Some years prior to the war the price of the No. 1 quality of whale oil fell as low as £18 per ton in barrels delivered at United Kingdom ports. At the outbreak of war there were contracts in existence made between producing firms and consumers at £22 per ton, which contracts in one instance continued up to 1919, and are not yet completed. I mention this to prove that firms owning steamers and whaling stations and making their calculations as to cost on a pre-war basis saw a reasonable profit at £22 per ton, or they would not have entered into long-period contracts.

I wish here to interpose the observation that the cost of production of this oil differs from all others, in that no rent is paid, no cost of sowing, tillage, or fertilising, and that cost of production begins at the stage of gathering Nature's harvest. The ships employed are mostly old steamers bought in pre-war days at low prices, and are the property of the producing companies.

The price of glycerine was mutually arranged in the autumn of 1915 between the Ministry of Munitions and the British soap and candle manufacturers, and a contract was entered into for the period of the war, at the then world market price of £59 10s. per ton for 80 per cent. crude, or £87 10s. per ton for the refined dynamite quality.

Within a few months of this contract being made, the price of glycerine advanced rapidly in all countries outside Great Britain and France, and therefore, to enable the manufacturers of glycerine to continue to supply the Government at the prices agreed upon, the Ministry of Munitions used its vast powers and resources to control the raw material within the Empire for British use.

In 1916 it was decided to pay £32 per ton for the season's catch of whale oil, which price ensured a handsome dividend to all the operating companies. After the goods arrived, the Ministry of Munitions did not attempt to make any profit out of the purchase, but handed the oil at cost to the firms who had undertaken to supply the glycerine, and fortunately in this country three large new plants had been erected especially to treat this oil by the new hydrogenating process which entirely removes the objectionable smell of the oil and converts the liquid oil into a solid fat of the consistency of tallow. These three factories were able to handle a large proportion of this whale oil which after the glycerine was extracted made most excellent soap and candles.

In 1917 the price of whale oil was advanced by various stages until £50 per ton was paid for several cargoes, the extra price being required to cover the enormous cost of the war risk insurance, cost of coal, men's wages, etc., and even at this figure some of the producers do not obtain much more margin of profit than they did at £32.

Never has the potential power of the British Empire to supply its war needs been better illustrated than in this matter of glycerine, a primary necessity in the manufacture of cordite and other explosives. We manufacture our cordite on the nitro-glycerine process which is used in Italy and Austria, while France, Germany, and the United States use the nitro-cellulose process, which requires but little glycerine; hence oil to us was more vitally essential from the military standpoint than to France or Germany.

We not only possessed a practical monopoly of whale oil, but stood in the same position with regard to palm oil and palm kernels from West Africa, cotton-seed oil from Egypt, coconut oil from Ceylon, tallow from Australia or New Zealand, and untold reserves of oilseeds in India. All these supplies were put under requisition to this extent, that the

export to countries other than Entente nations was prohibited, except on condition that the glycerine contained in the oil or seed so exported was re-shipped to Great Britain at the British Government price. The triumph was that while the price of dynamite glycerine in other countries has risen to £295 per ton, it remains at £87 10s. per ton in this country. To-day the requirements of oil for margarine are so pressing that the glycerine position is not so strong. This is occasioned not by the raw products in the Empire being insufficient to meet all our needs, but by the impossibility of the shipping control being able to allocate sufficient tonnage to bring home the supplies awaiting shipment.

The romance of the whale, its present value, and the value that it may yet become when scientific adaptation of known

facts brings whale meat on our tables, constitute one more revelation of what we possess in the ocean round our far-flung Empire.

The wisdom we have shown under war pressure must be continued under peace pressure, but unless public opinion is widely and strongly stirred there will be nobody in power to exercise control after the war. Under control, we have seen to three things: (a) that the producer overseas gets a handsome price for what we commandeer, (b) that the merchant and shipowner gets a good living margin, (c) and that the home

manufacturer is well treated. The result is that the consumer gets all that can be bought at fair values. Taking whale oil as an example, I make the forecast that for eighteen months after the war the price, instead of being £50 per ton, will be £200 if all control is removed, if speculation and unrestricted competition of all comers, German and Austrian included, is permitted. My contention is that safeguards are necessary for the producer, merchant, shipowner, and home manufacturer; but as an act of self-preservation, the destination of Empire products must be controlled.

I contend, further, that destination can only be guaranteed by ownership. If, instead of ownership, legislative restrictions only are relied upon, these will work against ourselves and in favour of unscrupulous competitors. I also contend that Government Departments are totally unfitted to become the purchasers and distributors of vast quantities of material; that the interests of our people and our Allies can best be served by the appointment of paid Boards of business men having Treasury authority for two years to purchase within the Empire selected groups of products, the profits or loss on the same being placed to Treasury account.

The grandson of the "Grand Old Man" of the Victorian age has been made the subject of a memoir, *W. G. C. Gladstone*, by Viscount Gladstone. (Nisbet, 5s.) Unlike the majority of biographies of officers who have fallen in the war, this is a history as well as an appreciation, giving the boy and the youth, and giving his work in the war its due place. It is the record of one who looked over much of the world and found it good, finding at the same time a method of communicating his impressions of things seen, and that with a facility and photographic exactness which lacked but one quality, the sense of humour which youth so seldom displays, to complete it. Desiring a political career, "Will" gave such force as was his to the armies that claimed young men, in the cause of liberty, and fell at Laventie on April 13th, 1915, while not yet thirty years of age. Lord Gladstone's memoir of the boy and young man shows him as fully justifying the epitaph on the mural tablet to his memory in Hawarden Church: "He was a veray parfit gentil Knyghte, God reste his Soule."



A Whaling Station, South Georgia



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## The Counter Stroke

By Louis Raemackers

"The recapture of all the coastal zone between Sile and Piave, which the enemy had occupied and held with every effort since November last, brilliantly crowns the victory gained by us in the first great battle of our recovery and enlarges the zone of protection of Venice."—*Italian Official.*



# LAND & WATER

5 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.2

Telephone: HOLBORN 2828.

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## The Outlook

THE assassination of Mirbach, the so-called German "Ambassador" at Moscow, who was in practice the Governor of Western Russia, will be variously interpreted. We must beware of too simple conclusions from it. It is a symptom, of course, of the dissatisfaction which the German Press of the country has bred, but it is no proof that the chaos into which Russian society has fallen is resolving itself into a national form. The International Anarchists who still hold the machine of Government, such as it is, are evidently strongly supported by the popular committees, especially in the towns, and so long as the loot lasts that support will continue. Whether a majority of the population really supports them or not we cannot tell. It is quite certain that a real reaction undoing the economic work of the Revolution would have no support. The real interest of the situation lies in the action which the German Government will take as a consequence of the murder. It provides them with an opportunity for open interference, and if their policy has been laid with the object of such interference, we shall see it coming into effect at once. But it may well be that the German policy is not laid upon these lines at all.

The need of our enemies in all the Slav countries is to exploit them economically, and that as soon as possible. They boasted that while their economic difficulties in 1918 will remain very severe, supplies in 1919 will come from the East in much larger amount, and will be sufficient to re-establish them. Now to realise that hope of theirs, social order is necessary. But even if they had in hand a large body of trained troops, with all the requisite material, they would have great difficulty in thoroughly occupying these vast districts, with their poor communication, and they have no such body to hand. They may therefore think it better to let the present confusion settle down of itself, rather than to provoke unknown dangers of further disturbance. The peasantry upon whose labour and, to some extent, upon whose goodwill the supply of necessities will depend, may have lost whatever national sense they had, but the instinctive hatred of the foreigner remains, and direct foreign rule, however disguised or palliated, will probably only be established at a ruinous cost in energy. We must remember that, counting the Ukraine, the district involved is larger than all the belt to the west of it overrun by the German and Austrian armies, and that the mere material structure of that district lends itself ill to effective control.

\* The local actions, which are the mark of the present interruption in great operations upon the West, have continued throughout the week, the two main ones being that of the Americans at Vaux, near Chateau-Thierry, and that of the Australians, with an American contingent, at Hamel, east of Amiens. Both operations were perfectly successful, carried out with comparatively light losses, and fairly fruitful in prisoners; over 2,000 prisoners being gathered between them. The excellent work of the new American levies has been specially noted by the French command, and is the most hopeful feature for the situation, for we must remember that the training upon this side has had to be intensive and rapid,

the numbers of American troops being put into the line being far in excess of that which was contemplated before the misfortunes of March 21st and 22nd, which changed the whole phase of the Western war. Especially noticeable has been the enemy's refusal or failure to react. After the defeat of his three divisions at Hamel there was no counter-attack; while in the case of Vaux, a very strong counter-attack on the morrow of the victory completely broke down.

\* An examination of the figures published by Mr. Baker, the American secretary of War, upon the 4th of July, provides an analysis of the highest interest, the chief feature in which is the extraordinary elasticity shown by the system of transport. A curve very gradually rising from over 30,000 to less than 50,000 a month was suddenly changed by the events of last March, and the transport of troops leapt up to over a quarter of a million for the month of June—an astonishing performance. The mere figures are striking enough, but still more striking is the way in which so vast a machine has been transformed to meet the new situation. The first example of this elasticity of method and decision was given when the American Government, at a moment's notice, decided in the most critical days of the offensive to embrigade their troops with those of the Allies; and this further example of suppleness in the working of the great engine is of the best possible augury for the future. By the end of June over one million American troops had left the Atlantic Ports, of whom more than 700,000 were combatants, and it is obvious that the proportion of combatants to non-combatants will rise as time goes on, the preliminary work of facilitating communications having demanded a very large proportion of non-combatant labour.

\* The sinking of the *Llandovery Castle* is in its way the climax of Germany's outrages on the chivalrous traditions which seamen have handed down from war to war. It was not, of course, the first hospital ship deliberately sunk, nor was this the first occasion when every effort was made to see that no trace of crime remained, but it was the first time that the two things combined. No reasonable man can doubt that, while every boat but one was shelled or run down, the surviving boat owed its safety to miscalculation. The atrocity is one of such horror that there is nothing surprising in the fact that it has confirmed the seamen in their determination to have and permit no traffic with Germany in ships in which they serve, for a definite period after the war is over and to prolong the boycott by a further period of months. The Allied Governments might speak plainly on this matter. Every German already realises that victory without a hold on the raw materials which the Allies control would mean German ruin. It is only a small minority that sincerely believes in victory to-day. It might be a wholesome exercise for those no longer their dupes to realise that the Allies possess the power of bankrupting Germany and mean to exercise it, so that this ordeal must be passed before that regeneration which alone can fit the Central Empire for fellowship with other people. This is the more necessary because the military party, rashly assuming that Germany will be left in possession of her Russian conquests, is organising a great blow at the Murman coast through Finland, and seems to have inspired the judicial murder of the gallant and loyal Russian officer, who saved some ships of the Baltic Fleet from German clutches before the seizure of Finland was complete.

\* Our Naval Correspondent writes: "The British public and, for that matter, Parliament, are so perfectly trained to a tame acceptance of the inexplicable that it is idle to affect surprise over the matter of the Dutch convoy, which the Foreign Office has so complacently reported. Queen Wilhelmina's Government decided, it seems, to send a quantity of merchant ships to the East Indies under the escort of a royal warship, and has demanded that we should allow these ships to pass without that examination to which international law gives us an undoubted right. That it is a right that we should have lost had the Declaration become effective, and that it is a right that we have lost in this case by the surrender of the Office which fathered the Declaration, excite a reasonable suspicion that there has been no *quid pro quo*. We do not know whether all, or indeed any, of the Allied Governments are consenting parties, and still more curious is it that the published documents tell us nothing about the Admiralty's attitude in the matter. That our surrender is accompanied by the emphatic statement that we will never do it again, looks like an attempt to mask a weakness in the language of strength. Our curiosity as to the inner meaning of all this will probably be unsatisfied, but till it is, further comment would be unenlightening."

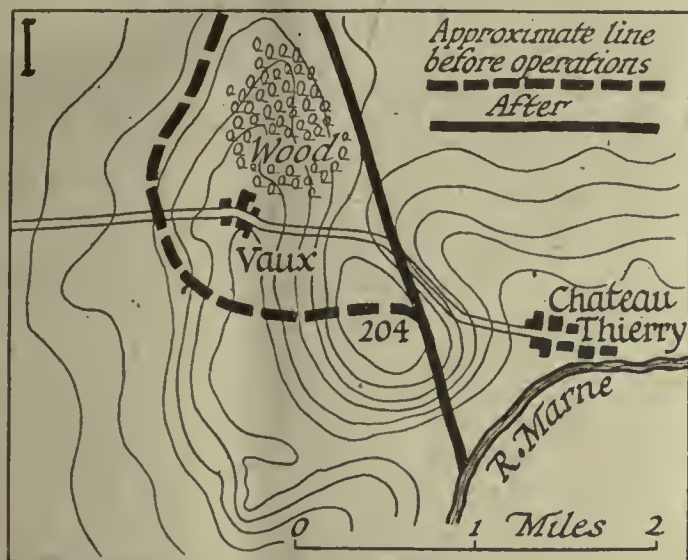


## Local Offensives: By H. Belloc

OF those local actions, the meaning of which we discussed last week, two have marked the interval between the appearance of that article and this. The first was the capture of Vaux, three miles from Château-Thierry, by the Americans upon Monday, July 1st. The second was the advance on the plateau of Villers-Bretonneux and in the valley below, and to the north of it, effected by British, Australian, and a certain number of American troops.

Vaux formed a curious little salient in the German line just where that line turns the corner, and from north and south begins running east and west in the neighbourhood of Château-Thierry. That the Germans held it so long after the French had captured Hill 204 is an excellent example of the power of the modern defensive. Before this war, everybody would have told you that such a position was impossible. As it was, the Germans in Vaux made the holding of Hill 204 difficult, and the holding of Hill 204 is essential to the French in this neighbourhood because it looks right down on Château-Thierry and commands all the valley of the Marne above. Therefore, the Vaux salient had to be got rid of, and it was American troops that did the business.

If the reader will look at the accompanying map, the position will be clear to him. The main Paris road as it



leaves Château-Thierry comes upon the very steep and isolated hill which, from its height in metres, is known as Hill 204. In order to avoid this height, it takes a bend round to the north, rises over the tongue or saddle which unites Hill 204 to the plateau beyond, and then sinks into the western valley. Vaux is just at the bottom of the hill, before the road rises again to the further side of the dale. With the French line crossing Hill 204, but with Vaux and the wood to the north of it in German hands, you had a very singular position. All the valley due west of Hill 204 was threatened by fire from the neighbourhood of Vaux, and therefore communication with the summit of the hill was difficult, and probably only to be effected at the southern side. We have been given no exact account of the trace in these few miles, but the situation must have been much what I describe. So long as Vaux was held by the enemy therefore the position of the French on Hill 204 was precarious. In spite of the village lying thus in a hollow right under the hill, fully observed and dominated, the defensive methods elaborated during this war made it as easy for the enemy to remain there as it is for them to remain in that little point opposite St. Mihiel upon the Meuse, where they had remained for more than three and a half years, some hundreds of feet below the French observers on the height and right under their eyes.\*

The flattening out of the Vaux salient was done with remarkable accuracy and dispatch, and the tone not only of the French official dispatches, but of the commentators upon this piece of American work, shows how highly it was regarded by the French command. The preliminary artillery work

\*I only give this St. Mihiel point as a parallel example of an apparently impossible position being easily held. There is no parallel in the tactical value of the two places. The St. Mihiel point does not interfere in any way with the French communications to the hill above, whereas Vaux makes all the difference to Hill 204.

was especially remarkable, and the subsequent advance (in which the Americans took over 300 prisoners) appears to have occupied no more than forty minutes. With Vaux and the wood north of it in American hands, all the valley lying to the west of Hill 204 is cleared, and there is every facility for communicating with the summit.

Next day—Tuesday, July 2nd—the Germans counter-attacked heavily, as they were bound to do, seeing the importance of the position; but the American artillery completely broke up the counter-attack, and the only result of the effort was to leave a further batch of prisoners in American hands, raising the total to over 500.

A very interesting point in connection with this counter-attack was the rapidity of the American consolidation. It is certain that the Germans, who are thinking of the American Army exactly as they thought about the British Army three years ago, took it for granted that their new opponents would not be able to consolidate a captured position quickly. They found, on the contrary, in less than twenty-four hours, the whole belt seized by the Americans had been rendered firm.

The second action—that of Villers-Bretonneux and Hamel—was fought on Thursday, July 4th. It was marked by several interesting features. In the first place, the preliminary bombardment was extremely short. It lasted only a few minutes, and was directed solely against the German wire. In the second place, there was clearly evident a patchiness in the German troops. The resistance was not what had been expected, and the advance was obtained apparently at little cost. The nature of the action will be apparent from the accompanying map.



The main road to Amiens runs along the height of the plateau known as the Plateau of Villers-Bretonneux, which here overhangs the Somme Valley. It will be remembered how the Germans some weeks ago tried to rush the end of the plateau and get round on to the slopes that overlook Amiens. They were beaten by British troops on the left and French troops on the right, of whom the former did especially good work. But though the plateau was secured by this action on its northern flank, the German position was strong, running through the village of Hamel, and there making a bulge in the line which it was important to reduce. The action we are about to follow was the reduction of this salient. The Allied troops—for the most part Australian, but with American contingents among them—attacked upon a front of 7,000 yards. The British lines on the north of the Somme were already fairly advanced, and the German positions at Hamel were thrust further west, and took these positions in flank. The object of the attack, therefore, was not only to relieve the danger to the Plateau of Villers-Bretonneux, but also to relieve the danger which the German positions at Hamel presented to the British lines north of the Somme. The left wing of the attack north of the Somme was less important than the main attack south of the river against Hamel and the woods in the neighbourhood of that village, and the whole object of the move was to seize Hamel and the German trench system beyond it.

\*The chief obstacle is the united crescent of wood which lies just south and west of the ruins of Hamel, the south-



western part of which is known as the Bois de Vaire; the eastern prolongation as the Bois de Hamel. This wood is not only a formidable obstacle, but also stands above the country immediately to the west of it, so that there was complete observation by the enemy over the Australian advance.

Two tactical features appeared in the action. The first was the very heavy bombardment of the ruins of Hamel from the air immediately before the infantry attacked. The second was the great use made of tanks, which crushed the machine-gun posts and everywhere cleared the enemy line. The only place where the German resistance was well maintained was the extreme right, south of the wood, and here the rally was due to the fact that the tanks came on marshy ground and were for a moment checked. But the check did not last long. The marshy ground was circumvented, and this part of the line went with the rest.

The operations were conducted by Lieutenant-General Monash, a Jewish officer, whose promotion has recently been noticed in the Press, and their complete success was emphasised by a special telegram sent from General Headquarters by the Field-Marshal to the General in Command of the Fourth Army.

The American contingent appears to have acted in the centre against the Bois de Vaire especially. The German troops defeated here consisted of three divisions—the 13th, recruited from the Rhine, and recently come into this part of the line from Lens; the 43rd; and the 77th. Of these, it was the last which seems to have made the best resistance.

### The Delta of the Piave

By the night of last Saturday, July 6th, the Delta of the Piave had been completely cleared of enemy troops, and the Italians stood everywhere upon the right bank of the main stream called the New Piave, which is the eastern boundary of the delta.

This operation is very interesting. It shows, in the first place, that the enemy resistance under conditions very favourable for the defence is insufficient, and that under present circumstances our Allies can advance if they choose upon pretty well any sector. The arguments against a further advance beyond the Piave—or, at any rate, an immediate one—are well known. Italian communications are always threatened from the north—that is, from the mountains—and until the balance of forces has changed more than we have hitherto been able to change it, an advance eastward would be perilous, but the power to make such advance is clear from this Italian success on the most difficult of all grounds.



It cannot be pleaded that the enemy voluntarily abandoned the delta, for if that had been his plan he would have effected the evacuation on June 23rd during the general movement of retreat which he completed on that day. On the contrary, he has clung to the delta with great tenacity. It was part of his original line, and was occupied after Caporetto. The reason for his occupation of it, and for his determination to retain it, is obvious. The delta, with its numerous canals and thickets, marshes, and narrow paths, is the chief obstacle on the whole Piave line, and whichever of the two opponents holds that obstacle is in a position to advance further. It is true that the country beyond the river is also a country of lagoons and marshes. Nevertheless, whoever holds the delta has a solid position in flank of the line opposed to him. The Austrians never meant to give it up. They have been fairly driven out of it.

There are certain subsidiary advantages attaching to the movement. For instance, it puts the arsenal at Venice out of effective long-distance range. At their nearest point the enemy were within 20,000 yards of the arsenal. They are now at their nearest point more than 30,000 yards away. It has also the moral advantage of increasing the military value of the Italian forces, for it is a conspicuous and clean success. The troops which the enemy used in these operations were mainly Bosnian, good material and very tenacious, largely Mohammedan in recruitment. The success is all the greater. We should note that it has been largely due to the excellence of the Italian artillery work.

## Recruitment

THERE is a danger lest in these latter phases of the war the problem of recruitment should be misunderstood, or at any rate mishandled. If it is mishandled, the consequences may be very serious. For when the whole energies of a nation are mobilised for war, the disturbance of certain key points in the national system may be disastrous.

Let us consider the first principles of the matter. Other things being equal, armies in the field depend for their success upon numbers. Their wastage is rapid. The replacing of that wastage is called recruitment. The word recruitment means nothing else but the re-growth of tissue. The term is also extended to mean the addition of so many men, as not only makes good wastage, but actually increases the total numbers of fighting men.

Recruitment is, therefore, the great anxiety, the permanent demand, of the soldier in conducting his affairs. The commander in the field is perpetually pressed for men. He is perpetually saying to himself: "If only I had had that extra number, I should have brought it off." He is perpetually receiving a stream of inquiries as to recruitment from his subordinates. His attitude towards recruitment proper, that is the mere feeding of the wasteful machine he controls, is like that of the under-paid man towards money. He must have it. He will do anything to have it; and recruitment thus fills a greater part in the mind of the higher command, especially during a long and wasteful war, than perhaps any other of the many things with which that mind is occupied.

To illustrate how strong this motive is, let me quote from memory two sentences, each illustrating how it effected the mind of Napoleon, perhaps the clearest and sanest mind

that ever dealt with war, and the one the least likely to judge a whole national system by exaggerating its purely military side.

The first sentence concerns the Napoleonic War in Spain. It was written by one closely concerned with the conduct of the campaign, and he criticises the Emperor in terms such as these: "He was perpetually insisting upon the battalions being at full strength. He laid it down as a principle, and he lost his temper, and would not discuss the matter when the difficulties of recruitment were presented to him."

The other sentence is the well-known reply of Napoleon when he was asked by a subordinate for men in the last of his campaigns: "Does he think I can make them?"

Here you have chance examples—any number might be chosen from the period of the great Revolutionary Wars—of the way in which the necessity for recruitment carries the military commander away, and makes him forget national necessities and even arithmetical limitations. It has led even the greatest commanders to employ at the end of a campaign human material so poor in value, that the more they put in the weaker they got. This passionate necessity (if I may so call it) for recruitment; this sort of hunger which the army has for men, marks the whole of military history, and in prolonged and difficult wars it is a very important though a little understood factor in victory and defeat. Great campaigns decisive of the fortunes of the world have sometimes been lost through insufficient recruitment, and they are always being held up as examples. The Second Punic War is perhaps the most obvious. But it is also true that a campaign may be lost, and sometimes has been lost, by an injudicious exaggeration of recruitment; by what may be called "blind" recruitment.



The method of modern conscript recruitment is well known. All the males of a conscript nation are called up for examination (in peace time) round about their 20th year. About three-quarters are passed fit for service, and in fully conscript nations, such as France, nearly all these find their way in their 21st year into the ranks. Each yearly batch is called a "class," and it is named either after the year in which it was born or, more commonly, after the year in which it reaches its 20th birthday. Thus Class 1919 in Germany (which is being rapidly exhausted in the present battles), means the lads born at any time in 1899, and passed fit for service. 1920, which is already being incorporated, and most of which will have appeared in the field before the end of this year, means the lads born in 1900, etc. Under the wastage of war the normal conscript system of peace time suffers this modification: Classes are "borrowed;" that is, lads not yet 21, not yet 20, and sometimes not yet 19, are called up and put into the ranks. But even under such a strain the limits of the system are apparently simple, and it looked when this war began as though one could calculate to within a very small margin of error what the recruitment of the various conscript powers would be.

In the countries not hitherto conscript, notably in Great Britain, a somewhat different system arose, and in the particular case of this country, lads were called up for examination and lengthy training, not in batches, but as each reached his 19th year. But in spite of this difference of system, the apparent ease of calculation remained. You knew the number of males of a required age. You estimated some 75 per cent or at a pinch nearly 80 per cent as fit for service, and there was your factor of recruitment.

Now with two unexpected elements entering into the campaign, the calculation became more difficult. These two unexpected elements were first the prolongation of the struggle, and secondly the nature of the full national effort demanded.

When it was thought (on both sides—and probably more naively on the enemy's side than on our own), that the fighting would be over in a few months, everything was taken in the conscript countries that could be taken. In Great Britain, not yet conscript, there was something of the same sort later on, because at the moment when conscription became universal here, the end of the war seemed to be in sight.

It was this belief in the brevity of the struggle which led to the enrolment of men whose special training was known to be essential to the national life: engineers for instance, miners, shipbuilders were taken largely, in spite of their indispensability to the national life. The skilled mechanics could, it was thought, be spared during the short crisis which was envisaged.

But the prolongation of the war made it necessary to revise everywhere the first simple idea of a maximum recruitment. The war, it was clear, could not be fought "on stocks." It would have to be supplied in regular and permanent fashion for an indefinite period, and to ensure this supply many categories of men at first called to the field had to be released for work in the factories.

### Economic Strain

But the prolongation of war was not all. There appeared a second element. War upon such a scale, and so prolonged, affected the whole life of the nation in its fundamentals. After two years it began to affect food even in the most favoured countries; after three years it affected food sharply, and but for the timely revision of earlier policies, and but for the rapid and therefore necessarily imperfect organisation attempted, famine would have threatened. As it was, the fourth year was everywhere (and the fifth year will be still more), a period of heavy and increasing economic strain.

The essential economic truth in connection with war is that war is the destruction of wealth. It is the consumption of produced wealth in a non-reproductive form. The great example of that which we have before us in this island is the sinking of shipping. If you take away the bulk of manhood from direct production, the economic machine threatens to run down in spite of the men remaining out of the army, and of women. When you add to this the fact that you and your enemies are perpetually destroying wealth as well as refraining from making wealth, the total result is that a period of intense war is a period of immensely rapid consumption not replaced.

Now merely from the military point of view, without considering the ultimate future of the nation or its breed, there comes a point in the prolongation of such an effort when an error in recruitment may jeopardise military success: The error not of failing to provide men for the field, but of taking, perhaps in small numbers, the wrong men, and the highly practical point to which opinion ought to be directed

to-day in this country, is that *such a point has now been reached*.

There are four factors in the arrangement of results; there ought to be a fifth, but that fifth is extremely difficult to obtain.

The four factors are the demand of the Army for recruitment; the clamour of the popular Press, which is to-day a strong element in Government; the attitude of the special governmental departments, and the attitude of the industries which alone can bear testimony to their own conditions of working. The fifth element is—or should be—a supreme co-ordinating authority which strikes the balance between the direct and the indirect necessities of the nation at war: between the maintenance of numbers in the field and the maintenance of supply abroad and at home.

The Press—or, to be more accurate, a considerable section of it—works in complete ignorance; it works for excitement; for the immediate success of the day; for the cry either popular or violent. The clamour which it raises for this or for that is expressed by a small number of men, no one of whom is competent to speak on this matter which is at once vital and extremely complex. But when I remember that these same men gaily give their advice on the highest strategy, and even impose their commands, and that men of this calibre make and unmake governments as well, I am not surprised that they should light-heartedly tackle the most difficult of all combined military and political problems, which is that of recruitment.

It so happens that the Press has plumped for a maximum recruitment without consideration of necessary limitations. On the whole, that is perhaps a blessing. If the newspapers had thought it more popular to plump for restriction of recruitment that would have been disastrous. Luckily, of the two errors open to them, they chose the least dangerous; but, even so, the extreme to which they ran was very dangerous indeed. Maximum recruitment, which appeals to the simplest and least experienced, may, if it be enforced, lose the war.

### National Necessities

The Army has naturally presented the demand for recruitment in its strongest form, but, on the other hand, it has not pretended to judge national necessities other than its own.

The Departments, even including the much too large number of new (and, let us hope, temporary) civil servants, have displayed a good though rapidly acquired knowledge of what they had to manage. A striking example of this has been the success of the food control, created out of nothing and admirably organised by the late Lord Rhondda. The trades and industries have also given a great mass of information and argument, acting through all sorts of channels, through letters, through private recommendations, through the speeches of their representative men in public assemblies, etc. The fifth element, which has been at fault, is the element of co-ordination.

That word, co-ordination, has been worked to death, and is becoming a sort of joke; but one must use it here where it particularly applies. The Commonwealth has fallen into such a state that co-ordination is difficult, and often impossible. In theory it is the business of the Executive; to-day a small chance group of politicians not nominated by the people, nor even by the House of Commons; still less by the Crown. But that is only theory. In practice the Executive has but limited power, in spite of the machinery for absolute power which the war has created. It balances its dread of this interest against its dread of that interest; its fear of the popular press against its fear of finance, and so on through a whole series of petty calculations which confuse personal with national interests. The best example one can take of the errors to which this confusion leads, is that of agricultural labour.

Only a small proportion of the nation to-day is acquainted with the nature and necessities of agriculture. But I can confidently appeal to those who are acquainted with that industry, as witnesses to the truth of what I say here. You cannot conduct the processes of agriculture at all without a certain minimum number of men who are really highly skilled, although, for some reason I have never understood, the mechanic and his master seem to regard agriculture as an unskilled profession.

Let me give one instance. On heavy lands, which are our best wheat lands, if the weather is bad so that one cannot drill, one must have recourse to broadcast sowing. It may be but a small proportion of the whole, but with bad weather in the autumn the proportion rises.

Now, what is broadcast sowing? It is so difficult and skilled an operation that many men cannot learn it. It is



an operation the conduct of which has been learnt by few of late years on account of the spread of mechanical appliances. I can speak for my own parish and say that if last year we had lost the only good broadcast sower in my immediate neighbourhood food for at least fifty families would have been lost with him.

The tending of live stock is another highly skilled business. If you have no shepherds you will have no mutton, and an average good shepherd is a much rarer thing than an average good writer or painter, class for class. Average skill in ploughing is less rare, but it is rare, all the same. You do not make it out of nothing. You cannot turn men on to plough as you would turn them on to shovelling stones or voting to order at a caucus meeting.

Take another case. We have just saved the hay harvest under very good conditions, and the hay harvest this year has been of prime importance. But even in such a year as this skill was required. It is always required. Put a man who knows nothing of the business to deal with fifty tons of hay, and I will tell you what he will do. He will gather it too green so that it festers, or he will let it lie too long so that it gets as uncatable as sticks or bad straw. He will stack it so that it heats and perhaps catches fire, or, at the best, goes black. And as for building his rick, he will not know how to build it at all. The rick must be thatched if it is not to perish, and thatching is again an art. If you

doubt it, try some day to thatch a rick without having been taught the trade.

Well, with our knowledge of what agricultural conditions are, we hear that the necessities of recruitment demand the sudden levy of 30,000 men from the land. We have no system of sending men back in rotation on to the land as the continental nations have. We have, unfortunately, in most places, no tradition of trained women's labour on the land. We compare the number 30,000 with the total number of known recruitment, and we are astonished that such a demand should be insisted on. Some one must raise the food; some one must save the harvest. If it fails the campaign is hit by much more than the loss of two divisions.

Now, of all that I have seen written and spoken upon this matter in the last few weeks, I have not seen a line written or spoken in favour of such a policy of recruitment by any man who knew the real conditions of agriculture. That is what is meant by bad recruitment. If we were dealing with something of common knowledge (and agriculture is, unfortunately, not in that position to-day) people would see the point at once. For instance, if there was a sudden taking of men from the shipbuilding yards everybody would see that it was a folly. People do not see the danger of taking the men out of agriculture just now because they do not know what agriculture is. The folly is none the less great and the danger run is severe.

## Shore Leave: By Herman Whitaker

**Y**OU must go and see the Men's Naval Club," said my friend, the ensign. "It is the finest show in all this circus."

It was he that had christened the American destroyer flotilla "Sims' Circus," because of the dazzle paint which shamed by its rainbow daubing the ring-straked zebras of Barnum and Bailey's famous aggregation. He had already initiated me into the Yacht Club, where that minor portion of a ship's company known as the "Bridge" rests from the sea and warms its chilled legs at a sea coal fire. Also we had run up-river in a motor boat to a golf links where nerves overstrained from incessant watching for torpedoes that come as swift death in the night, may be relaxed. Whereafter I had been introduced to one of the "firesides" the country gentry place at the service of weather-worn officers.

Green grass and a fireside; these are the things a sailor always craves. Speaking of grass, I had "hiked" six miles that morning with five skippers who prowled through the fields like cats delicately feeling the velvet turf with their feet. Also I had voyaged with them through mined seas, chasing the elusive submarine, so the Men's Naval Club alone remained to complete the picture of destroyer life in the danger zone.

Dusk was falling thickly over the harbour when we walked down to the quay walls. Here, under the shelter of a high hill, the tides lapped softly around the hundred and odd vessels whose golden lights dotted the gloomy waters with shimmering reflections. But having only come in from the sea that morning, I knew that beyond the harbour bonds the swells were running mountains high under the urge of a heavy wind. Out there, far to sea, half a hundred of our destroyers were now heaving their noses up to the dark skies, again plunging head downward into a watery abyss. But we had finished our trick at that. With a reminiscent but comfortable shudder, we turned to watch the boats, whose red and green lights moved like swift moths between the ships and the quay.

Under the golden glare of the stair lights, the dark mass of a boat would take form and resolve into a crowd of figures topped by two score of bright, upturned faces. Being English-born myself, I can give without suspicion of national conceit the impression made upon me by both these American lads and those I had seen at sea. Clear cut, simple and direct in speech, quiet and courteous in manner, they look all that I know them to be—the finest type of the world's young manhood. As boat after boat unloaded, there came a toy whistle, the lights of a train came up coding around a curve into the station at the end of the quay.

"The 'Doves' Special," the Ensign explained. "Having more money to spend, our boys cut most of the Irish lads up in the city out of their girls, and so many ructions resulted we had to put it out of bounds. But when the mountain wouldn't come to Mahomet, he just naturally went to the mountain. As the sailors can't go to the girls,

the girls come to the sailors. Hundreds of them come down every night on this train."

The "doves" were already pairing when we gained back to the street. The side walks rang to the tippity-tap of small feet moving in rhythm with rolling sailor treads. Under the electric glare of a shop window, the face of a pretty colleen flashed out, the cheeks fresh and high-coloured from persistent kissing by climatic fogs and rains, the Irish blue eyes and red mouth laughing up at a tall sailor lad. Her speech ran over her white teeth in a torrent too swift for his ears. His apology, delivered in a delightfully soft southern drawl, drifted back to me.

"Ah really doan' know what's the mattah with me. Ah'm that dull I doan' seem to heah ya'. Will you-all please to say that ovah ag'in?"

The repetition was evidently quite satisfactory. His hand tightened on her arm. The arm pulled the hand close to her side in a little squeeze. Then they passed into the gloom beyond the window lights. It was all very pretty and innocent—as young love always is. Already this mighty pairing has resulted in a few international marriages of the natural healthy kind and cannot be held up as awful warning in the Sunday supplements.

Following in this couple's wake, we come presently to the one native Irish attempt to supply the flotilla with amusement. If five thousand English or French sailors were to be suddenly "based" in some small American city, it goes without saying that a week would see it transformed by enterprising amusement caterers into a miniature Coney Island. But a roller skating floor, laid down in a ramshackle barn on top of a hill, was all that the need had so far produced. Its quality may be judged by the fact that just after we stepped in, a burly destroyer fireman and his little colleen partner shot through the end wall and down the hill with ease and celerity that surpassed the famous "Fliver Four" in its best movie stunt. Fortunately, they were not hurt. The shriek of horror that followed the crash had scarcely subsided before the fireman lifted the girl back up through the breach. Quite unconcerned, they joined in again the skating.

Music there was none; none of the moonlight numbers nor kaleidoscopic light changes beloved of skating fans in American rinks. Neither is a skating sailor the most graceful of Nature's creatures. As the lads struck out, right and left, their wide trousers moved with raven flappings in rhythm with the graceful swing of their partners' skirts. The arm movement of beginners was also wonderful to behold, for when uncertain of his balance a sailor reaches naturally for a rope. Such snatchings at each other and the empty air! But what cared they for appearances? The night was young; the floor good; their partners pretty; what more could Youth ask? Mingled with laughter and small screams, the roar and scrape of their skates followed us down hill to the Naval Club.

A low, rambling building, the Club squats on the quay wall, so close to the water that one might pitch a stone on



to the destroyers, whose crews meet the cheer of its lighted windows coming into port on dark nights. Through its hospitable doorway we passed at once into a wide clean kitchen and dining room, where bright lights, clean white tables, and appetising odours combined in the best of welcomes. Half a hundred of the lads we had seen come ashore were turning their appetites loose on short orders of steak, chops, fried chicken, and the like served with vegetables, bread, butter, and mighty mug of hot "Java"; all at prices no higher than those which obtained in the United States before the war. Nothing would suit the boatswain in charge but that I should test the fare; and having eaten with the fo'castle messes during my cruise; having seen, moreover, the captain call for the men's dinner in preference to his own; I am in position to say that in the American Navy the man before the mast eats as well, if not better, than his officer.

Like other men, however, sailors do not live by bread alone, and the Club supplies other needs—a library, reading and writing room, billiard room, dormitories, baths; most important of all from the men's point of view, a cinema show. The pictures shown are of both British and American manufacture, but the men naturally prefer the home-made article. When a "Fairbanks" or "Pickford" picture is shown—well, the theatre, which seats at least eight hundred, is packed with officers and men.

Unless you have been bucking the big seas for a few months in a jackknife of a destroyer with mines and torpedoes all loose all round, you are not in position to feel the unalloyed joy which is to be obtained from the sight of "Dag" Fairbanks perched on a chandelier while a saloon brawl seethes beneath.

Neither can you feel, as these lads fell, sympathy for the simple girl who endures the horrors of virtuous poverty—on the screen for the modest compensation of five thousand dollars per week. When, after the customary harassments, she snuggles into the manly hero's arms, safe at last from further persecutions, a sigh passes always through the sailor audience. You know—that is, if you were ever young, you know—the embrace has recalled to each a whiff of rice powder, the caressing touch of a soft cheek, the thrill of clinging lips, the wonderful evening when his first girl yielded her young body to his arms.

To see the Club at its best, however, you must go there, as I did, to the Saturday evening concert. The savoury odours that greeted me at the door were, if possible, richer and more enticing. Certain tootles and trumpetings mingled with them, filtering in from the theatre where the flotilla bandmaster—a pay clerk who bears up bravely under the handicap of having two-thirds of his orchestra always afloat—was drilling the residue left him by this cruel war. There have been occasions when its vicissitudes left him only the drum and trombones, but to-night he was rejoicing in a fair instrumental balance.

It is a point with all of the destroyer skippers to make port on this night, if they can. Indeed, if a tithe of the curses that have been wished on laggard, six-knot convoys ever come home to roost, the U-boat would win hands down in the submarine war. By eight o'clock one could see through a thick tobacco haze that the pit and gallery were crowded with officers and men. Thick! It was so thick that the calcium beam for the first picture stabbed through it like a sunbeam into a dusty room. By the time the orchestra split the evening wide open with a rattling march, the old familiar HO2 was conspicuous by its absence. However the trombones secured atmosphere enough for their purposes, I really do not know. But they did. The noise was there to prove it.

After the overture, the flotilla comedian, who had once done "time" on a vaudeville circuit, gave a sympathetic account of how "It takes a long, tall, brown-skinned gal to make a cull'd preacher lay his Bible down." He was really very good; so good that though the lads smacked their lips and said "Oooooh-ooh!" at the pretty model in the "Artist and the Iceman," this was merely the persiflage of the budding male animal, it did not diminish the comedian's laurels.

It requires, however, a sentimental ballad of the good old-fashioned sort to get really under a sailor's skin, and this happened when a raw old sea-dog, who looked as though music and all its affinities were quite alien to his soul, produced a fine tenor voice from his capacious chest and rendered therewith a touching ditty about tears and fears and smiles and wives, sighs, blue eyes, and similar of love's phenomena. Talk about a hit! Not till he had sung all he knew about mother, home, sweethearts, wives, not till he had wrung their deepest and tenderest feelings dry, did they let that man off the stage.

Sentimental, you say? Bosh! What do we landsmen know of sentiment? Surrounded by love, with a surfelt of femininity always under our eyes, we are not in position to

know the real thing. That which would be sentimentality in a landsman is genuine feeling in a sailor, honest and sincere, raised to the nth degree by long dreaming in the cold night watches on dangerous seas. Living always on the borderland between life and death, expectant of the torpedo or mine that will send him across, love, friendship and affection, the finest of human relations, are in the destroyer sailor deepened and intensified.

I quite understand the sailor lad who said with deep conviction, "All women are pretty." He merely stated truth as it is mirrored in the sailor soul. And many a landsman's wife will envy the girl whose destroyer husband writes to her every day. His letters, it is true, arrive in batches of fifteen and twenty; but happy in her knowledge of the deep love in which his pen is dipped, she reads them over and over again. Asked by a comrade what in the world he could find to write about in the narrow life at sea, this husband answered with cryptic truth:

"My lad, there's a whole lot of things hidden, yet, from you."

This husband was more fortunate than the other poor fellow into whose envelope, addressed to his wife, the naval censor slipped by mistake the ardent love letter of another man. The writing was different, of course, but the signature, "Your loving Bill," was the same. With deep, feminine craft, she argued that it would be quite easy for him to get some other man to pen the epistle, and it is said that a combined affidavit of the captain, censor and crew to the effect that her "Bill" was almost ridiculously true, was required to persuade her to give him another trial. It also goes without saying—every husband knew it—that let "Bill" walk never so straitly, he will be under suspicion for the rest of his life.

The same deep sailor feeling turned up again when, after the concert, the boatswain showed me the portraits of his young wife and two babes, while serving a stirrup cup of hot "Java" in his room. They hung over his cot where his eyes opened upon them in the morning. I wish she could have seen him looked at them! But she must know.

From them his glance went to a framed portrait of Admiral Sims that stood leaning against the wall, and while sipping the "Java," we judiciously debated as to the best place to hang it in the Club. If the good man had had only his own wish to consult, the Admiral would undoubtedly have gone up between his children and wife. But that would not have been fair to the other men. It must be hung in a good light where everyone could see it the moment they stepped into the Club. Just where it was eventually placed I cannot say. But this much I do know—judging from the keen disappointment of the entire flotilla when illness prevented the Admiral from being with them at the Club last Christmas Eve, it does not matter much. His image stands next to that of the home folks in the imagination of his men.

Going home, I paused to watch the busy boats, with their brilliant moth lights, ferrying a thousand sailors back to their floating homes. The roar of the rink had died on the hill. With the exception of a few residents, the little doves had flown on the 10.30 express back to their cotes.

At the quay stairs the sputtering arc light glared down on a dense, blue mass that was spotted here and there with the white service caps of the patrols. It were dangerous business to have tried to embark as many civilians from that one stair. But as each boat called her ship's name and pulled in, she instantly filled from a stream of leaping, catlike figures; in half a minute shoved off again. Even the few "wildies" under care of the patrols, who had worshipped with Bacchus instead of the naval Muses, dropped in like babes to their cradles. By eleven they were all gone. Out on the harbour the golden reflections died as ship after ship doused her lights.

It seemed so happy and peaceful, yet, out there beyond the heads, the black seas were still running mountainously. Down in their troughs, climbing their watery peaks, half a hundred destroyers were moving with their convoys on their appointed ways. Already those dark, tempestuous seas had snatched away a score of our lads. Within a week they were to engulf a destroyer with half her crew. Many of those I had just seen off would never come back again; their warm dreamings, in the night watches, glowing feeling, would be quenched by the cold waves. But—the others would carry on; go out with a smile to face the ever-present death; return for another brief holiday at next week's end.

## Notice

We regret to announce that the Press Bureau declines to permit the publication of Mr. Pollen's article entitled "The Ships and the Guns."



# The Turkish Conspiracy—IX

## An Account of the German Dictatorship in Constantinople

Narrated by Mr. Morgenthau, late U.S. Ambassador to Turkey

**M**R. MORGENTHAU relates how his efforts toward getting the foreign residents out of Constantinople were thwarted, ostensibly by Turkish negligence and apathy, but really by German influence, which dominated Turkish policy from the day that Turkey entered the War.

A few hours after the bombardment of Odessa I was closeted with Enver, discussing the subject which was then uppermost in the minds of all the foreigners in Turkey. How would the Government treat its resident enemies? Would it intern them, establish concentration camps, pursue them with German malignity, and perhaps apply the favourite Turkish measure with Christians—torture and massacre? Thousands of enemy subjects were then living in the Ottoman Empire; many of them had spent their whole lives there; others had even been born on Ottoman soil. All these people, when war broke out, had every reason to expect the harshest kind of treatment. It is no exaggeration to say that most of them lived in constant fear of murder. The Dardanelles had been closed, so that there was little chance that outside help could reach these people; the capitulatory rights, under which they had lived for centuries, had been abrogated. There was really nothing between the foreign residents and destruction except the American flag. The fortune of war had now made me, as American Ambassador, the protector of all British, French, Serbian, and Belgian subjects. I realised from the beginning that my task would be a difficult one. On one hand were the Germans, urging their well-known ideas of repression and brutality; on the other were the Turks, with their traditional hatred of Christians and their natural instinct to maltreat those who are helplessly placed in their power.

Yet I had certain strong arguments on my side and I now proceeded to urge them on Enver. Turkey desired the good opinion of the United States, and hoped, after the war, to find support among American financiers. At that time all the Embassies in Constantinople took it for granted that the United States would be the peacemaker; if Turkey expected us to be her friend, I now told Enver, she would have to treat enemy foreigners in a civilised way. "You hope to be reinstated as a world power," I said. "You must remember, that the civilised world will carefully watch you; your future status will depend on how you conduct yourself in war." The more educated Turks, including Enver, realised that the outside world regarded them as a people who had no respect for the sacredness of human life or the finer human emotions, and they keenly resented this attitude. I now reminded Enver that Turkey had a splendid opportunity to disprove all these criticisms. "The world may say you are barbarians," I argued, "show by the way you treat these alien enemies, that you are not. Only in this way can you be freed permanently from the ignominy of the capitulations. Prove that you are worthy of being emancipated from foreign tutelage. Be civilised—be modern!"

In view of what was happening in Belgium and Northern France at that moment, my use of the word "modern" was a little unfortunate. Enver quickly saw the point. Up to this time he had maintained his usual attitude of erect and dignified composure, and his face, as always, had been attentive, imperturbable, almost expressionless. Now in a flash his whole bearing changed. His countenance broke



Bedri Bey, Prefect of Police at Constantinople

A leader of the Young Turks and an intimate friend of Talaat. Mr. Morgenthau's attempts to protect the English and French became a contest between himself and Bedri, who accepted the German view that foreigners should not be treated with "too great leniency."

into a cynical smile, he leaned over, brought his fist down on the table, and said:

"Modern! No, however Turkey shall wage war, at least we shall not be 'modern.' That is the most barbaric system of all. We shall simply try to be decent!"

Naturally I construed this as a promise. I understood the changeableness of the Turkish character well enough, however, to know that more than a promise was necessary. The Germans were constantly prodding the Turkish officials, persuading them to adopt the favourite German plan of operations against enemy aliens. Germany had revived many of the principles of ancient and mediæval warfare, one of her most barbaric resurrections from the past being this practice of keeping certain representatives of the population, preferably people of distinction and influence, as hostages for the "good behaviour" of others. At this moment the German military staff was urging the Turks to keep foreign residents for this purpose. Just as the Germans held non-combatants in Belgium as security for the "friendliness" of the Belgians, and placed Belgian women and

children at the head of their advancing armies, so the Germans in Turkey were now planning to use French and British residents as part of their protective system against the Allied fleet. That this sinister influence was constantly at work I well knew; it was, therefore, necessary that I should meet it immediately, and, if possible, gain the upper hand at the very start. I decided that the departure of the Entente diplomats and residents from Constantinople would really put to the test my ability to protect the foreign residents. If all the French and English who really wished to leave could safely get out of Turkey, I believed that this demonstration would have a restraining influence, not only upon the Germans, but upon the underlings of the Turkish official world.

As soon as I arrived at the railroad station, the day following the break, I saw that my task was not to be a simple one. I had arranged with the Turkish authorities for two trains, one for the English and French residents, which was to leave at seven o'clock, and one for the diplomats and their staff, which was to go at nine. But the arrangement was not working according to schedule. The station was a surging mass of excited and frightened people, the police were there in full force, pushing the crowds back; the scene was an indescribable mixture of soldiers, gendarmes, diplomats, baggage, and Turkish functionaries. One of the most conspicuous figures was Bedri Bey, prefect of police, a lawyer politician, who had recently been elevated to this position, and who keenly realised the importance of his new office. Bedri was an intimate friend and political subordinate of Talaat and one of his most valuable tools. He ranked high in the Committee of Union and Progress, and aspired ultimately to obtain a cabinet position. Perhaps his most impelling motive was his hatred of foreigners and foreign influence. In his eyes Turkey was the land exclusively for the Turks; he hated all the other elements in its population, and he particularly resented





### The Ministry of War

This was the headquarters of Enver Pasha. It was in this building that Enver gave Mr. Morgenthau his promise not to illtreat enemy aliens. "Will you be modern?" asked the American Ambassador. "No—not modern," said Enver, probably thinking of Belgium, "that is the most barbaric system of all—Turkey will simply try to be decent!"

the control which the foreign embassies had for years exerted in the domestic concerns of his country. Indeed, there were few men in Turkey with whom the permanent abolition of the capitulations was such a heartfelt issue. Naturally, in the next few months I saw much of Bedri; he was constantly crossing my path, taking an almost malicious pleasure in interfering with every move which I made in the interest of the foreigners. His attitude was half provoking, half jocular; we were always trying to outwit each other—I attempting to protect the French and British, Bedri always turning up as an obstacle to my efforts; the fight for the foreigners, indeed, almost degenerated into a personal duel between the Prefect of Police and the American Embassy. Bedri was capable, well educated, very agile, and not particularly ill-natured, but he loved to toy with a helpless foreigner. Naturally, he found his occupation this evening a congenial one.

"What's all the trouble about?" I asked Bedri.

The plans had been changed, he answered; the seven o'clock train could not go. This was the one that had been arranged to take the unofficial residents. Only the nine o'clock train, the one provided to take the diplomatic forces to Dedeagatch, would be permitted to leave. This fact that we had two groups of passengers, one of which could go and the other of which could not, naturally caused great commotion; the British and French Ambassadors did not wish to leave their nationals behind, and the latter refused to believe that their train, which the Turkish officials had definitely promised, would not start sometime that evening. I immediately called up Enver, who substantiated Bedri's statement. Turkey had many subjects in Egypt, he said, whose situation was causing great anxiety. Before the French and English residents could leave Turkey, assurances must be given that the rights of Turkish subjects in these countries would be protected. I had no difficulty in arranging this detail, for Sir Louis Mallet immediately gave the necessary assurances. However, this did not settle the matter; indeed, it had been little more than a pretext. Bedri still refused to let the train start; the order holding it up, he said, could not be rescinded, for that would now disarrange the general schedule and might cause accidents. I recognised all this as mere Turkish evasion and I knew that the order had come from a higher source than Bedri; still nothing could be done. Moreover, Bedri would let no one get on the diplomatic train until I had personally identified him. So I had to stand at a little gate, and pass upon each applicant. Everyone, whether he belonged to the diplomatic corps or not, attempted to force himself through this narrow passage-way, and we had an old-fashioned Brooklyn Bridge crush on a small scale. People were running in all directions, checking baggage, purchasing tickets, arguing with officials, consoling distracted women and frightened children, while Bedri, calm and collected, watched the whole pandemonium with unsympathetic smile. Hats were knocked off, clothing was torn, and, to add to the confusion, Mallet, the British Ambassador, became involved in a set-to with an officious Turk—the Englishman winning first honours easily, and I caught a glimpse of Bompard, the French Ambassador, vigorously shaking a Turkish policeman. One lady dropped her baby in my arms, another handed me a small boy, and one of the British

secretaries made me the custodian of his dog. Meanwhile, Sir Louis Mallet became obstreperous and refused to leave; he had an idea that he should stay there until the last British subject had safely left Turkey. But I told him that he was no longer the protector of the British; that I, as American Ambassador, had assumed this responsibility; and that I could hardly assert myself in this capacity if he remained in Constantinople. Moreover, I suggested that he remain at Dedeagatch for a few days and await the arrival of his fellow British. If I did not succeed in getting them out of the country, then he could return. Sir Louis reluctantly accepted my point of view and boarded the train. As the train left the station I caught my final glimpse of the British Ambassador, sitting in his private car, almost buried in a mass of trunks, satchels, boxes and diplomatic pouches, surrounded by his embassy staff, and sympathetically watched by his first secretary's dog.

The unofficial foreigners remained in the station several hours, hoping that, at the last moment, they would be permitted to go. Bedri, however, was inexorable. Their position was almost desperate. They had given up their quarters in Constantinople, and now found themselves practically stranded. Some were taken in by friends for the night; others found accommodations in hotels. But their situation caused the utmost anxiety. Evidently, despite all official promises, Turkey was determined to keep these foreign residents as hostages. On the one hand were Enver and Talaat, telling me that they intended to conduct their war in a humane manner, and, on the other, were their underlings, such as Bedri, behaving in a fashion that negated all these civilised pretensions. The fact was that the officials were quarrelling among themselves about the treatment of foreigners; and the German General Staff was telling the cabinet that they were making a great mistake in showing any leniency to their enemy aliens. Finally, I succeeded in making arrangements for them to leave the following day. Bedri, in more complaisant mood, spent that afternoon at the Embassy issuing passports; we both went to the station in the evening and started the train safely to Dedeagatch. I gave a box of candy—"Turkish Delights"—to each one of the fifty women and children on the train; it altogether was a happy party, and they made no attempt to hide their relief at leaving Turkey. At Dedeagatch they met the diplomatic corps, and the reunion that took place, I afterwards learned, was extremely touching. I was made happy by receiving many testimonials of their gratitude, in particular a letter signed by more than a hundred expressing their thanks to Mrs. Morgenthau, the embassy staff, and myself.

There were still several who wished to go, and next day I called on Talaat in their behalf. I found him in one of his most gracious moods. The cabinet, he said, had carefully considered the whole matter of English and French residents in Turkey; my arguments, he added, had greatly influenced them. They had reached the formal decision that enemy aliens could leave or remain, as they preferred. There would be no concentration camps, they could pursue their usual business in peace, and, so long as they behaved themselves, they would not be molested. Talaat said that the Turks, by their treatment of their resident enemies, proposed to show the world that they were not a race of



barbarians. In return for this promise he asked a favour of me; would I not see that Turkey was praised in the American and European Press for this decision. I went home and immediately sent for Mr. Theron Damon, correspondent of the Associated Press, Dr. Lederer, correspondent of the "Berliner Tageblatt," and Dr. Sandler, who represented the Paris "Herald," and gave them interviews, praising the attitude of Turkey toward the foreign residents. I also cabled the news to Washington, London, and Paris, and to all our consuls.

Hardly had I finished with the correspondents when I again received alarming news. I had arranged for another train that evening, and I now heard that the Turks were

refusing to visé the passports of those whose departure I had provided for. Again I went to the railroad station, and again I found a mass of distracted people; the women were weeping, and the children screaming, while a platoon of Turkish soldiers, commanded by an undersized popinjay of a major, was driving everybody out of the station with the flat sides of their guns. Bedri, as usual, was there, and, as usual, was clearly enjoying the confusion; certain of

the passengers, he told me, had not paid their income-tax, and, for this reason, they would not be permitted to leave. I announced that I would be responsible for this payment.

"I can't get ahead of you, Mr. Ambassador, can I?" said Bedri, with a laugh. From this we all thought that my offer had settled the matter and that the train would leave as per schedule. But then suddenly came another order holding it up again.

Since I had just had my interview with Talaat, this action somewhat nettled me. I jumped into my automobile and went to the Sublime Porte, where he usually had his headquarters. Finding no one there, I told the chauffeur to drive direct to Talaat's house. Sometime before I had visited Enver in his domestic surroundings, and this occasion now gave me the opportunity to compare his manner of life with that of his more powerful associate. The contrast was a startling one. I had found Enver living in luxury, in one of the most aristocratic parts of the town; while now I was driving to one of the poorer sections. We came to a narrow street, bordered by little rough, unpainted wooden houses; only one thing distinguished this thoroughfare from all others in Constantinople and suggested that it was the abiding place of the most powerful man in the Turkish Empire. At either end stood a policeman letting no one enter who could not give a satisfactory reason for doing so. Our auto, like all others, was stopped, but we were promptly permitted to pass when we explained who we were. As contrasted with Enver's palace, with its innumerable rooms and gorgeous furniture, Talaat's house was an old, rickety, wooden, three-storey building. All this, I afterward learned, was part of the setting which Talaat had staged for his career. Like many an American politician, he had found his position as a man of "the people" a valuable political asset, and he knew that a sudden display of prosperity and ostentation would weaken his influence with the Union and Progress Committee, most of whose members, like himself, had risen from the lower walks of life. The contents of the house were quite in keeping with the exterior. There were no suggestions of Oriental magnificence. The furniture was cheap; a few coarse prints hung on the walls, and one or two well worn rugs were scattered on the floor. On one side stood a wooden table, and on this rested a telegraph instrument—once Talaat's means of earning a living, and now the means by which he communicated with his associates.

## The Big Boss in Pyjamas

Amid these surroundings I waited for a few minutes the entrance of the Big Boss of Turkey. In due time, a door opened at the other end of the room, and a huge, lumbering, gaily decorated figure entered. I was startled by the contrast which this Talaat presented to the one who had become such a familiar figure to me at the Sublime Porte. It was no longer the Talaat of the European clothes and the thin veneer of European manners; the man whom I now saw looked like a real Bulgarian gipsy. Talaat wore the usual red Turkish fez; the rest of his bulky form was clothed in thick grey pyjamas; and from this mass of colour protruded a rotund, smiling face. His mood was half

genial, half deprecating; Talaat well understood what pressing business had led me to invade his domestic privacy, and his behaviour resembled that of the unrepentant bad boy in school. He came and sat down with a good-natured grin, and began to make excuses. Quietly the door opened again, and a hesitating little girl was pushed into the room, bringing a tray of cigarettes and coffee. Presently I saw that a young woman, apparently about

twenty-five years old, was standing back of the child, urging her to enter. Here then were Talaat's wife and adopted daughter; I had already discovered that, while Turkish women never enter society or act as hostesses, they are extremely inquisitive about their husbands' guests, and like to get surreptitious glimpses of them. Evidently Madame Talaat, on this occasion, was not satisfied with her preliminary view, for, a few minutes later, she appeared at a window directly opposite me, but entirely unseen by her husband, who was facing in the other direction, and there she remained very quiet and very observant for several minutes. As she was in the house, she was unveiled; her face was handsome and intelligent; and it was quite apparent that she enjoyed this close-range view of an American Ambassador.

"Well, Talaat," I said, realising that the time had come for plain speaking, "don't you know how foolishly you are acting? You told me a few hours ago that you had decided to treat the French and English decently and you asked me to publish this news in the American and foreign Press. I at once called in the newspaper men and told them how splendidly you were behaving. And this at your own request! The whole world will be reading about it tomorrow. Now you are doing your best to counteract all my efforts in your behalf; here you have repudiated your first promise to be decent. Are you going to keep the promises you made me? Will you stick to them, or do you intend to keep changing your mind all the time? Now let's have a real understanding. The thing we Americans particularly pride ourselves on is keeping our word. We do it as individuals and as a nation. We refuse to deal with people as equals who do not do this. You might as well understand now that we can do no business with each other unless I can depend on your promises."

"Now, this isn't my fault," Talaat answered. "The Germans are to blame for stopping that train. The German Chief of Staff has just returned and is making a big fuss, saying that we are too easy with the French and English and that we must not let them go away. He says that we must keep them for hostages. It was his interference that did this."

That was precisely what I had suspected. Talaat had given me his promise, then Bronsart, head of the German Staff, had practically countermanded his orders. Talaat's admission gave me the opening which I had wished for.

(To be continued)



Turkish Troops

The soldier who fights bravely because death in battle means immediate introduction to Paradise.



# Compulsory Education: By L. P. Jacks

**S**TRICTLY speaking, there is not, never has been, and never will be, such a thing as compulsory education. You can compel parents to send their children to school, you can compel the children (within limits) to learn their lessons; but so long as words have a meaning, you will never compel anybody to be "educated." All education is a joint operation of teacher and learner, and unless the learner willingly contributes his share, nothing that the teacher can do for him, or compel him to do for himself, will make him an educated human being.

No matter with what powers and terrors the teacher may be armed, the learner, if he is so minded, can always thwart him. He can thwart him by forgetting what he has been taught. He can thwart him by refusing to believe it. He can thwart him by despising it. He can thwart him by applying it to the opposite purpose for which it was intended. Of course, when a youth has acquired a certain mental training by being compelled to learn something he despises, disbelieves, and is determined to forget—though he will never acquire much mental training on those terms—some echo of this discipline will always linger in his mind. But he may still turn it to uses which thwart the essential objects for which it was given him. He may use it for playing the part of a great rascal or a clever fool. Put it as you will, the learner has the major control of the situation. He can only be educated by his own connivance. Education is by consent, not by compulsion.

The word "education" inevitably suggests to our minds the picture of a school. We see the pedagogue sitting at his desk and ruling the situation with a rod of iron. We see the children on the forms, submitting to a system imposed upon them by wise elders, doing as they are bid, learning what they are given, and being caned or "kept in" if they kick or refuse. "Compulsion" is naturally associated with such a scene, and schoolmasters, who are not the least tyrannical of mankind, are only too apt to accept the word as appropriate and pleasing. The use of the term "master" or "mistress" to define the school-teacher's office betrays this bias towards tyranny in a very significant manner. We have only to read the utterances on education which come from professional teachers to see how deeply rooted, and how difficult to uproot, is the notion that education consists in playing the part of "master"—that is, in imposing a system upon those who, in the last resort, must be coerced into receiving it. The learner—in jacket and knickerbockers—does not know what is good for him to learn. But the teacher—in cap and gown—knows; and the relation between the two is conceived accordingly. The teacher is "master" and the learner is—what shall we say? Not exactly slave or servant, but one whose essential part in the joint operation is even more submissive—to learn what he is set and to believe what he is told. Compulsory education, of course!

This is how the matter comes to be conceived when we treat education, as we almost invariably do, in the form of a schoolmaster's problem. Fundamentally, it is nothing of the kind. It is a social problem, and the biggest of them all. It is a question of the type of culture best suited to the requirements of the age. We have to consider not alone what it is abstractly desirable that people should be taught, but still more what they are capable of assimilating and what they are willing to learn. Viewed in this large way, it is immediately apparent that compulsion is out of the question. You can never impose upon the public, upon the age, upon the "uneducated classes" if you will, a type of culture they dislike, distrust, and are unwilling to receive.

Our stock image of a party in jacket and knickerbockers, on the one side, and a party in cap and gown, on the other, is not applicable to the world at large, or applicable only by putting the jacket and knickerbockers on those who fancy themselves entitled to the cap and gown. The uneducated classes are by no means willing to be educated on the understanding that they do not know what is good for them, and that "we" do. They will never accept from "us" a type of culture which they do not value and have no opportunity of applying. To quote the words of a Yorkshire operative to the present writer, on learning that he came from Oxford: "Make no mistake about one thing: we working men mean to have education; but we are not going to take it from you."

The very first point we have to grasp is that if we are to have any success with education we must abandon the attempt at compulsion, and must dismiss the word, with all its bag and baggage, from the vocabulary of the subject.

By compulsion, I mean the policy or the action of an intellectual élite, a learned aristocracy, who think themselves possessed of the right or the power to impose their type of culture on the world at large, on the community in general. I mean the notion that the community is divided into two classes—an educated class in cap and gown, and an uneducated class in jacket and knickerbockers—and that the former are the "masters" of a school, in which the latter are the pupils, ready to learn what they are taught and to believe as they are bidden. Not until these notions have been utterly discarded and—I must add—not until the airs of superiority which usually go with them have been finally abandoned, shall we be in a position to take the first step towards the solution of our problem.

## Class Misunderstanding

If the educated classes would give themselves the trouble to get into a little closer touch with the uneducated their eyes would be quickly opened to the truth of this matter. They would discover that the so-called "indifference of the masses" to education has been wholly misconceived and misnamed. The masses are not indifferent to education; but they are profoundly distrustful of the particular sort of education that is being offered them, and for good reasons of their own. Moreover, they bitterly resent being treated as the jacket-and-knickerbocker party. They even deny that they are uneducated—or, rather, and the correction is important, they deny that "we" are educated. They regard us as a very inefficient lot. They think that they understand their business better than we understand ours, and since the test of education is the understanding of one's own business, they are convinced that we are less educated than themselves. They see no good to be gained by swallowing our culture. At the present time, especially, they point to the appalling mess the "educated classes" have made of things; they see how fatal the mess would have been if the "uneducated classes" had not come to the rescue; and they are more than ever disposed to look upon the culture we offer them with distrust. Indeed, they have all they can do to restrain themselves from bidding us "get out."

On the whole, I believe they have sounder notions of education than we have. "Education," they say, "must take the form of teaching us to make the best of the life we have to live. But the education you are offering us has little or nothing to do with that life. It is at best an ornament. It has done you little good—witness the mess you have made of things. It would do us no good at all. It is not suited to the life we have to live. It would hinder us far more than it would help. It is a foreign product, an exotic thing, a bit of a flower garden set down in the middle of a cornfield." Such are their thoughts; but let no one suppose they indicate "a gross materialism." There is far more idealism at the back of them than appears at first sight. To be a moral idealist it is not necessary that you should go up and down the world, perhaps in company with the devil, spouting eloquence about the moral ideal. These people are convinced that their life, hard as it is, could be transformed into a fine and noble life if only they were educated for that object. Their complaint is that we are trying to educate them for another sort of life which they know they cannot sustain, and are not, in fact, desirous of living. And there is no compulsion which can make them think otherwise. He who acts as though there were is living in a fool's paradise.

If anybody doubts these things let him consider the Germans. The Germans are the greatest exponents of compulsory education the world has ever seen. In their own eyes they are the educated class of the universe, and their policy accordingly is to impose their culture on the rest of mankind. Germany, observe, is to be not merely the master but the *schoolmaster* of all nations. She alone knows what is good for them. She alone is to wear the cap and gown and to wield the rod. The others are in jacket and knickerbockers. "One single highly-cultivated German warrior," says Haeckel, "represents a higher intellectual and moral life than hundreds of the raw children of nature, whom England, France, Russia, and Italy oppose to him." And, as though this were not enough, only the other day von Kühlmann spoke of compelling the *goodwill* of Germany's foes, so that we are not only to be forced to accept her culture, but forced to accept it with delight and gratitude. This is compulsory education carried to its logical conclusion. Who



does not recognise the voice of the self-styled educated class dictating to the uneducated what they are to think, to believe, and to practise? And how do we answer these would-be German "masters" in the school of mankind? Do we not answer precisely in the words of my Yorkshire friend: "Yes, we all want education. But we are not going to take it from you."

In many of its aspects our educational policy hitherto might be compared, not unjustly, to an attempt to grow roses in Greenland. And the worst of it is, that we have based the attempt on arguments which, in their abstract form, are unanswerable. What flower is more lovely than the rose? What country needs it more than Greenland—"to cheer the gloomy landscape and perfume the scentless air." And who would deny the beauty of the culture founded, as our whole educational system still remains, on the dear old classical tradition? As a flower to wear in the buttonhole of civilisation no other can compare with it. And yet this culture is distinctly exotic to the climate. In these regions of sudden frost and long winter, it can only flourish under hot-house conditions, and, when one comes to reflect, never has flourished otherwise. And I, for one, am all in favour of keeping up a hot-house here and there for the devoted culture of this beautiful and precious plant, for I doubt if any flower of native growth has an equal in fragrance or loveliness. But it can never be acclimatised in this soil. The praises sung in its honour are altogether out of proportion to its actual value in achieving the object of education, which is simply that of teaching men to make the best of the life *they have to live*.

And yet for generations past we have been trying to force this culture on a civilisation which cannot sustain it, nay, on a civilization which it cannot sustain—and that is what education ought to do. This is what I mean by growing roses in Greenland. The roses are good for Greenland, but Greenland is not good for the roses—unless indeed we cover the whole country in with glass and set up a heating apparatus of sufficient power to keep it warm. On the whole it is no matter for surprise that the Greenlanders are "indifferent" to these sage proposals. And there is no method of "compulsion" which can make them anything else.

Abandoning the habits of mind, and the policy, which make education an attempt by one class to force its culture on another which does not want it, can we find a better way? Is it possible to foster, in the peculiar conditions of our time, a type of culture of which we could say "this is education not by compulsion but by consent." Here teachers and taught are at one in what they value and in what they desire. The old relation of cap and gown *versus* jacket and knickerbockers is abolished. The old idea that the one side are all potters, and the other side nothing but clay no longer rules the situation. The two sides are now co-operating partners in the pursuit of a common aim. Education has become reconciled with democracy.

I believe that the word "labour" gives us the right clue. And, lest the reader should here lay down my article in disgust, I will say at once that I am not going to argue that education should choose its tune to please the Labour Party; still less that it should aim at turning us all into "economy-

cally efficient instruments" to please the employers. As to both of these things, God forbid! I am thinking of labour in terms I have learnt from great teachers. I regard it as the very stuff or raw material of all human life and the "pass-word into everything that makes life worth living."

A very few simple principles need to be firmly grasped. First, that every man is, essentially, what his labour makes him; whence it follows at once that unless he is educated by *his labour* he is not educated at all. If his education, conducted on the roses-in-Greenland principle, pulls him in one direction and his labour in the opposite direction, the man will be pulled in two, but not educated—a proposition which holds equally true of the Viceroy of India, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the meanest hodman. The educated man is, before all else, the man who understands everything about his own job and enough about other peoples' jobs to enable him to co-operate with them intelligently in the social complex. *Per contra*, he who understands everything about somebody else's job—for example, the navigation of a Roman trireme—and next to nothing about his own, may well stand as the type of the *uneducated* man. Alas, there are many such in these days on the cap-and-gown side of the ditch. To this we may add the further axioms—I call them so because they are among the most indisputable truths under the sun—that the only happy man is the man who enjoys his job, and the only good man is he who does it to the best of his ability.

Grasping these perfectly simple principles, we come in sight of our ultimate objective. The aim must be not merely to educate labour, *but to see to it that all labour becomes an education*. No educational policy is worthy of its name which stops short of seeking to turn the whole labour of the community, from the Viceroy of India to the hodman, into one vast continuation school. Which is as much as to say that education is not merely a schoolmaster's problem (though it includes that), but a social problem of the first magnitude—a problem never to be solved in isolation as an affair of educational experts, but in intimate connection with a wise and broad conception of the general needs, aims, and values of social life.

It is high time to have done with this Prussian tomfoolery about "the educated class" which is to "compel" the "uneducated" to learn its lessons. Strictly speaking, there is only one class, that of the uneducated, to which we all belong. As a community we have still to learn the A B C of education. Let us then school ourselves to think of education in terms of labour, remembering that labour is the common stuff of all human life, and giving to the word a meaning sufficiently broad to cover every man who has a definite status and occupation in the fabric of society. The labour problem and the education problem are not two. They are one. That surely is the A B C of the whole matter.

I have tried to think out a short formula which would indicate the point at which the aims of labour—understood in the largest sense—and the aims of education coincide. The nearest I can get to it at present is this: "that every man shall enjoy his day's work and a good article come out at the end of it."

## The Dragon in Exile: By J. O. P. Bland

**W**HEN, years hence, the world at peace has leisure to cast its final profit and loss account of the great war, this much, at least, there will be to set against all its burden of sorrow and suffering and waste, that millions of men from far flung lands have been taught to know each other better, to take from experience a broader and a clearer view of life than they could ever have learned from books or preachers. Something has surely been accomplished, for nations as for individuals, to remove the barriers of class and creed and caste, to eradicate some of the primordial human instincts, born of ages of ignorance and prejudice. You cannot work or fight for four years in a good cause side by side with your fellowman, be he white or yellow or brown, without discovering in him some unsuspected virtues, and making friendly allowance for the fact that he was born in a strange land.

For example: millions of Britons from the homeland and overseas (besides Frenchmen and Americans), who have made the acquaintance of the Chinese coolie corps in France, will, hereafter, have a far better conception of things Chinese

and a kindlier feeling for the sons of Hau than they had evolved in the past, from the history of our China wars or lurid tales of the Boxer rising, or memories of that shameless party-cry which won an election in England not so long ago. "East is east, and west is west, and never the twain shall meet," sings Kipling. It is a sweeping judgment, and, like all such, unjust for all its foundation of truth. For what more does it amount to, after all, than recognition of the elemental race barrier, of the eternal antagonisms of creed and colour, that underlie the struggle for survival on this perplexing planet? Eighteen years ago, when the Allies were marching on Peking under the leadership of the mailed fist, what would have been said or done to the man who prophesied that thousands of the next generation of Boxers would cross the seas to serve the cause of the Allies in France against that same mailed fist?

Thoughts of these things were in my mind one day, not long since, when it was given to me to witness the foregathering of East and West, under peculiarly interesting conditions, at the Havre. To be precise, the day was Thursday, the 13th of June. It was a day of no particular importance in our



calendar, but to the Chinese it was the 5th day of the 5th moon, and, therefore, the Festival of the Dragon. For the ten thousand coolies who labour unceasingly at the discharge of ships' cargoes and other war-work in and about the old Norman port, it was high holiday. You, who have followed in the Press from afar the earth-shaking triumphs of young China under the Republic, who have heard that since the revolution the Chinese Government has adopted the Western calendar, together with frock coats, votes for women, and all the rest of it, you may object that the Dragon Festival went by the board together with the Manchu dynasty and pigtailed and the trimetrical classic. No doubt it did, on paper, for the edification of diplomats, financiers and missionaries, and for the greater glory of a handful of predatory politicians at Peking. But for the toiling masses of the Chinese people the Dragon Festival remains nevertheless a national institution, no more to be abolished by presidential mandate than the canons of Confucius, or the growing of opium, or the binding of lily-feet in maidens. It is an ancient people and it loveth ancient things; and so, on the fifth day of the fifth moon (prehistoric style) it continues as of old to collect and pay its debts and to do other seemly and seasonable things to celebrate the memory of a certain virtuous Minister of State who, because of rottenness in high places, committed suicide (thus runs the legend) about 450 B.C. It is of no importance that the name of this superior man has long since been forgotten: the sons of Hau are quite content to do reverence to the dim and distant memory of such a phenomenon, and to persevere, after the patient, unquestioning manner of their race, in their annual quest for his mortal remains.

For the sturdy natives of Shantung who, by their presence and their labour of days, now testify in France to the fact that the East has heard the West a-calling, this celebration of the Dragon Festival was necessarily somewhat of a makeshift and a compromise. It lacked the central features of dragon-bouts, paper money, and that ancient symbolic ritual, wherewith the faithful are wont to go forth to seek the mortal coil of him who lived and died a model mandarin. But it is an essential tenet of Chinese philosophy to like what you can get when you cannot get what you would like, and the leave-squads of highly cheerful coolies, who pervaded the busy streets of the Havre that Thursday morning, found many joys to compensate them for the privations of exile. In the first place, they were all well clothed, well paid, and well fed; enjoying, in fact, a state of bodily well-being to which no coolies in China would ever hope to aspire. Do not the ever-generous (if somewhat indiscriminating) authorities at Whitehall provide these Asiatics with meat three times a day, not to mention bread, rice, vegetables, sugar, cheese, and all the other things that go to the making of British war rations? When Wang Ching-fu and his friends return in due season to the unseasoned rice bowl of lean seasons in Shantung, they will, at least, have known three unforgettable years of fatness beyond the dreams of gluttony, and with the blissful certainty of ample daily bread, each man receives a franc a day, over and above the maintenance allowance paid to his family in China.

A Dragon Festival, unmarred by household bills, without the customary visits to pawnbrokers and usurers; a festival with money to burn and a town full of good things to buy withal—no wonder that the little groups of coolies were grinning as one man amidst the fearful joys of dumb-show shopping, making the ancient streets of the Havre resound with strange, cheerful noises of the East. One man I met in the Public Garden—a flat-nosed, genial fellow of the Sancho Panza type—carrying with infinite pride a bunch of red peonies, one of the few flowers in the Havre market to remind these exiles of spring-time in their native land, a flower very appropriate, by classical tradition, for the celebration of the festival. He was a strange vision, this son of Hau, still wearing on his feet the native cotton shoes of Shantung, his legs bedecked with khaki puttees and on his head a saucy Homburg hat. Sniffing ecstatically at his peonies, he was heading for the tramway that would take him back to camp, all oblivious of the strangeness of the world about him, quite unconscious of his own fantastic presence in it. Around and about him, enjoying their hour of ease and their place in the sun, were fighting men from all the four corners of the earth—Belgians and Russians (flotsam, these, now working at munitions), Americans and Australians, Britishers of every description, Indians and Portuguese—not to mention a cheerful contingent of "Waacs" and "Wrechs"—a very kaleidoscopic epitome of the history of the war. But the man from Shantung went his way through that sun-flecked garden as if all these were but fleeting shadows on the Painted Veil, as if he himself and his peonies

were the only realities. His Oriental soul was evidently worlds away, either lost in memories of bygone days or weaving roseate dreams about the coming flash.

Coming up softly from behind, I asked in his own tongue how much he had given for the flowers and what he was going to do with them?

You cannot surprise the East; its imperturbability is inbred, elemental, the result of centuries of fatalism, not merely a defensive armour like that of the Scot. Without surprise, without even an indication of mild interest, but with the serene courtesy of his race, he replied that the flowers had cost him two days' pay—two "flancs," as he put it. As for their purpose, was not the *tapir* aware that this was the 5th day of the 5th moon? There was to be a special big chow-chow at the camp that evening, and what could be more suitable to the occasion than peonies? Whereupon, we fell to talking. It was good work and good living in France, he said. By the end of his three years, fourteen months hence, he hoped to have saved many dollars. Perhaps, if the war was not over by then, he would sign on again. But was it true, as he had heard, that there was trouble also in China? Had there been looting of cities by bandits in Shantung? Was his family in any danger at Wei-hai-wei? It is worthy of note that, in his opinion, the middle kingdom will know no lasting peace until the old order is re-established with the Dragon Throne and all foolish talkers forcibly suppressed. Why, he asked, did not England help to put down the pirates and robbers who make the Chinese people to eat bitterness?

On our way to the labour camp we met one of the Coolie Companies celebrating the occasion by a full-dress procession, headed by its flag, all very pleased and proud. Also we met a regiment of American troops in full marching order, and again, further on, some squads of German prisoners under escort, returning to work. My Chinese friend paid no attention to the Germans; but the Americans drew speech from the depths of his philosophic detachment. "Those are overseas men," he observed; "they are going to help the French to fight." Then, after a pause and incidentally, as if recording an axiom, he added, "We Chinese do not fight." It was said complacently, but there was, nevertheless, an unmistakable implication of superior wisdom. And to my mind there came a swift mind-picture of China as she is to-day, and as she has been so often in the past, her millions of non-fighters once more the prey of lawlessness and rapine, "Whose harvest the hungry eateth up and the robber swalloweth up their substance." And I wondered whether there is much to choose in the end between the grim casualty lists of our own machine-made civilisation and that of the dream-fed patriarchal system of the East. Our poets and philosophers have been over prone to realise Matthew Arnold's lotus-eating moon, that Orient which

. . . let the legions thunder by,  
And plunged in thought again.

With what hideous paroxysms has that meditation been broken through the long centuries! Who shall say whether the better wisdom dwells among the disdainful thinkers or with the thundering legions?

After a visit to the Chinese camp and an inspection of their rations for the day (which made my humble meat card a thing of derision), I was returning to the Hotel de Normandie, through the Place Gambetta, where the masts of the fishing smacks look down upon the flowersellers' stalls, when I came across another group of coolies, standing outside a shop just where the main street begins. They were earnestly trying, by means of much eloquent gesture, to explain something to *Madame la propriétaire*. Madame had given it up. Their pantomime had suggested a tooth brush, but this had been rejected by the whole strength of the company. My services as interpreter having been accepted, it transpired that what was wanted was a mouth-organ, "to make pleasant sounds for our festival." One of the coolies was the proud possessor of a native fiddle, another had a tin whistle; only the organ was needed to complete the orchestra. Alas, there was no such instrument to be found in all the town.

In the matter of headgear, the King's regulations appear to allow the Labour Battalions a latitude which expresses itself in fancy. The result detracts somewhat from their collective dignity; their motley promiscuity reminded me of early days in Japan, what time the sons of the Samurai first took to experiments in the garb of Western civilisation, and their traders imported miscellaneous cargoes of second-hand hats from London and New York.

And, in conclusion, be it said that, as regards their morals and manners and general conduct, these humble recruits in the ranks of the Allies have won golden opinions on all sides.



## The Land—II

**G**REAT BRITAIN has become an industrial country. There is barely a tenth of its population living under strictly agricultural conditions, principally concerned with agricultural work, and thinking in terms of the open fields.

That seems to be an exaggerated statement until one has looked into the realities of life in so-called agricultural districts. If we take the statistics of residence we shall find a much larger proportion than a tenth to be living under conditions called "rural." The worst way of gathering such statistics is the official way of distinguishing between urban and non-urban areas. That, of course, is futile, for the boundaries are purely arbitrary. But even if we go carefully over the map of some countryside we know, and mark off on it districts to which we are personal witnesses, and which we know have nothing of the town about them, yet we shall soon find how large a proportion of those inhabiting these districts have no knowledge of general agriculture, and hardly come across it at all. You cannot count as part of the truly agricultural population—part, that is, of the population which understands the culture of the open field—anyone who is not engaged in work or in supervision thereupon. That strictly agricultural population is a bare tenth of our total to-day. Every one knows vaguely that a great revolution has taken place in the occupation of Englishmen, even within living memory. Very few people know its magnitude, and still fewer people know its quality. It is not only that the actual number of people working upon the fields has grown to be so small a proportion; it is much more that the tone of mind throughout the whole community has changed through the change in proportion between those whose habits and whose outlook are urban and those who are still typically of the village.

Now, that being so, we have for the prime political condition which runs through our discussions upon modern English agriculture, the simple fact that nearly all those who discuss it know nothing about it; and in their ignorance the point on which they show most ignorance is the necessary complexity of agricultural work. The point on which they show next most ignorance is the delicacy of its adjustment, and the third point on which they show ignorance—appalling, indeed, but a little less than on the other two—is the length of time over which any judgment of agricultural failure or success must be extended. Ignorance upon the first point is the most fatal of all: The ignorance which assimilates agricultural work to factory work, or office work of any kind, and blunderingly attempts to simplify and to standardise it all. Ignorance upon the second point leads to oppressive—and often disastrous—systems of taxation; ignorance upon the third point leads to a complete misjudgment of "the economic curve"—that is, the tendency present in any department of agricultural activity. For instance, if you do not know that newly ploughed pasture suffers from wireworm, and that the *second*—not the first—year is the test of success, you will quite misjudge the value of what was done in the breaking-up of pasture last autumn and winter.

As to the first of these peculiar characters of agriculture which differentiate it from modern industrial life, nothing but experience can teach it to a man. But a short example may suggest it: Go into any one of the sheds where they are now making shell, and observe the processes at work. You will see a certain number of men and women turning the shell on lathes. Hour after hour and day after day the same work of a perfectly simple nature is performed by the same individual. One even asks oneself, sometimes, whether machinery cannot be got to do more than it does, and whether the man or woman watching the machine is always necessary. Your factory will work perfectly well with the man or woman who can just watch and manage the lathe completely ignorant of other processes, such as the shrinking on of the bands or the filling of shell. They need never have seen shrapnel cast or cut from its strip or poured into the case. There is complexity here of a sort; all these processes have to be co-ordinated, and a certain small number of men have to do the staff work. But one lathe is like another and one piece of metal like another, and the so-called "skilled workers" are workers with no general skill, but skilled only at the repetition of one dull task over and over again. As with shell, so with cotton. As with cotton, so with mining. As with mining, so with the building of iron ships. That is the very soul of modern industrialism. The individual is specialised, and the thing on which he is specialised is a thing of routine inhumanly

simple. Machinery, which is its basis, affects the whole character of industrial life from top to bottom. The whole thing is a machine. You can calculate the number of hours in which a man gives his best result; you can presuppose him doing the same work so many hours a week for so many weeks in the year, year after year. Every item of your costings can be put in the form of an abstraction: an exact number. Each part of your produce is like ten thousand similar parts which can all be produced in the same fashion and at the same exactly calculable expense in energy.

With agriculture, all these commonplaces of industry—which the industrial worker or capitalist has come to regard as part of the nature of things—disappear. There is the infinite variety of soil; the variety of weather; those subtle varieties of climate the effects of which only long experience can determine. On the top of all this variety there is a necessary wide variety of knowledge in the worker. No matter how large your agricultural unit; no matter how thoroughly you organise your workers upon it; though you had 100,000 acres to develop and 10,000 slaves to order at will, you would never arrive at industrial standards. You could never differentiate your labour into ploughing, sowing, manuring, weeding, harvesting, hay-making, and the rest. You would always have to trust for your results to human agents who were *each of them experts in many processes*. It is true that even on a comparatively small farm you can differentiate labour somewhat. You will have men who can look after stock and other men who cannot look after stock, etc. But there is necessarily a vast amount of overlap. Your agricultural worker is necessarily a man of complex expert knowledge, which has to be applied to different processes in your production. There is no space here to discuss the effect of this on character, though it is the most fruitful of political themes. We are dealing only with certain economic necessities. Agriculture is of its nature a thing highly complex, demanding complexity of experience and diverse expert power in all those who conduct it, not only in some small directing staff. This is the first great characteristic which cuts it off from the type of mind and calculation produced under industrial conditions.

Take a farm, however large and however similar in soil throughout: Try to run it as you would run a factory, with exact time-tables, fines for those who come late, complete division of labour, standardisation of method, and all the rest of it, and you will be ruined. One might express the thing roughly by saying that agriculture is an *art*. The absence of art is the chief defect of industrial civilisation, and the industrial mind trying to deal with an art breaks down frequently.

Here is another way of putting it: The English village is an organism highly characterised. It must be dealt with as such. Anyone who has direct dealings with field labour as distinguished from intensive cultivation; anyone who has to deal daily and familiarly with the agricultural labourer, the ploughman, the shepherd, the stockman, however unfamiliar he may have been with the moral problem of organising labour upon the land, and however much he may have been trained in the much simpler processes of industry, comes to recognise this truth. The English village still has a peasantry, although that peasantry has been largely dispossessed in the course of centuries from its former direct holding of the soil. The traditions of the village and the type of character produced by it are still that tenacious complex organic thing which we call a peasantry. You cannot re-arrange the part of a living organism at will as you can those of a machine; if you try to do so, you kill it.

Here, therefore, is the first great danger due to the general ignorance of agricultural affairs: The danger that during the period of "reconstruction," as it is called, politicians and public servants will gravely damage agriculture by attempting to apply to it the urban doctrine of "efficiency." From that, as we shall see in a later article, strong local committees will save us when the necessary action of the State appears in agriculture after the war.

There remain the two other forms of ignorance: Ignorance upon the delicacy of adjustment in agricultural affairs and an ignorance of the length of time—at least three years even in the simplest problems—over which observation must extend before the results of agricultural work are known. Both these forms of ignorance might prove disastrous in the period of reconstruction, and we shall see next week how the danger threatens.



# Life and Letters by J.C. Squire

## One

LOVELY and pleasant it is to have lynxes for readers. A fortnight ago I referred here to a verbal solecism of which the authors of the *King's English*—the most salutary and diverting of all works on composition—would not allow the use. A reader, whose title to speak is fully equal to that of those authors, at once wrote to say that I need not think that I avoided ugly and indefensible English altogether. I am, he says, deep-sunk in one vice which would certainly have been denounced by the authors of the *King's English* had it been as prevalent when they wrote as it is now. This is the habit of using "One" in contexts where it cannot pretend to represent anything but "I" or "me." He appends illustrative extracts: Four from Oneself, one from Mr. P. F. Warner, one from the Bishop of the Falkland Islands, and three from persons unknown—of whom one writes: "But I have known in the small circle of one's personal friends quite a number of Jews who . . ." Guilty!

The letter found one in a state in which one's defences are at their weakest. One was (and is) in bed with this loathly influenza, which has just shown its lack of discrimination elsewhere by killing the harmless Sultan of Turkey and sparing the Kaiser. One's head aches. One's spine aches. One's hip-bones and shoulder-blades ache and protrude. Countless little sharp coughs harry one's outworn stomach. One's throat is a dry stove-pipe. One's brows are tight and one's eyelids heavy with the pressure of one's hot blood. One has no taste for tobacco; one cannot talk, work, think, or drink. All one can do is shut one's eyes until one is bored with that, and then read until one is exhausted by that.

I, I, I, I, I, have, therefore, taken that course. My reading, as always in these circumstances, has been the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy; when I am very ill indeed I think there may be something in it. For two days I went from volume to volume, and at last I reached Sir Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare*. This is, as is generally admitted, a prodigiously informative book, though its title might more accurately have been *The Probable Life of Shakespeare*.

The perhappes drape the book in festoons, right up to the hypothetical last malady which Sir Sidney introduces in these touching words:

The cause of Shakespeare's death is undetermined. Chapel Lane, which ran beside his house, was known as a noisome resort of straying pigs; and the insanitary atmosphere is likely to have prejudiced the failing health of a neighbouring resident.

But it is a great book. It is an encyclopaedia; its compiler has written with great learning, judgment, and fairness of mind; it is not likely to be superseded unless the Baconians suddenly prove their case. But (I observed on my couch) Sir Sidney has his defects as a writer. His ordinary style, compressed and clear, is wonderfully suited to the narration of dry facts. But when he feels he must be picturesque for a time or two, especially when he is attempting a little of that "merely æsthetic criticism" which he eschews in his preface, he is apt to be awkward with his imagery. Especially, he juxtaposes incongruous metaphors which, although moribund, are not quite dead enough to be put together unnoticed. When he writes of "all the features of a full-fledged tragi-comedy," one [x] cannot help wondering whether "features" was a misprint for "feathers." When he says that whereas something bears "trace of a more mature pen" something else "savours of Shakespeare's youthful hand," he is still more unfortunate. Half-dead imagery leaps to life in:

It was to the tragi-comic movement, which his ablest contemporaries espoused with public approval, that Shakespeare lent his potent countenance in the latest plays which came from his unaided pen.

No doubt the movement, with that plurality of husbands, wanted keeping in countenance, but the support seems rather confused. At

the main issues fell within the verge of tragedy, but left the tragic path before they reached solution.

we can only say "Lucky for them"; and when "notes" (tones) are "seasoned" with something "clothed" in peculiarly intimate phrasology, we may well be at a loss for

anything to say. I was wondering how it was that so sensible and unrhretorical a man as Sir Sidney had left these sentences in this book after so many editions, when the letter arrived informing me, in the pleasantest way, that I had a beam in my own eye.

But, to continue our metaphors, my withers are unwrung by that beam. I know that I write "one" when "one" does not mean "we," or "everybody," or "any sort of person," but "I," or "me," and nothing else. One does not think one uses "I" and "one" in a single sentence; beyond that one is quite unscrupulous. One will say, for instance, "One opened this book with pleasure," which means, and can only mean, "I opened this book . . ." It is, from my critic's point of view, indefensible and inexplicable. Why do I do it? Or, rather, why do *we* do it?—for I am speaking now, not only for myself but for Mr. Pelham Warner and the Bishop of the Falkland Islands. The answer is simple. Reader, one is modest; bashful.

I—for here I will force myself boldly into the first personal pronoun—do not like seeing a page of print covered all over with I's. Those I's are so bold, so brazen; they stand up so, they are so tall. Often and often I suppress an "I" as I write, substituting the meaningless, but oh so comfortable and pseudonymous-looking, "One." Sometimes, owing to long custom, the operation is performed unconsciously. And often it is done deliberately after I have written. The proofs come back to one—here I am, lapsing again—and one is struck by the ubiquity of those little staring marks of egoism. Panic seizes one. "One" offers cover, and one takes it.

There is the negative advantage; one would be a hypocrite if I were to pretend that one finds in the practice no positive advantage for myself. If a critic writes, "I admit that I did not approach this biography with a favourable bias, but it was worse than I expected," he is liable to an uneasy feeling when he reads his own words. All these people, he will reflect, may say to themselves, "What the devil are your biases to do with us, and as for your opinion, it is only your opinion." But knock out the first person and put "one"; and forthwith the whole statement seems to acquire the mysterious backing of all mankind. The critic's judgment looks like the meritable judgment that any sane man was bound to form, that masses of men have simultaneously formed; there is weight, authority, behind it, something of the weight and authority of the royal, papal, or editorial "we."

That is not a defence; it is an explanation and a very discreditable admission. I admit that no really courageous or honest man (always excepting Mr. Pelham Warner and the Bishop of the Falkland Islands) would employ so ungainly a device to secure such dubious ends. As I have now confessed, I suppose that it would be futile to work this stunt off here any more; my unobtrusiveness will no longer deceive. But if, in the future, it should be found that this page is covered with what I have heard another sly writer describe as "these horrible little telegraph-poles," do not blame me. The responsibility for the change, I hope I have made clear, rests elsewhere.

As a writer of fiction, Rebecca West is new to English readers, but *The Return of the Soldier* (Nisbet & Co., 5s. net), although a slight story in itself, is a book of such quality as should assure for its author a large public of the better, more discriminating kind. It is the story of a man who, by reason of shell-shock, had fifteen years or so of his life taken out from his memory, so that he knew nothing of his marriage, nor of any of the events of those years, when he returned an invalid from overseas. It is, too, the story of how a woman broke her heart to give him back the memory of those years, make him once more a complete man; the whole "plot"—if such a word can be used in respect of such a book—is no more than is crowded into many two-page stories in a magazine, but the method of presentment is so vivid that this is really an outstanding book. There is in it so much more than the average promise of a first novel that many readers are certain to watch, with more than usual interest, for the appearance of Miss West's next book.



## Of Mountains: By Charles Marriott

**A**FTER looking at the water-colours of the "Canadian Rockies," by Mr. Charles John Collings, at the Carroll Gallery, George Street, Hanover Square, I found myself wondering why the Overseas Dominions, or mountains anywhere, are seldom painted successfully. Since the suggested answers to both halves of the question are complimentary to Mr. Collings there can be no harm in considering them here.

As to the first half of the question I believe that the reason is that artists who paint in the Dominions generally try too hard. When a man paints landscape in England, or in any of the older countries, he is generally inspired by one of two motives: to paint landscape as landscape irrespective of locality or to paint a portrait of a particular place. The result may be, and often is, extremely characteristic of the country, but that is not the conscious and deliberate aim. It is one of the paradoxes of art—and of literature—that while few things are more charming than local colour when it happens incidentally, nothing is more tiresome when it is or seems to be a purpose of the work. To take a concrete instance, a man might paint Stoke Poges as a collection of houses or very precisely as Stoke Poges, and win our sympathy in either case; but let him paint it as typical of England, which it undoubtedly is, and we turn away from him in boredom. Exactly the same is true, of course, of people. John Brown may be painted as just a man or as John Brown; but he must not be painted as "an English gentleman"—though he may have every claim to the title.

Artistic paradoxes are always worth examining for the sake of the human reasons behind them. I believe that the reason why conscious local colour or character alienates our sympathy is that it excludes. General and particular interest are both universal; even the parish pump will appeal to the whole world so long as it is painted on its own merits; but when the artist insists upon its local character he introduces a parochial element. He becomes the showman instead of the interpreter. In passing, I may commend the inquiry to politicians as helping to distinguish between true and false nationalism.

Whether I am right or wrong in the reason, it cannot be denied that when artists paint in Canada, Australia, or South Africa, they are apt to be impressed with the Canadian, Australian, or South African character of the scene at the expense of its general or particular interest; and it is because the work of Mr. Collings is free from this parochialism that it is so sympathetic and, so far as an Englishman may judge, at the same time so characteristically Canadian. The Canadian character comes incidentally because Mr. Collings is absorbed in the subject without any desire to play the showman.

The reason for his success with mountains goes deeper still; to the very foundations of art, indeed. It will be allowed, I suppose, that on the whole the best artistic interpretation of mountains is to be found in music and lyric poetry; and if you will consider them for a moment you will see that, of all forms of art, these are the least dependent on accurate description and the most exclusively concerned with suggestion. They deal not with mountains themselves, but with the feelings excited by mountains. Painting is not so pure, but it might with advantage be kept a great deal purer than it commonly is. There is no essential difference between mountains and any other facts of nature as material of painting, but their great scale makes them a sort of artistic booby-trap. A mere copy of the facts of a tree may contain a good deal of its character, but a mere copy of the facts of a mountain is nothing at all, owing to the necessary reduction in scale. Some painters try to get out of this by treating the facts rhetorically, and as a general rule it may be said that when a painting of a mountain is not trite it is vulgar.

What it comes to is that mountains expose a difficulty that is really present in all the facts of nature as material of painting. Before they can be painted they must be digested. But this is not an intellectual process, as I shall try to show. Sitting in the train one day, I watched the landscape, very bright and small, in the bowl of the lamp overhead. That was a long time ago, and though I have thought about it often since I have never yet been able to find words for the feeling it gave me. But, leaving out all purely optical differences, this is what it came to: that whereas a reflection in a flat mirror is just that, and no more, a reflection in a convex mirror is magical. You feel that if you touched the former nothing would happen, but that if you touched the latter it might burn your fingers. No doubt you will say

that the difference is optical; that in the flat mirror the landscape is only reflected, while in the convex mirror it is reflected and concentrated.

I dare say that is right, but what I am concerned with is the difference in the feeling produced by the two reflections; and though I have not been able to find words for it I can get near it by quoting other people. Blake said—the italics are his—"We are led to believe a lie when we see *with* not *through* the eye"; Rodin said that the artist should paint with his eye "grafted on his heart," and a very wise man, whose name I forget, said: "Look into your heart and write."

All these sayings, and a dozen more which might be quoted, mean ultimately the same thing: that the heart of man is a convex mirror in which the facts of nature are not only reflected, but concentrated, digested, and reduced to a condition in which—and in which only—they are available to art. Only in that condition are they "true," in the human sense of the word. In that condition the mountain is as amenable to art as is the violet; and the scale of the one and the fragrance of the other can both be adequately expressed. If you remember, Beethoven has got them both into five bars in "Adelaide," in an octave leap from the dominant and a quivering fall of semiquavers. That, and not fidelity to the facts, is the magic of art. Also, in that condition the facts of nature are as amenable to painting as to music or lyric poetry. The painter may for convenience make a more direct use of the facts than the musical composer or lyric poet, but if he is wise he will use them after reflection.

It is because Mr. Collings has seen the Canadian Rockies through, and not merely with his eyes, has looked into his heart and painted, that he has been true to Canada and true to mountains. The rest is a matter of technical accomplishment; and here, with obvious and definite limitations, Mr. Collings can hold his own. He is a refined colourist, with a feeling for decoration and a keen sense of the more precious qualities of his medium. But, in view of the subject, the great merit of his work is its freedom from parochialism. For, as will be seen, the answer to the two halves of the question that made me wonder is really one: the artist must sink his opinions in his feelings. Opinions divide, but feelings unite. If it is true that the artist must lose himself to find himself, it is equally true that he must forget the local bearings of his subject in order to find it—when it becomes both universally and particularly true.

The problems of art are not to be settled in piecemeal fashion, nor is artistic truth a piecemeal truth. Both the problems and art itself depend upon certain broad principles common to human nature; and at a time like the present it is well to remember them, particularly with regard to the dominions. As Lord Grey points out in his pamphlet on "The League of Nations," the world is not to be made right by piecemeal adjustments, but by the establishment of certain broad principles of right and justice. Nor does this mean the abolition of national or local character. On the contrary, in life as in art, it is only when things are put upon the basis of human nature that national and local character can be fulfilled. Get humanity right, and nationality will look after itself; without the uneasy assertion that might very well be compared to the deliberate insistence on local colour or character in art. But for the consideration of these things it is well to follow the example of Mr. Collings and, if only in imagination, get up into the mountains.

The name of A. J. Spencer as the author of a text-book is enough to ensure the usefulness and reliability of the work, and though in regard to the Corn Production Act of 1917, Mr. Spencer is breaking entirely new ground and has to deal with entirely new problems, his notes will be found of value. (Stevens & Co., 5s.) A protest may be made, however, against a reference on page 28 to another text-book, for one would think that a book of 80 pages, for which five shillings is charged, should be complete in itself. So much for the text, but with regard to the book as a volume, it may be observed that the delicate white covers are more suitable for a boudoir-table than an office; and why is the title not printed on the back? Such a slim volume is lost in a library unless its name can be seen. Paper is now very costly, as we all know, and a text-book of this kind, which will require to be rewritten when a little experience of the working of the Act has been gained, might have been printed upon a thinner and cheaper paper.



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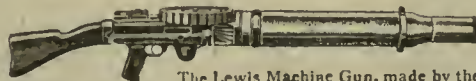
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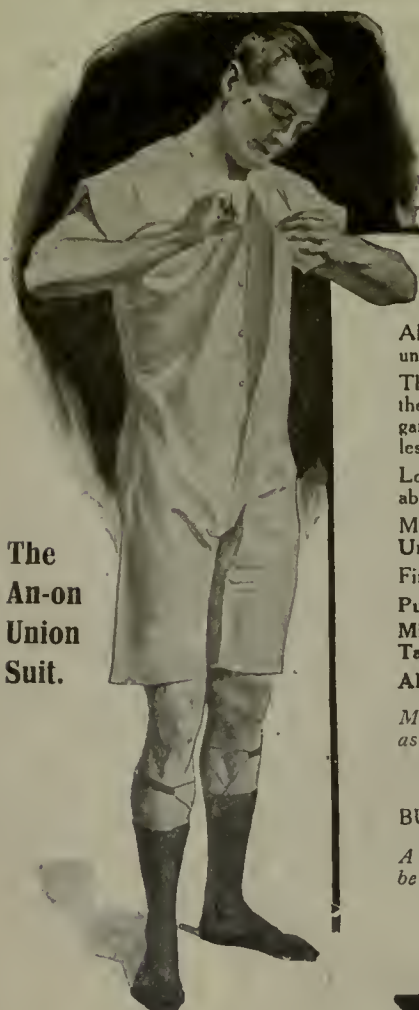
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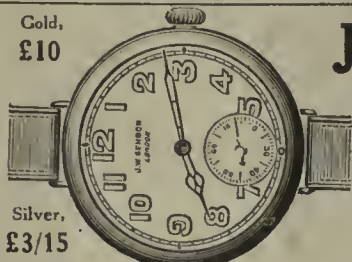
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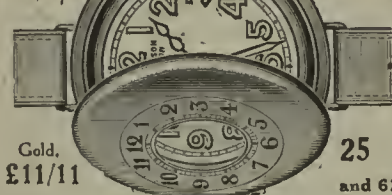
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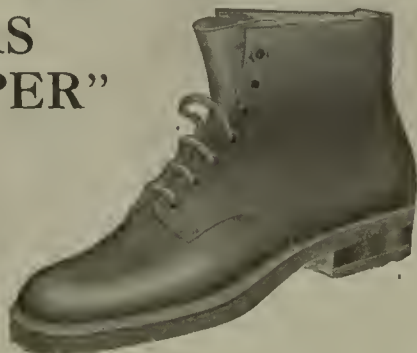
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THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1918

[REGISTERED AS]  
[A NEWSPAPER]

PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
PRICE ONE SHILLING



Louis Raemaekers.

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## The Murman Expedition

"Look, Ivan, the Allies are threatening to disturb our peace"

By Louis Raemaekers



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## The Outlook

AS we go to press comes the important news that the enemy has launched what looks like his main offensive. The attack opened at dawn on Monday last, July 15th, and was conducted upon a very broad front of over fifty miles, the enemy succeeding upon his right in crossing the River Marne at several places and establishing himself upon the south of that stream over a belt of some two to three miles wide. The situation was well in hand at the moment when information was given in the House of Commons—that is, upon Monday night—but it had so far developed so little that nothing useful can be said about it, save that so far the Commander-in-Chief was satisfied. This information was given by Mr. Bonar Law, who also told the House that the Prime Minister had been in communication with General Foch by telephone communication, and the news thus given to the House was the most recent obtainable. There is, of course, still doubt as to whether an attack even upon this scale is the main effort of the enemy, and the public has been officially warned not to take it for granted until further identification of the attacking enemy divisions is effected. If there are found, as it is believed, something like sixty divisions in action, we may take it that the enemy's main blow is being delivered.

It is obvious that the threat to Paris, though it cannot be the main strategical object of the enemy, has very high importance. There is always a tendency in time of war on the part of the general public to exaggerate political elements, and on the part of the student of war to underestimate. In this particular case the elements of the situation are so simple that neither is likely to misapprehend them. The enemy is known to be utterly without consideration of European convention and tradition; he would destroy the greatest monuments of the past with as little hesitation as he would murder women and children or neutral sailors upon the high seas. His sole object is to achieve victory without consideration for what the need of the future of Europe or, indeed, of himself may be; and he is, further, remarkably unintelligent in his judgment of the general feelings of the world in such affairs. Therefore we may be quite certain that if he could get within long range of Paris he would proceed to the destruction of that city. He will argue justly, Paris being the main centre of French communications, as well as the capital, anything that interrupted its life was to his military advantage. But this would not be his main policy; his main policy would be the political one of putting pressure upon the French by the systematic destruction of their chief city, and he will proceed to this the moment it is within his physical power.

Now, action of this kind would have a prodigious effect upon the war at this stage in its development. And the

argument that the destruction of Paris—or, rather, of its great monuments—is indifferent in strategy because strategy only concerns itself with the destruction of existing armies, is negligible. Such an act would at once present to the world two final theses, which have existed from the very beginning of the war, but which have been confused in most minds. These two theses are, on the German side, that a complete contempt for civilisation and its traditions, the mere use of force and guile pushed to an extreme limit ensures the pre-eminence of those who use such weapons, and this thesis would prove true if the destruction of Paris brought about the disintegration of the French resistance. But the other thesis is equally formidable. It is the thesis that any social system which acts in such a fashion must be destroyed. We have only to suppose the French firm, in spite of this last outrage, and it is clear that the Allies, their peoples, and their Governments, will be compelled not only to conquer, but to punish. There would be no room for generalisation upon the hypothetical rights of a converted Germany, and all the rest of it. And those who have seen things in such a false perspective during the last year, those who have believed a compromise still possible, will be silenced for good and all.

The full text of von Capelle's Reichstag statement on the U-boat campaign is in some respects the most striking example yet given of "the fact or the exaggeration." It was the Admiral's duty to dispel the impression created by the monthly figures published here. He did so by telling his audience that the Allied world was now poorer by 18,000,000 tons of shipping; that the losses were still at the rate of between 5 and 6 big ships a day; that our shipbuilding could not compete with this loss; that our need for shipping was in the meantime increasing, as was exemplified by the fact that, for every American landed in France 6 tons of shipping would be hypothecated. It could not be long, therefore, before the U-boat justified itself by an Allied famine or collapse. The facts are that the world's total war loss is under thirteen and a half million tons, of which certainly not more than twelve could have been caused by submarine. Next, a loss of five "big" ships a day would mean 25,000 to 30,000 tons a day, whereas in April it was just over 10,000 tons, and in May under 12,000. An American soldier landed in France does not need six tons of shipping to keep him going, but hardly four. And, as for our general need, it is notorious, first, that increased food production has lessened it materially and, secondly, that the reorganisation in the handling and turning over of ships has increased the cargo yield by between 30 and 50 per cent. Finally, though we have not the official American figures for May or June, it seems certain that over 194,000 gross tons were completed in the first month, and over 230,000 in the latter. Adding the British figures to this, we see that the destruction and replacement lines have crossed, and that on the two months we are 90,000 tons to the good. On Independence Day alone, the United States launched over 286,000 tons, a fine evidence of the enthusiasm which the American workmen are exhibiting.

Thus Capelle exaggerates U-boat sinkings to date by over fifty per cent. He tells a flat untruth in saying that current shipbuilding cannot keep pace with current losses; he overstates the current rate of loss to the extent of more than doubling it; he overstates the demand of the American army for shipping by fifty per cent. The state of Germany must be pretty bad when it is necessary to maintain public *moral* by methods so crude as to give away the state of that *moral* so egregiously. And it is worth noting that, while on the other side we have these grotesque claims made for the German submarine, there is a systematic suppression of all news as to the actual American soldiers sent across the sea. Mr. Baker's figures, referred to in these columns last week, have not been reproduced in a single German paper. There is good reason for their suppression. They are not only a complete refutation of Capelle, they reduce all the official statements about American belligerency to absurdity. With a million men in France, and more following at the rate of a quarter of a million men a month, a change in the military situation is obviously taking place, which reflects the complete change in the sea situation effected by the adoption of the convoy principle a year ago. Now that we know from the First Lord's recent Grafton Galleries speech that the two mine barriers across the North Sea and Channel are being pushed to completion, we have every right to hope that a further change, at least as striking and effective, must soon be apparent. If this hope is realised, we shall once more see the position on land developing correspondingly in our favour.



# The Second Battle of the Marne: By H. Belloc

**A**FTER a misty night, a little before five o'clock in the morning, on last Monday, July 15th, the German armies attacked upon a front equivalent to that upon which the great offensive opened four months ago. The total length of this front was fifty-five miles, and was therefore slightly in excess of the front between the Scarpe and the Oise upon which the first great attack was delivered, but as the sector of Rheims itself was left untouched the actual front engaged was no longer on this second occasion than on the first.

How many divisions have been engaged by the enemy, is as yet uncertain. These lines are written as we go to press, when only the first dispatch has come in, and by the time they are in my readers' hands far more will be known than can even be guessed now, but upon the surface of things it would appear that the operation is of the same sort as the other phases of the main enemy offensive of 1918, conducted with the same weight of men per mile, with the same tactic, and with the same general objective, which, since the failure to separate the two armies four months ago, has been first and primarily to disintegrate a hitherto numerically inferior allied offensive, and secondly, to menace Paris; with the expected political result of bringing the French, at last, to terms.

The front of the attack stretched from Massiges in the heart of Champagne upon the east, to Chateau Thierry upon the west, and had, therefore, for its geographical centre, the town of Rheims itself.

But we must appreciate the nature of the ground.

It is very clearly divided into two districts, of which Rheims is the point of junction. That half which lies to the east of Rheims runs over open country, wide rolling fields, with no steep banks of any kind, much of it, especially as one goes eastward, too poor for cultivation and affording no obstacles of any kind, save a few small plantations of firs. There are no rivers that could oppose even a momentary check, and no hills worthy of the name.

On the other hand, the greater part of this eastern limb is the highly-organised ground of two great former battles conducted offensively by the French. It is thoroughly supplied with railways and communications of every kind, and has been minutely studied for four years. While the defensive has the disadvantage of enjoying no natural obstacles, it has the advantage of fairly good observation, but that advantage is shared by the enemy, for superiority in the air does not ever mean—at any rate, not yet—the blinding of the enemy. He can always put over enough to observe.

The second or western limb, from Rheims to Chateau Thierry, is of a totally different nature. The first point we note with regard to it is its highly-wooded character. You can walk from Chateau Thierry to Rheims and spend more than half your time in the depths of great woods and forests, the chief of which is that vast forest of Rheims, which covers a group of hills to be mentioned later. Everywhere along the battle front, from Rheims to Chateau Thierry, you find these woods present. The gaps between them are the opportunities for an enemy's advance, but the woods themselves are formidable obstacles. The last eleven miles, however, from a little above Dormans to Chateau Thierry itself, lie right upon the Marne river, the Germans everywhere occupying the right bank of the hills overlooking it. The ground of this western limb is exceedingly hilly, with sharp escarpments on the southern side, that is, on the side looking towards the allied positions. You have there slopes as steep as Boxhill, or the fall of the Cotswold on to the vale of the Severn, and in height varying from 3,000 to 5,000 feet above the water level.

During this last eleven miles, therefore, the enemy completely dominates the Marne, where a serious effort could effect crossings anywhere, and has, as we know, effected them at the very outset of his attack. It is in this sector that the main weight of his effort will fall if he is indeed now making an attack upon the same scale—that is, a main attack—as that of four months ago. This is the door which he has best chances of forcing. By the last accounts before going to press, he had here established beyond the river an advance of from 3,000 to 5,000 yards. It will be his obvious policy—always supposing that he is making his main effort—to enlarge that advantage and to break through, if possible, in this region.

But we must examine the ultimate effects of such a policy.

In the very centre of the front engaged, behind the town of Rheims, there stands above the Marne a great hill-mass covered with wood, which is called "The Mountain and Forest of Rheims." It is a sort of pillar upon which the defence can rest, flanking the western line to the right and the eastern to the left. It plays much the same role in the front at present attacked as did the hill group of Lassigny in the front attacked a month ago, when was fought what we call the battle of the Matz. It will be remembered that in the case of the Lassigny hills it proved impossible for the enemy to take them by direct attack, but he mastered them through a flank move down the Matz valley. But it will be also remembered that after this flank move had succeeded in capturing the hills, the battle concluded in favour of the defence. The enemy could get no further, and suffered a serious counter-blow on the fourth day of the action, which compelled him to the long pause of a month which has just closed.

In connection with this it is worthy of remark that the length of time which has elapsed since the enemy's defeat upon June 12th is almost exactly the same as the length of time which was allowed to elapse between his defeat of April 29th in Flanders and the resumption of his attack on the Chemin des Dames at the end of May. It is this, among other indications, which lends colour to the idea that the present battle is his main effort.

If it is his main effort, he is attacking, we presume, with about sixty divisions; that would be the figure corresponding to the front engaged, as measured by the other actions he has fought during this season.

Should he succeed in enlarging the positions he has occupied south of the Marne between Chateau Thierry and Dormans, the following situation arises. First, he begins to turn the Mountain of Rheims. Secondly, he increases to danger point the narrowness of the Rheims salient held by the Allies and would compel its evacuation. Thirdly, he more nearly approaches Paris. But all these points are quite subsidiary to the main point, which is the breaking, if possible, of the allied resistance in the place where he puts in his chief effort. That is his object here, exactly as was his object of April 4th south-east of Amiens, of April 29th west of Ypres, of June 9th against Bessons-sur-Matz, and of every other stroke of the last four months, small and great.

It is, unfortunately, customary in the Press to discuss the chances of such an action even in its first phases, the natural anxiety attached to them has bred this habit. I must repeat to-day what has always been said in these columns, that such a habit is unreasonable. We have not the elements for a judgment. We do not know with what forces the enemy is attacking. Still less do we know (nor, happily, he either) the dispositions of the defence. The most important point, perhaps, is the depth of organisation upon which the defensive is relying. It is clear from all the actions of





the last few months that the new defensive (following the model set by the Germans themselves last year) is something quite different from that of two years ago. It is organised in depth, and it is elastic. More than that one cannot say.

There is one point, however, well worth remarking, which is this. Mere advance upon a narrow front, such as that of the few miles across the Marne now established, if it does not break a line is worthless, and its check is tantamount to defeat. We saw that in the battle of the Matz. The enemy threw his whole weight into the central sector of the Matz valley itself. There alone did he obtain any considerable gain—3,000 to 5,000 yards on the first day—but the wedge thus formed was awkwardly narrow, and counter-attacks prevented its development. The advance was held upon both sides. We have exactly the same position repeated here in the first day of the great battle now engaged. It is essential that the enemy should get elbow room, especially to the west, and that is why he made so vigorous an effort against the Americans at Vaux; with regard to which operation we have the news at the moment of writing, that it was not only repelled, but one of the Brigadiers in command of it captured.

### The Albanian Operations

To understand the Italian effort in Albania we must first begin with a diary which the reader will do well to follow upon the accompanying sketch map. The whole effort is concerned, as we shall see later, with the extension of the insufficient covering hitherto given to the land-locked harbour of Valona.



It was upon the morning of Saturday, July 6th, that the offensive opened upon what would seem to be a front of some 120 kilometres or say, roughly, 75 miles, running a little north of west from the heart of the mountain watershed due east of Valona to the sea, just north of that harbour. Much the greater part of this line and all the left of it was in the hands of the Italians; the French supported upon the east, or right, and there was evidently a certain element of surprise, for in the very first day over a thousand troops, with more than one officer to every 20 men were taken. This first day's work struck mainly against the lower Valley of the Vojusa, but, for reasons that will be apparent in a moment, the object of the whole operation was not to secure the line of the Vojusa, but to pass beyond it, and turn the Austrians from off the mountain ridge of Malakastra beyond. Upon the second day of the effort, Monday, aided from the sea by the fire of British monitors, the Vojusa was crossed at its mouth, and for some ten miles above and not without sharp fighting the country immediately to the north of the mouth of the Vojusa was cleared.

Now it will be evident from the map that the moment this effort was on the way to success the Malakastra Range was in peril. It was in danger of being turned by the left or west. The Italians acted with great promptitude and threw their cavalry forward, which reached Fieri before night-fall, getting right behind the mountains upon this side, and following the rough road which here leads from the one river to the other. One may say, therefore, that by the Sunday night, July 7th, the Austrian positions on the Malakastra Range were no longer tenable, unless they could promptly throw back this menace upon their right wing. But not the right wing alone was menaced. The reader will see upon the map a road going from the middle Vojusa valley

to the lower Osum Valley across the mountains. Just where this road tops the Malakastra Ridge is the strong position of Cafa Glava, to the left and the right of which are the villages of Levani on the slopes of the mountains, and Corocof upon the main road. Cafa Glava was carried, and both Levani and Corocof occupied before night. The range was therefore thoroughly turned at both ends, and though the eastern end, where the advance lay along the main road to Berat, is not an open flank like the western end, but continues in a tangle of mountains, yet the main Austrian positions upon the Malakastra between the Berat Road and the Fieri Road were now impossible, and before night fell upon the Sunday the Austrians were in full retreat. The fact that they had been condemned from an early part of the day to rapid retirement is evidenced by their losing only 300 more prisoners. Meanwhile the French were attacking upon the watershed to the East, beyond the Osum Valley, where lie the twin heights—Cafa Devries, whence flow the upper waters of the Tomoritsa, and Cafa Becit, to the east of it. They were also threatening, though probably only as a demonstration, so far east as the southern end of the Ochrida Lake, which is far to the north of all these positions.

On the third day of the advance, Monday, the Italians had got across the Semeni River, and their cavalry was operating in the Plain to the north of its lower reaches. With the French advancing meanwhile rapidly down the Tomoritsa, it was clear that the important position of Berat—important as a local base for the Austrian operations—could no longer be held. During this same day, Monday, the enemy evacuated that town and fell back northward; the Austrians rapidly retreating and burning their stores as they went.

Upon Thursday, what may be the first phase of the operation, or what may be the whole of the operation—we do not yet know—came to an end. Its total effect had been as follows:

It had removed the Austrian line from the Vojusa to north of the Semeni; it had compelled the enemy to evacuate Berat, and had put him in four days' fighting upon a line nearly east and west, and pointing from the sea to the southern end of the Ochrida Lake.

This being the diary of events, let us see what is their military meaning: What larger plans our Allies may have in this neighbourhood we do not know, but the immediate object of such a successful move as has just taken place is clear. It is to give more elbow room to Valona Bay, and the removing from it of the threat which always existed so long as the enemy were upon the Malakastra Ridge, with Berat as a local base behind them.

The importance of Valona Bay is familiar to all. It is deep, nearly land-locked, and situated just upon the southern straits of the Adriatic. Before the days of submarines one might say that the power controlling Brindisi upon the one side and Valona upon the other could cross the Adriatic.



To-day Valona has not the same meaning, but it is still by far the most important point south of Cattaro; the only good harbour in what are, counting all sinuosities, nearly 200 miles of coast. Valona Bay is overlooked on its eastern side by a high and steep range of mountains, but this does not extend along the whole length of the harbour. All the northern part has a shore getting more and more flat as the sea is approached. Through this sea plain runs the Viosa; immediately behind the Viosa, forming a very strong position,



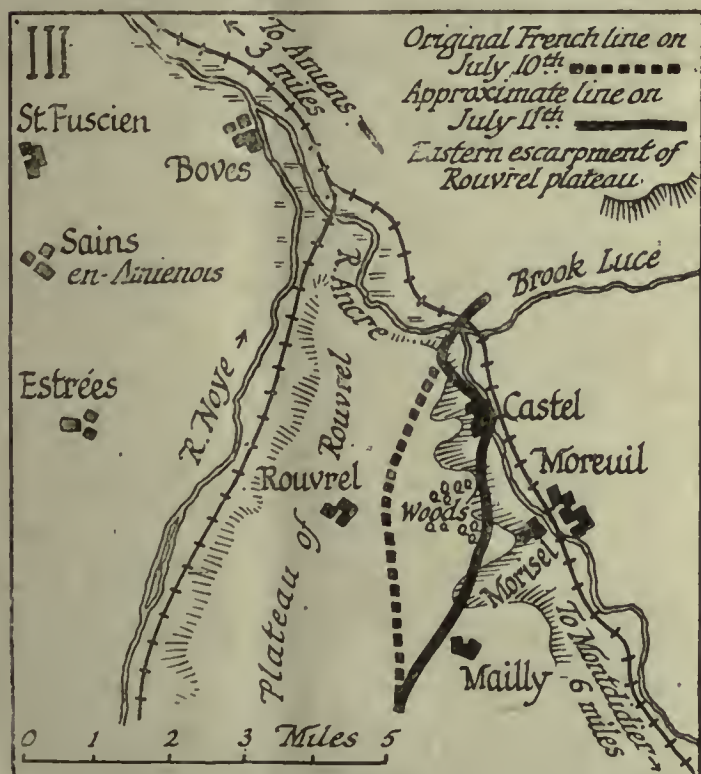
is the high Malakstra Ridge, and behind it the natural base for all that district, Berat. So long as the Austrians were upon the Vojusa and the Malakstra behind that stream, with Berat for headquarters, Valona was unsafe. Circumstances have compelled the toleration of such a peril for more than two years. The present operation was designed to remove that peril, and has removed it.

### French Attack on the Avre

The only other local movement of importance of which we have received news during the week is that undertaken by the French upon the morning of Wednesday, July 10th, and terminated early upon the same day. Strictly limited as was the front and the objective, it is worth studying as a typical example of these ceaseless Allied attacks upon the German line, all of which have been successful for many weeks past, and each of which has the triple object of obtaining information, compelling the enemy to garnish his line, and depriving him of some local advantage either of observation or of 'jumping off place.' The sector upon which the French attacked in this case was that of Moreuil, a few miles north of Montdidier. Let me explain the situation here.

The little River Avre runs from Montdidier north-westward, is joined at Boves by the River Noye, and falls into the Somme just above Amiens. Its valley is followed by a local railway now quite out of use, but its lower reaches and nearly all the course of the Noye is followed by the great main line leading north from Paris.

The last great German attack in this quarter, that of April 4th, was designed to do two things, a lesser and a larger thing. The lesser thing was to force the plateau between the Avre and the Noye, known from the principal place upon it as the Plateau of Rouvrel, come down the far side, and cut the main line in the valley of the Noye.



The larger object was no less than the turning of Amiens by the south, that is, the crossing of the Noye valley and the pushing on westward a day's march. There was no reason why both objects, the lesser and the greater, should not have been obtained if the French front had broken. As a fact, all that the Germans effected on that day which was so terribly costly to them in numbers, and which put an end to the first great battle of the offensive, was to cross the Avre and to push up the slopes of the plateau, leaving the French in possession of the watershed, but depriving them of the eastern escarpment overlooking the Avre.

### The French Objective

The loss of this eastern escarpment involved two things: First, the loss of observation posts over the Avre valley, a great advantage to the enemy in his further attacks against the plateau, and secondly, the presence of valleys leading up to the plateau like saps against a fortification, most of which were valleys, after the attack, in German hands. Such a valley runs up, for instance, from Castel, and two others on either side of Morisel opposite Moreuil. The object of the

French move of July 10th was to recover these observation posts and to recover also their hold upon the valleys. There was a very short, though intense, artillery preparation of half an hour, beginning at half-past seven, and extending from the point where the Luce brook joins the Avre to the neighbourhood of Mailly, a distance of just under 8,000 yards, or rather less than five miles. The most serious obstacle was the group of little woods in the centre. The infantry moved at eight o'clock; by half-past ten the affair was over. All the objectives were reached. The observation posts on the crest of the escarpment (rather more than 200 feet above the water level of the valley) and the valleys between them were in French hands, with rather over 500 prisoners. At one point it looks as though the French troops had been permitted to go somewhat beyond their original objective. For on the left centre of the line, the advance went down the slope of the escarpment, overran the whole of the ruins of Castel village, and apparently established a small bridgehead on the other side of the valley near the railway: but on this point I am not certain. The attack had another advantage, which was to deprive the enemy of views southward which he commanded from the edge of the escarpment, as well as to give the French observation eastward over the Avre valley.

### The Murman Expedition

In the course of the week permission has been given to mention the presence of allied troops in support of the National Party at Kola Bay.

Though the geographical position is very simple, there is some danger of its being misunderstood in the midst of all the recent discussion upon intervention in Russia to which I allude elsewhere. The support of the victorious National Party in the small settlement at the head of Kola Bay is principally concerned not with a political but with a maritime and military policy.

The position is this: The White Sea.



with its port at Archangel and the Murman coast far to the west, is ice-bound during many months of the year. On the same latitude upon the coast of Norway you have open water all the year round because that coast is swept by the warm current coming up from the south. This warm current curls round the North Cape, is carried by its momentum somewhat past this projection and down towards the Murman coast. But shortly after passing Kola Bay, which lies just west of the boundary between Norway and Russia, the warm water turns up northward, so that everything to the east of it is frozen in winter. After discussing the matter for more than a generation the Russian Government was persuaded in the course of the war to construct hurriedly and somewhat imperfectly a single line from the capital to this deep ice-free bay on the Murman coast. If such terms as frontiers meant anything in the chaos of Russia, it is remarkable that the Finnish frontier runs close to this new line, which, therefore, might be occupied at any moment. There is no point in reaching and occupying the line unless Kola Bay can be seized. Happily for the allied cause, the National Party in the newly sprung up port established upon Kola Bay defeated the Anarchists (or Bolsheviks as they are called), and received the allied troops. It is conceivable that in some later phase of the war such a point of departure from the sea, open all the year round, would be of advantage in supplying any reaction which may raise the Russian nation again against its conquerors.



## Intervention in Russia

IN no phase of this great war has the distinction between purely military and purely political considerations been so marked as in the present still debated policy of allied intervention to support the Nationalist Party or parties in what was once the Russian Empire. Yet in no phase have the two been logically so closely connected. Were intervention on a large scale and immediately carried out, possibly as a military operation, there would not be a moment's hesitation upon the political side. If the Western Allies had a great superiority in numbers over the Central Empires they would, as a matter of course, support in the east with some sufficient expeditionary force the armed risings which threaten the enemy's power there. The enemy has reduced himself in Russia to about 45 second-rate divisions, German and Austrian combined. That represents less than a sixth of his total force (excluding Bulgarians and Turks combined); far less than a tenth of his fighting power in men, and certainly not a twentieth of his material power, perhaps not a fiftieth. For his magazines, aircraft, heavy pieces, poison appliances, and the rest are quite insignificant upon the eastern front, where he regards himself as perfectly secure. In other words, the whole of his weight is on the west. If in such a situation we could compel him to serious anxiety in the east, it is obvious that we should do so. But the very first element in the affair which strikes one is the severe limitation of any such effort. We can seize ports; we can aid the small disciplined forces which have apparently got control of the Trans-Siberian railway and, so far as one can judge very fragmentary and confused accounts, are even holding Samara in European Russia; we can—at least America can—send rolling stock to increase the wretched supply now available upon the Trans-Siberian and so forth. But we cannot put in a large expeditionary force at short notice to depend upon six thousand miles of communication reduced to one single avenue, a double line of railway, and that within three months of the Siberian winter. The real issue is whether or not such force as could be maintained would act as a rallying point for the national reaction in Russia against the International Anarchists, who betrayed the cause of the allies last year.

The question we have to answer is whether the national forces—actual or potential—which would welcome intervention are sufficient to make intervention advisable. And having put that down as a main question, let me follow the tradition of this paper in past issues of the sort by saying that it is a question no layman should answer and one on which only expert knowledge can advise the authorities in whose hands we are for the conduct of the war.

That is a negative conclusion like so many that have been put forward during the last four years in these columns, but it is a sound one. The spectacle of this journalist advising a particular policy, that journalist denouncing it, when neither can possibly know the necessary secret and perhaps voluminous evidence upon which the policy should be judged, is fantastic. And the only reason that we do not see how fantastic it is, is that we have grown so used to the dictation of the Press in less important and domestic matters, that we continue to follow that authority in matters of life and death; and matters only to be decided upon concrete knowledge which not a hundred men possess.

It was exactly the same in the case of Mesopotamia, and of Salonika. It is not for us to judge; we cannot judge, and the less disturbance of public opinion is excited while such grave issues are being determined, the better.

Meanwhile this negative conclusion—that publicists have no business to meddle with Government in time of war—gives us the right to criticise very strongly two arguments which are being put forward against intervention. For they are arguments that show either an ignorance of the extremely perilous passage in which the Allies now find themselves, or of elementary history.

The first is the argument that we ought not to intervene against "Democracy" as represented by the Anarchist caucuses, largely led by Internationals in the few great Russian towns; and the other is the argument that nothing need be sent because nothing large can be sent.

As to the first of these it can only be advanced by men who do not even now appreciate that England, the whole society and tradition by which they are what they are, depends upon the issue of this war. Even if democracy were admitted to be the only tolerable form of Government everywhere acclaimed by the human race as its ideal, and even if the Terrorist groups in the large Russian towns were the protagonists of that ideal, that would be no sort of

reason for not destroying them, after it had become apparent that they were acting, some of them consciously, more of them unconsciously, as the agents of the enemy. A nation fighting for its life cannot even discuss such points. Those whose action threatens it with death, it must itself, if it can, destroy.

### Bolshevik Policy

But in point of fact, the international leaders of the Russian Extremists have not made even a pretence of standing for democracy. They stand, when they are sincere, they pretend to stand, even the most insincere of them, for something very different: For an international arrangement which shall produce a struggle throughout the world between those who support private property and those who would put the means of production into the hands of politicians as trustees of the community. Not a word in their phraseology is popular. They show no sign in anything they say or do of the popular mark. They repeat the pedantic phrases of a particular middle-class theory which the mass of the Russian people have never heard of, and which if they did hear of it, that peasantry would scorn, as every peasantry scorns inhuman and academic schemes. What these people have done—they are but a handful—is to permit the peasantry to take up vast areas of land hitherto the property of others, and *there* lies the crux. Is the effect of this new position such that the peasantry will continue for some time longer to support those whom they have told were its authors? Does the new ownership which the peasant craved make him willing to defend the Anarchists in the town at the expense of the national traditions, or is he, now that he has got the land, ready to rally to order and to a resurrection of the national religion, the national pride, and all the rest of the Russian story? Judged on the analogy of our Western peasantries the latter question would seem to suggest the truth. They are intensely national. On the satisfaction of their desire for land they become but the more national. But we have no right on this analogy to presume that the same is the case with Russia. There are very few men living in the West who can answer whether it was so or no, even before the Revolution; and even those men to-day can only guess at what the Revolution has done to the Russian mind. They cannot be certain.

Yet it is upon their guess that our policy must depend. For if the Russian peasant has come to think that foreign intervention menaces his new property in land, we should, by adopting that policy, make our position worse than it is and so far from embarrassing the enemy, we should aid him.

In the matter of the second argument that a small force is no use and a large one cannot be sent, I should answer that this directly contradicts all historical experience. If the general sentiment of an unarmed and disorganised people is against you, and in favour of small organised minority in its midst, then your sending the small force to oppose that small organised minority is a fatal error. The great unorganised mass is unfit for fighting though it turns the scale. But if the great mass is on the whole in favour of your intervention, and if the organised minority you are attacking is hated by them, then even a small disciplined force makes a prodigious difference. It is not only a nucleus and a rallying point, it is also an instructor. Further, it gives the unarmed just what they needed, a weapon, and the unorganised an organism. If Brittany had been really roused against the revolution, Quiberon Bay would have succeeded. It is no argument to say, "No matter what the state of Russian feeling, it is useless to send troops because we cannot send enough." It is an argument to say, "The state of Russian feeling is such that the troops you send would only provoke it." Unfortunately, that argument cannot be used with knowledge by any one now writing upon the London Press. It is, even with those of them who know Russia best, an estimate of new and unknown things.

There remains, of course, the distinction between intervention by European or American and by Asiatic troops; the latter with the advantage of number and with the very grave disadvantage of presenting an obvious challenge. But that is a matter of policy which I do not think it right to discuss publicly. The great quarrel of the world has not yet brought in upon any large scale this cross cleavage. It has been upon the whole a quarrel between sane Europe and a branch of Europe insane through cruelty and pride, which Europe must eliminate, but preferably by her own powers.



# Too Strong to Fight: By Arthur Pollen

THE *White Paper* dealing with the Dutch convoy question brings out the following facts. On April 16th, in the course of a debate in the Dutch Parliament, the Minister of Marine, dealing with the need of "fetching what is necessary" from the Colonies, and of sending out Government employees and public stores, announced that in the future these operations were to be carried out under convoy. They would be sent when and as the amount of coal available made the journey possible. These proposals were reported to Mr. Balfour on the 18th and on the 25th, he informed the Dutch Government that Great Britain recognised no right of convoy, and were any such proposals carried out, would exercise her rights to visit and search any merchant vessels of which the convoy might be composed. To this communication no reply was given. It was not even acknowledged, and the Dutch Government proceeded with its plans as if our embargo had never been made. The Government's power to requisition ships, hitherto limited to taking them for the purpose of bringing colonial supplies to Holland, was by a new law extended to cover the dispatch of Government goods and passengers to the Colonies. This Bill was under debate during the first fortnight of May, and at one sitting the Government were asked whether it was certain that the convoying of ships would not occasion great international difficulties. The Minister for Foreign Affairs replied that he could give no guarantee on this subject, but "probably no difficulty would arise." In the same debate the Minister of Agriculture drew attention to the question of fats in connection with the convoying of ships, and a leading Rotterdam paper stated that it was intended that the convoyed vessels, on their return journey, would load cargoes in the East Indies for the margarine industry. While these debates were in progress, Sir Walter Townley, at The Hague, was instructed to remind the Dutch Foreign Minister that no reply had been received to Mr. Balfour's telegram on April 25th. But he could elicit no more than that the Minister did not demur to it.

By May 31st, however, the Dutch Government seems to have realised that its public was being led to expect too much. An official *communiqué* was accordingly issued to remove "certain incorrect views," which seemed to have got current. This set out the urgent importance of "relieving the material and personnel" of the Dutch squadron in the East Indies, and explained besides, that numerous officials and military officers had long been waiting for facilities to get out. It was also necessary "to send Government goods urgently by merchant steamer, or requisition one, and to send it for goods needed in colonies." The meaning of this jargon is not clear. It seems to allude to some unspecified cargoes for the return journey. The *communiqué* specified the ships that would compose the convoy, gave the date of leaving, and prescribed the route it would take. Its real points, however, were addressed, one to the Dutch public, the other to the British Government. The first were told that it was not intended to institute under protection of warships commercial intercourse which, without such protection, would not be permitted by the belligerents. As for British rights, "it is obvious," the *communiqué* ran, "that the convoy commandant would not tolerate any examination of the convoyed ships."

This extraordinary defiance reached the Foreign Office on May 31st, and—again after a week's consideration—two communications were made to the Dutch Minister in London. The first was a formal note in writing signed by the Foreign Secretary. The second was a confidential statement made verbally by the Under Secretary at the Foreign Secretary's request. In the formal letter, Mr. Balfour drew attention to the warning of April 26th, to the fact that no reply had been received to it, and expressed his surprise at the official statement that the Dutch Government would tolerate no examination of the convoyed ships. In face of this, His Majesty's Government was compelled to reiterate, in the most formal manner, that the right of visit and search was one Great Britain could not abandon, and that the demand that she should do so in this case, was one to which she could not possibly accede. The formal note was, in fact, an ultimatum just as unequivocal as the challenge in the *communiqué*. The confidential statement verbally communicated to the Dutch Minister went even further. For it pointed out that, if the proposed convoy was really not intended to institute commercial intercourse and, if the Netherlands Government were honestly willing to afford the belligerents the same guarantees and control as they could themselves enforce,

there was no sense in there being a convoy at all. The sending of it, in fact, was "hardly capable of explanation, except on the assumption that the convoyed vessels are to be protected in some transaction, which the belligerents do not recognise as legitimate."

So far the formal and the confidential statements deal faithfully and candidly with the situation. Great Britain could not abandon her rights. The demand that she should do so was one to which she could not possibly accede. The Dutch Government's professed objects in sending out the convoy could be attained just as easily, if the ships in question were unaccompanied by warships. The obvious sequel was that the proposal should and must be abandoned.

## The Volte-Face

But, having stated that the project was hardly capable of any except a sinister explanation, Lord Robert then proceeded to find another explanation of the situation, so simple and innocent that the right of search is to be incontinently abandoned after all! The Dutch Government, perhaps, failed to realise the consequences which a belligerent may logically draw from their announcement, and so "to prevent the action of the Netherlands Government from definitely creating a situation gravely imperilling friendly relations between the two countries," the British Government, while abandoning no rights and creating no precedent, would, for this once, waive their right of search, as an act of courtesy.

Surely, there has never yet been so striking an example of forbearance. On April 16th the Dutch Government—perfectly knowing the attitude which this country takes with regard to its sea rights, knowing well that President Wilson's Government had, nearly a year ago, adopted the British view, and that all the other allies were like-minded with us—calmly announced its intention to do that which the allies could not possibly permit without renouncing a right on the rigid enforcement of which their whole power to blockade Germany is based. The proposal was not a week old before the British Government conveyed an explicit warning that this right would not be renounced. This warning the Dutch neither disputed nor even acknowledged. It was simply ignored.

Now the curious thing is this. To save the face of the Dutch Government we have waived our rights. But the Dutch have neither waived their defiance, nor withdrawn their threat. Mr. van Swinderen's only reference to the essentials of the matter are singular. His note to Mr. Balfour of June 15th is clearly not in reply to the formal official note of June 7th—though a footnote in the *White Paper* says it is. Mr. Balfour's note is, in fact, ignored. It is only with Lord Robert Cecil's confidential verbal statement that Mr. van Swinderen concerns himself. Once more the formal communication is passed over as if it had never been made. "The Netherlands Government are delighted," he tells the Secretary, that the two countries "agree as to the mode of carrying out the plan for convoy." The British shall be given everything; a complete list of passengers and full particulars of cargoes so that there can be no possible "impression that anything is being concealed." But Holland cannot agree that this readiness to conform to the views of the belligerents is difficult to reconcile with the whole plan of the convoy. For the "protection of the men of war is advantageous by excluding all unnecessary delay." This, surely, is the merest trifling, or something much worse. It is not the presence of the Dutch warship, but the possession of the British permit that has given a free pass across the seas to this convoy. In the last sentence we get the first and only recognition of our ever having given the ultimatum at all. "The Netherlands Government," says the Minister, "are fully aware that the British Government do not recognise the right of convoy, upheld by the first-named Government and by all other nations, but in their opinion this point of international law can be left out of account in the present case of a very special sort of convoy, destined to transport between the Mother Country and its Colonies none but goods for the service of the Government, and Government passengers with their families." The Dutch, in short, now that we have submitted, waive the whole incident on one side. There is not, from the first word of this correspondence to the last, a single expression of acknowledgment of our concession: nor anything to account for the strangely conciliatory line which Mr. Balfour has taken.



# Von Kühlmann: By J. Coudurier de Chassaigne

**H**ERR VON KÜHLMANN has left the political stage of Germany as suddenly as he entered it, a little less than a year ago. His accession to power was meteoric, and his fall reminds one of the extinction of Nova Aquilæ, which was hailed by the Germans as the star of their victory, and has proved to be the symbol of their real military and economic situation. It vanished into unfathomable space at the very time when Kühlmann's glory was fading away. But are we quite as certain of Kühlmann's definitive fall as the astronomers are sure of never seeing again the full effulgence of this capricious star? I do not think so. We have, I believe, every reason to fear the return to office of the ex-Foreign Secretary at no very distant date, but this time he will not be the mere mouth-piece of the Kaiser, the puppet called to life by the all-powerful will of his august master. If Herr von Kühlmann comes back to power it will be as the representative of public opinion insurgent against the defeated but violent minority of the Junkers. He will then voice the real feelings of the masses and of the industrial and commercial classes who were blindly for war as long as there was any tangible hope of plunder and of victory.

Whatever trust he may have placed at the beginning of hostilities in the strength of German arms, Herr von Kühlmann was never a partisan of the Great War. He realised, long before his country challenged the world, that it had little to gain and everything to lose by such a policy. The former councillor of the German Embassy in London belonged to the school of pacific conquerors. He believed that German interests could best be served by the slow but sure peaceful penetration of all the civilised and some of the uncivilised parts of the globe. When that complex network of commercial and industrial activities had been woven by emissaries of the Fatherland, humanity would wake up one morning to find itself bound hand and foot. If at that moment the victim tried to cast off German shackles Herr von Kühlmann and his friends would then have been prepared to use the perfectly organised military machine at their disposal. He would not, however, have used it in the military manner, but rather as a kind of irresistible blackmail to be applied to the unprepared nations who dared to dispute German pretensions anywhere. Blackmail was in fact a weapon upon which Herr von Kühlmann relied. He remarked one day to a friend of mine here that, through his knowledge of the secrets of their private lives, he held most of the prominent politicians in France in the hollow of his hand. Those who could not be bribed could, he felt sure, be blackmailed. It is probable that four years of war have somewhat modified Herr von Kühlmann's opinion of France and her leaders, but I doubt whether he has changed his opinion on the folly of military aggression. I have already quoted in *LAND & WATER* the words he used when taking leave of a high official in the Foreign Office, on the day after England declared war upon Germany. "I am speaking to you to-day," he said, "as one man to another. Frankly, I think this war is a criminal blunder on the part of Germany, whatever may be its result. With ten more years of peace we should have been the masters of the world without having shed one drop of blood."

To-day, in the light of what has happened during the last two months, I feel more than ever certain that Herr von Kühlmann remains true to the great ideal of his political life, though it is, of course, difficult to appreciate the effect on his mind of these four fateful years and of his ten months of office. A man changes greatly when he has power and the responsibilities it brings. Had he remained Foreign Minister of Germany I should have felt it nearly impossible to gauge the psychology of a man I had not seen and talked to since 1914. But his acts, his declarations, speak for themselves, especially when you know fairly well his habits of thought, and the objectives he fought for during the greater part of his career. The last step he has taken—I do not mean his resignation, which had become inevitable, but his historic speech in the Reichstag—is to me a proof that the Kühlmann of to-day is the same as the man I used to know in London before the war.

The first thing one must keep in mind in trying to understand his character is that, like every one of his compatriots, he loves his native land, and his first thought is for her prosperity and aggrandisement. But where he differs from some of his political friends and opponents is in the choice of the means to promote this end. The mysterious and all-powerful laws of heredity, no doubt, influenced his opinions. The

son of a clever business man, allied through his mother's family and his wife's family to the greatest industrial and commercial magnates of Germany, he has in his blood and in the texture of his mind the traditions of those merchant princes for whom the pacific tactics of trade constitute the best foreign policy of a country. But these practical business men realise better than ordinary citizens that the commercial envoys of the nation can only succeed if their plans are backed by a powerful government, which, in its turn, relies on a powerful army, or better still on a nation armed to the teeth.

## Diplomacy's Backing

The diplomacy of a State is only worth what its army and navy are worth. To a man like Herr von Kühlmann, the military machinery does not, however, exist for the satisfaction of its own aims. It must always be subdued to the intellectual forces which ought to inspire and direct the policy of the whole State. Thus Kühlmann could not hide his consternation when the military party, impatient for rapid and brilliant conquests, destroyed in a few hours the carefully laid plans of pacific pan-Germans in every quarter of the globe. He was, of course, convinced that the Prussian military system would very soon crush France, which country he cordially despised, though he hid his contempt under cover of compliments addressed to the artistic genius, the wit, the talent, the literary qualities, the dramatic gifts, etc., of that decadent and frivolous race, which, in his estimation, had been and was no more. Once France had been settled Germany would, he calculated, have done with Russia very quickly, for he knew better than anybody—and even said so to a French diplomatic friend of mine—that Russia had neither guns, nor rifles, far less ammunition. He hoped that England would remain neutral, and up to the last minute he had every reason to believe that his friends who advised the British Government to remain outside the fight so as to reap the practical benefits of their treason to Europe—and that at the very time when the honour of England still hung in the balance—would prove good prophets. Obviously, Kühlmann had not foreseen the coalition of European nations, nor the eventuality of America joining the defenders of liberty. But even though he judged the situation most favourable to an all-conquering Germany, he admitted that victory by force of arms could be too dearly bought.

What must be now the secret feelings of this man who knows that the Prussian machine has failed to crush its enemies, who realises not only that victory, in a military sense, is impossible, but that the Allies are organising themselves in order to wage after the war a struggle, offensive and defensive, in that economic domain which was so dear to Herr von Kühlmann before 1914.

I must own, that when I glanced through his great speech in the Reichstag, my first impression was one of admiration for his courage. I felt somehow that he was speaking his mind in his frank and rather brutal way, in spite of the polite reservations which did not disguise his real sentiments, just as he used to discourse, when discussing with friends or acquaintances before the war, on the great problems of diplomatic relations between countries. As far as I know he never lied to me or to any of his colleagues when he would discuss with us at length, in the intimacy of the St. James's Club or in a friend's house, after dinner, the topics of the day. One could hear him no grudge for his freedom of speech, and one even rather liked him for his open mind, his contempt of empty formulas, and his lack of all affectation. He always seemed to throw his cards on the table and to inform you calmly beforehand what the moves of his game were going to be. He was so sure of himself, so confident in the sound common sense of his judgment, that it mattered little to him whether you agreed with his views or not. All these traits of his character were present to my memory when I read his now historical declaration that peace could not be achieved by military victories alone, but that the only possible peace would come through negotiation. So, as I say, I admired his courage. Here was a German statesman speaking aloud what a good many Germans must have been silently thinking for some time. Herr von Kühlmann did not, of course, ignore the actual successes of the German army, which none can deny. But he saw they were totally insufficient to realise the ideal of world domination by means of brute strength which has been



a dream of the militarist pan-Germans. In making this acknowledgment, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs uttered then the first real warning given to Germany by one of her responsible officials.

It was all the more significant that a few days earlier the Kaiser had thought fit to pose before his official photographers as the protector of two wounded English soldiers, discovered by him at an opportune moment near the Chemin des Dames. The representative on earth of the German god of battles was suddenly touched by the wing of the Christian dove which bears to men the message of peace and goodwill! And the Kaiser, after entrusting to his own medical attendants the care of these wounded Englishmen, who, being prisoners, were entitled to the Christian mercy of their victorious enemy, seized the occasion to express his feelings of brotherhood for all the defeated human race!

How is this comedy to be interpreted, except as a confession that the Central Powers have abandoned all hope of victory? Does it not show that with their usual cunning they are preparing a reconciliation with the nations they have so barbarously treated in order to be able after peace is signed to reopen amicable intercourse with their ex-customers?

### Kühlmann or Kaiser?

When Herr von Kühlmann candidly owned the impossibility of ending the war by the clash of armies, and appealed to the parties concerned to trust each other, to have faith in each other's chivalrous spirit, to let, in one word, bygones be bygones, it was quite evident that he too, like the Kaiser, knew of the real state of things at the German front. But was he acting "off his own bat," or was he simply expressing a policy carefully considered by the Emperor? Again, was this move made with the full consent of the General Staff?

For a time it was impossible to see clearly what had happened. German public opinion and Press comment were violent in their expressions of surprise and dismay. It was even found necessary to calm public indignation by obtaining from Herr von Kühlmann himself an explanation of what he meant, which, of course, explained nothing. Subsequently, it became evident that, after having submitted to the Kaiser the main lines of his speech, he had added, on his own authority, the objectionable sentence which caused all that commotion, or that the Kaiser had made use of his Foreign Affairs Secretary to feel the pulse of public opinion. To us the only thing of importance is that the astute business man at the head of the Foreign Office had decided to take up a position which placed him in direct antagonism to the Prussian Junkers, whatever the result of the first innings.

Personally, I am of the opinion that after carefully weighing all the elements of the situation, which he was able to gauge through his usual cohort of press agents and informers, Kühlmann decided to cast in his lot with the opposition to the war-to-the-bitter-end faction. He goes out of office now after having taken up an attitude which makes him the natural leader of those politicians who will have one day to discuss the terms of peace with the victorious Allies. We know from what was done at Brest-Litovsk and at Bucharest exactly the sort of peace Germany aspires to impose on the rest of the world. Herr von Kühlmann is at heart too convinced a pan-German not to make full use of the military power of his country, once it has been set in motion. But he will use it to secure, before everything, all facilities for Germany's future industrial expansion.

I give this reading of Herr von Kühlmann's character for what it is worth. It is, at any rate, in accordance with his past and with his present attitude. If he comes back to power as the representative of the German people in order to lead the peace negotiations with the Allies, he will certainly prove the most dangerous of all our opponents. He knows better than any politician in the allied countries, what is vital for the reconstruction of the economic power of Germany. He is an expert in all the problems of industrial and commercial life and he has no false pride. As he has been the first statesman in Germany to confess publicly that the military machine had failed to attain its object, he will be the first to accept defeat on the battlefield, to let the past bury its dead, and to concentrate all his energies on raising his beloved fatherland from the dust of defeat. If it is our misfortune to meet him at the peace conference we shall need every arm in our diplomatic arsenal, and above all a definite and co-ordinated economic policy. There is still a disposition in some quarters to underrate the ability of Herr von Kühlmann. We shall do so at our peril. At forty-five years of age a man of his calibre is not at the end, but at the beginning, of a great political career.

## Venice

VENICE! What dreams of beauty and romance, what wizardry of passion and art does the name conjure up, what fantastic touches of colour embowered in a dark background. Can, the traveller ever forget his feeling of awed expectation as he crossed from the mainland for the first time? As he caught that first glimpse of the Queen of the Adriatic, poised on her island, his feelings were in conflict between the choice of so many gems dazzling at once and the eager recognizing of the old friends long told of, but ne'er met before.

But in this new age, when the heart is stabbed by thoughts and memories of war, with the destruction of so much that is beautiful, the traveller is animated by one anxiety alone—will he be in time to see Venice still intact? or will he find her bruised and torn with war?

To one entering two days after the first big raid of Gothas this year, the city wore the same superficial aspect as ever, though changes soon struck the eye after a careful survey. Wending a dilettante way in a gondola—or it would be more correct to say in the gondola—he saw the well-remembered vista of minarets and cupolas, crowned with the supreme campanile of St. Mark. As the craft threaded its way through the maze of small canals, it was easy to see where some of the bombs had fallen. By some gracious dispensation of heaven over half had fallen into the water, and most of the others had hit insignificant cottages in the poorer quarters, well removed for the more historical relics of the magnificent past. Then a sharp turn and suddenly the Grand Canal! One's thoughts fly instantly to Turner's picture. The same wonderful procession of palace after palace, unchanged ever in their quiet dignity and mellow beauty, and then to Shakespeare with the distant view of the Rialto.

As the Piazza di S. Marco approaches the pulse of Venice is reached. This seems as crowded as ever, but there is a marked difference in the character of the crowd; none of the fashionable tourist, of peace time, or busy painters. None of the pushing Germans. Now only soldiers, sailors, and beggars. Of the last-named there are more than ever, if that seems possible. In war time, of course, they have the excuse of bad times.

It is sad to see many of the old friends veiled in their war sorrow, the facade of St. Mark and the Ducal Palace in particular are covered with sandbags. Some of the famous art shops, too, have succumbed to the war and the best known hotels. Many of the churches which Ruskin described in detail with their pictures, are scarcely opened from day to day beyond a bare hour of prayer.

As one wanders over the old tracks there is a feeling of widowhood about the Great Queen, bereft of her children. The old tales seem far distant, the Doges and their wedding of the sea, the great expeditions which set out with many goodly sail—so that one feels tempted to misquote Marlow:

Is this the state that launched a thousand ships?

Gone are those fair throngs and the ducal festivities, the nobles of the city leading in Domenico Selvo to make him Doge . . . he withdrawing reverently his sandals, and hastening to the foot of St. Mark amid the hushed plaudits of the Republic . . . This dream is, perchance, exchanged for the modern adventure by the distant sounds of cannonade on the Piave or in the mountains to the north.

It is not until the night slightly advances that the desertion of the bereaved city becomes most patent. All her beauty is now wrapped in haunting shadows: and the blackness which of old was pierced by that bewildering reflection of fairy lights along the waters, is now but rarely relieved by an occasional small lamp on the prow of some passing craft.

As the moon rises the spectral form of the scene grows; first appears St. Mark and its tapering campanile, then that of St. Giorgio Maggiore, followed by others in rivalry.

Just as some dead queen lying in statuesque repose with the sheen of pale marble, even so is Venice enhanced in the charm of beauty by her martyrdom.

But a very glorious resurrection awaits thee, O Queen, when the throngs of old will again tread thy mellow streets and gondolas with festive garlands sport once more in those waterways, so that man can say of thee:

Knowst thou the land where flowers of citron bloom  
And golden orange glows thro' leafy gloom;  
From the blue heavens the breezes float so bland,  
The myrtles still and tall the laurels stand.  
Knowst thou the land?

and wed of all men for thy yearning beauty, thou shalt never again have need thyself to wed the sea.



# Venice from an Aeroplane



A view of the Grand Canal leading up to the famous Rialto Bridge, which reminds one forcibly of the great Turner picture. Many of the well-known palaces are seen, including the Palazzi Barbaro, Cavalli, Dandolo and Pisani



Looking towards the famous Piazza di S. Marco with its campanile, which was built to replace the one which fell in 1901. The cupolas of St. Mark and the Ducal Palace can be seen on the far side of the square.



# The Turkish Conspiracy—X

## Sacking the Foreign Schools

Narrated by Mr. Morgenthau, late U.S. Ambassador to Turkey

*MR. MORGENTHAU continues his account of German domination in Turkey, and relates how, under the pretext of closing foreign schools, a policy of spoliation was inaugurated.*

**B**Y this time my relations with Talaat had become so friendly that I could talk to him almost as I could talk to my own son.

"Now, Talaat," I said, "you have got to have some one to advise you in your relations with foreigners. You must make up your mind whether you want me or the German staff. Don't you think you will make a mistake if you place yourself entirely in the hands of the Germans? The time will come when you will need me against the Germans."

"What do you mean by that?" he asked, watching for my answer with intense curiosity.

"The Germans are sure to ask you to do many things you don't want to do. If you can tell them that the American Ambassador objects, my support may prove useful to you. Besides, you know we all expect peace in a few months. You know that the Germans really care nothing for Turkey; and certainly you have no claims on the Allies for assistance. There is only one nation in the world that you can look to as a disinterested friend, and that is the United States."

This fact was so apparent that I hardly needed to argue it in any great detail. However, I had another argument that struck still nearer home.

"If you let the Germans win this point to-day," I said, "you are practically in their power. You are now the head of affairs, but you are still a civilian. Are you going to let the military, represented by Enver and the German staff, overrule your orders? Apparently that is what has happened to-day. If you submit to it, you will find that they will be running things from now on. The Germans will put this country under martial law; then where will you civilians be?"

"I am willing to help you," he replied.

### Three Christians for every Turk

He turned round to his table and began working his telegraph instrument. I shall never forget the picture; this huge Turk, sitting there in his grey pyjamas and his red fez, working industriously his own telegraph key, his young wife gazing at him through a little window and the late afternoon sun streaming into the room. Evidently the ruler of Turkey was having his troubles and, as the argument went on over the telegraph, Talaat would bang his key with increasing irritation. He told me that the pompous major at the station insisted on having Enver's written orders—since orders over the wire might easily be counterfeited. It took Talaat some time to locate Enver, and then the dispute apparently started all over again. A piece of news which Talaat received at that moment over the wire almost ruined my case. After a prolonged thumping of his instrument, in the course of which Talaat's face lost its geniality and became almost savage, he turned to me and said:

"The English bombarded the Dardanelles this morning and killed two Turks!"

And then he added:

"We intend to kill three Christians for every Moslem killed!"

For a moment I thought that everything was lost. Talaat's face reflected only one emotion—hatred of the English. As a matter of fact, the English had committed a great error in bombarding the Straits so soon, before their nationals had left the country, as I now discovered. I had to go over much of the ground again, but finally I succeeded in pacifying Talaat. I saw that he was vacillating between his desire to punish the English and his desire to assert his own authority over that of Enver and the Germans. Fortunately the latter motive gained the ascendancy. At all hazard, he was determined to show that he was boss.

We remained there more than two hours, my involuntary host pausing now and then in his telegraphing to entertain me with the latest political gossip. Djavid, the Minister of Finance, he said, had resigned, but had promised to work

for them at home. The Grand Vizier, despite his threats, had been persuaded to retain his office. Foreigners in the interior would not be molested unless Beirut, Alexandretta or some unfortified port were bombarded; in that case they would visit punishment on the French and English. Talaat's conversation showed that he had no particular liking for the Germans. They were overbearing and insolent, he said, constantly interfering in military matters and treating the Turks with disdain.

Finally the train was arranged. Talaat had shown several moods in this interview; he had been, by turns sulky, good natured, savage, and complaisant. There is one phase of the Turkish character which Westerners do not comprehend and that is its keen sense of humour. Talaat himself greatly loved a joke and a funny story. Now that he had re-established friendly relations and redeemed his promise, Talaat became jocular once more.

"Your people can go now," he said with a laugh. "It's time to buy your candies, Mr. Ambassador!"

This latter, of course, was a reference to the little gifts I had made to the women and children the night before. We immediately returned to the station, where we found the disconsolate passengers sitting around waiting for a favourable word. When I told them that the train would leave in a few minutes, their thanks and gratitude were overwhelming.

Talaat's statement that the German Chief of Staff, Bronsart, had really held up this train, was a valuable piece of information. I decided to look into the matter further, and, with this idea in my mind, I called next day on Wangenheim. The Turkish authorities, I said, had solemnly promised that they would treat their enemies decently; and certainly I could not tolerate any interference in the matter from the German Chief of Staff. Wangenheim had repeatedly told me that the Germans were looking to President Wilson as the peacemaker; I therefore used the same argument with him that I had urged on Talaat. Proceedings of this sort would not help his country when the day of the final settlement came! Here, I said, we have a strange situation; a so-called barbarous country, like Turkey, attempting to make civilised warfare and treat their Christian enemies with decency and kindness, and, on the other hand, a supposedly cultured and Christian nation, like Germany, which is trying to dissuade them from this resolve. "What sort of an impression do you think that will make on the American people?" I asked Wangenheim. He expressed a willingness to help and suggested, as my consideration for such help, that I should try to persuade the United States to insist on free commerce with Germany, so that his country could receive plentiful cargoes of copper, wheat, and cotton. This was a subject to which, as I shall relate, Wangenheim constantly returned.

Despite Wangenheim's promise I had practically no support from the German Embassy in my attempt to protect the foreign residents from Turkish ill-treatment. I realised that, owing to my religion, there might be a feeling in certain quarters that I was not exerting all my energies on behalf of these Christian peoples and religious organisations—hospitals, schools, monasteries, and convents—and I naturally thought that it would strengthen my influence with the Turks if I could have the support of my most powerful Christian colleagues. I had a long discussion on this matter with Pallavicini, himself a Catholic and the representative of the greatest Catholic power. Pallavicini frankly told me that Wangenheim would do nothing that would annoy the Turks. There was then a constant fear that the English and French fleets would force the Dardanelles, capture Constantinople, and hand it over to Russia, and only the Turkish forces, said Pallavicini, could prevent such a calamity. The Germans, therefore, believed that they were dependent on the good graces of the Turkish Government, and would do nothing to antagonise them. Evidently Pallavicini wished me to believe that Wangenheim and he really desired to help. Yet I knew all the time that Turkey, if the Germans had not



constantly interfered, would have behaved decently. I found that the evil spirit was not the Turkish Government, but von Bronsart, the German Chief of Staff. The fact that certain members of the Turkish Cabinet who represented European and Christian culture—men like Bustany and Oskan—had resigned as a protest against Turkey's action in entering the war, made the situation of foreigners even more dangerous. There was also much conflict of authority; a policy decided on one day would be reversed the next, the result being that we never knew where we stood. The mere fact that the Government promised me that foreigners would not be maltreated by no means settled the matter, for some underling, like Bedri Bey, could frequently find an excuse for disregarding instructions. The situation, therefore, was one that called for constant vigilance; I had not only to get pledges from men like Talaat and Enver, but I had personally to see that these pledges were carried into action.

### Invasion of a Catholic School

I awoke one November morning at four o'clock; I had been dreaming, or I had had a "presentiment," that all was not going well with the Sion Sœurs, a French sisterhood which had for many years conducted a school for girls in Constantinople. Madame Bompard, the wife of the French Ambassador, and several ladies of the French colony, had particularly requested me to keep a watchful eye on this institution. It was a splendidly conducted school; the daughters of many of the best families of all nationalities attended it; when these girls were assembled, the Christians wearing silver crosses and the non-Christians silver stars, the sight was particularly beautiful and impressive, and naturally the thought of the brutal Turks breaking into such a community was enough to rouse the wrath of any properly constituted man. Though we had nothing more definite than an uneasy feeling that something might be wrong, Mrs. Morgenthau and I decided to go up immediately after breakfast. As we approached the building we noted nothing particularly suspicious; the place was quiet and the whole atmosphere was one of peace and sanctity. Just as we ascended the steps, however, five Turkish policemen followed on our heels. They crowded after us into the vestibule, much to the consternation of a few of the sisters, who happened to be in the waiting room. The mere fact that the American Ambassador came with the police in itself increased their alarm, though our arrival together was purely coincidental.

"What do you want?" I asked, turning to the men. As they spoke only Turkish, naturally they did not understand me, and they started to push me aside. My own knowledge of Turkish was extremely limited, but I knew that the word "Elchi" meant "Ambassador." So, pointing to myself, I said, "Elchi Americaner."

This scrap of Turkish worked like magic. In Turkey an Ambassador is a sacred object, and these policemen immediately respected my authority. Meanwhile the sisters had sent for their superior, Mère Elvira. This lady was one of the most distinguished and influential personages in Constantinople. That morning as she came in quietly and faced these Turkish policemen, showing not a sign of fear, and completely overawing them by the splendour and dignity of her bearing, she represented to my eyes almost a supernatural being. Mère Elvira was a daughter of one of the most aristocratic families of France; she was a woman of perhaps forty years of age, with black hair and shining black eyes, all accentuated by a pale face that radiated culture, character, and intelligence. I could not help thinking, as I looked at her that morning, that there was not a diplomatic circle in the world to which she would not have added grace and dignity. In a few seconds Mère Elvira had this present distracting situation completely under control. She sent for a sister who spoke Turkish and queried the policemen. They said that they were acting under Bedri's orders. All the foreign schools were to be closed that morning; the Government intended to seize all their buildings. There were about seventy-two teachers and sisters in this convent; the police had orders to shut all these into two rooms, where they were to be held practically as prisoners. There were about two hundred girls; these were to be turned out into the streets, and left to shift for themselves. The fact that it was raining in torrents, and that the weather was extremely cold, accentuated the barbarity of this proceeding. Yet every enemy school and religious institution in Constantinople was undergoing a similar experience at this time. Clearly this was a situation which I could not handle alone, and I at once telephoned for a Turkish interpreter. Herein is another incident which may have an interest for those who believe in providential intervention. When I arrived in Constantinople

telephones had been unknown, but in the last few months an English company had been introducing a system. The night before my experience with the Sion Sœurs, my legal adviser had called me up and proudly told me that his telephone had just been installed. I jotted down his number, and this memorandum I now found in my pocket. Without my interpreter I should have been hard pressed, and without this telephone I could not have immediately brought him to the spot.

### Mrs. Morgenthau to the Rescue

While waiting for his arrival I delayed the operations of the policemen, and my wife, who fortunately speaks French, was obtaining all the details from the sisters. Mrs. Morgenthau understood the Turks well enough to know that they had other plans than the mere expulsion of the sisters and their charges. The Turks regard these institutions as repositories of treasure; the valuables which they contain are greatly exaggerated in the popular mind; and it was a safe assumption that, among other things, this expulsion was an industrious raiding expedition for tangible evidences of wealth.

"Have you any money and other valuables here?" Mrs. Morgenthau asked one of the sisters.

Yes, they had in fact quite a little; it was kept in a safe upstairs. My wife told me to keep the policemen busy and then she and one of the sisters quietly disappeared from the scene. Upstairs the sister disclosed about a hundred square pieces of white flannel into each of which had been sewed twenty gold coins. In all the Sion Sœurs had in this liquid form about fifty thousand francs. They had been fearing expulsion for some time—hence these preparations. Besides this they had several bundles of securities, and many valuable papers, such as the charter of their school. Certainly here was something that would appeal to Turkish cupidity. Mrs. Morgenthau knew that if the police once obtained control of the building there would be little likelihood that the Sion sisters would ever see their money again. With the aid of the sisters, my wife promptly concealed as much as she could on her person, descended the stairs, and marched through a line of gendarmes out into the rain. Mrs. Morgenthau told me afterward that her blood almost ran cold with fright as she passed by these guardians of the law; from all external signs, however, she was absolutely calm and collected. She stepped into the waiting auto, was driven to the American Embassy, placed the money in our vault, and promptly returned to the school. Again Mrs. Morgenthau solemnly ascended the stairs with the sisters. This time they took her to the gallery of the Cathedral, which stood behind the convent, but could be entered through it. One of the sisters lifted up a tile from a particular spot in the floor, and again disclosed a little heap of gold coins. This was secreted on Mrs. Morgenthau's clothes, and once more she filed past the gendarmes, out into the rain, and was driven rapidly to the Embassy. In these two trips she succeeded in getting the money of the sisters to a place where it would be safe from the Turks.

Between Mrs. Morgenthau's trips Bedri had arrived. He told me that Talaat had himself given the order for closing all the institutions and that they had intended to have the entire job finished before nine o'clock. I have already said that the Turks have a sense of humour; but to this I should add that it sometimes manifests itself in a perverted form. Bedri now seemed to think that locking more than seventy Catholic sisters in two rooms and turning two hundred young and carefully nurtured girls into the streets of Constantinople was a great joke.

"We are going at it early in the morning and have it all over before you heard anything about it," he said with a laugh. "But you seem never to be asleep."

"You are very foolish to try to play such tricks on us," I said. "Don't you know that I am going to write a book? If you go on behaving in this way, I shall put you in as the villain."

This remark was an inspiration of the moment; it was then that it first occurred to me that these experiences might prove sufficiently interesting for publication. Bedri took the statement seriously, and it seemed to have a sobering effect.

"Do you really intend to write a book?" he asked, almost anxiously.

"Why not?" I rejoined. "General Wallace was minister here—didn't he write a book? 'Sunset' Cox was also minister here—didn't he write one? Why shouldn't I? And you are such an important character that I shall have to give you a part. Why do you go on acting in a way that will make me describe you as a very bad man? These sisters here have always been your friends. They have never done you any-



thing but good; they have educated many of your daughters; why do you treat them in this shameful fashion?"

This plea produced an effect; Bedri consented to postpone execution of the order until we could get Talaat on the wire. In a few minutes I heard Talaat laughing over the telephone.

"I tried to escape you," he said, "but you have caught me again. Why make such a row about this matter? Why shouldn't we do it?"

Nevertheless he told Bedri to suspend the order until we had a chance to talk the matter over. Naturally this greatly relieved Mère Elvira and the sisters. Just as we were about to leave, Bedri suddenly had a new idea. There was one detail which he had apparently forgotten.

"We'll leave the Sion Sisters alone for the present," he said, "but we must get their money."

Reluctantly I acquiesced in his suggestion—knowing that all the valuables were safely reposing in the American Embassy. So I had the pleasure of standing by and watching Bedri and his associates search the whole establishment. All they turned up was a small tin box containing a few copper coins; the prize was so trifling that the Turks disdained to take it. They were puzzled and disappointed, and from that day to this they have never known what became of the money. If my Turkish friends do me the honour of reading these pages, they will find that I have explained here for the first time one of the many mysteries of those exciting days.

As some of the windows of the convent opened on the court of the Cathedral, which was Vatican property, we contended that the Turkish Government could not seize it. Such of the sisters as were neutrals were allowed to remain in possession of the part that faced the Vatican land, while the rest of the building was turned into an Engineer's School. We arranged that the French nuns should have ten days to leave for their own country; they all reached their destination safely, and most are at present engaged in charities and war work in France.

My jocular statement that I intended to write a book deeply impressed Bedri, and, in the next few weeks, he repeatedly referred to it. I kept humorously telling him that, unless his behaviour improved, I should be forced to picture him as a villain. One day he asked me, in all seriousness, whether he could not do something that would justify me in portraying him in a more favourable light. This attitude gave me an opportunity I had been seeking for some time. Constantinople had for many years been a centre for the white slave trade; a particularly vicious gang was then operating under cover of a fake synagogue. An international Committee, organised to fight this crew, had made me chairman. I told Bedri that he now had the chance to secure a reputation; because of the war, his powers as Prefect of Police had been greatly increased; a little vigorous action on his part would permanently rid the city of this disgrace. The enthusiasm with which Bedri adopted my suggestion and the thoroughness and ability with which he did the work, entitle him to the gratitude of all decent people. In a few days every white slave trader in Constantinople was scurrying for safety; most were arrested, a few made their escape; such as were foreigners, after serving terms in jail, were expelled from the country. Bedri furnished me photographs of all the culprits and they are now on file in our State Department. I was not writing a book at that time, but I felt obliged to secure some public recognition for Bedri's work. I therefore sent his photograph, with a few words about his achievement, to the *New York Times*, which published it in a Sunday edition. That a great American newspaper had recognised him in this way delighted Bedri beyond words. For months he carried in his pocket the page of the *Times* containing his picture, showing it to all his friends. This event ended my troubles with the Prefect of Police; for the rest of my stay we had very few clashes.

All this time I was increasing my knowledge of the modern German character, as illustrated in Wangenheim and his associates. In the early days of the war, the Germans showed their most ingratiating side to Americans; as time went on, however, and it became apparent that public opinion in the United States almost unanimously supported the Allies, and that the Washington Administration would not disregard the neutrality laws in order to promote Germany's interest, this friendly attitude changed and became almost hostile.

The grievance to which the German Ambassador constantly returned with tiresome iteration was the old familiar one—the sale of American ammunition to the Allies. I hardly ever met him that he did not speak about it. He was constantly asking me to write to President Wilson, urging him to declare an embargo; of course, my contention

that the commerce in munitions was entirely legitimate made no impression. As the struggle at the Dardanelles became more intense, Wangenheim's insistence on the subject of American ammunition grew. He asserted that most of the shells used at the Dardanelles had been made in America, and that the United States was really waging war on Turkey.

One day, more angry than usual, he brought me a piece of shell. On it clearly appeared the inscription "B. S. Co."

### "B. S. Co." Shells

"Look at that!" he said. "I suppose you know what 'B. S. Co.' means? That is the Bethlehem Steel Company! This will make the Turks furious. And remember that we are going to hold the United States responsible for it. We are getting more and more proof, and we are going to hold you to account for every death caused by American shells. If you would only write home and make them stop selling ammunition to our enemies, the war would be over very soon."

I made the usual defence, and called Wangenheim's attention to the fact that Germany had sold munitions to Spain in the Spanish war; but all this was to no purpose. All that Wangenheim saw was that American supplies formed an asset to his enemy; the legalities of the situation did not interest him. Of course I refused point blank to write to the President about the matter.

A few days afterward an article appeared in the *Ikdam* discussing Turkish and American relations. This contribution, for the greater part, was extremely complimentary to America; its real purpose, however, was to contrast the present with the past, and to point out that our action in furnishing ammunition to Turkey's enemies was hardly in accordance with the historic friendship between the two countries. The whole thing was evidently written merely to get before the Turkish people a statement almost parenthetically included in the final paragraph. "According to the report of correspondents at the Dardanelles it appears that most of the shells fired by the British and French during the last bombardment were made in America." At this time the German Embassy controlled the *Ikdam*, and was conducting it entirely in the interest of German propaganda. A statement of this sort, instilled into the minds of impressionable and fanatical Turks, might have the most deplorable consequences. I therefore took the matter up immediately with the man whom I regarded as chiefly responsible for the attack—the German Ambassador.

At first Wangenheim asserted his innocence; he was as bland as a child in protesting his ignorance of the whole affair. I called his attention to the fact that the statements in the *Ikdam* were almost identically the same as those which he had made to me a few days before; that the language in certain spots, indeed, was almost a repetition of his own conversation.

"Either you wrote that article yourself," I said, "or you called in the reporter and gave him the leading ideas."

Wangenheim saw that there was no use in further denying the authorship.

"Well," he said, throwing back his head, "what are you going to do about it?"

This Tweed-like attitude rather nettled me and I resented it on the spot.

"I'll tell you what I am going to do about it," I replied, "and you know that I will be able to carry out my threats. Either you stop stirring up anti-American feeling in Turkey or I shall start a campaign of anti-German sentiment here."

"You know, Baron," I added, "that you Germans are skating on very thin ice in this country. You know that the Turks don't love you any too well. In fact, you know that Americans are more popular here than you are. Supposing that I go out, tell the Turks how you are simply using them for your own benefit—that you do not really regard them as your allies, but merely as pawns in the game you are playing. Now, in stirring up anti-American feeling here you are touching my softest spot. You are exposing our educational and religious institutions to the attacks of the Turks. No one knows what they may do if they are persuaded that their relatives are being shot down by American bullets. You stop this at once, or in three weeks I will fill the whole of Turkey with animosity toward the Germans. It will be a battle between us and I am ready for it."

Wangenheim's attitude changed at once. He turned around, put his arm on my shoulder and assumed his most conciliatory manner.

"Come, let us be friends," he said. "I see that you are right about this. I see that such attacks might injure your friends, the missionaries. I promise you that they will be stopped."

(To be continued)



## The Land—III

A series of four articles dealing with the effects of reconstruction on the Land Problem

**W**E saw last week that the first great danger of State interference, if it were not conducted through some well thought-out local machinery, would be due to a misunderstanding of the English peasantry, that is, the living organism of the English village. For the bureaucracy is a thing of the new great towns from top to bottom.

We have to consider this week two other forms of bureaucratic ignorance, which might be almost as bad as the first in their effects. These are an ignorance of the complexity of agricultural work, and an ignorance of the length of time over which it must be spread before its results are measurable.

The work upon a farm, much more than the work in any factory or mechanical industry, is one of perpetual adjustment. You have upon most farms many different kinds of produce every year, and you also have upon all farms a necessary difference between one year and the next. The different kinds of produce work in one with another, and half the difference between successful and unsuccessful farming is a right judgment in arranging, not only season by season, but actually day by day, the relations of one part of your production to another. Even in districts where there is one staple product this is true, and on much the greater part of farms where general production is the rule, it is especially true. On the top of this you have the changing arrangements of successive years, and you cannot even take so lengthily a unit as the agricultural year: even that is too simple and too short.

The master must judge as accurately as he can what proportion of his various kinds of produce will have to be retained upon the farm, and what proportions sold. Up to the last moment until the produce is actually garnered—he must remain in some doubt of its total amount, even roughly estimated. He has no *exact* knowledge until threshing is over. The grain of the wheat he would sell, and some of the barley. The oats in normal times he would keep for his own use, though it may well be that next year rationing will compel him to release this cereal and trust to inferior government food for his horses. Most or all of the straw he will keep. Of the peas and beans he must estimate what proportion will be needed, and what he can sell.

It is obvious that the calculation of value in what he retains is of the greatest complexity. That value reappears in the labour done by his horses, in the sale of his live stock, in the breeding of further live stock, in milk and butter, in manure, and so forth. But not the most expert could make with any exactitude a repartition between these various values, and it is remarkable that the man who judges best how to distribute produce, what to keep and what to sell, is often the one who can tell you least in figures how the thing stands.

It might seem that the produce sold in the market against cash will at any rate be a simple matter to calculate, and that having once determined how much can be so released, the farmer's receipts under this head would be a mere matter of record. Even this is an error. Of his gross receipts indeed it is true; of his net receipts, which alone are in question, it is not. Nor is it of importance, for no one would limit a farmer's true taxable income to mere cash receipts.

Then there is the difficulty of the time-unit.

If the whole of a farmer's complicated and difficult arrangements could be set out within the course of one agricultural year, from Michaelmas to Michaelmas, the problem of estimating his position would be less difficult than it is. But, as we have said, it cannot be so fixed. His cereals all come within that unit, but his root crops do not; they overlap it. The root crop sown in one agricultural year is garnered and used in the next, so that if cereals and roots are combined, the unit is over 18 months. The fallow is another element of complexity. The land lies idle during the greater part of the year; it is a source of heavy expense, because fallow is left for the purpose not only of resting the land, but much more, especially on heavy land, for the purpose of cleaning it. It has to be ploughed, cultivated and re-ploughed, and three preliminary ploughings are better than two. Only at the end of many months is it fit for taking the seed, and the whole process from the beginning of fallow to the subsequent harvest may be one of anything from fourteen months to twenty.

Then he must consider his rotation, and that is by no means a matter of routine, although the farmer naturally tries to make it as much a matter of routine as possible, in order to

save errors in calculation. A field upon which the natural routine would be, say, wheat after beans, may have to be put down to fallow on account of its condition; or again, the demand for a new type of crop, such as flax (which we are being asked for), or sugar beet (which we certainly shall be asked for in the near future), puts out the old rotation. Of the stock bred, pigs will come within the agricultural year, but cattle will not. He will breed bullocks which he may not sell for two years or more, and heifers which he will not sell at all, but keep to lead on his stock and maintain it as well as for milk when they shall be grown. Finally, he has to be making purchases the whole time of artificial manure and of what used to be called artificial food, that is, food such as cake, which he does not produce.

This list of the arrangements the master must make is quite incomplete and elementary, but it is sufficient to show the peculiar difficulties of estimating profit even over a considerable space of time. When we add to this the fact that prices are normally far more susceptible of fluctuation in this industry than in those of the towns, it should be apparent that the system of taxation ought of its nature to differ from that imposed upon the towns, and only to be fixed after full consultation with strong local Committees, having something more than advisory power.

To some extent (but very imperfectly), this principle has already been admitted. Agricultural rates are on a different basis altogether from town rates. That curious antiquity, the tithe, which cannot long survive in its present form, is at once an admitted anomaly, and an example of a different form of taxation.\*

Most important of all, the principle of income tax is quite different. It is to this point that special attention will have to be directed in the immediate future. A high income tax will remain. Whether it will remain at the extraordinarily level which most people now predict, will depend upon the general fiscal policy pursued after the war, but it will certainly remain very high. The policy in favour for the moment is to charge profits made from the land either upon book statements, or upon some multiple of the rent paid or payable. There can be no complaint against the action thus freely offered, but it is worth pointing out that no system of book-keeping ever yet invented will exactly show the true profit upon a farm, with the precision that could be obtained in the case of a factory. However, we are supposing the farmer only to be free to accept this method if he likes. The alternative method, which is practical and, with a just multiple, would act fairly over a long term of years, will be the stand-by of income tax upon the land in the future.

The first of these is the proportion of expenditure which goes in what corresponds in the case of the factory to upkeep and wear and tear. In the case of buildings and, to a less extent, in the case of gates and fences and the rest, it has been examined, though it can hardly be said to have been settled, but in the case of opening and keeping clear ditches and drains, planting, of keeping down pests of all kinds, and many other items, it has not been fully considered. Moreover, it has only been considered from the owner's point of view, and never yet from the tenant's. Another great drawback to the use of the rent as a basis of taxation is that the proportion of rent to profits must necessarily differ with the type of land and with the class of cultivation upon that land. In theory rent bears no relation whatever to profits. In theory the full rental of a piece of land requiring say £2,000 capital to cultivate it, is fixed by competition between farmers who each have £2,000 to put in, and are calculating their profits not in relation to rental at all, but in relation to the sum they personally invest. The same rental paid for a Cheshire dairy farm and for a piece of heavy Essex clay means such a totally different form of working, such a different proportion of capital, etc., that it also means quite a different scale of profit.

The moral of all this simply summed up is that both forms of State action after the war—the settlement of the new taxation and the State demands for housing, for grants of land, for particular crops, etc., will never work, and will only do harm unless there is a proper local machinery, not only advisory to State officials, but working in at least equal authority with them. With the suggestion of what such local bodies might be we will conclude this series next week.

AGRICOLA.

\* To day it would be more just to say that it had ceased to be a tax and had become a vested interest.



# Life and Letters by J.C. Squire

## A Rise in Bacon

I MENTIONED last week that I had been reading Bacon-Shakespeare literature. Here is the result in the form of an imaginary diary.

\* \* \* \* \*

April 1st, 1919. General curiosity has been aroused by a paragraph in the *Mail* beginning as follows:

REAL ESTATE AT ST. ALBANS.

SUDDEN BOOM!

WHAT IS IN THE WIND?

The whole population of St. Albans is talking about a sensational series of transactions in land and house property which has been carried through with mysterious rapidity in the last few weeks. All the eligible building sites have been snapped up at figures unprecedented in the locality. At first it was supposed that the speculators—whose identity has not yet been disclosed—were acting on private information that the Government meditated extensive new factories, necessitating the provision of large housing facilities. But this explanation (writes our correspondent) is now considered inadequate in view of the fact, which came to light yesterday, that somebody (undoubtedly the same group of operators) had bought up large quantities of business property which cannot be brought into relation with such a scheme. The property includes three principal hotels and, as far as can be gathered; every stationery business and tea-shop in the town. The land acquired in the district includes a lot on which stand the ruins of Francis Bacon's house. Bacon is, of course, St. Albans' chief worthy.

April 2nd. Odd report that St. Albans speculators have bought from vicar of fortunate church (£1,000 mentioned as purchase price!), exclusive photographic rights of Bacon's tomb for a hundred years. They must be mad. Who on earth wants a photograph of Bacon's tomb? Smith, of Pudbery's, tells me that his firm has sold outright to new firm of publishers their large stocks of Bacon's prose works in the *Imperial* and *Henrietta* editions, which have refused to budge for years. It beats me.

April 9th. Whew! Two announcements simultaneous. Bacon Exploitation Co., Ltd.—assumed by those who noticed it in list of new companies, to be offshoot of Liptons—now revealed in true colours. Directors: Professor Gubb, of Leeds, his wife, and his assistant the lecturer in Elizabethan literature. And twelve columns in the *Times*, photographs, and facsimiles complete, of the contents of the box found by the trio in grounds of Ham House. Words not equal to it! But indisputable. All the plays in Bacon's handwriting, two new plays, story of the whole fake, confession (signed with a cross—he couldn't write!) by Shakespeare, supplementary notes by Ben Jonson: all vouched for (but authenticity obvious) by Bodley's librarian, keeper of MSS. at British Museum, Father Bernard Vaughan and Sir James Crichton-Browne. All London talking about it. Nothing else in papers. Cables humming.

Met Sir Jabez Goole in Piccadilly. Only last week he published book about the sonnets on which he had spent twenty years. He was crying bitterly and did not see me. Horse called "Swan of Avon" running at Lingfield badly barracked by crowd. Marie Corelli telegraphs to *Evening News* from Stratford: "This is an infamous conspiracy aimed at me."

April 10th. German wireless says: "British announcement as to Shakespeare clearly intended to discredit German kultur and undermine German educational system. We Germans know nothing of Bacon. Our Kaiser in speech at Königsberg says: 'With help of good old God we shall ignore hypocritical British plot.' Reports from front, however, prove that Germans take disclosure seriously. Sounds of weeping in their trenches heard on several sectors of line. It is hoped that their moral will be seriously impaired."

Marie Corelli now convinced. Leaves Stratford house and takes house at Verulam. Publicly refers to Bacon as "Him."

Sir Hall Caine shaves beard.

*Evening News* says statue of illiterate clown in Leicester Square insult to great nation.

April 11th. Lord Northcliffe, through *Daily Mail*, offers statue of Bacon to replace Shakespeare's in Leicester Square.

In academic circles there is general disapproval of the way in which the Gubbs and their colleague sprung their discovery on the public. People feel that it is scarcely consonant with the dignity of British scholarship for two ornaments

of an important University to market the greatest discovery in the history of letters as though it were a pill or a new kind of window frame. This feeling is shared—to put it mildly—by the restaurateurs, postcard vendors, and land owners of St. Albans, who regard it as a sheer swindle that in their innocence they should have been induced to trade away valuable concessions. Bacons are now quoted on the Stock Exchange at a premium of 5,000 per cent., a substantial rise having taken place this morning owing to the announcement that immediate steps were being taken to erect a Bacon Memorial Theatre on one of the recently acquired sites, where the immortal dramas of the Swan of Ver will be played throughout the year; and that a Bacon Museum will be erected on another site, a large number of Bacon relics having been quietly acquired at the old prices. Bacon, unfortunately, had few local relatives, but No. 123 High Street (now a café) has been identified as the birthplace of his nurse, Ann Bakeaway, after acquisition by the company.

Professor Gubb, interviewed to-day, openly admits that he and his wife have been unloading shares in thousands. "You see," he told the reporter with a shy smile, "I am not really a financier and I do not want to be bothered with company management. My wife and I feel that Bacon, were he alive, would wish us to put all we can into War Loan. None of our poets loved his country more fervently than he."

German Emperor, with characteristic élan, now changes front. Refers in speech at Magdeburg to "Unser Bacon," and declares that German scholars always knew the truth, but had systematically concealed it in order not to hurt the feelings of English. German generosity, as usual, wasted.

Special order from Ministry of Food enjoining that bacon, the flesh of the pig, should henceforth be called shakespeare out of respect for national bard. Shakespeare may now be had without coupons.

April 13th. Distress at Stratford alleged to be awful. Stream of visitors diverted to St. Albans; frightful slump in property; vast stocks of postcards now useless; hotels ruined. Trustees of Shakespeare's Birthplace have held meeting at which possibility was discussed of retaining some interest in the house by describing it as Birthplace of World's Greatest Impostor. It is felt that this might still attract many Americans and others. But Anne Hathaway's cottage quite useless; no one takes interest in impostors' wives. Already decided to let Shakespeare Theatre to Salvation Army as Meeting Hall. All swans in Avon killed and eaten. Town's meeting, with Mayor in chair, appeals for help.

April 14th. Lord Mayor of London opens Mansion House Fund for Stratford Relief. Subscription list headed with £5,000 from Bacon Exploitation Company. Stratford Town Council, hitherto restrained by lapidary inscription "Curst be he who moves my bones," opens Shakespeare's tomb with object of throwing remains in river. No bones found. Professor Gubb declares inscription to have been a hoax.

Eight Shakespeare families change names by deed-poll.

April 15th. Professor Sir Samuel Pryce, author of forty books on Shakespeare, found drowned in river. Pathetic message in pocket beginning "Othello's occupation's gone." Says that this is the only way of attracting attention to the distress of his own family and others which have been entirely dependent on Shakespearean biography. "I knew," he writes, "everything that was to be known about Shakespeare; and, it would now appear, a great deal more. I know nothing at all about Bacon, and, at the age of sixty, I haven't the heart to begin again. I see nothing before me but the workhouse. Even now, however, so great is my reverence for the author of the plays, that I cannot think that he would have behaved as he did had he foreseen the terrible consequences of his irresponsible deception." *Star* estimates that there are 596 whole-time Shakespearean biographers, mostly elderly men with families, all thrown on the world without knowledge of any trade. *Star*, therefore, opens Distressed Shakespeareans' Sustentation Fund.

Seven hundred and two statues of Shakespeare have now been pulled down in various parts of the world. President Wilson throws colossal metal statue at Cincinnati into melting pot to make Liberty Gun.

Dean Inge, in sermon, says that others may take these things lightly but in his opinion Bacon nothing—but a black-guard. Newspapers all rebuke him.

Professor Gubb alleged to be worth four millions. Seen by Government Whip.

April 16th. Announced Professor Gubb created a peer. Probably worth only 3½ millions now.



# The Reader's Diary

## Gentlemen at Arms

THE writer who chooses to call himself Centurion needs no very elaborate introduction to the readers of these pages. He makes no claims, he says, adding that he possesses none, to be considered a writer of fiction. His stories are "all based on the experiences of the writer when serving in France and elsewhere, or on those of fellow-officers with whom he has been brought into contact." And between what he has heard and what he has experienced, his volume *Gentlemen at Arms* (Heinemann, 6s. net) presents a very comprehensive picture of the most varied war in history. Centurion tells now stories, hair-raising stories, of the great retreat, now describes a day on the Somme, spends a night with the "Auxiliaries," looking for submarines, drifts over London in a balloon, thinking what a city it would be to bomb, gibes at the A.P.M. and catches him in the act of trapping an imaginary spy on the English coast—the enumeration might be continued with a separate phrase for each of his twenty-one sketches. Practically all that is missing is some description of the soldier's life in the "side-shows" in Mesopotamia, Salonica, and so forth; but even Centurion, greedy for every aspect of the war, cannot be everywhere at once. The war, after all, has not yet lasted quite four years, and there may be plenty of time for him yet. What is even more remarkable than the variety of settings in which he has captured his experiences is the variety of incidents and character which he has discovered. One sketch explains the precise circumstances of nervous strain, indecision, and magnanimity which lead a commanding officer to make an unjustifiable surrender. Another describes very graphically how a man may get on the nerves of his friend under the conditions of trench-life, and ends with a study of shell-shock as vivid and as technically convincing as Centurion's studies of bombardments and attacks.

And he is not a "writer of fiction." War makes queer changes; and we are beginning not to be surprised when we learn that this daring bomber used to be a barber, this airman a bank clerk, this brigadier, perhaps, chairman of a wholesale grocery company. I will not speculate on Centurion's profession before the war. Indeed, he gives no basis on which speculation may proceed. But, just as stress of war discovers a first-rate bomber in a second-rate barber, so, in we know not what, it has discovered, if not "a writer of fiction," at all events a writer who possesses many of the qualities essential to an imaginative artist. For Centurion has done more than report what he has seen and what his companions have told him. He has the special talent necessary for ordering his impressions, for selecting the right point of detail; and he has been able to take the dead fact and hand it on to the reader with all the quality of life. Not the least of his gifts is the scent for the right word, both in his own processes of composition and in the speeches of others. I take an example at random:

"Also this nose-bag. It's the new pattern." I took the canvas bag and slung it over my right shoulder. It contained one of the new gas-masks known colloquially as "emus"; they give the wearer the appearance of a passionate attachment for a baby's feeding-bottle. I have heard a blunt soldier describe them as "slinging your guts outside"; they certainly do suggest that the wearer has only remembered at the last moment to take his alimentary canal with him.

It is the *mot juste*; that is the gas-mask.

It is this combination of precise observation, vivid phrase, and lively understanding spirit that give the book its value. We, all of us, desire to know as much as possible of what happens at the front; and our appetite is not always for information on the strategic scale. We want also to be shown clearly and convincingly what at any average moment comes within the range of one man's vision in the front line or just behind it. We want, for example, to learn what war is, just as Private John Yeoman, with his conduct-sheet covering six pages of flimsy, learnt it, little by little, one point driven home after another, the sugar factory full of machine guns where Yeoman lost his pipe, the first experience of high explosive, the first wound. . . . Centurion has found out how to give us this. There are other writers with a similar gift, but there are not too many of them; and Centurion takes an honourable place among the company.

## More War Poets

As with war pictures, so with war poems—we cannot help thinking that the future will look at them in a great degree as historical sources. At the same time, pictures and poetry alike clamour to be judged for their own sake; and this dual nature of the art produced by the war is a stumbling-block to criticism. Lieutenant E. A. Mackintosh's book, *War the Liberator* (Lane, 5s. net), is a case in point. He wrote verses at Oxford before the war—among other things, a little play in which the manner of Mr. Yeats is applied interestingly enough to a setting in the Western Highlands. There is simplicity and sincerity in his verses, and a genuine Highland plaintiveness in their rhythms. The future will admire the man who could write from an easy job at home:

Here there is ease and comfort for me,  
A warm, soft bed and a good roof o'er me,  
Here maybe there is fame before me,  
Honour and fame for all I know,  
But I am seeing the thick rain falling,  
Seeing the tired patrols out crawling,  
The dead men's voices are calling, calling,  
And I must rise and go.

But it will decide, perhaps, that his war verses and his Oxford verses show equally a temperament of promise and an immature performance; and that when he was killed at Cambrai he had not yet done the best of which he was capable. In this case, it will prefer, as historical evidence, the gaiety of Mr. Mackintosh's songs and parodies.

In Mr. Sassoon the problem is more difficult. He is a pre-war poet whom the heat of war has rapidly matured; and his new volume, *Counter-Attack* (Heinemann, 2s. 6d. net), shows an advance in vigour and precision on his last. He has produced here a collection in which it is hard to know which to admire most—his vivid descriptions of war, his satire on elderly and bloodthirsty civilians, his power of loveliness, when he chooses that contrast to the ugliness of fighting, or the firmness and technical beauty of his verse. It is best, perhaps, to leave the question unanswered and to take him now for one virtue, now for another, according to the change of our own moods. But three of his virtues are combined in the following piece:

Lost in the swamp and welter of the pit,  
He flounders off the duck-boards; only he knows  
Each flash and spouting crash—each instant lit  
When gloom reveals the streaming rain. He goes  
Heavily, blindly on. And, while he blunders,  
"Could anything be worse than this?"—he wonders,  
Remembering how he saw those Germans run,  
Screaming for mercy among the stumps of trees:  
Green-faced, they dodged and darted: There was one  
Livid with terror, clutching at his knees . . .  
Our chaps were sticking 'em like pigs. . . . "O hell!"  
He thought—"there's things in war one dare not tell  
Poor father sitting safe at home, who reads  
Of dying heroes and their deathless deeds."

## George Meredith

It is a relief to turn to a subject so comparatively peaceful as a Victorian novelist. But even here Mr. J. H. C. Crees, in writing *George Meredith; a Study of his Works and Personality* (Blackwell, 6s. net), has no entirely placid theme, nor does he treat it in a placid manner. It is the virtue of books like these that, if they are written with sufficient enthusiasm and in a sufficiently vivacious manner, they will drive the reader, assenting or dissenting, to make or renew the acquaintance of the original. Mr. Crees is enthusiastic and vivacious enough; but, like too many writers of critical monographs, he is so much absorbed in his subject that for him the name of Meredith is like a spell throwing him into an ecstasy of appreciation. Critics, writing of one subject exhaustively, tend to exaggerate the importance of that in their author which is really the glory of the human race; and Mr. Crees appears to be astonished at Meredith's brilliance in writing or thinking at all. No doubt articulate thought is an enormous achievement; and, considered in the abstract, a newspaper headline is a miracle in the communication of ideas. But Mr. Crees should have considered more closely in what Meredith differed from other writers and thinkers. But his volume, which considers Meredith by the various aspects of his art, *The Comic Spirit, Poetry, Philosophy*, and so on, has too much vivacity not to be praised.

PETER BELL.



## Coaling the Fleet: By Lewis R. Freeman

**A**SIGNAL came one morning, ordering the Grand Fleet to proceed to sea, and, almost as though the sparks of the wireless that caught the winged word had themselves lighted the laid and waiting fires, wreaths and coils of smoke began crowning some scores of towering funnels which a few moments before had loomed only in gaunt silhouette against the round snow-clad hillsides which ring the Northern Base.

Presently a dust-begrimed collier shook herself free from the moorings which held her to one of the battleships, and, floundering nervously as though anxious to get out of the way as quickly as possible, nosed off into the sooty wakes of three of her untidy sisters who had been coaling the other ships of the division.

Shortly the engineer-commander, his immediate duties at an end for the moment, came up for a breath of fresh air, and fell into step with me on the quarter-deck.

"There you have (so far as the Navy is concerned) the Alpha and the Omega of the coal," he said, motioning with his mittened hand, first toward the retiring colliers, and then, with a sweeping gesture, to where the thickening smoke-columns were beginning to blend in a murky stratum of streaky black above the even lines of the anchored ships.

"All the energy (save only human force, and that stored in food and explosives) of the Fleet comes aboard from its colliers or oilers," he continued; "all that is left of it—after making steam to run the turbines and dynamos, and for working the condensers, cooking, and heating—goes up through the funnels or down through the clinker hoppers."

Then he told me of an incident which had occurred a day or two previously. "Some one came into the ward-room," he said, "and remarked casually that the wireless had just picked up a signal from a ship about to go ashore in the heavy storm then driving outside. 'What is she?' several officers asked with quick concern. 'Only a collier,' was the reply, and everybody, reassured, resumed the reading of their newly arrived papers. 'I was afraid it was a destroyer,' was the only comment anyone made.

"That is just to show," said the engineer-commander, "how few on a warship (save those of us whose work is the conversion of it into energy) stop to think how vitally important coal really is to us. As a matter of fact, one can easily imagine circumstances in which the loss of a collier would be far more serious than that of a destroyer, cruiser, or even of a battleship."

It will doubtless surprise many people to know that the average modern battleship lying at anchor and waiting to be ordered to sea may easily consume twenty-five tons of coal a day, which figure will be raised from 50 to 100 per cent. by one or two harbour spins at half or quarter-speed for target practice.

The course of the coal from the hold of the collier to where, on the fire-bars, its potential energy is transformed to furnish power for a battleship is an interesting one, though I should not care to follow it quite so closely as in the story an officer told me of his ring. Emerging from the hold of a collier after a couple of hours spent there directing sack-filling, he missed a large signet-ring which he had been wearing when he descended into the dusty hole. Search was, of course, out of the question; but, by a lucky chance, he happened to mention his loss to one of the men who had been working in the hold. He, in turn, spoke of it on the mess-decks, which was the only reason that led the stoker, who, three days later at sea, found a shining lump of metal among the clinkers he was raking out to dump, to bring it to the officer in question. The gnarled, ash-pitted lump bore no resemblance to a ring; but a distorted, but still recognisable, section of the seal identified it beyond a doubt. It had been shovelled into a sack of coal, hoisted in the latter to the deck, dumped into a bunker, finally to work out of the bottom of the latter into the stokehold and be thrown under the boilers.

The speedy coaling of even an eight-knot tramp is almost always desirable; with a warship it is absolutely essential. All the principal navies of the world have studied the matter very closely, but down to this day no practicable contrivance has been evolved which will go far toward eliminating the variable human element in coaling. Something can be done with mechanical carriers where a ship can berth alongside high bunkers, but nothing of the kind appears to have been devised that is not too bulky to carry about on either a warship or a collier. The construction of a warship makes it

impracticable to have large openings into which coal might be hoisted in bulk from a collier. The American Navy coals its battleships by hoisting that fuel to the decks with huge mechanical "grabs," but, according to such information as is available to me, this method (while it effects a saving in labour), does not equal in speed the British method of man-handling the coal at every stage of its transit, except the hoisting.

A ship may coal at any hour of the day or night—especially if she is just in from the sea and there appears to be a chance of her being called upon to put out again on short notice—but the usual time is the morning. Barrows and sacks are brought out, and such other preparations as practicable are made the night before. Breakfast is served at an early hour, every one—officers and men—coming down to it in their "coaling togs."

The decks are black with waiting men as the collier comes alongside, and the instant the mooring-lines are made fast several hundred of them—each with a broad short-handled scoop—clamber over her rail and leap down into the open holds. Others toss down bundles of the sacks in which the coal is hoisted aboard. They are made of extremely heavy jute, bound with light manilla rope, and of a size sufficient to hold two hundredweight of coal. At the mouth are two beckets or iron rings, through which the strop is rove.

The sacks are filled by scoop in the holds of the collier, and dragged together in bunches of about a dozen each. The wire cable from the hoisting-boom is run through the rings at the mouth of each sack and made fast. As the winch winds it, it tightens and takes up the slack, thus drawing the mouths of the sacks together and preventing the spilling of coal in hoisting. The instant the sacks are hoisted to the deck of the warship a man casts loose one end of the wire cable, and on the swinging back of the whip it is pulled out of the rings, and the coal left ready for the barrow-men.

The wheeling of the sacks, from the point where they are left in a tottering pile on the deck to the opening of the chutes down which their contents are dumped to the bunkers, is the most important stage of the operation, for the way it is carried out makes all the difference between a fast and a slow coaling. Obviously, then, it is to the organisation of this "traffic" that the greatest attention is given.

Since a battleship is primarily made for fighting, the facility with which coal may be taken aboard is necessarily a secondary consideration. Between turrets, hatches, and various other obstructions on the decks, the route by which a coal-sack is wheeled to a chute is always a devious one. Part of it usually runs across open deck, where "double-track traffic" is possible; at other points the way may be so narrow that only a single barrow can be wheeled through at a time, and even that only when carefully steered.

But perhaps we can learn more about it by taking our barrow and falling into line. The last of a pile of sacks has just been trundled away, and, to the scream of the winch, another "cluster" is rising slowly out of the hold to take its place. The scoop-men are falling into their stride by this time, and from now on you can expect them to be sending up a fresh "boquet" every forty or fifty seconds. That your barrow wheels may have a fair run, a man with a scoop pushes aside the lumps of coal which have fallen out of the last sacks, and another man shovels them up and throws them into a half-filled sack hanging to the rail. There is a warning cry of "Stand clear!" and the cluster of sacks plumps down upon the deck with a heavy thud.

Even while it is still in the air two men have seized corners of the swaying mass and pushed it along so that it lands in the centre of the rather restricted working space in this particular corner of the fo'c'sle deck. At the same time, one of them frees an end of the wire cable, and, as the boom retreats, the two help to make it run smoothly out through the beckets at the mouths of the sacks. At the release of the encircling grip of the cable some of the sacks begin to topple over, but before one of them has fallen to its side (which would, of course, result in the spilling of a good part of its contents), quick footed barrow-men have pushed their trucks under them, and they are held sufficiently upright to retain their loads. A tug or two from one of the "loading" men sets a sack straight on a barrow, and the man behind the latter—watching from the corner of an eye to keep from fouling another load—backs quickly but carefully out, executes a dextrous right-about, and trundles off on a trot along the track to the nearest chute.



# The British Prize Court: By E. S. Roscoe

THE modern era of British Prize Law dates from the appointment, in October, 1798, of Sir William Scott (afterwards Lord Stowell), whose famous judgments during the Napoleonic War have become classical. When, however, war was declared by France in January, 1793, the judge of the High Court of Admiralty—in war time the Prize Court—was Sir James Marriott. The complete separation between the advocates and proctors, who practised at Doctors Commons in the Civil Law Courts—Ecclesiastical and Admiralty—and the barristers and solicitors, who were to be seen in the Common Law and Chancery Courts, was never more vividly exemplified than by the appointment of Dr. Marriott to the judgeship of the High Court of Admiralty in 1778.

Though an advocate of Doctors Commons and King's Advocate since September, 1764, he was at the same time—surprising as it may seem—a Cambridge don. Admitted to Trinity Hall in 1746, he became Master in 1764, an academic post which he filled for forty years.

In the University, Marriott was a well-known figure—active, good-natured, pedantic, and rather foolish. "His follies," wrote Gray to Norton Nicholls, in 1766, "let us pardon because he has some feeling and means us well."

As a judge, Marriott will not be recollected for the value, either in substance or form, of his judicial decisions; for one reason, because very few have, in fact, been accurately preserved. Some of his judgments in the American War, but only in an abbreviated form, may still be read in a volume of reports which was published in 1801. In one decision, dealing with an American ship and its cargo, Marriott flew into a remarkable tirade against the Colonists, which indicates his want of discretion and how he moved others than members of the University to laughter. He finished this extraordinary judgment by this singular sentence:

There is a wildness in this law (that by which all inhabitants of the New Republic were to swear allegiance to it) that marks strongly the real character of the Americans; it is perfectly savage, and breathes the spirit of persecution, impressed with which (as having been persecuted or persecuting) the last settlers from hence went forth to sow the seeds of civil war, which they left behind them, and of which now Great Britain reaps the harvest; it is among the many proofs we find in the history of mankind that conquerors and new settlers in all ages have adopted, in a very great degree, the manners of the ancient inhabitants, and taken even the features, colours, and temper of the climate.

Still, Dr. Marriott's name is closely connected with the procedure of the High Court of Admiralty, both in prize and "instance" cases. Apparently, during the first years of the French Wars he formulated more precisely the practice of the Prize Court which, up to the time of the Peace of Versailles, in 1783, had been somewhat vague. The form in which Marriott left the procedure of his tribunal continued unaltered for many years, during the memorable judgeship of Stowell, and again during the Crimean War, when Dr. Lushington filled the office of judge. It was not until 1914 that a new set of Prize Rules were issued and the ancient procedure which had continued in much the same shape for centuries disappeared.

At the beginning of the French War of 1793 the regulations as to procedure were embodied in a few sections of the Prize Act, as it is popularly called, or, more strictly, *An Act for the encouragement of seamen and more effectually manning of His Majesty's Navy*. In fact, a title of this kind had always been at the head of the so-called Prize Acts, which were passed on the beginning of hostilities emphasising the national desire for legality and regularity in the consideration of the demands for the condemnation of neutral property. This feeling and the judicial anxiety for impartiality between belligerent and neutral was well expressed by Marriott in a case which came before him in 1775:

Whenever the scales were even, a neutral was to have the turn in his favour: for this Court was to judge uprightly between this nation and all others; and it must lean for the honour of English justice (as well as bravery) against any possible charge or suspicion of any selfish national prejudice.\*

An ecclesiastical atmosphere surrounded the entire procedure of the Prize Court. The suit was begun by a monition, a document whose object was to admonish or warn persons interested in a ship or goods which had been captured that

unless they appeared to defend their interest the Court would proceed to judgment. The materials on which it acted in the first place were the ship's papers and the answers to the Standing Interrogatories which were of immoderate length and in a common form and were put to some member of the crew of a captured ship.

The contrast between the subjects of the Prize Court jurisdiction and its mediæval procedure was very striking. Officers and men of the Royal Navy, owners and crews of privateers from every port in Great Britain here made their claims for captures in all parts of the world. Thrilling tales of the sea and of individual bravery were narrated in the ancient precincts of Doctors Commons; discussions on the burning subject of joint capture, on which might depend the pecuniary fortune of a naval commander, on charter parties, and bills of lading, on the ownership of goods, whether neutral or hostile, occurred day by day between learned Doctors of Law in the oak-panelled hall which served as the Prize Court, over which the Master of Trinity Hall presided.

Of the mediæval procedure of the Prize Court, a definitive sentence is an illustration. It begins: "In the name of God. Amen. We, James Marriott," and then follow three pages of recitals. At the end we come to the material part, commencing with the grave words: "Therefore, we, James Marriott, Knight and Doctor of Laws, the judge aforesaid, first calling upon the name of Christ, and having God alone before our eyes, and having heard Counsel learned in the law thereupon do hereby pronounce decree and declare——" Then follows the declaration that the ship, being manned by Spaniards, is subject to confiscation. The descent from the solemn invocation to the audience of counsel learned in the law and to the condemnation of a belligerent ship exemplifies in a few words the connection between ecclesiastical law and the Prize Court not less than the evolution of a legal system which dated from the Middle Ages and which civil lawyers, the descendants of ecclesiastics versed only in the Canon Law, retained as their preserve.

In war time it was a most profitable one—from which the general legal profession was tenaciously and successfully excluded, until 1857, when the College of Advocates was dissolved, the buildings of Doctors Commons pulled down and the Admiralty and other Courts which had been there held, were opened to the whole legal profession. But many points of practice were only preserved in the memories and notebooks of the civilians who were gathered in Doctors Commons.

To an age accustomed to see commercial litigation conducted by barristers and solicitors who specialise on the particular subject of commercial and maritime law, it is almost inconceivable that the Prize Court—and, for that matter, the Admiralty Court—was at the beginning of the great European struggle of the eighteenth century presided over by the head of a Cambridge College, and that the practitioners in it were a small group of advocates and proctors whose main business was concerned with the Ecclesiastical Courts. The contrast between the Prize Court of 1793 and that which began to sit in September, 1914, which is engaged in unravelling legal and commercial knots in regard to the ownership of cargoes, tied by the complications of modern international commerce, exemplifies the evolution of English law, and recalls also a phase of English life which has vanished as completely as the buildings of Doctors Commons. In their place we see to-day commercial offices, and over its quiet garden passes the busy traffic of Queen Victoria Street. Instead of Dr. Marriott and a small knot of generally undistinguished but "respectable and learned practitioners" proficient in the civil law, are a number of commercial lawyers, a modernised procedure, and a Court sitting side by side and in the same building with the other branches of the Supreme Court in London, of which it now forms an integral part.

The political and national importance of the little legal organisation beneath the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral, the interest which its work in the Prize Court had for the officers and men of the British Navy and of the privateers sailing under letters of marque, were out of all proportion to the space it filled in the public eye, even at the beginning of the eighteenth century. When we look back to it, we realise that, though it seems to-day a bit of pure antiquarianism, it was in its time a living and important element of the British national system, one which vanished under the pressure of external movements which English law has always sooner or later reflected.

\* "La Prosperité," Hay and Marriott's Decisions, p. 167.



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THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1918

[REGISTERED AS  
A NEWSPAPER]

PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
PRICE ONE SHILLING



Louis Raemaekers.

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## The Pawn

William the Burglar : "Give me compensation, and I will not throttle the child."

By Louis Raemaekers





A Y.M.C.A. Centre and Dressing Station in France for the Walking Wounded.

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THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1918.

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## The Outlook.

THE past week has been the most eventful in military operations since the great German offensive was launched on March 21st last. It has seen the undertaking of a new enemy offensive upon a scale only slightly less than that of the main blow four months ago; but, for the first time, a reversal of the situation, a strong counter-offensive on the part of the Allies, a situation which, as we go to press, has not only compelled the enemy to give up his original offensive scheme, but also compelled him to begin a retreat. It is too early to speak of the results of this counter-blow. Its first effects are only developing at the end of the week's fighting. The great value of the movement as affecting civilian opinion in the Allied countries is the proof it affords that the very rapid increase in the American contingents has already borne fruit. Hitherto, the enemy's strength has lain both directly and indirectly in the superior numbers granted him by the collapse of Russia: Directly through its giving him more men in the field; indirectly through its permitting him to do what the Allies have never been able to do—that is, to withdraw a large number of divisions for rest and special training before an attack.

The enemy would seem to have made a false calculation as to the rate of arrival of the American troops, and also—that is of even more importance—as to their tactical value, which has proved everywhere of a very high order. He clearly believed that his right flank was sufficiently guarded with the troops present upon it while he threw his whole weight into the great offensive he was conducting behind that screen. The Allied Higher Command was able, both by the use of the new method General Byng inaugurated last year, and also by the possession of sufficient numbers, together with the fighting quality of the American troops, to break through this screen completely upon Thursday last—the fourth day of the battle. The effect of this counter-attack was to put General Mangin's army into possession of the positions which had under their direct fire the sole railway communication of the whole district between Soissons and Rheims. The offensive was thus immediately paralysed. The German troops which had crossed the Marne eight divisions strong on Monday were compelled to retreat upon Friday night. The retirement was continued during the whole of Saturday. On Sunday, Chateau-Thierry was evacuated and re-occupied by the French, and the movement is still continuing.

The salient feature in this battle, apart from the strategical plan which it shows, is the new tactical value of the American troops. The enemy not only made some miscalculations as to their numbers actually available in the field in the crisis of the action but also clearly misunderstood and under-estimated their individual fighting power. It is an exceedingly important point; the presence of these picked men, all of them in the prime of a soldier's age, that is between 21 and 30, at this stage of the war has much the same effect as the presence of a new tactical instrument, with this

supreme advantage attached to it—that it is an instrument that the enemy cannot copy. The armies of the original belligerents, especially the two main armies, French and German, are exhausted by four years of war, their nerve and resisting power, their general health and their tenacity are all necessarily affected by such a period of strain. But apart from this there is the fact that they have lost the men of the best age for doing a soldier's work in a much larger proportion than they have lost their older men and boys. The armies of the original belligerents now in the western field show large gaps in the classes between 20 and 30 years of age, and have a large proportion of the younger and older classes. The appearance therefore in the field of a great and rapidly increasing contingent of men between the ages of 20 and 30 is of very great effect in action, and it is comforting to reflect that this will grow steadily with every week of the summer.

As we write, some tens of thousands of munition workers have handed in strike notices. If a strike comes its material consequences must be grave, and its mental consequences, upon the Army, the civil population, and the workers themselves deplorable. This is a commonplace; it is obvious as anything could be; and it leads many politicians and most journalists to angry denunciations of the workmen as traitors and declarations that "strikes cannot be permitted." But the mere facts that we have gone through these experiences before, that in some cases no threats have prevented the men from downing tools; that in other cases they have been kept at work by an admission that their grievances were just and a promise of redress; and that, for all the industrial unrest we have had, the munition workers have shown no tendency as a body to drift into opposition to the war or to remain idle after their claims have been settled should keep us on our guard against thinking either that menaces are any good or that abuse is justified. When we find—as we often do find in these disputes—that the "unrest" is shared by men who have been discharged from the Army after "doing their bit" as voluntary soldiers, this becomes more evident than ever.

It is the duty of those of us who are not working men to exercise our imaginations, and to try to get hold of the facts. The basic fact in the present case (there is also a question of tactlessness on the part of a particular firm) is that the Ministry of Munitions have ordered that certain firms shall take on no more skilled men without licence. The workmen—whose only asset is their power of setting their labour in freedom under conditions approved by their organisations—see in this an approach to what they considered the "servile" provisions of the Munitions Act, which tied men down to particular employers. The offensive part of the Munitions Act—after causing continual trouble and serious dislocation of supplies—was repealed; and it has been officially admitted that the repeal has not led to the ill-effects (e.g., wanton change of employment) which were feared. "But," says the Government, "this new suspicion is groundless, and it is absolutely essential that, in the interests of production, our inadequate supply of skilled labour should be properly distributed." This is true; it is true that the maximum of efficiency is all-important; it is true that war-time strikes are repulsive and might be disastrous. But if we wish to secure maximum efficiency and to avoid strikes there is only one way of doing it: by working with and through the trade unions, by taking the men into our confidence, by listening to, and either dissipating or satisfying, their grievances, and, above all, by treating them as reasonable and patriotic men. The last thing to do is to attempt to brow-beat: vaguely to threaten the use of force, which would do no good if you used it, to issue orders in terse and dictatorial terms, or to attempt to queer the men's pitch by sending *ex parte* communications to the Press. The same qualities which make the Englishman so tenacious in the field make him stubborn in the factory; they may occasionally have unpleasant results, but we cannot deny, or even deplore, their existence. We have the greatest admiration for many of Mr. Churchill's gifts. But his position, in so far as it regards labour, should properly be treated as that of standing conciliator, and in a conciliator pugnacity is not a merit. We believe that no large body of workmen will be exasperated into desertion of the fighting forces if they are properly handled.

Late in the day the Ministry issued a more sensible statement, and announced that it was prepared to discuss with Labour any changes affecting labour; and we sincerely hope that by the time these lines appear the strike will have been averted.



# The Counter Stroke: By H. Belloc

**A**S this paper went to press last week news came that the last and most formidable of the German offensive movements had just been launched.

I say "the most formidable" not because it was the largest in scale—though the front attacked was the largest yet attempted—but because it represented the maximum effort which the enemy could develop in this season. His first great blow of March 21st and 22nd, delivered after a long period of repose and of special training, and having behind it the weight of 60 divisions, which were rapidly increased after its success to 80, and at last to the equivalent of nearly 100, was a stronger military effort. It was intended to be, but was not decisive. The French and British armies were not separated. But it destroyed 50 miles of the old permanent front; very shortly afterwards another 15 miles of it was destroyed, and, in general, that great blow established a state of affairs upon which the enemy believed that he could so build as to achieve his decision this summer. He enjoyed the initiative, and, above all, he had a new tactical method with which he seemed able, whenever he chose, to break a line.

In pursuance of his success he struck on May 27th, and, as we know, forced the Chemin des Dames at one stroke and overran the whole of the Tardenois for 30 miles. In his next attempt in the battle of the Matz he was checked, but the advantage of the initiative remained with him. He still had a superiority in number; he still enjoyed the advantage of a new tactical method. He waited for five weeks. In spite of the advantage this pause gave to our recruitment through the rapidly arriving American contingents, he did so because he believed that a full preparation for the last conclusive stroke would pay him. He has delivered that stroke, and it has completely failed. The occasion is as great as any that we have seen upon the West since the first battle of the Marne in 1914.

The operations are, of course, not complete at the moment of writing. But the week over which they are spread forms a united and simple piece of military history which can be presented as a whole. There lies within those seven days from the morning of Monday, July 15th, to the evening of Sunday, July 21st (upon the dispatches of which this article is written, upon Monday, July 22nd) a complete military episode of stroke and counter-stroke which forms a separate chapter, and may prove a turning point of the war.

The enemy, by his great success of May 27th and the succeeding days, had established a line in the shape of a sickle. From the north-eastern corner of the Forest of Villers-Cotterets to the neighbourhood of the Forest of Argonne, the front up to July 15th, bore a general shape, which may be represented in the annexed diagram.\*

The old front had passed as does the dotted line in front of Soissons and Rheims, to be continued on to the point of Massiges, near the Argonne. The German success of the

\* It is one of the numerous coincidences of this war that, although circumstances are very different, this sickle-shaped front is a repetition of the shape of the front on a larger scale when the first battle of the Marne was fought four years ago. It is a further coincidence that the counter-offensive of July 18, a blow on the extreme left at the tip of the sickle, corresponds to the action of the Ourcq on the extreme left of the battle of the Marne, with which my readers are familiar.

end of May had, as it were, forged the bend of the sickle.

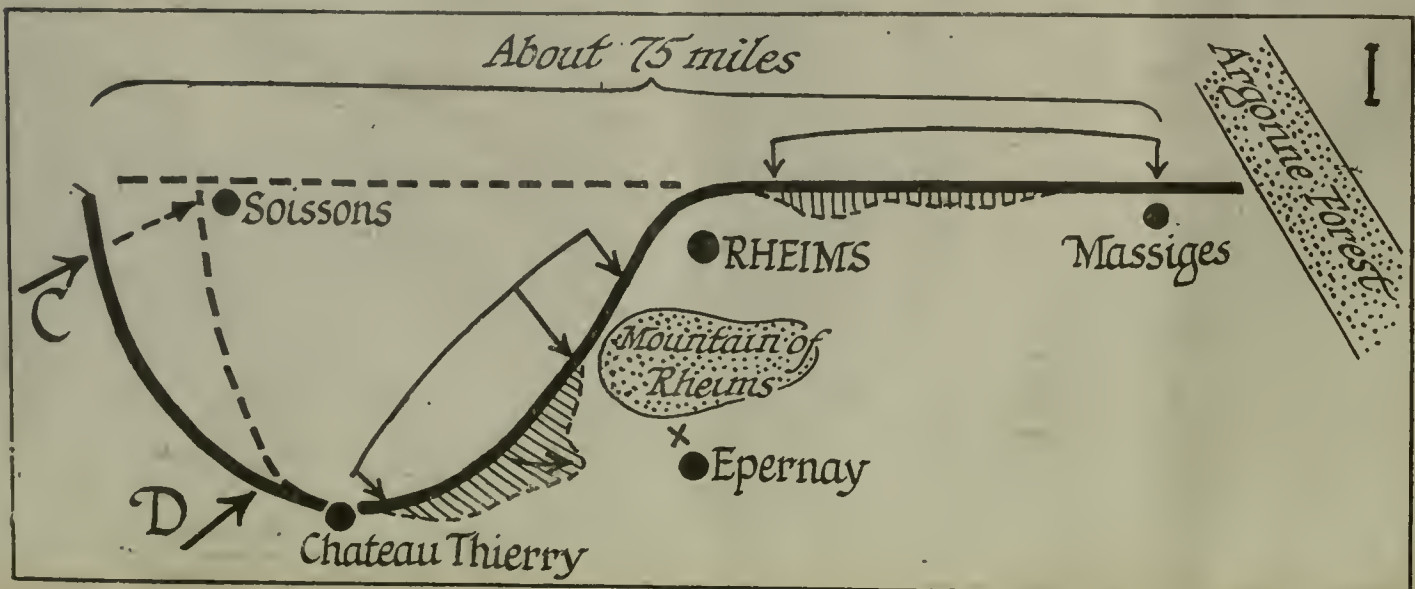
The story of the past week is this:—

The enemy attempted, by attacking on both sides of Rheims in the bend of the sickle between Chateau-Thierry and Rheims, and on the handle of the sickle between Rheims and Massiges, to catch the Allied troops and material in the angle between. In their first effort to do this they are checked imperfectly on the left—that is, in the bend of the sickle, and more severely upon the handle of the sickle, between Rheims and Massiges. For two days they try painfully to advance, but with slight success in the former, amounting to the shaded belt on the diagram, and with nothing appreciable in the latter. They have already by the evening of this third day—that is, by the evening of Wednesday, the 17th—suffered losses out of all proportion to their advance or to the damage they have inflicted upon their opponent when, upon the morning of the fourth day—the Thursday—there is delivered against them on the tip of the sickle and along its outer edge, from C and D, and everywhere in between, an unexpected and very heavy blow which bends the sickle right backwards, puts the enemy troops within the bend of it into peril of being cut off, and puts an end to the great offensive movement against the salient of Rheims. The enemy withdraws from the belt which he had occupied in his first thrust, and his offensive plan has gone to pieces. It is so far but a negative result, yet a negative result of enormous significance. For it means, as we shall see in a moment, not only that the all-important factor of numbers has changed in character, but that the enemy has miscalculated that change.

Before we go further, we must ask ourselves why the enemy, in preparing this last great blow which was to be decisive, chose the salient of which Rheims is the centre.

He that possesses superiority and the initiative as well, will strike at a salient in his weaker opponent's line by attacking one or both of its sides. It is true that this great salient of Rheims was shallow. That is, its angle was very obtuse. But if it were broken in upon either side—and, better still, upon both sides—there would follow very large consequences indeed. There would, of course, be immense captures of men and of material. There would probably be a chance of advancing rapidly for several days through the breach so made, as it happened after St. Quentin and after the Chemin des Dames; and if such an advance were made, say, to Sézanne and Chalons (three days' march from the fronts attacked), apart from the destruction of another great fraction of the Allied forces, the whole direct railway communication between the centre and the east of the Allied line would have disappeared. The following sketch of the railway system shows it.

The shortest direct line from the Allied centre to the east at Verdun, in front of Nancy, and so right down to the Vosges, was the line which runs past Sézanne and Vitry. The main line by Epernay and Chateau-Thierry had been cut since the German success of May. A further advance cutting this second line would have left the Allied front in an impossible state. There would have been a salient at Verdun difficult to supply and therefore to hold. A thorough enemy





success, therefore, upon this sector of Rheims would have been almost as decisive as the success originally planned in the attack between the Scarpe and the Oise last March.

Another effect which would have followed, to which allusion has often been made in these columns: An effect which, though it may be called political, is at this stage of the war of the highest military significance. The breakdown of this salient of Rheims would have given the enemy on his right a further approach to Paris. Batteries established another 15 miles further from the positions he already held upon the Marne would command the capital.

It will further be noted that had the enemy obtained such a success upon the sector of Rheims he would necessarily have drawn down, in order to stem the tide of his advance,



every spare man the Allies could send. They would have come swinging round to a point more distant from the vital point of Amiens than any point yet attacked in force during the present offensive; and with his remaining strength, after what might prove a rapid and inexpensive victory upon the sector of Rheims, a second blow upon the Amiens front would conclude the war; for if the Amiens front were broken, the British Army would be isolated and thrust back upon the coast.

Now let us turn to the details of the double operation. The German offensive, the Allied counter-stroke, and the consequent breakdown of the enemy's scheme.

Two sectors meet at Rheims: one due east, towards Argonne; the other south-west, towards Chateau-Thierry; the former over bare rolling plain; the latter over wooded country and hills. The great obstacle here is the Mountain and Forest of Rheims; and the only gate by which it can be turned, the only place upon which this south-western limb of the long line could be forced, was that part upon the Marne between Chateau-Thierry and Dormans. The enemy had aligned with curiously simple symmetry almost exactly the same number of men upon either side of Rheims. There were about 15 divisions in the first line between Chateau-Thierry and Rheims. The same number between Rheims and Massiges; say, not quite half a million men, of which some 270,000 were infantry to be used in the shock. Immediately behind these were reserves almost as numerous. The preparations were upon a scale recalling those of the first great attack in March, and the length of front attacked was similar—somewhat over 50 miles.

I will attempt to take my readers step by step through the six days of the battle to date: The first day was that of the main German blow and its check; in the second and third the enemy attempted, with very little and quite local successes, to carry on in spite of the check; on the fourth he received the unexpected and staggering blow behind the whole of his offensive line when Foch gave Mangin the task of counter-attacking against Soissons; and the fifth, sixth, and seventh, in which the fruits of that counter-attack appeared with the enemy's retirement over the Marne and the complete breakdown of his offensive scheme.

On the first day (Monday, July 15th) the attack had fortunes which we have already followed in these columns. Its right or western wing, between Rheims and Chateau-Thierry, was held by the obstacle of the Mountain of Rheims, which, indeed, the enemy did not hope to force, but the more open country to the south, whereby that obstacle might be turned, gave opportunity for action. The Germans crossed the Marne upon a front of about 11 miles from above Chateau-Thierry upwards, occupied the further steep rising hills beyond, and in their first blow reached the crest of these and the valley beyond, in which lie the villages of St. Agnan and La Chapelle.

It was clear that the French put into practice here a new tactic of defensive in depth, pushed far beyond even the

German practice of last year; for though the belt of country overrun was more than 30 square miles, not a gun was left behind, and the number of prisoners counted by the enemy was small.

We have had no details of the material methods employed, but we may presume that a system of small, very strongly fortified posts supporting each other and carried far out beyond the main position (a system which the Germans taught us in 1917, and upon which the Allies have now improved), accounted for the check received at the end of the day. Quite apart from this, however, the enemy received upon this extreme right of his, before nightfall of Monday, an experience which ought to have given him pause in his calculation both of our numbers and of the tactical value of the new American contingents; for the German attempt to extend their bridge-heads south-westwards, and to get elbow-room upon the Paris roads, met within the first twelve hours (when offensive shock is at its greatest) with two bad local reverses, and both of these were suffered at the hands of the Americans.

The first was in trying to force a way down the road through Vaux. The attempt was completely shattered; hundreds of prisoners were taken, and the general officer in command of one of their brigades, with his staff, fell into the hands of our Allies. The second was south of the river above Chateau-Thierry, at Fossoy. There a local American counter-attack, delivered in the afternoon or evening of the Monday, threw the Germans right back upon the river and over it, leaving again hundreds of prisoners in the hands of their opponents. These two actions were extremely significant. They were an indication not only of the numerical increase already afforded by the Americans, but of the tactical value in battle of these men coming thus late upon a campaign where all the older belligerents were already suffering from exhaustion.

While such things were happening upon the German right wing between Rheims and Chateau-Thierry upon this first day of the battle, upon the left wing, between Rheims and Massiges, the German effort had completely failed. It had not even had the measure of success enjoyed by the other half of the German armies upon the western wing. General Gouraud had a better opportunity of using the new defensive in depth than could be found, perhaps, in any other part of the Western front. The German *communiqués* speak of his voluntary retirement upon the main battle position. The French *communiqués* and longer descriptions tell us much more. For they show us why here also not a gun fell into the enemy's hands. The isolated strong posts took an extremely heavy toll of the enemy's attacking divisions before the battle position was reached. It seems certain that the French preparation was aided by some bungling upon the enemy's part, for the whole weight went out of the attack after its first lunge. It was crippled with losses.

The complete failure upon the German left wing, between Rheims and the Argonne, the check with its ominous American episode upon the German right wing, already boded ill for the fortunes of the new offensive upon the close of its first day. None the less, it was the judgment of the enemy's command that with perseverance and at much heavier expense than he had originally allowed for, great results could still be obtained. He had found himself unable to extend towards Paris and the south-west from Chateau-Thierry; he was held upon his left in the bare plains of Champagne. But he might yet, by putting a special weight of men there, push on across the Marne towards Epernay, turn the obstacle of the Forest of Rheims, make the salient of Rheims untenable, and destroy some great mass of men and material in a vigorous effort to pinch off the head of the salient at least, if he could do no more.

If we look back at Diagram I., and see what the salient of Rheims would have become had the enemy reached Epernay with less than 20 miles between him and his eastern wing, we shall appreciate the nature of his calculation. It was a second best, but still a result worth having; and it might, if the defensive were vigorous and yet broke down, have results that could be further developed. It might make a breach here right through the French line. Tuesday, therefore, is full of this effort of his to push along the Epernay Road, while other local efforts would hold the French and their Allies northward up to Rheims and all along the eastern sector beyond Rheims so as to prevent reinforcement at the threatened spot.

These efforts had a certain measure of success which, in those who knew nothing of the stroke next coming on the Allied side, caused some anxiety. On the Tuesday morning the French were still deprived of direct observation over the crossings of the Marne, standing as they did in the deep valley of St. Agnan, south of the hills that dominate that





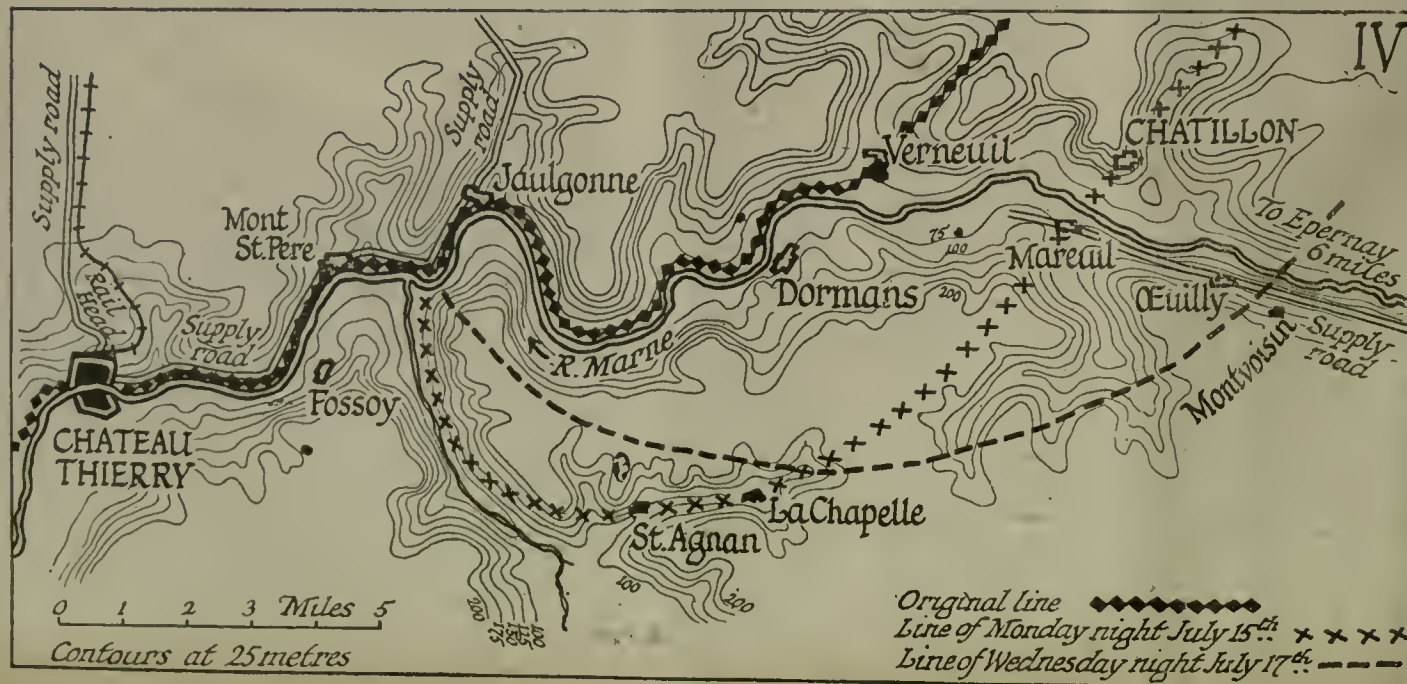
river; while on the danger-point of the Epernay Road they lost ground all day. They had been holding on Tuesday morning Chatillon, to the north of the river, and Mareuil, to the south of it: Two gate-posts, as it were, on either side of the door which barred German advance up the Epernay Road, turning the Forest and Mountain of Rheims. But by night the enemy had forced this door, and the French were right back 4,000 yards at Oeuilly. That same evening, however, the fact that the enemy was hampered in his offensive beyond the Marne was apparent from the fact that the French before nightfall recovered the heights above the St. Agnan Valley, and apparently before it was quite dark observation was restored over the course of the Marne between Jaulgonne and Dormans, where a number of pontoon bridges connected the eight divisions south of the river with their supply from the north.

The nature of the handicap thus suffered by the enemy will be evident. The pontoon bridges could not carry even field artillery; apparently only mountain guns and the new light pieces got across. Further, it was very difficult to keep up a proper supply of shell, and when the French recovered by Tuesday night direct observation over these pontoons the enemy's position became very difficult indeed. The enemy Higher Command, however, still decided to continue the struggle. It was an error in judgment, quite

apart from much more remarkable blunder which was to follow. It was clear during all the fighting of Wednesday that the eight divisions beyond the Marne would not make good. On the vital point of the Epernay Road there was fighting backwards and forwards all day long from Oeuilly a thousand yards east to Montvoisin, and then back again to Oeuilly, and then back again to Montvoisin, which the enemy held by the fall of darkness. But this gain of about a thousand yards on the whole day at one point alone (though that an important one) was a result quite insufficient for three days of such an effort. Further, the enemy proved incapable of wresting the heights above the Marne from the French, so that the next day would open with their bridges still under direct observation and accurately shelled.

But there happened on that fourth morning—the morning of Thursday, the 18th—something much more important and much more decisive than the mere harassing of these unfortunate eight divisions which had crossed the Marne. At dawn on that day General Mangin had struck suddenly without artillery preparation along the whole western flank of the Chateau-Thierry salient from Cutry right away down to the heights beyond the Clignon, opposite Torcy and Belleau—a distance of 20 miles.

At this point, which is the decisive moment of the battle, we must ask ourselves how the enemy came to make an

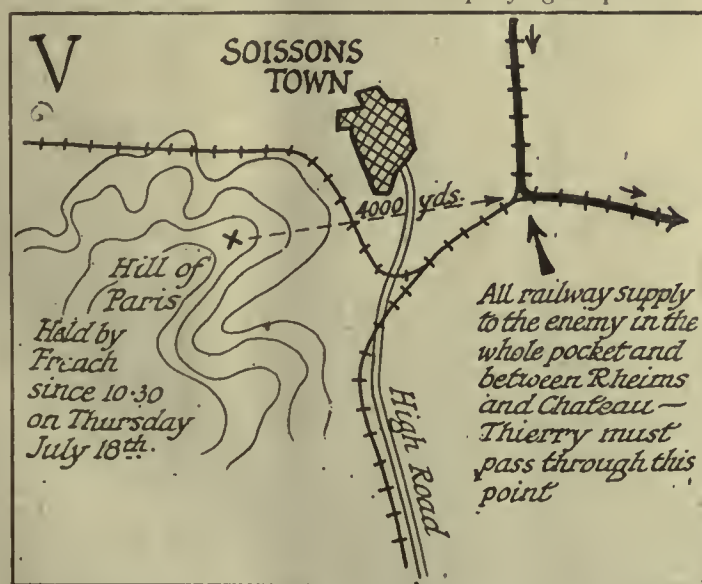




error so great as the neglect of this vital sector, and we can only answer that question as one answers the precisely similar question concerning Kluck and the 1st German Army in September, 1914, by saying that the history of war is full of such blunders, and that victory ultimately goes to the man that makes least of them. That this sector was vital is obvious to anyone who knows the mere elements of the map. The German troops between Chateau-Thierry and Rheims, and particularly the German troops across the Marne, were fighting with their backs turned to the sector between Cutry and Chateau-Thierry. It was elementary therefore that a threat to this part of the line was a threat to undo the whole of the offensive to the east. But, apart from that, there is the question of communications. The main road which supplied the whole of the front from Chateau-Thierry right away to the Mountain of Rheims runs from Soissons to Rozoy, where it branches into two, one going on to Chateau-Thierry, and the other towards the Mountain of Rheims. The latter again branches into two at Fere-en-Tardenois and sends an avenue of communication through the wooded district to the south, down to the Marne at Jaulgonne. If that road were cut anywhere above Rozoy the supply of the troops fighting south of the Marne and against the Forest of Rheims would be very heavily hampered. More important still was the case of railway communication. The railway communication of the whole of this pocket depends, as may be seen by consulting Map III., upon the junction of Soissons just south-east of the town. If that is cut or brought under fire at short range nothing can come direct by rail from the bases into the Tardenois country. Chateau-Thierry and all the portions of the Marne right up to Dormans and beyond suddenly find themselves, if this junction is out of use, 30 miles from rail-head. The only possible reason for allowing such a threat to develop must have been that the enemy's commanders underestimated the Allied strength, and thought that their offensive was holding all that the Allies could spare. In other words, they must have mis-read both the tactical value and the numbers of the American contingents.

General Mangin struck upon a 20-mile front with French troops to the north and American troops to the south. His tactic was that initiated by General Byng last year against Cambrai. He allowed no preliminary bombardment; put in the Tanks at once in large numbers, and swept forward with such rapidity that by half-past ten the whole of the first-line defences had been overrun. Thousands of prisoners and hundreds of guns had been taken; a depth varying from 3 to 7½ miles of ground had been passed, and, most important of all, the hill called "The Hill of Paris," outside Soissons, was firmly in French hands, and to the south of it, near Buzancy, the great road was cut. It was a paralysing blow, and decided all that was to follow.

If the reader will look at the accompanying map he will



appreciate the meaning of this stroke. From a bare plateau on the edge of a steep escarpment three hundred feet above the plain the French looked down at the vital junction of Soissons from a range of less than four thousand yards.\*

The cutting of the main road at Buzancy severed the main artery of petrol communication at the same time. The latter point was not so serious as the former, for petrol communication could still be managed by numerous secondary roads proceeding southward from the Aisne Valley. But the paralysing of railway communications was very

\* All in railway communication passes through Soissons save for one light field railway constructed by the enemy last month.

serious indeed. The news must have reached the General in Command of the eight divisions beyond the Marne by noon of Thursday, and yet for the second time the German Higher Command decided upon delay and upon the hopeless task of attempting to retrieve the situation. For thirty-six hours they continued with such stocks as they had to keep up the pressure beyond the Marne, but they failed to advance, and at 9 in the evening of Friday they began their retreat. This movement was covered both by the approach of darkness and by the masses of smoke-cloud which screened it. But it was none the less exceedingly expensive. We must remember that all the enemy pontoons had by this time been accurately registered and that a perpetual stream of shell was falling upon the river at every crossing during that terrible night. Further, the bringing back of such a great mass of men and vehicles over bridges where men can only walk in columns of two files for the most part is a lengthy business. There must have been, counting light artillery and vehicles, more than eighty thousand men south of the Marne when the operation began. It apparently continued during the Saturday, and was not fully completed in twelve or perhaps fifteen hours. Apart from the night-firing, therefore, there were, it would seem, six or seven hours of broad daylight in which the French and Americans poured their fire on to the plain of the river, crammed with these slowly melting masses of men. There is a French estimate worthy of respect that these eight divisions, before they had got well back over the river, had lost a half of their strength. That seems a very high estimate. But they had been fighting with the utmost vigour and without appreciable result for four complete days, with very difficult communications behind them, against a strong defensive which, during nearly all the time had had direct observation over their movement. They were compelled to cover the retreat during the daylight hours by large rear-guards, which were a target for the continued French fire, and there must have been heavy losses at the crossings themselves, the "defiles of the bridges" which were perfect targets. It is a most gratifying element in the situation that this very high toll of the enemy was taken at comparatively small expense on the Allied side, for there was no attempt to risk any large bodies of men in pursuit. Quite enough could be done by mere standing fire against the great bodies moving over the narrow valley below.

Even though the enemy was thus compelled to abandon his bridge-head beyond the Marne, and even though it was clear that the offensive was shattered, we naturally took it for granted in this country that the very large reserves which the enemy still disposed in the immediate neighbourhood, would be sufficient to throw back the French and Americans ultimately somewhat from the positions they had reached on Thursday as the result of a surprise. In point of fact, this did not happen, or, at least, has not happened at the moment of writing, when the last dispatches to hand are those of Sunday night, the 21st. Upon the contrary, there was a certain continuous advance towards every part of the great high road between Soissons and Chateau-Thierry all during the Saturday and the Sunday. Chateau-Thierry itself was abandoned by the enemy in the course of Sunday, and on the night of that day there was no part of the road which was not directly under fire or actually reached. By nightfall of Sunday the Allied line ran from the hill above Soissons through Buzancy, then in front of Ville Montoire, and thence southward close to Oulchy. South of the Ourcq it went through La Croix and Grisilles, crossed the high road at Bezuët, and reached the Marne at Mont St. Pere. There was naturally severe congestion of enemy troops in retreat at the road junction at Fere and heavy bombing from the air upon that point.

We leave the story of the battle with the enemy retiring from the extreme of the pocket in some confusion and with very heavy loss, but with plenty of room to fall back northward as far as he may choose unless a further Allied advance reduces the space open to him.

As the numerous details of this great battle may prove confusing, I will conclude with a summary of the whole seven days.

There are two phases: First, the great German offensive, which is checked, and which occupies the first three days—Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. Secondly, the counter-offensive of Thursday, with the consequent retreat continued throughout Saturday and Sunday.

For the main offensive, the enemy put in line about 58 divisions—possibly 60. Of these, just over half delivered the first shock, and rather less than half were kept in reserve. The forces were equally divided into two armies: one east and the other west of Rheims, the object being to crush



the salient of which that town was the apex. East of Rheims the effort was held with very heavy loss. West of Rheims it was held against the Mountain of Rheims—the northern half of the sector—across the Marne to a depth of three or four miles on the southern open part of the sector. Even this movement, however, was sufficiently checked by the end of Monday, to make but little progress on the Tuesday and Wednesday. It was held and even thrown back on its right; on its left a serious push along the Epernay Road upon the Tuesday was virtually held upon the Wednesday. With Wednesday night, therefore, we leave the main offensive checked, but still exercising active pressure.

On Thursday morning a surprise counter-attack against the west of the pocket completely succeeds. The heights dominating the railway junction of Soissons are occupied, and the main road between Soissons and Chateau-Thierry cut. No railway supply could reach the quarter of a million men and more caught in the big bulge between Soissons

and Rheims, and even road traffic was reduced to half its value. Yet all that Thursday and part of Friday the enemy hesitated to retreat. At last, on Friday night, he withdraws with very heavy loss the eight divisions which had crossed the Marne five days before. This expensive operation occupies a part of Saturday as well. On Sunday evening he leaves Chateau-Thierry, and a general retreat is still in progress at the close of that day.

Meanwhile, the vitally necessary operation of pushing back the French and Americans, who have paralysed his railway supply, have cut his best road, and are threatening the whole of his right flank, is for some reason delayed. He has over twenty fresh divisions in reserve within two days' march, yet even on the fourth day—the Sunday evening—the Allied troops between Soissons and Chateau-Thierry continue to force him back. The reason is probably congestion, and possibly also lack of supply through the cutting of the railway. At that point we leave the battle.

## The Enemy's Tactics: By Henri Bidou

**I**N a previous article we showed how the Germans in France had wavered between two different theories of strategy, one consisting in concentrating all available forces and dealing the decisive blow at the decisive point, the other consisting in taking advantage of the central position and, with reserves massed in the centre of the arc, delivering alternate blows upon the enemy's two flanks, at eccentric points where there may be a chance of effecting a surprise. The first method resulted in the battle of March 21st; the second in the battles of April 9th upon the Lys and of May 27th upon the Aisne.

It is important to observe that the event proves that the first method—that is, the violent blow at the decisive point—can by itself alone give victory, and that the second method—that is, alternate blows at the two flanks—is no more than a preparatory proceeding entailing the employment of the other at the opportune moment. This is a point of capital importance for the historian of the campaign.

On March 21st the Germans attacked at the point of junction of the French and British Armies, looking for great results from their separation. They are still looking for them. But as it was a matter of concern to them to sever the connection between the two armies, it was also a matter of concern that the junction point where the connection was made should be a weak one. Is it necessarily a weak one? The common belief that it is is erroneous. The junction between the armies of two great Powers may be the centre of their common defensive system and thus become its strongest point. I am persuaded that during May, 1918, the Amiens region, where the point of junction between the French and the British forces was situated, was in this condition and was one of the strongest sectors of the front.

What, then, are the conditions under which the area of junction between two allies may be a point of weakness, rendering their separation both easy and profitable? The one and sufficient condition is that the interests of the two allies should be divergent, and that the danger quarters which they are anxious to protect should be in opposite directions. In April, 1796, Bonaparte, on the Apennines, had the Sardinian Army, commanded by Colli, confronting him on his left, and the Austrian Army, under Beaulieu, confronting him on his right. He struck at the point of junction. Why? Because the interests of the two allies were divergent. Colli's one concern was to protect Turin, Beaulieu's to protect Alessandria. In the event of a reverse they would assuredly separate. That was Bonaparte's own remark. His task was further greatly facilitated by the fact that the two commanders opposed to him were independent of each other.

Now let us return to the year 1918 and to the circumstances obtaining now, and let us assume that it was the enemy's plan to separate the French and the British armies. How might he hope to weaken the point of junction which it was his desire to break? By giving each of his adversaries reasons for apprehension in danger quarters that were eccentric and divergent. Where were these danger quarters? A glance at the map shows that Calais satisfies the conditions in regard to the British armies, and Paris, or even Châlons, satisfies them in regard to the French armies. Consequently the best method by which the Germans could prepare a battle of Amiens was to divert the British reserves north-

wards towards Flanders, and the French reserves south-westwards, between Paris and Rheims. Thus we see how, when the battle of March 21st failed to effect a separation between the armies of Haig and of Pétain, and when, again, a resumption of the offensive on the same ground, at the confluence of the reserves of the Allies, appeared to present too great difficulties, the German High Command was led to attack upon the left and the right, with the object of making the English anxious about Calais, and the French about Paris, and with the object of inducing them to deflect their reserves upon these two points and so leaving the field clear for a new attack upon Amiens.

It is not likely that the enemy's reasoning proceeded on such strict lines as these. In war things are far too complex to be reduced to simple formulae. But his line of thought must have been much the same. In any case, this is the explanation of the two flanking operations of April 9th in Flanders and May 27th on the Aisne, viewed as the preparation for a new attack in the centre. It is further worth remarking that these diversions upon the flanks might themselves have produced important results, which is the necessary condition antecedent to the efficacy of a diversion. They still remain a serious menace, for they may form the jumping-off ground for important and perhaps associated operations.

### The Stroke against Italy

The Austrian operation in Italy, begun on June 15th, has the same character of an eccentric diversion. The enemy, regarding General Diaz's forces as the right wing of the Allied Army as a whole, planned the manœuvre to cause the Allies apprehension about that wing and, in all probability, to compel them to dispatch troops in that direction. In his speech on June 18th, M. Wekerlé even went so far as to classify the Austrian attack as a mere pinning-down engagement, and he pretended that the Austrian armies had obtained a strategic success since they had prevented the Italians from sending troops to France. That, however, is obviously comfort come too late. Besides, M. Wekerlé did not deny that the original plan was of larger scope.

As a matter of fact, in Italy, too, the idea was to carry out upon a wide front of about seventy-five miles an envelopment around the flanks. The Austrian right wing, formed by Schenkenstael's army, was to come down by the two banks of the Brenta; the left wing, consisting of Wurm's army, was to cross the Lower Piave. We have seen that these vast enveloping operations, which were so popular in Germany at the beginning of the war, are almost never crowned with success. It is very seldom that the two claws of the pincers succeed in closing. On this occasion it was the right claw that did not close. After the first day, despite a measure of success, it was manifest that the battle was lost for the Austrians upon the Brenta: the XIVth British Corps, the XIth French Corps, and the Italian troops had barred the road into the plain on that side.

Now, not only did the Austrians attack upon a disproportionate front—in all, they engaged seventy regiments in a line of seventy-five miles—but the nature of the country did not permit of communication between their two wings. The mass of reserve, consisting of the IVth Army brought



from Rumania, was assembled in the plain behind the left wing, with no possibility of moving to the assistance of the right wing. As a matter of fact, this mass of reserve does not seem to have come into action, and the Austrians brought about their own defeat by employing only half of their forces in the battle—the most gross blunder that a general staff can commit.

The defeat of the right wing wrecked the entire scheme, which was based upon concentric progress of the two wings. However, the left wing, upon the Piave, achieved some rather important successes; it crossed the Piave at two points, between which it then established lateral connection, thus forming a vast bridge-head nearly twenty miles in width and four to five in depth. Moreover, the centre, consisting of the Vth Army, under the Archduke Joseph, had also achieved a success. In front of it, on the other side of the Piave, was a broad hill formation, rounded and flattened like the back of a tortoise, and covered with acacias. This was called the Montello, and it was held by the VIIIth Italian Army, commanded by General Pennella. The archduke succeeded in throwing three divisions upon this range. If he occupied the whole of it, the Italian right wing (the IIIrd Army, of the Duke of Aosta), already driven back upon the Lower Piave, would be in danger of having its left flank turned. Thus the battle, which the Austrians had lost upon their right wing on the Brenta, might be re-won upon their centre on the Montello and upon their left wing on the Lower Piave.

But, on the other hand, this centre and this left wing were in the unfavourable position of fighting with their backs to the Piave. All their reinforcements and all their supplies had to come across the river. At this moment terrific rainstorms swelled the stream. The Austrians had thrown three bridges across the river; the one highest up the stream was washed away and the two below it were broken by its debris. The engineers tried in vain to repair them under the fire of the Italian guns. The Austrians made a desperate attempt to gain ground and drive the Italian batteries out of range of the river. They failed. Then, on the night of the 22nd—23rd, they carried out a fighting retreat and recrossed to the eastern bank of the Piave. They only kept some bridge-heads on its lower reaches, in the hope of launching new attacks from there at a later date. But these bridge-heads also were recaptured by the Italians, who thus made the safety of their right wing absolutely secure.

This battle is likely to stand out in history as an example of that mediocrity of command of which the Austrians have given so many proofs. Attack upon too wide a front, lack of lateral communication between the different parts of the army, diffusion of effort, giving battle with back to a river, employment of only a part of the forces available, all the classic blunders that a general can commit were committed by the generals of the Emperor Charles, under the eyes of their sovereign.

What the consequences of this operation may be to the progress of the war as a whole, it is not easy to say. It is unlikely that the Austrian Army will soon be in a condition to renew its effort. Moreover, its present position, upon a concave arc with poor communications, permits of its being kept under observation by inferior forces. The Italian Army, with its reserves massed in the plain and able to be moved easily and by short roads, has an advantage over its adversary which can be construed in economy of manpower. That, at least, is the inference which analogous situations throughout all history permit us to draw. Nevertheless, the Austrian Army is not destroyed. One half of its divisions in Italy has not been engaged. What is more, according to the latest information it was keeping a mass of some ten divisions in Tyrol, able to move with equal ease to either the French or the Italian front. It would be premature, therefore, to draw any conclusion.

Thus we may state it as a fact that in the campaign which opened on the first day of spring the enemy has failed to accomplish his original strategical plans and also those which he endeavoured to substitute for them afterwards, in themselves evidence of his growing embarrassment. Nevertheless, it is undeniable that he has gained a great deal of ground, taken a large number of prisoners, and won some important successes. He owes these successes to a new method of tactics which it behoves us now to examine.

During the course of this war new methods of tactics have been invented on several occasions. In 1915 the Allies conceived the idea of the battle of assault, with unlimited objective, intended to swamp the enemy line, the attacking waves passing between the central points of resistance. In 1916, on the contrary, the idea was the battle with limited objectives, consisting of a series of advances upon points

previously pulverised by the artillery. It was no longer a matter of penetration, but of compelling the enemy to submit to pulverisation, division by division, upon a selected ground. The battle of the Somme was of this type. In 1917 the Germans reverted to the battle of penetration, but they had perfected the tactical method of achieving the penetration. They tested the new system in the beginning of September, 1917, at Riga, under the control of General von Hutier, and again two months later at Caporetto, under the control of General Otto von Below. When the theory had thus been tested they sent these two generals to France with two new armies, the XVIIIth and the XVIIth, and they tried it on a large scale on March 21st, 1918, on the Somme.

Every one knows in what the method consists. Care is taken not to alarm the enemy by a preliminary massing of troops. These are brought to the scene of action at the appointed day by a series of night marches, carefully concealed. A short, but exceedingly violent, bombardment opens the road to them. They do not hesitate to cross a no man's land of considerable width. (At Verdun, in 1916, the Germans attacked from more than a thousand yards from the French, without any parallels.) The head of the columns is formed of picked elements armed with light machine guns and light *minenwerfer*. Gaps are thus made, as if by hard points, over a limited area, through which columns immediately diverge, attempting to reach and envelop the defenders of the adjoining sectors. The units have great independence of action and manœuvre as circumstances require. Rockets, indicating a weak spot in the enemy's position, immediately bring the next columns to that point. The artillery follows close on the heels of the infantry. And so the whole army, by an intricate and intelligent operation, filters into the enemy position, turns all resistance, and advances without a check. Even in actions of secondary magnitude the advance should extend beyond the positions of the enemy's heavy guns, more than five miles, that is to say. In actions of the first magnitude the advance has penetrated more than thirty-seven miles in France and more than sixty in Italy.

To this new method of tactics a new parry had to be opposed, and the whole problem of the future can be stated in the question: Has that parry been devised? It must be understood by every one that we are compelled to speak with the utmost reserve, and that anything like complete treatment of the question would be most inopportune at present. Here, however, are a few facts.

### Use of Reserves

In the first place, when the enemy has begun his process of rapid infiltration into and penetration of conquered positions, it becomes exceedingly difficult to stop him. Where shall the reserves that are being sent against him be deployed? It is not known where he is, and the reserves are overrun before they have taken up their battle formation. That is exactly what happened upon the Lys for several days. The same thing occurred between the Aisne and the Marne. When the first positions have once been lost a considerable advance by the enemy must be expected. It is the exact antithesis of what happened in 1916, when, after having captured the enemy's first positions, one was almost sure of being brought to a halt immediately afterwards. On September 12, 1916, at Bouchavesnes, only one German trench, called Government Trench, remained before the French. When they tried to carry it on the following morning, they found that the whole terrain had been put into defensive condition during the night and they were unable to advance. Lines were coming into being behind the captured lines. So at that time it was reasonable to think that an assailant could be checked step by step. It is not the same in the battles of to-day. Now it is essential that the offensive should be crushed before it has had its initial success; otherwise it becomes very difficult to contain it. The old French doctrine, based upon the idea of security, recovers its full validity.

Now, although the enemy does not assemble his troops beforehand, and although while they are approaching the battlefield in silence and by night marches they are comparatively invulnerable, the moment, nevertheless, arrives when they must forsake the road to take up their battle formations. Close to the front line there are natural *places d'armes* where they must assemble, lines of progress they must follow, narrow passes they must use, ditches and gullies they must cross. That is where the enemy is sure of being met with. That is where he must be struck, at the very first warning, met with the gun-fire of a counter-preparation which shall disorganise his attack before it has had



the salient of which that town was the apex. East of Rheims the effort was held with very heavy loss. West of Rheims it was held against the Mountain of Rheims—the northern half of the sector—across the Marne to a depth of three or four miles on the southern open part of the sector. Even this movement, however, was sufficiently checked by the end of Monday, to make but little progress on the Tuesday and Wednesday. It was held and even thrown back on its right; on its left a serious push along the Epernay Road upon the Tuesday was virtually held upon the Wednesday. With Wednesday night, therefore, we leave the main offensive checked, but still exercising active pressure.

On Thursday morning a surprise counter-attack against the west of the pocket completely succeeds. The heights dominating the railway junction of Soissons are occupied, and the main road between Soissons and Chateau-Thierry cut. No railway supply could reach the quarter of a million men and more caught in the big bulge between Soissons

and Rheims, and even road traffic was reduced to half its value. Yet all that Thursday and part of Friday the enemy hesitated to retreat. At last, on Friday night, he withdraws with very heavy loss the eight divisions which had crossed the Marne five days before. This expensive operation occupies a part of Saturday as well. On Sunday evening he leaves Chateau-Thierry, and a general retreat is still in progress at the close of that day.

Meanwhile, the vitally necessary operation of pushing back the French and Americans, who have paralysed his railway supply, have cut his best road, and are threatening the whole of his right flank, is for some reason delayed. He has over twenty fresh divisions in reserve within two days' march, yet even on the fourth day—the Sunday evening—the Allied troops between Soissons and Chateau-Thierry continue to force him back. The reason is probably congestion, and possibly also lack of supply through the cutting of the railway. At that point we leave the battle.

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time to develop. The counter-preparation, of which such frequent mention has been made in the *communiqués* relating to the latest engagements, undoubtedly plays an important part in the new defensive tactics of the Allies. Another device, mentioned in German newspapers, appears to have given results: when crossing the last ditch that separated them from the French lines the columns of assault have been caught in an artificial fog in which they lost their direction and were thrown into confusion. This trick would appear to have been used on June 9th, at the crossing of the Divette. Are there any other new methods of defensive tactics? I do not know. But what is beyond all question is that for the first time, instead of swamping the entire defensive line, the German attack advanced only at a few points. On the left, one division succeeded in penetrating the first day as far as the southern slope of the massif of Lassigny to the farm of La Cruse; in the centre a Hessian division penetrated the length of the Matz to within sight of the Aronde. But between the two a division of the Guards made a much smaller advance, and on the right of the Hessians the progress made was so inadequate that their flank was exposed.

The enemy attack being thus cut up, the defensive counter-attack is developed. In the Noyon-Montdidier battle it was delivered on June 11th, the third day after the attack. Foch delivered his return thrust in the right flank of the enemy, on the plateau of Miry, with complete success. This flank thrust is what French soldiers colloquially term "the dig in the ribs." By a clever stroke Foch prevented the German centre from prosecuting its success. An operation started by the enemy left wing on the 12th, which should have been made in convergence with the advance of the right wing, was obliged to develop separately and resulted in failure. The entire German manoeuvre was broken up. This return thrust in the flank, of course, is no new thing, but General Foch employed it with consummate mastery. Previously, on May 27th, he had thrown his reserves in the same fashion upon the right flank of the enemy marching southwards to the Marne, and compelled him to change his front westward.

To sum up, the Germans' strategical plans were attended and served by a new method of tactics, which had been experimented with in Russia and in Italy. On three occasions this method effected a break through over a wide front, on March 21st, April 9th, and May 27th. On the fourth occasion it resulted in merely partial advances, in the formation of bays in the line instead of a general submergence. On the fifth occasion, in Italy, on June 15th, its result was much the same. In these two last cases it ended in failure. It is difficult to predict that it will never succeed again, but its measure has been taken. Henceforward it will be possible to parry the blow, and we must hope that it will be parried.

### Playing the Cards

We have the greater ground for hope because, in the course of these three months' offensive, the enemy has appreciably exhausted himself. He had 219 divisions in France, but a score of these were of such poor quality that they could take no part in a grand offensive. Let us assume that Ludendorff has rather more than 190 divisions to play with, these, also, of very uneven quality. Up to the present he has employed rather less than 170. That is to say, that of his divisions which, if not good, were, at least, passable, only a score remain intact in his hand. We may further suppose that these are not the best.

To understand what follows, think of the divisions as the cards which a gambler holds in his hand. Only his cards are not played once for all. At the end of a certain time he can pick them up and deal them again; but on each occasion they lose one or two points of their original value. Ludendorff, then, had 190 fresh divisions to deal with. He threw more than 110 of them into the battle of the Somme, a number large enough to justify all that we have said about the preponderating importance of that battle. Into the other battles he has thrown a number of new cards which, compared with the trumps wasted before Amiens, is extremely small. If he employed 40 new divisions upon the Lys he put no more than twelve into the battle of the Aisne, and only three into the battle of June 9th between Noyon and Montdidier. Thus he has become more and more miserly in his use of divisions not previously engaged, jealously preserving to these last few days, as we have said already, the last score.

Since he was reluctant to employ fresh divisions he was obliged to pick up the cards he had played already and use divisions which had been in action already since March 21st. The proportion naturally grew from battle to battle as that of the fresh troops decreased: less than a dozen on the Lys and three times more on the Aisne. At last, in the battle of

June 9th, the proportion of troops that had been engaged previously to fresh divisions was as five to one.

Thus we reach the total of a force engaged equal to 229 engaged divisions. But even this is not all; on each field of battle the same division has appeared two and three times. So that we can say that by this method of turning over again Ludendorff has employed in battle in France since the beginning of the spring a number of divisions much greater than that of the divisions which make up the German Army. Naturally, I cannot give the latest figures. But since March 20th, of about 150 divisions which took part in the battles of the Somme and the Lys nearly half had returned twice to the firing line, and nearly a seventh had come back three times. So that for 150 different divisions engaged there is in reality more than 260 engagements of divisions. And subsequent to that the battles of May 27th and June 9th have appreciably increased the German wastage.

It would be immensely interesting to compare these figures with the number of divisions engaged by the Allies. With regard to this, of course, I can only give the figures published by the Germans, which there is consequently no reason for withholding. On June 21st the German newspapers published a note stating the total number of divisions employed by the Allies in the different battles of 1918. The figures were: In the battle of the Somme, 75 of infantry and 6 of cavalry, that is a fourth less than the enemy; on the Lys, 36 of infantry and 2 of cavalry, again a fourth less than the enemy; in the battles of the Aisne, on the contrary, there was a slight superiority in the number of troops engaged on our side; in the Noyon—Montdidier battle on June 9th we had two less than the enemy. Of the total of 189 infantry divisions belonging to the British and French, 177 had been engaged up to about the middle of June. An important article in the *Frankfort Gazette*, on June 16th, arrives at the same conclusion. Of the 190 divisions, or thereabouts, at the disposal of Foch, that article said, he has about twenty left which have not been in action.

If the German divisions of poor quality are eliminated approximately the same total is reached on both sides: 190 divisions, of which about a score are still quite fresh. But our calculation has shown that the German divisions have, undoubtedly, been engaged more frequently. Yet, let us suppose that the losses upon both sides are equal. It is obvious that the contribution of the Americans, of which no account has been taken yet, goes exclusively to turn the balance in favour of the Allies.

### The Sum of Results

What, in conclusion, are the actual facts of the situation?

1. The enemy attempted on March 21st an operation on the Franco-British point of junction. This operation ended in failure on the 28th and has not been resumed.

2. The enemy, probably with the intention of weakening the Franco-British junction in the centre, then delivered heavy blows upon the two flanks; on the left wing on April 9th (the battle of the Lys), and on the right wing on May 27th (the battle of the Aisne).

3. Whatever may have been said about it, the successes obtained by the Germans in these battles were not due to numerical superiority, but to the superiority of their tactical method. In the battle of the Aisne a single German division, the First Division of the Guard, was engaged in the course of three days with seven successive French divisions: On the first day, with the 22nd division on the Ailette and then with the 157th to the south of the Aisne; on the second day with the 39th; on the third day with the 152nd, the 1st and the 43rd, and in the evening with the 4th. Again, in the battle of June 9th, one German division marching from Orvillers on Lataule, was engaged with three French divisions.

4. This German method of tactics, which seemed to be invincible, subsequently failed on two occasions: once in an attack upon the Oise on June 9th, and once in Italy, in an attack made by Austrian troops on June 15th.

5. Since then the Germans have remained stationary, harassed since June 28th by local attacks delivered by the Allies and holding some fifty fresh divisions in reserve in the rear without making up their mind to attack. The delay is all the more surprising because in the interval the British Armies had time to effect their readjustment and the American Foch in *The Conduct of War* (p. 222), "means giving the enemy the chance to recover from the first blow and to appeal from the first judgment given by arms to a new decision independent of the former one." It is for that appeal from the judgment of Mars, lodged by the Allies at the tribunal of victory, that we are waiting to-day.



# The Bombing of Zeebrügge: By A. Pollen

## A Problem in Gunnery Technique

**A**MONGST the questions which correspondents have put to me is one, as to which it seems a good many people wish for information. It relates to the condition of things at Zeebrügge and Ostend.

It is getting on for two months since Zeebrügge was blocked, and six weeks since the gallant *Indictive* was sunk across the fairway at Ostend. It is evident from the G.H.Q. *communiqués* dealing with the activity of our aircraft, that the Germans are dredging away like fury at the first of these ports, while at Ostend, as we know, the port is not completely blocked. We seem to be keeping up a constant bombardment of Zeebrügge, presumably to impede dredging operations and other attempts to restore the port to its former utility. I am asked why it is necessary to do this work by aeroplane. Why bombardment by naval guns, directed by aeroplanes, would not be far more effective, because far more accurate. Aerial photographs have long since given us the exact location of every target, and surely, one correspondent says, if naval guns have anything like the accuracy of long-range guns used on shore, it would be possible to find these targets and pound them to pieces with very few rounds. Should it not indeed be possible to destroy these bases altogether by means of ships' artillery? It is understood that the advantage monitors have over battle-ships is that they are virtually safe from torpedoes and mines. Why then can they not destroy, not only Zeebrügge and Ostend, but the other German ports as well? We used constantly to be told that one of the chief faults of the old regime at Whitehall was that it refused to take the offensive at sea, and critics on both sides of the Atlantic, in deploring this omission in the past, have led us to expect that a re-vivified Whitehall would do something striking along this line. Is it not here that sea-power could best be used?

## A Problem in Amphibious War

The first point to make clear in answering these questions is that the destruction of sea bases—as distinguished from their temporary disablement—can never be effected by a purely naval operation. The only final way of destroying a base is to silence *and occupy* the forts that protect it, and then, under cover of a sea bombardment, to sweep the minefields, and enter the port and blow up everything in sight. The first stage of the operations is to silence the forts and the improvised coast defences; then next to land troops to prevent their re-occupation, until the destruction is completed and the force disembarked, if it is insufficient to hold the base permanently. The taking of the German harbours is thus essentially a military operation in which the Navy would supply the transport and the artillery. Gallipoli remains an awful warning of what must happen if an undertaking of this kind is treated as naval only. The complaining layman may be quite sure that no British critic nor American strategist has ever urged the repetition of so unpromising an undertaking. Whether it should be attempted as a joint naval and military operation is another question altogether.

If it were determined to devote the numbers of men and ships required for such an undertaking to this business, it must be remembered that there is one enormously powerful—and purely technical—naval argument against it, and it is this: Success would turn upon the artillery of the ships being able to destroy the trenches and concrete gun positions defending the coast. Can ships' guns silence and destroy the guns in a fort before the guns in a fort have silenced and destroyed the ships? There is only one element in a fleet's favour in a contest of this kind. It can bring into the field the vastest number of guns, and those far more powerful than the forts can employ against them. Twenty of the most powerful British Dreadnoughts could bombard the forts that protect Wilhelmshaven with about a hundred and eighty guns of 15-inch, 13.5-inch, and 12-inch calibre, while exposed to the fire of far fewer guns of inferior calibre. But here every element of superiority ends, and for the following reasons:

1. Guns on shore can be, and nearly always are, mounted to give extremes of elevation rarely if ever used in ships. Hence the range of fort guns is always likely to exceed the range of ships' guns. It would be an error, therefore, to suppose that a ship, armed with 15-inch weapons, could attack a fort armed with 12 or even 11-inch weapons, with

any prospect of doing so from a point out of reach of the enemy's projectiles.

2. To knock out a gun in a modern fort, it is almost necessary to hit the gun itself—a feat in accurate firing of quite incredible difficulty. Whereas, to hit a ship from the fort demands hardly more than a hundredth of the same exactitude, and few, if any, ships would remain in fighting trim after twenty or more 11-inch high explosive shells had plunged through their unprotected decks, as they do at long ranges. The ship, in other words, is a target not only a hundred times as large as a fort, but a hundred times more vulnerable.

3. Next, it is infinitely easier for the fort to obtain perfect accuracy in hitting, than for a ship to do so. Superior efficiency in long-range gun-fire, assuming accuracy of aim, steadiness of platform, and all other elements to be equal, is entirely a function of the observation of fire. In a contest of ship against fort the other elements are, of course, never equal. The advantage in every respect is with the fort. But far greater than all is its advantage in observing and correcting fire. For, whether the ship spots from the mast-head or by aeroplane, or employs another ship at right angles to the line of fire, and opposite the target, it still remains that the point of impact of each shot is extraordinarily difficult to see. But every round that misses a ship plunges into the water right or left, or over or short, and sends a vast, tall column of water into the air, so that if observers are rightly placed, the error in the firing of each round can instantly be detected.

4. But this is not the worst of it. Nine out of ten forts that guard channels and minefields are altogether invisible from the sea, whereas the ship stands four square to the winds of heaven, a clear and definite mark for the range-finders and gunners and observers on shore. The fort may lie behind a sand dune or low hill, and its guns be aimed and corrected from points literally miles away from it.

5. If, by the help of aeroplanes, the ships' guns do find the target, the ship itself must not move from the spot from which it is firing, because to do so would mean losing the aiming line to the target, which it has discovered with so much difficulty. The final handicap of the ship then is that it must be stationary while it is bombarding.

6. This handicap is not limited to the favour it gives to the fort's gunners. It makes it an ideal target for torpedo attack from submarines. There is all the world of difference between protecting a ship from submarine attack when going at high speed, and protecting one that is anchored and stationary. A ship going fast can be made almost safe by its manœuvres alone. The sinking of *Triumph* and *Majestic* off Gallipoli shows that even the most strenuous efforts by destroyers may fail to save a ship that has no movement at all.

## Turning the Tables

Until, therefore, means are found and adopted by which a ship, once having found the position of a fort, can keep its guns trained on that invisible position and alter the range on the sights, as the ship's manœuvres cause that range to change—so that a ship, while manœuvring freely and at high speed can, so to speak, and by automatic processes, keep firing at an invisible mark exactly as if she were standing still—until this is done, no kind of equality between ship and fort can be restored. And until the equality is brought about, no operation which depends upon the destruction of the forts as a necessary preliminary to all its subsequent phases can be undertaken, except at a risk which is literally prohibitive. It would not be just risking ships—it would be throwing them away. We must recognise, in short, that the chief fighting ships, as they are equipped to-day, are built to fight other ships in the open sea and for no other purpose whatever.

But let us also not forget that, *when means are adopted* by which a ship can engage in indirect fire while manœuvring at high speed, then the tables will be turned, for those who direct the fire from the fort's guns will never be able to anticipate which way the ship is going to turn next, nor to foretell the changes in her speed. They will be reduced to guess-work, so that they will be able to hit, if at all, by chance only. But the fort, on the other hand, must stay where it is found. It will still, of course, have the advantage of being really vulnerable over only a small area. But it will have lost its powers of offence.





# German Plots Exposed

## The Attempt on American Labour

By French Strother [Managing Editor, "The World's Work," New York]



**F**RANZ VON RINTELEN was the German tiger who missed his spring. He was the most powerful, the most dangerous, agent of the Kaiser in the United States; and to-day he nurses his hatred of us behind prison bars. But he did not retire to confinement until after our Government completed an extremely difficult and tedious investigation that was made necessary by his care in concealing the insidious work of propaganda and destruction in which he had engaged.

Rintelen was a tiger in the implacable hatred he bore this country and in the ferocity with which he carried that hatred into action. Sent to America in 1915 to hinder the shipment of munitions to the Allies, he sought first to poison the Press, then to corrupt labour, and, not content with these things, he finally tried to hire thugs to burn, to dynamite, and to assassinate, where other persuasions failed; and he did succeed in setting fire to thirty-six ships at sea, causing millions of dollars of loss and imperilling hundreds of human lives.

Rintelen had, however, the other side of the tiger's character—its graces. When the — made port at New York on April 3rd, 1915, it bore as passenger one Emil Gasché, a Swiss. The moment Gasché passed the customs officers, Gasché ceased to exist, and in his place appeared handsome young von Rintelen, unexpectedly arrived in America for his fourth visit, and renewing pleasant acquaintanceships in society and in Wall Street.

An American traitor in Berlin gave Rintelen his cue for operations in America. This man's name is known, and will one day be written alongside Benedict Arnold's, but to disclose it now would interfere with more practical efforts for his mortal punishment. Part of that punishment he is already enduring—he is still in Germany. This traitor told Rintelen that the most useful man in America for his purposes was David Lamar, of New York. Rintelen fixed that name in his memory, and left Berlin.

His first barrier was the old, old barrier to German conquest, the British blockade. Rintelen ran that under cover of the Swiss passport, under the name of Gasché.

### The Tiger meets the Wolf

Arrived in New York on April 3rd, Rintelen lost no time in getting acquainted with Lamar. He disclosed to him his mission to this country and the money he had to execute it. The Tiger of Berlin met the Wolf of Wall Street.

And how the Wolf's eyes must have glistened, for he was at the leanest of the hungry days which regularly followed seasons of opulence in the ups and downs which varied the career of this extraordinary man. For Lamar was, and is, an extraordinary man. Endowed by nature with a fascinating personality and with a brilliant mind which he had enriched by study, a man capable of great things, he was possessed by that strange

perversity which often afflicts men of exceptional cleverness—he would rather make one dollar by adroit crookedness than a million by unexciting honesty. Perhaps his origin affected his character—he declined, on the witness stand, to give his true name and parentage on the ground that to do so would bring disgrace upon persons still living. He entered Wall Street as a young man from nowhere, and at first gave promise of a brilliant and honourable career. He early made his mark in finance. He was employed by J. P. Morgan & Company and other great banking concerns, and in those days of his legitimate activities amassed a large fortune. But this was dissipated in gambling on the stock market, and then Lamar gravitated to the gutter. For years it was a by-word on the Street that if you wanted a clever man to do a crooked job, David Lamar was the man you were looking for.

"Could Lamar help Rintelen?" With his most convincing eloquence, Lamar assured him that he could. Never had Rintelen been better advised, so Lamar declared to him, than when his friend in Berlin had given him his name. For he had friends in Washington, he whispered, men powerful in the Government. And friends among the labouring people: the men whose hands made those munitions Rintelen had come to stop, and whose hands might be paralysed by the clever use of brains and money. Lamar would supply the brains; Rintelen would supply the money. The Wolf saw good hunting ahead.

Lamar laid before Rintelen a scheme. They would capitalise the American passion for peace; they would capitalise in particular the labouring man's aversion to war. A section of opinion among labouring men held that wars were instigated by capitalists for gain, and were fought by labouring men who gave their lives to make good the selfish ambitions of the rich. And one of the American

people's deepest convictions was that war was an odious moral crime; and that universal peace was attainable by the pursuit of moral ideals.

Now we see a sudden transformation in Lamar's circumstances. The frayed debtor appeared in his old haunts garbed in the most fastidious selections of the tailor; the accumulated debts of years were paid; the subway and the street car gave way to automobiles—and Lamar was particular that the garage should supply only the fine car that was father to the Liberty Motor.

Lamar carried other men with him on his rising tide of fortune. Frank Buchanan, Labour Representative in Congress from the Seventh District of Illinois (North Chicago), likewise became a traveller and the patron of exclusive hotels. Henry B. Martin, who eked out a precarious living in the lobbies of Congress, after a dubious career as an officer of the Knights of Labour in the 'nineties, framed his wizened figure in a new and luxurious setting. H. Robert Fowler, the splendid high light of whose grey life as



Franz von Rintelen

The most powerful of the German plotters in this country, who directed and paid for the burning of munition ships, the fomenting of strikes in factories, and many other outrages against American lives and property. He is now in prison.



a half-lawyer, half-farmer in a country town in Illinois was expiring in the last days of a term in Congress, was suddenly revived, before his final extinguishment, by the light glittering from anonymous gold. Herman J. Schulteis, whose talents, insufficient for success in the law, had been more profitably employed in the defunct Anti-Trust League (of which more later), rose rapidly in the monetary scale.

These men were the instruments Lamar used in his scheme to stop the munitions industry and to get Rintelen's money. That scheme was to build up a great political organisation of labouring men and farmers. This organisation would oppose the making and shipment of munitions; it would exert pressure to compel workers to abandon the factories, and it would exert pressure to compel Congress to declare an embargo on the shipment of arms. This organisation was labelled "Labour's National Peace Council."

Lamar, fortified with Rintelen's money launched his scheme in Washington. This scheme was an inspiration of genius. Able lawyers have declared that no cleverer conspiracy has ever come to their attention. Its beauty was its simplicity. Rintelen dealt with no one but Lamar; the other leaders never saw him, and most of them never heard of him until after the scheme was exposed by the Government. In his turn, Lamar operated entirely through Martin. To Martin he gave his instructions to see Labour leaders, to organise the fake Peace Council, to hold its camouflage "convention," to flood the country with lecturers and printed matter urging an embargo on munitions. And through Martin he paid the bills.

When Martin undertook to organise Labour's National Peace Council, under the direction of Lamar, the first man he approached was Frank Buchanan. Buchanan was Labour's leading champion on the floor of Congress. He had been president of the International Union of the Structural Iron Workers, and he had earned the confidence of organised labour, and the friendship of Samuel Gompers, the patriarch of organised labour.

Lamar, Buchanan, and Martin, assisted by Fowler and Schulteis, engineered a mass meeting of working men in Chicago in June, 1915, at which resolutions were adopted calling for a convention of labourers and farmers at Washington to protest against the traffic in munitions. The same men, with this "mandate" behind them, met in Washington on June 22nd, and organised Labour's National Peace Council. They prepared printed appeals, in the high language of humanitarianism, addressed to the labour unions and the granges, and mailed them by the ton to all parts of the country. They offered to pay all travelling expenses and for lost time to delegates which these bodies should send to a convention to be held in Washington on July 31st and August 1st.

But Samuel Gompers opposed the convention of Labour's National Peace Council. He, too, was a pacifist—had for years taken a leading part in the movement for international peace. But Gompers was a thoughtful man as well. And experienced. And wise. He told Buchanan some things he ought to have told himself. Buchanan came from Chicago to Atlantic City to meet Mr. Gompers and upbraided him for his opposition to the Council. Mr. Gompers gave him some fatherly advice.

Gompers's eloquence left Buchanan cold. In the face of his pleadings and advice, Buchanan accepted \$2,700 from Martin in the following six weeks. He saved his face at

the last minute by resigning the presidency of Labour's National Peace Council the day before the convention met.

The convention met in Washington on July 31st, at the New Willard Hotel. Its members were impressed, as it was intended that they and the country in general should be impressed, by the sonorous voice and important presence of Hannis Taylor, former American Minister to Spain and author of text-books on constitutional and international law, such as "The Origin and Growth of the English Constitution" and "International Public Law." He made an opening address in which, from his heights of knowledge, he solemnly declared that munitions shipments were in violation of inter-

national law. His address was largely devoted to assurances to his hearers that he was an authority on such matters and that they could take his opinion as disposing of the legal aspect of this question. Mr. Taylor was there to lend distinction to the gathering, and he left no doubts in their minds that he thought he was doing it.

But when the delegates got down to business, there was trouble. The farmer delegates became suspicious—they had vague fears of the source of the money that was paying the bills; they did not like the company they found themselves in. They first declined to bind their constituents to the resolutions that were offered; then they left the convention.

On the second day the Labour delegates became equally restless. Buchanan had withdrawn. The delegates who used the opportunity of being in Washington to call on Mr. Gompers, came away from his office with a heavy heart. Returning to the Willard, they saw the machinery being manipulated by the discredited Martin and Schulteis. "What have these fellows got to

do with us?" they asked one another. And then they asked "these fellows" quite bluntly: "Who's putting up the money for this show?" Martin, backed to the wall of the Willard bar by their insistent demand for an answer, replied with an evasive, "what difference does it make?" And when they shouted that it made a profane lot of difference, he answered defiantly that it was all right "even if it's German money."

That finished the Labour delegates. They, too, went home.

But the ringleaders had put out a resounding resolution calling for an embargo on munitions. And though the convention had fizzled out, it had done an enormous lot of harm. Thousands of labouring men and farmers had been indoctrinated with a specious pacifism that was reflected later in the attempts to evade the Conscription Act when we entered the war.

Out of Rintelen's multifarious activities arose many of the mysterious fires and explosions in munitions plants, the burning of ships at sea, the attempts on the Welland Canal in Canada, strikes in war industries, and the like. The discovery of Dr. Walter A. Scheele's part in the incendiary bombs matter, and his connection with Rintelen, began to make the ground fairly warm under Rintelen's feet. And the Government was taking an uncomfortable interest in Labour's National Peace Council. Rintelen became uneasy.

### Meloy and a New Scheme

His fears were now fed from a new quarter. Andrew D. Meloy became a confidant of his, and Meloy had his own



David Lamar

The picturesque adventurer in finance who invented Labour's National Peace Council and used it to fleece Rintelen of \$300,000. The evil influence of this bogus organisation is still felt in the pacifist sentiment in certain sections of American labour.





**Frank Buchanan**

Once chief representative of Labour in Congress, who received \$2,700 in six weeks for his connection with the Peace Council, after Samuel Gompers had urged him to keep out of it.



**Andrew D. Meloy**

Engineer and promoter, who tried to work out a scheme by which he and Rintelen should buy the entire munition output of America for the German Government.



**Henry B. Martin**

Rintelen supplied Lamar the funds for Labour's National Peace Council; Lamar did not appear, but directed and paid Martin; and Martin made the arrangements and settled all the expenses.

axe to grind. Rintelen had taken an interest in the German activities in Mexico, and almost from the day of his arrival had been intimate in this work with Federico Stallforth, a German banker of Mexico City who joined Rintelen in New York. Stallforth had offices with Meloy at 55 Liberty Street, and when the Transatlantic Trust Company became embarrassed by Rintelen's presence, Stallforth persuaded Meloy to rent Rintelen desk room. Their acquaintance started there about July 1st.

Meloy saw in Rintelen exactly what Lamar had seen—a lot of real money and an eagerness too great for caution. He began to belittle Lamar's scheme. Labour's National Peace Council would never do. It looked good on paper, but it would never stop the shipment of munitions. He even hinted that Lamar had been "playing" Rintelen. Now, if Rintelen wanted a real scheme, certain to succeed, he knew the very thing. Direct action—stop the bluffing and the dangerous intrigues. Buy the whole munitions output of the country. Bid high enough to get it, pay for it outright, and store it. That would cost money, lots of it: but what was money in comparison with the certainty of German victory which this plan would ensure!

Rintelen was dazzled. Here was the authentic voice of American big business speaking. A magnificent scheme. He would take it to Germany, take Meloy with him, and get it O.K.d. by his Government direct.

### Gasché or Rintelen or Gates?

But how get back to Germany? He had grave doubts about the Gasché passport being good again. He put the question to Meloy, and Meloy advised against it. There was a better way: get a new passport under a new name. So for a few days Rintelen became "Edward V. Gates, wine merchant, of Millersburg, Pa." In this guise, Meloy introduced him to one of his own real estate salesmen, and Rintelen took this man to dinner once or twice to work up the illusion. Then, one day, he asked the salesman to go with him to the passport bureau in New York and be his witness to an application for a passport. The salesman went, and in good faith swore that Rintelen was Edward V. Gates. His faith was not so good when he swore he had known him for three years. The application was transmitted telegraphically to Washington. Much to Rintelen's astonishment and alarm, it was denied.

Rintelen was now thoroughly alarmed. The Government's refusal to grant his fraudulent application for a passport indicated that they knew about him. The Government was getting "warm" in its investigation of the incendiary bombs. He would chance it as Gasché again.

So he sailed on the *Noordam*, with Meloy and party. He bore with him Lamar's urgent appeals for more funds for Labour's National Peace Council, now at the high tide of its success. And he was in the hands of Meloy, who was at the first of his own rainbow of hope of millions with which to buy America's munition output—on commission.

### Rintelen Captured

At Falmouth, the *Noordam* was detained for fourteen hours. The British took a great interest in the Gasché-

Meloy party. Gasché's baggage revealed nothing suspicious, but Gasché was removed to a long residence in an internment camp near London. Meloy was detained for several days. Mrs. Meloy soon appeared to be beyond suspicion. Miss Brophy, Meloy's secretary, declared that her baggage contained only her personal effects. But at the bottom of her last trunk was found a wallet containing Gasché's papers. These were seized, and Miss Brophy and Mrs. Meloy were allowed to proceed to Holland, where they were later rejoined by Meloy.

The Gasché papers were most interesting. They contained some of Rintelen's letters showing his intimacy with well-known New Yorkers, and letters in which he referred to his "official mission" to the United States that were very important, for they proved what Rintelen steadfastly denied, namely, that he was in this country by orders of the German Government. In one of them to a man in Germany, whom he addressed as "Most Honourable Counsellor," he wrote: "Your letter of the 25th March [1915] was sent after me when I was on an official journey, and I request you to excuse the delaying in replying." And another letter, from the National Bank fuer Deutschland, dated Berlin, 25th May, 1915, and addressed "To the Landed Proprietor, von Preskow," contained this sentence: "Director Rintelen, who looked after Major von Katte's account, entered the navy on the outbreak of hostilities and as he is at present on an official journey is not available at the moment."

And now began one of the most difficult and one of the longest tasks of the Department of Justice. For, out of the fragments of evidence at its command, and out of the seemingly innocent public acts of Labour's National Peace Council, and out of the obscure and isolated outrages to ships and factories in the United States, the Department of Justice had to construct a pattern that should prove, by tangible legal evidence, the guilt of Rintelen and Lamar in a plot to violate the laws of the United States.

Testimony was brought in that showed how the money for the Peace Council was spent. One item was for funds to pay the expenses of a German preacher from St. Louis to attend the convention at Washington and open the proceedings with prayer. Lamar had never heard of this until he heard it in the court room. It was too much for him. When this evidence came out, of the lengths to which his own pupils had out-distanced even their teacher in the art of political camouflage, he burst into roars of uncontrollable laughter which literally stopped all proceedings in court, the tears rolling down his cheeks as he struggled to subdue his mirth.

Out of all the investigations of the Government arose a card index of every man that Rintelen and Lamar had seen during the four months from April 3rd to August 3rd, 1915, of every hotel they had visited, of practically every telephone call they had made and telegram sent or received, of nearly every dollar they had had and spent. Thousands upon thousands of these cards were made and filed. Both men were sentenced to a year in gaol.

Rintelen has completed serving time of the first of his three sentences, and has the other two still to serve. The Tiger of Berlin is now securely caged, and not likely soon to be again at large.



# The Teleferica : By Lewis R. Freeman



Among the Dolomites

**I**F I were asked to name the most characteristic symbol of Italian warfare, I should unhesitatingly choose the *teleferica* or aerial tramway. The avalanche may block the road, the spate of the torrent carry away the bridge, the tempest force the aeroplane to shelter, but the little wire cage of the *teleferica* purrs along its way, unheeding of the disturbances in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth.

The cable-way or aerial tram has been in use in various parts of the world for many years, usually for carrying ore from mines to mills or smelters. It also figured occasionally in the early stages of bridge construction. The only place I ever heard of its being used for regular passenger traffic was in Switzerland, where, near Grindelwald, I once saw one employed to take tourists across a deep gorge to the foot of a glacier. When the Italians decided to "carry the war skyward," and began casting about for some means of transport which could be depended upon in all weathers to keep communications open between the men in the snow-trenches thirteen or fourteen thousand feet in the air and the bases in the more or less protected Alpine valleys, the *teleferica* at once suggested itself as the best solution of the problem.

"I cannot tell you," said an Italian engineer officer to me, "how many hundred of miles of cable-ways there are on our front, nor how many thousands of men and hundreds of thousands of tons of food and munitions have been carried over them; but I can assure you that the *teleferica* (which looks the most dangerous) is really the safest means of transport we have, to say nothing of the fact that (in the higher mountains, of course) it is also the most economical. They are so simple in design—just the cable-way, a petrol engine and a couple of 'cages'—that it is possible to guard almost absolutely against structural defects, so that the only trouble that can happen to them must come from without rather than from within. The wind—if it is strong enough—can make it difficult or impossible to run the cars on an exposed span, but—since we began grooving the wheels so deeply that they simply *cannot* be blown off the cable—that is about all it can do. An avalanche might carry a section of one away—if it could get at it. Either for safety or convenience, you will never make a mistake, when getting about

on any part of our front, to take the *teleferica* in preference to any other form of transportation that offers—from your own legs to a motor car."

I was fortunate in having had this advice at the outset, for I must confess that there *did* arise occasions—especially on windy days—when I might otherwise have been strongly disinclined to crawl into a two-by-six basket and allow my shivering anatomy to be hauled over a tenuous wire that was lost, a thousand feet or so above, in a driving snowstorm that was then raging round an Alpine pinnacle, to a sheltered cavern on the lee side of which the cable was *said* to run. The assurance was well borne out. The jump from sunshine to storm, and from storm back to sunshine, became a common experience on both my summer and winter tours of the Alpine front, and the astonishing places to which the *teleferica* took me, now to sky-line snow trenches, from the parapet of which unfolded a fantastic panorama whose foreground was the enemy's barbed-wire tangle, well within hand-grenade range, and whose background was a serrated range of white peaks fifty miles beyond the border of Switzerland; or to a splintered pinnacle, on the summit of which one peered into an Austrian gun-cavern in the side of a similar pinnacle three hundred yards away across a mile-deep gorge; or to a mountain battery ensconced in the eternal blue-green ice of a mighty glacier, to a score of vantage-spots scarcely less beautiful, wonderful and unforgettable—these journeys laid me under a debt which a life-time of gratitude will be insufficient to repay.

My first sight of a *teleferica* in operation furnished a striking example of the unique service that remarkable contrivance is rendering in facilitating the handling of the wounded at points where other ways of transporting them were either too dangerous or too slow. It was on a sector of the Upper Isonzo where at that time the Austrians had not yet been pushed across the river. A rather wide local attack was on at the moment, and to care the more expeditiously for the wounded a very remarkable little mobile ambulance—the whole equipment of which could be taken down in the morning packed upon seven motor lorries, moved from fifty to a hundred miles, and be set up and ready for work the same evening—had been pushed up, many miles inside the zone of fire, to such protection as the lee of a high ridge afforded.



"We have found," said the chief surgeon, "that many wounds hitherto regarded as fatal are only so in consequence of delay in operating upon them. This little hospital unit—which is so complete in equipment that it can do a limited amount of every kind of work that any base hospital can perform—was designed for the express purpose of giving earlier attention to wounds of this kind, principally those of the abdomen. From the first we saved a great number of men who would otherwise never have survived to reach the base hospitals; but even so we found we were still losing many as a consequence of the delay that would often arise in transporting them over some badly exposed bit of road on which it was not deemed safe to risk ambulances or stretcher bearers. Then we devised a special basket for wounded to be run on the *teleferica* (as you see here), with the result that we are now saving every man it is humanly possible to save."

While he was speaking the *teleferica* which ended beside the tent of the operating theatre began to click, and presently an oblong box—almost identical in size and shape with a coffin—appeared against the sky-line of the ridge and began gently gliding toward us along the sagging cable. "In that box," continued the surgeon, "there will be a man whose life depends upon whether or not his wound can be operated upon within an hour or so of the time he received it. Although the man is probably unconscious, he is coming alone. No other life, and not even an ambulance, is risked in bringing him here. Except for the *teleferica*, he could not have been sent over until after dark, and the delay would have been fatal. We estimate that from one to three per cent. of the men wounded on a battlefield which, like this one, lies so exposed that they cannot be sent back at once by stretchers or ambulance, owe their lives directly to the *teleferica*."

When the cover of the basket was lifted off in the station, the body of a man swathed in a blanket was revealed. He was unable to speak, but a note pinned to the blanket stated that he had been struck in the stomach with a shell fragment just outside the engine-house, and that nothing had been done save to wrap antiseptic gauze around him and bundle him into the waiting *teleferica* basket. Before I left the hospital an hour later, the operation was over and the man resting comfortably with every hope of recovery.

## The Factor of Safety

It seems to be a literal fact that no man has yet lost his life on the Italian front as a consequence of riding in a *teleferica*. Many have been killed in constructing them, and even more in patrolling the lines and keeping them in repair. Men have fallen or have jumped out of the baskets, often from considerable heights, and men have been brought in stiff with cold after hours of exposure to a blizzard in a "stalled" car. Hair-breadth escapes and rescues I heard of by the score, the story of one of the most remarkable of the latter having been related by no less a personage than the brave and distinguished Colonel "Peppino" Garibaldi, grandson of the "Liberator" and hero of the famous capture of the peak of the Col di Lano.

While I was staying with Colonel Garibaldi in the Dolomites last winter, the station of a *teleferica* which I had been expecting to use on the morrow in going up to the lines on the glacier of the Marmolada was carried away by an avalanche, which killed one of the engineers. It was the receipt of the news of this disaster which led my host to remark that one of the most spectacularly brave feats he had ever heard of had been performed by an Alpino the previous winter in connection with putting right a stalled car on this very span of cable-way which had just been destroyed.

"At this stage of the game," said Colonel Garibaldi "they were not grooving the wheels of the *teleferica* basket deeply enough, with the result that they were occasionally blown off the cables by strong winds. So far as we could, the carrying of passengers was suspended during blizzards; but of course, every now and then an occasion would arise when the chance had to be taken. That was how it happened that a staff officer from the Commando Supremo, who had never been on a *teleferica* before, was in a basket which was blown from the cable of the first Marmolada span at the height of a heavy storm last March. The basket was within a couple of hundred metres of the end of its journey when the "derailment" of its two forward wheels occurred—in fact, it was a good deal nearer "land" in that direction than downwards, where there was a clear drop of six or eight hundred feet on to frozen snow.

"If the air is quiet, a basket (going up, of course—the 'down' one runs by gravity) with only one pair of wheels off, can usually be 'nursed' along the cable by gentle tugs from the engine, and that was what the engineers tried to do in

this instance. The side pressure of the wind was too strong, however, and within a yard or two the cable wedged in beside the wheels and jammed hard. If there had not been a man in the basket they would simply have sped up the engine and gone on pulling until either the basket came up or something broke. If the former, all was well; if the latter, they picked up the pieces as soon as the weather permitted, rushed their repairs and started up again. But, with a passenger—and especially a staff officer—to reckon with it was a different proposition.

"Luckily, the man kept his nerve, and between snow flurries they could see him working hard trying to get the wheels on again. An expert *teleferica* line-man can, with luck, occasionally put a pair of wheels back on the 'track' alone; but, unless one understands exactly how to take his weight off the basket by hanging over the cable, the job is as hopeless as trying to lift yourself by your boot-straps. This chap was anything but an expert, and, after fumbling with numbing fingers for ten or fifteen minutes, waved his hand with a gesture of despair and sank back into the bottom of the heeled-over basket.

"The Alpino has lived among blizzards all his life, and is able to figure pretty closely how much resistance is left in a man exposed to wind and cold under any given conditions. They knew that a man tucked in comfortably in a basket on an 'even keel' waiting for engine repairs is good for several times as long as one hanging on for dear life to the sides of an apparently hopelessly stalled and half-upset basket. Most of the men watching from the station gave the poor chap from fifteen to twenty minutes; it was only the most optimistic who said half an hour. In any case, there was only one thing to do—to send a man down to the disabled basket—and a line-man, who had shortly before performed a similar feat successfully when a load of badly needed shells was stalled on the cable, volunteered to do it.

## A Gallant Rescue

"Suspending the intrepid fellow from the cable in a hastily rigged harness hung from a spare pair of wheels, they tied a long line round his waist and let him coast down by gravity to the basket. The line, paid out slowly, kept him from gaining too much momentum. The journey—an easy feat for a man with a good head—was made without mishap. The officer's mind was still clear and his nerve unbroken, but, numb with cold and on the verge of physical collapse, he was unable to lift a finger to save himself. The most he could do was to maintain his hold, and even that he could not be expected to do for long.

"For some time the Alpino—still suspended in his harness—put forth all his strength in an endeavour to lift the basket sufficiently to allow the displaced wheels to slip back on to the cable, but there was no way to bring enough force to bear to be of any use, and, after nearly spilling out the man he was trying to save, he gave it up. Next he tried to lighten the basket of the weight of the officer by passing a couple of hitches of the bight of the line around him and tricing him up to the cable immediately overhead.

"By now it was evident to the would-be rescuer that nothing could be accomplished unless the helpless officer were got clear of the car entirely, which could only be effected by changing places with him. How the resolute fellow did it, heaven and the Special Providence which always sees the Alpini through, only know. They paid him out a couple of yards more of line when they felt him tugging for it, and then they had a snow-blurred vision of him scrambling about the tilted car for three or four busy minutes. Finally they got the short sharp double tug which was the signal he had arranged to give in the event that he failed in his attempt and wanted to be drawn back.

"Not a little cast down over this development, they began hauling in from the station, only to feel the more apprehensive when they saw it was a limp and apparently lifeless body that was coming up to them out of the storm. A reassuring yodel rolled up from the misty depths at this juncture, however, and the sharpest-eyed of them announced that he could see his comrade 'jack-knifed' over the cable jerking the basket straight. Even before the body of the officer, who had swooned, with its wind-blown arms and legs flopping like a scare-crow, was swung on to the landing and released from its harness, the ringing bang of a steel spanner on the cable gave the familiar signal of 'Haul away!'

"He came up (so his captain told me later, concluded Colonel Garibaldi), sitting on the rim of the basket with his eagle's feather rasping along the sagging cable all the way, his hob-nailed boots drumming a tattoo on the steel bottom, and singing the Alpini marching song in a voice that set the echoes ringing above the howling of the storm."



# Life and Letters *by J.C. Squire*

Rupert Brooke

THREE years after Rupert Brooke's death, Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson have published (10s. 6d. net) what may be regarded as the definitive edition of his poems, accompanied by Mr. Marsh's official memoir. The memoir has been often announced and postponed, but it was worth waiting for; and though to posterity more materials may be available this memoir is bound to be the foundation of all future biographies. Mr. Marsh has added one more to his many services to contemporary poetry and contemporary poets.

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Brooke's precocity at school was extraordinary. He was reading at seventeen the literature, decadent and otherwise, one expects to find in the rooms of æsthetic undergraduates; he was already finding pleasure in playing with paradox and in polishing flippancies; he was already, also, taking his poetry seriously, and writing prose of extraordinary maturity and ease. Read him at eighteen:

I have undertaken to write an essay for a prize. If I win this I shall stand up next Speech Day and recite weird "historical" platitudes to a vast slumbrous audience. The idea is so pleasingly incongruous that I desire to realise it. Moreover, I once airily told a pedantic and aged man that if I liked I could understand even history, and he, scoffing, stirred my pride to prove it. Therefore I am going to write an essay on "The Influence of William III. on England." Of William III. I know very little. He was a king, or something, they say, of the time of Congreve and Wycherley. Of England I know nothing. I thought you might aid me in a little matter like this. If ever you have written an epic, a monograph, an anthology, or a lyric on William III., please send it to me that I may quote it in full.

Even stranger in these school letters are the more personal passages. "To be among 500 people," he writes, "all young and laughing, is intensely delightful and interesting. . . . I am seated on the topmost pinnacle of the Temple of Joy. Wonderful things are happening all around me. Some day, when all the characters are dead—they are sure to die young—I shall put it all in a book. I am in the midst of a beautiful comedy—with a sense of latent tears—and the dramatic situations work out delightfully. The rest are only actors; I am actor and spectator as well." And, in his last term at Rugby:

I am infinitely happy. I am writing nothing. I am content to live. After this term is over, the world awaits. But I do not now care what will come then. Only, my present happiness is so great that I fear the jealous gods will requite me afterwards with some terrible punishment. . . .

Such letters from a schoolboy, were nothing else known of him, might to a hasty reader call up conjecturally the picture of a most abnormal prig—though prigs are not "infinitely happy" at public schools. But what his school-fellows saw was a boy, prodigiously handsome, wearing his fair hair a little longer than was customary and spending a good deal of time in the library; but a boy who played in the XI. and the XV., was popular in his house, who never paraded his tastes or his peculiar talents to those who shared neither, and whose most conspicuous trait was his cheerful companionability.

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This must always be borne in mind by the reader of the Memoir. Mr. Marsh has done his work perfectly as far as his materials would allow him: he orders his narrative with great skill and his own commentary is at once valuable and beautifully unobtrusive. He has collected what he can, at a time when so many who might have contributed are away or dead, a fair number of personal reminiscences, and a few "characteristic anecdotes." It is agreeable to learn of the Canadian disciple who told Brooke that he "had Mr. Noyes skinned"; and there is a still funnier story of Brooke's departure, unfriended, by the boat from Liverpool. He thought he would not be left out in the cold so hired a small boy to wave a handkerchief to him as the boat went off. What odds and ends he could collect Mr. Marsh has collected. But he has to depend mainly upon Brooke's own letters. They are the letters of a very young man, continually visiting new places, and full of his own impressions of them; often writing, as a man is unconsciously compelled to do, to friends

who admire him, "in character"; leading (at least, in so far as we can deduce from this part of his correspondence) a life free, until the close, from serious stress or exacting occupation. A *Life* mainly consisting of these may suggest to the careless reader a dilettante life mainly concerned with the first person. Nothing could be more baseless than that deduction. Brooke was fundamentally both a serious and a modest man; he could talk gaily and well, but was never guilty of intellectual vanity or deliberate conversational display; and if many felt that sunshine always entered a room with him and a shadow fell when he left (a thing true of him, though it may sound mere facile hyperbole) he was not conscious of it himself, and was frequently the quietest person present. As at school, so afterwards, he got on with every kind of man; and he was often still more at home with those who did not share his mental interests than with those who did. The little contribution here printed from a business man who met him in the South Seas throws more light on the natural cheerful Brooke who charmed his way across two hemispheres than any number of beautifully written letters.

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His seriousness, though very lightly worn, deepened towards the end of his life; but it was always present under his youthful audacities. No man could have indulged less freely in moral platitudes; but, as Mr. Marsh says, it was evident when he returned from the South Seas that goodness was all that he cared for in men, and that he had shed the last of his intellectual prejudices. It was whilst an undergraduate that he wrote "The prejudices of the clever are harder to kill than those of the dull"; later he was not afraid (one can imagine many of the "clever" shuddering at the quotation) to write: "That is the final rule of life, the best one ever made, 'Whoso shall offend one of these little ones'—remembering that all the eight hundred millions on earth, except oneself, are the little ones." This came from the South Seas, where he was revolted by the ruin our civilisation has brought to the islanders. He never affected the comfortable doctrine that politics do not matter to an artist. At Cambridge he became a Socialist. Socialism was fashionable; but he did not adopt it in a mechanical way, and he took no view ready made. No examples of his political thinking are here given, but there are a few sentences which show how his interests kept alive, as also how free he was from thinking by rote. He sent home from the Pacific money for the Dublin Strikers; he loathed industrialism and empires; but he equally hated those whose dislike of these things leads to anti-patriotism. One slight passage has a topical interest. He enjoyed Germany, and had many German friends; but in 1911 he wrote:

I have sampled and sought out German culture. It has changed all my political views. I am wildly in favour of nineteen new Dreadnoughts. German culture must never, never prevail! The Germans are nice, and well-meaning, and they try; but they are *soft*. Oh! they are soft!

It is the right word; there is the material the Junkers use; but the sentiments would have been expressed in 1911 by very few men sharing Brooke's general ideas.

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Mr. Marsh gives some interesting and touching extracts from Brooke's last letters. He did not dread death; he seemed as curious about it as he was about life; his one regret, at moments very bitter, was that he would leave no children. He died at Scyros, as gifted, as generous, and as gentle a spirit as any of his time. Little, it seems, remained to be recovered of his too scanty poetry; but Mr. Marsh prints a few new verses and a number of fragments found with his things in the Ægean. He always had a personal style; in his last volume the unmistakable touch of greatness had come into it; and were these last fragments all that survived in him, they would alone be sufficient to show that a potentially great poet had been lost. Take this:

They say Achilles in the darkness stirred,  
And Hector, his old enemy,  
Moved the great shades that were his limbs. They heard  
More than Olympian thunder on the sea:

There is nothing recondite in the thought or elaborate in the language; but it is in the real, and not the imitation grand manner; the style is the style of a master.



# The Reader's Diary

## Recent Novels

PSYCHOLOGY is the child of the novelists; but like so many modern children she has taken her parents in hand and is bringing them up to date. This is why novelists need now such an alarming apparatus of inhibitions, obsessions, suppressed wishes and other terminological wild-fowl to record, not for the first time, the fact that "the heart's a wonder." But Mr. J. D. Beresford, though he psychologises with the best of them, is too good an artist to make his work seem altogether like case 207 in a pathological treatise; and his new book, *God's Counterpoint* (Collins, 6s. net), is well among the best that he has written. I cannot say that it is pleasant to read the story of Philip Maning's appalling ideal of purity, of the wreck it made of his marriage, of his conversion and of the consequent salvage of his own and his wife's happiness. It is, in fact, definitely unpleasant; and none could derive unmixed enjoyment from it save those happy souls who find so much to interest them in vivid and easy treatment that they can pass over unnoticed any theme. Mr. Beresford's treatment is certainly admirably full and convincing. Philip himself, of course, until his conversion, is a moral lunatic; and Mr. Beresford shows genius in making him neither incredible nor repellent. Evelyn, his wife, is an excellent creation; and the minor characters, Hélène, the *détraquée*, who awakens Philip, Georgie Wood, his stolid friend, Edgar Blenkinsop, the writer of sentimental novels, Mr. Wing, the publisher, are all persons of independent existence, whom, one feels, one has now met. I think that possibly in the first half of the story Mr. Beresford fumbles a little in the dark places of Philip's mind and does not make it clear enough that his "purity" was due, not to the absence of natural instincts, but to a panic-stricken repression of them. But this fault, if it be indeed in Mr. Beresford and not in my own want of subtlety, is amply made up for in the second part, where the extremely difficult development, crisis and solution are presented with verisimilitude, lucidity, and force. I do not recommend the book for light reading, and the theme, I repeat, is nasty; but those who can surmount this obstacle will be moved to admiration, if not to liking.

Mr. M. T. H. Sadler's *The Anchor* (Constable, 6s. net), is a flimsier piece of work, less terrible in subject, less profound in treatment. The hero, Laddie Macallister, is a young man who finds in himself a dangerous instability, caused not by subservience to, but by reaction from, his immediate circumstances. Mr. Sadler is of that modern school which cannot dispassionately expose the mentality of its heroes, but chooses rather to nag at them continuously; and this method, while it does produce some acute criticism of motive, becomes a little wearisome to the reader. The most serious fault in the book, however, is that Laddie's search for an anchor and his eventual finding of it neither produce, nor correspond to, any development in his character; and it is a pity that the reader has simply to accept, on Mr. Sadler's assurance, without evidence, the fact that Janet, the "anchor," is now doubtful of her love for Laddie, now certain of it. The book contains amusing descriptions of the "young intellectuals" in London before the war; but the minor characters are merely clever sketches, not, as with Mr. Beresford, the persons themselves. And surely, in a novelist of Mr. Sadler's cleverness and pretensions, the wicked Mrs. Cartmel, the gold safety-pin, which Laddie left in her flat and with which she sought to poison Janet's mind, and the forged telegram, by which she tried to delay Laddie in Berlin, when war was threatened, are a trifle crude.

There is no psychology to speak of in *The Secret of the Marne*, by Marcel and Maude Berger (Putnam, 7s. 6d. net). This is a tale of a French sergeant who penetrated to German headquarters, kidnapped von Kluck, impersonated him at the Supreme War Council, and so secured the adoption of a hare-brained plan of campaign which had been prepared by the Kaiser in collaboration with von Tirpitz. Thus Sergeant Fritsch arranged the Allied victory on the Marne and saved Europe. One of the best minor incidents is the capture of the German spies in Paris. They had all, very conveniently, obtained posts in the same Government Department; and there, presumably under the cloak of traditional official inactivity, they had established their carrier pigeons and the other amenities of the life of espionage. This book I do unreservedly recommend.

## The Greater Patriotism

Mr. John Lewis Griffiths, until his death in May, 1914, was Consul-General for the United States in London, and he was, says Mr. Belloc, in an introduction to a volume of his collected speeches (*The Greater Patriotism*, Lane, 6s. net), "the most completely successful of those who established personal relations between Englishmen and Americans." This appears to be very high praise when we remember all the great and friendly speakers who have been sent to us, either officially or unofficially, by the United States; but the speeches which are collected here do indeed deserve very high praise. And when we remember how often the orator's fame depends on his utterance and personality alone, and not at all on the quality of his words, and when we add to this Mr. Belloc's tribute and the tributes made by others who knew him, it begins to be possible to understand the force of Mr. Belloc's pronouncement. The addresses and speeches cover a wide range of ground—from Abraham Lincoln to Mr. Birrell, from Samuel Johnson to "The Trained Nurse," from Nathaniel Hawthorne to "The American in Fiction." But all are composed in a manner that is singularly graceful and engaging. "I was so interested in listening to the American Consul," said Mr. Birrell, after his praises had been comprehensively sung by Mr. Griffiths, "that I forgot of whom he was speaking"; and the remark has every appearance of having been true as well as appropriate. But those speeches in which Mr. Griffiths approached the particular problem of the relations between England and his own country are something much more than graceful and engaging. They are full of an earnest friendliness which gives them a real nobility; and they represent so well the ideal for which Mr. Griffiths was striving as to justify the title of this volume.

## Reminiscences of a Socialist

Mr. E. Belfort Bax apologises for his modest volume of memories, *Reminiscences and Reflections of a Mid and Late Victorian* (Allen and Unwin, 10s. 6d. net), by the plea that "the historian, who has made it his task to resuscitate for his contemporaries a period of the past, can never have too much contemporary material of this kind at his disposal." The historical argument is sound enough; but it happens in this particular instance to be unnecessary. It is true that Mr. Bax, as he confesses, has damped down somewhat the tone of his recollections, has avoided the piquant revelation, and has painted in rather neutral tones both his own personality and the personalities of those with whom he has come into contact. Yet there is in the book something real and solid, the soberly stated observations of an acute and careful observer, which are in themselves enough to give pleasure, since Mr. Bax has moved all his life among interesting persons and events. He was one of the first members of the Social Democratic Federation; and he followed Morris and was one of that majority on the executive which, oddly enough, resigned in order to allow the minority to carry out its own policy. He was also acquainted with all the leaders under whose hands during the nineteenth century the Socialist movement solidified and took definite shape. He gives short, clear pictures of each of these men, which are none the less valuable because of their restraint and deficiency in high lights. He seems never much to have liked the German leaders; and he unhesitatingly condemns the action of the present German party in supporting the war. But he seems to regard this action as the inevitable outcome of their recent increasing opportunist, or "revisionist" tendencies; and he feels that their predecessors would have shown themselves worthier of their internationalist principles. In another chapter he describes his own literary career and explains and defends his unremitting hostility to the Feminist Movement. In this connection it is amusing to note that the most vivid character sketch in the book is that of Miss Helen Taylor, the stepdaughter of John Stuart Mill. She was a member of the executive of the S.D.F., and much annoyed him by her sense of her own importance. She succeeded, however, in impressing the members of the executive to such an extent that they were accustomed to rise from their seats when she entered the room. This touched Mr. Bax's sensibilities on the raw and he was more than ever annoyed by the fact that even Morris joined in the senseless practice. He, therefore, pointed out how wrong it was; and Morris obligingly promised to desist.

PETER BELL.



## Government and War\*

THE book which lies before me is the chief public pronouncement upon military policy which has appeared during the course of the war from the chief, and the only great student of military history in this country. It is a collection of ten essays and lectures, the lectures (which form much the greater part of the book) being those delivered at Oxford, in which University Mr. Wilkinson is Chichele Professor of Military History. It deals, as its title implies, not with the main strategical problems of this campaign or of its preparation; still less with tactical detail. It is wholly concerned with the policy of a nation at war and the methods in administration, the type of administrative view whereby success in a great national war against equals can be obtained.

I do not know whether the author of this remarkable and promising work will agree with me or not, but upon reading it I would be inclined to set down for its text this question: "Can an oligarchy conduct war?"

In the last paragraph of the book, Professor Wilkinson answers finally thus:

Unless the spirit in which the constitution has been worked for the last fifty years is changed within the next six months, the constitution and those who have worked it will disappear in defeat and revolution. To-day the submarine and the aeroplane are telling all men that the alternative is between defeat and victory. Victory cannot be won by a government of amateurs. A government that seeks victory must begin by entrusting the conduct of war to men who understand war.

This is the summary of what he has to say. There is but one point in which some of us would differ from the verdict. It is the word "fifty." If the present strain had come upon England fifty years ago the Government, though an oligarchy, was still sufficiently aristocratic to have met that strain. It is not conceivable that England fighting for her life in 1864 would not have instinctively chosen the best and strongest public men to conduct affairs, nor is it conceivable that the instinct of these men in their turn would not at once have put the soldier and the sailor in control of the weapons by which alone the life of England could be saved. Substitute fifteen for fifty and you would be nearer the mark.

There is another term in this brief verdict with which many would quarrel, but with which I, for one, profoundly agree. It is the word "defeat." Revolution is improbable. There is, I think, no case of active and successful popular revolution in all the history of aristocratic States. It is alien to their genius. The first action of the revolutionaries would be to submit themselves to a fairly large committee, and committees always compromise. But the word "defeat" is sound. For now four years it has been steadily maintained in this paper that the mechanical repetition of a certain victory was as unintelligent as it was unmilitary. When equals meet victory is for providence or chance to decide.

The author quotes with great effect a similar judgment delivered by him now nearly twenty years ago. In his preface he claims consistency as the best gauge, both of truth in a writer and of value in his advice, and anyone who will read the words he wrote as long ago as the December of 1899, will agree that exactly the same direct and fundamental conclusion appears there as appears in this book, which passed through the Press at the very moment when the last great German offensive of March so nearly decided adversely the fate of Europe.

A nation that is liable to war requires men of war in its Government, and, in the case of Great Britain, the place for them is in the Cabinet. The traditional practice of having a civilian Minister inside the Cabinet with all the authority, and a soldier with all the knowledge outside the Cabinet, was devised for electioneering purposes, and not for war.

Here again there is one word which I personally should criticise, and which, therefore, as a reviewer I am bound to note. It is the word "electioneering." I do not think the system of having a professional politician set over the soldier and the sailor in time of war proceeds from the sense of party or from any electioneering spirit. I think the motive is simply to keep power in the hands of those who exercise it during peace.

Perhaps the most valuable individual chapter in the book is the seventh, entitled "The Theory of War." It was delivered as a lecture in that critical moment at the end of February, 1916, when the German attack on Verdun had begun and when its results were yet doubtful. We find in

that chapter a very remarkable metaphor which I will quote for its terseness of expression and exactitude:

In short, a Government in order to conduct a war rightly must be endowed with what I would venture to call a strategical conscience. I have sometimes thought that the use of strategy to a Government resembled that of a clock—a contrivance to tell the time. But there is nothing to ensure that when a man is making an important decision he will look at the clock; he may forget to think about the time. A man's conscience is always with him, speaks to him unasked, and makes a spontaneous effort to prevent him going wrong. That is the service which the theory, the history, or the science of war, seated in its right place in the council chamber of government, can fender to a nation.

It is this, perhaps, which most distinguishes the military from the unmilitary state of society. In the one that conscience exists and usually informs its government, or what takes the place of its government, once war has broken out. In the other the instinctive feeling for war is lacking. Men and the government they produce are perpetually, even in the crisis of the war, talking of something other than the supreme business. They are talking and thinking of what they will do after the war; of how terrible war is; of individual recriminations and ambitions—even of buying off the enemy. Their minds are not absorbed in the tremendous play of forces; they are incapable of automatic reaction to meet a situation.

Among the very numerous passages in the book to which the reader will turn with high interest, apart from its main thesis, he will note a judgment upon Lord Kitchener's position on pages 256 and 257 which is singularly conclusive and just. And in this connection should be mentioned the insistence laid by the author upon training, and especially upon the difference between the way in which the problem of training was envisaged in this country, accustomed to a small and highly professional army into which recruits were drafted after a short training and became soldiers through long experience, and the conscript system of the Continent.

It is in part this tradition which inevitably led to short training of recruits for such a war as this, and indirectly produced the large proportion of non-combatants to combatants. But against this we must set the consideration that in no other way could the miracle (for it was no less) of calling up this enormous organisation in so short a time have been accomplished.

The earlier part of the book, which gives us lectures delivered before the outbreak of war, naturally represents the theory then current that the war, when it came, would be in the main a duel between this country and Germany, and that diary is set forth at full length in the very valuable pages of the fourth and fifth chapters in which this sort of simple issue is taken for granted. Now, although the war has not taken this form, but broke out in the main as a Franco-Prussian war which England, after the delay of a few days, joined, there is this elementary truth in Professor Wilkinson's position: That the ultimate object of Prussia was the weakening of British power. She envisaged acting against the undeveloped, unindustrialised, ill-educated, and socially largely inchoate mass of Russia upon the one side; upon the other side, quite separate from her ally was the only opponent morally equal, heavily handicapped in material, handicapped also by the memory of defeat, and by the extreme unpopularity of its form of Government. I mean the French Parliamentary Republic. The latter represented a force numerically only a third of what Prussia controlled and in material far less, for the iron and the coal were with Central Europe. The probable result of such a conflict would have been the setting of the Prussian group as master over the Continent. Against such a Power Great Britain and its scattered system of Dependencies would not have held. Great Britain seemed to modern Prussia the chief antagonist, because Great Britain had achieved what modern Prussia most desires to achieve, an industrial and commercial civilisation of great wealth with Dependencies in varying order far overseas. Prussia and her system under the modern (and let us hope ephemeral) title of "The German Empire" seemed to the people of Great Britain the chief rival, because the rivalry was in things which had hitherto been chiefly desired.

Here history teaches an ironic lesson which I will do no more than state and leave it at that: Most of the great conflicts of history have taken place over matters which seemed, even to an immediate posterity, unimportant. H B.

\* "Government and the War." By Spenser Wilkinson. Constable, 6s.



## A Lost Art : By G. C. Williamson

**I**N the Louvre, in the British Museum, and in the Pierpont Morgan collection in New York are certain wonderful pieces of carved woodwork which merit consideration as they enshrine examples of minute carving almost unequalled in skill and dexterity.

There are a few detached examples of the same work to be seen in the museums of Vienna, Cologne, and Copenhagen, and in a few private collections such as that of the Duke of Devonshire; but the finest examples of all, and those which are illustrated in our pages, were obtained at enormous cost by the eminent American collector to whom we have just made allusion.

The objects are of ecclesiastical character, and consist for the most part of large rosary beads of boxwood, intended to adorn, as terminal beads, a costume rosary, and on a portrait in the Brussels Museum, ascribed to Christopher Amberger and belonging to the very early sixteenth century, there is

depicted an old man, with a long, white, silky beard, telling his beads, and passing through his fingers the beads of a rosary terminated by a large sphere within a silver chased cover, very similar indeed to an example now in Mr. Morgan's possession. The origin of these beads was Flanders. It seems to be possible that originally the work was English, because in Clement Armstrong's treatise on *The Staple of this Realme*, circa 1520, he speaks of such fine



Rosary Bead of Carved Boxwood (closed)

carving in boxwood balls carried on in Kent, and sustaining 30 or 40 men in a village as a handicraft, but goes on to grumble, in his own peculiar fashion, at the industry having been carried to Flanders, actively adopted there, and, in consequence, having perished in England.

The examples of this wonderful work which have survived are certainly Flemish, as can be proved in more than one way.

Many of the inscriptions, or detached words upon them, are Flemish, and even where there are quotations from the Bible, in Latin, they are not found exactly corresponding to the Vulgate but from a local and Flemish version. Furthermore, on the only example on which are quotations from the fathers, we find, in addition to St. Bernard and St. Augustine's words, sentences from *Guerriacus*



Diptych of Carved Boxwood  
Representing the Nativity and the Mass of St. Gregory

that these beads, shrines, and diptychs were put on sale at some notable monastic house, or place of special sanctity, for wealthy pilgrims to purchase and take home as souvenirs.

It is possible that commissions for executing them may have been accepted. The Duke of Devonshire's Paternoster Bead certainly belonged to Henry VIII., and has his name and arms upon it. By the king it was given to Cardinal Wolsey, and from thence its history is clear and well defined. The Mass of St. Gregory, which appears on one leaf of our diptych, is its principal adornment, and in architectural details it is thoroughly Flemish.

The diptych in question, with quotations from the fathers, which, at length, we were able to trace and identify, belonged at one time to the Royal House of Spain, while the Shrine with the Crucifixion, and having below circular panels representing the career of Samson, was at one time a treasured possession of the Hapsburg House.

Only one example in all Europe is signed; we know little of their makers or origin, and we move too fast in these days for any such slow, painstaking work to be remunerative. They represent a lost art of the very part of Belgium now under the foot of the Hun, and the monastic houses from whence they sprang and which many of them adorned, have now perished for ever and been covered by the wild confusion of war.



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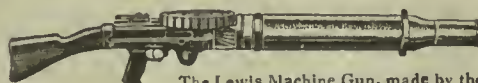
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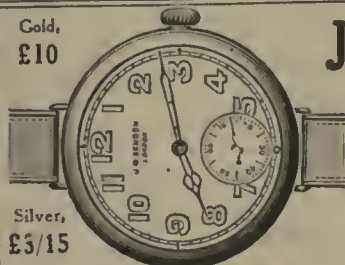
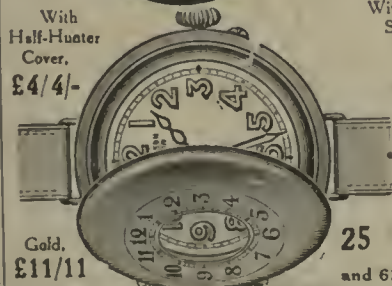
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## The First Round

By Louis Raemaekers



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THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1918

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## The German Retreat

THE week has been marked, up to the moment of going to press, by the final decision of the enemy to retire from his positions upon the Marne and to fall back upon some prepared position between Soissons and Rheims, which has doubtless been long established by our aviators, but on which there is no public information. This movement, which the enemy had long hesitated to accept (perhaps because of the political effect which it might have within the German Empire, or perhaps because he hoped for some reversal of the situation) was begun under the cover of darkness last Friday, and is continuing at the moment of writing. The eleven miles upon the Marne itself which dominate and cut the great railway line to the East were given up, and the movement continued uninterruptedly northward during the subsequent forty-eight hours. The prime cause of the enemy's taking this decision was the Franco-American pressure upon the little town of Fere. This town was at once the railhead of the enemy, his principal advance base and the nodal point on which the road communications of half the salient converged. It was impossible to hold anything to the south of it when once its use as a centre of supply had been rendered too dangerous by Allied fire. For a whole week the enemy's chief efforts had been made to save the approaches to Fere, and had thrown in very strong reinforcements by Oulchyle-Chateau, which covers Fere upon the west and to the north of that place. But he was beaten out of the positions he had taken, and on three successive days the range under which the cross-roads of Fere were held by the Franco-American artillery diminished from nine to seven and seven to four thousand yards, after which point the place was clearly untenable. It was entered upon the evening of Sunday last, July 28th, and on that day the line of retreat, which was still continuing, ran due north of Ville, and was so drawn that only at one point were any enemy guns within nine thousand yards of the main eastern railway, and this important Allied communication may now be regarded as secure. The number of divisions identified in the whole of the operations, from the beginning of the great German offensive a fortnight ago to the moment of writing, is just on seventy, an identification which shows that the plan of the last great attack was drawn to the scale of the first great venture in March. Such numbers do not leave a sufficient margin to the enemy for a second effort of the same kind. There is, further, this great difference between the present situation and that of four months ago—that the Allied strength is now steadily increasing.

## Misrepresentation as an Art

It is a constant source of surprise to British readers that opinions hostile to the Government and to Imperial policy

are so candidly published in the German Press. The case of Maximilian Harden, with his brutal assertion that there is no disagreement between the British and German Government about the criminal nature of the invasion of Belgium, is a case in point. How can German *moral*—the foundation of which is a mental enslavement to the Imperial military machine—survive such crushing indictments? English people still believe that opinion is swayed and actually formed by argument in the daily Press. The German Government realises that all opinion is founded upon facts. It is, therefore, to distortion and misrepresentation of facts that their propaganda, positive and negative, is directed. This is why the success of the submarine is habitually exaggerated by 100 per cent., and the man-power of the Allies understated by 50 per cent. On the eve of the offensive, to the collapse of which American skill and valour has contributed so signally, the *Lokal Anzeiger* published a moderately worded article to prove that the American forces in France were insignificant in numbers, and must remain insignificant at least until 1920. They were no doubt composed of men of fine physique and of high courage. But, being untrained, they were little better than raw militia, without discipline or coherence. They could never be turned into professional soldiers, and were therefore negligible. They could never be a decisive factor. The events of the last ten days will, we may be sure, be so presented that it will be some time before the German public realises the difference between these views and the truth. It must take time before this truth goes home, and Germany realises the incalculable value to the Allies of a reinforcement, the first ten million of which will be Grade I. men, with a high aptitude for the arts of fighting.

## Lord Lansdowne's Lotteries

Lord Lansdowne—a man, it seems, of varied activities—has been introducing a Bill legitimising lotteries for war charities. We can understand people thinking that it is unpleasant that money for absolutely necessary expenditure should have to be raised by ingenious appeals of every sort to private people; but if the Government is unable to make provision, then it has to be made by somebody else; and, in any case, there are instances of charities which are quite deserving, but which a Government might well feel not entitled to subsidise. We can also understand people thinking that it is a pity that there should be people whom we cannot tempt to subscribe unless we offer them a chance of profit. But there are such people; and we most of us have a tinge of the get-rich-quick speculator in us; and, looking facts in the face, we cannot deny that lotteries for war charities are likely to be highly productive. There remains, therefore, the one objection of which most has been heard: the objection of those who scream if they hear the word "lottery." Very often they are people who have held, at church bazaars and elsewhere, lotteries (camouflaged as "raffles") which have only differed from the ordinary lottery by offering, as prizes, utterly useless cushions or walking-sticks, instead of highly useful Treasury Notes. Still more often, beyond doubt, they are people who (during rubber booms and oil booms) have bought shares which they knew nothing about, purely as a gamble and in the very spirit of the lottery-ticket-taker. One form of gambling differs little from another. And though we do not desire—we do not think there is much risk of it—the population of this country to spend as much time thinking about lotteries as it used to take scrutinising "evening" papers for the latest "prices," we cannot see the slightest moral or social objection to a few lotteries specially authorised for particular purposes. As a matter of fact, some war charity lotteries have quietly proceeded without anyone taking the slightest notice of them. There are London clubs which have continued their traditional Derby sweeps, devoting the bulk of the proceeds to charity. Is it that the real fear of those who oppose legalisation of lotteries is that the working classes may be tempted to waste their substance? If so—to say nothing more—we think that they exaggerate the attractiveness of ticket-buying as a habit as compared with other methods of speculative, or even non-speculative, expenditure.



## The German Retreat: By H. Belloc

**P**UBLIC opinion has only tardily seized the truth that the war changed in character upon the evening of Monday, July 15th. It was then clear that the Germans had slipped and stumbled heavily on the threshold of their offensive. By half-past ten of the morning of July 18th the great counter-stroke, planned by Petain, ordered by Foch, and delivered by Mangin and Degoutte, restored the initiative to the Allies.

After the experiences of Caporetto, St. Quentin and the Chemin-des-Dames it is not wonderful that the observer in the West should come to a mood in which he would doubt any good news. It was impossible that the same writers and politicians who had talked so confidently of the line in the West being "unbreakable," should not, after it had been thoroughly broken, abstain not only from prophesy, but even from judgment.

Now, prophesy in all human affairs, but particularly in war, is futile. Judgment is not. We can always state (within the limits of our knowledge, at least) the factors of a problem and estimate the probabilities it affords. Further than that we cannot go. But to hesitate in so simple a task is as much an error as the other extreme of confidently foretelling victory and pretending to read events to come.

The present situation has elements upon which we can found a certain judgment. The plain facts before us are these:

After the tremendous captures in Italy last autumn, and in France and Flanders this spring, and before the coming into the field of any appreciable American contingents, the enemy enjoyed not only his new tactical instrument, but a considerable numerical majority as well. The two together made the position exceedingly grave.

He seemed able by his new tactical instrument to break a line when and where he would. Counting from Rheims to the North Sea (much more than half the working part of the Western line), he had broken the old quasi-permanent fortification, forced back his opponents, and restored a war of movement everywhere save in two short fragments that still held: the marshy lower part of the Yser and the stretch between Givenchy and the Vimy Ridge. Everywhere else the Allies stood in rapidly constructed trenches and upon a line in constant fluctuation. Everywhere they had been thrust back. Everywhere they were in peril.

Two features alone appeared in favour of our cause. *Both of them were unexpected by the enemy when he planned those great offensives which should have given him a decision in this summer of 1918.*

The first of these features was the unexpectedly high losses which the enemy had sustained. These were due in each case to the fact that, though he broke the line, he was unable to prevent its reforming far back, and when that had taken place he invariably refused to accept the situation, and continued to hammer too long in the hope of forcing a complete rupture.

### Unexpected Casualties

These great efforts were exceedingly expensive. For example: His first success at Caporetto was very cheaply won; but he threw away great numbers in the early part of November by attempting to break the northern flank of the Piave line. In the great victory he won at St. Quentin he paid a heavy price for his failure of the first day, and then again a fortnight later threw away masses of men in his attempt to force his way to the Somme Valley and to Amiens, in which attempt he failed. On the Lys, immediately after, he lost little in his break-through on April 9th and 10th, but his expenses in men increased with every day until in the battle of April 29th he was brought to a standstill with such heavy loss that it took him a month to recruit. He completely destroyed the defences of the Chemin-des-Dames on May 27th. He did it in a couple of hours with astonishingly little loss. But when he had established his great salient of the Tardenois he went on hammering for more than a week, along the western edge of it, at a great cost in men and with no appreciable result, until he was again finally held. Definitive losses (counting dead, mutilated, and prisoners) were probably in this series of actions nearly as high upon our side as upon his. But they were far higher on his side than he had budgeted for, and this was proved by the long delay which each successive check imposed upon him.

Meanwhile, the second feature in our favour—the growth of American recruitment—was unexpectedly rapid.

The delivery of men across the Atlantic, thanks to the elasticity of the American system and its admirable organisation, was far, far more than the enemy had thought possible. It increased enormously after the disasters of last March. What is perhaps more remarkable, the rate of American training in the French camps, the rate at which the men who had completed their preliminary instruction in the United States were turned out from the "bottle neck" of special instruction in France, was something which the enemy had not conceived possible. Appreciable new American contingents had already appeared in line by April. In May they were considerable. In the month of June the effect of this new factor, coupled with the enemy losses, began to tell. Not only were the American troops greater in number than had been allowed for by the enemy, *but they were of far greater tactical value than had been allowed for by him.* Whether negatively (as holding in parts of the line while the French and British attacked in others) or positively (as instruments of attack), their presence began to count for more and more.

The preliminaries of the change might have been noted by any careful observer as early as the second week in June.

It was upon the 9th of that month that the Germans attempted to reduce the salient of Compiègne, dangerously pinched between their earlier advance from St. Quentin and their later advance from the Chemin-des-Dames. This attempt is known as the Battle of the Matz. It was the first failure upon a large scale of the new tactical method the enemy had discovered. An advance of a few miles in the centre; the turning of the Lassigny Hills, and a withdrawal by a short distance from the neighbourhood of Noyon, was followed on the third and fourth days of the battle by a counter-attack under General Mangin upon the left of the centre, which completely broke this preliminary offensive and brought it to an end.

The enemy had used upon this occasion somewhat less than thirty divisions first and last. It was not his main or final attack. It was only, as I have said, a preliminary towards it. But his failure was ominous of the future. It was clear both that the growth of numbers on the Allied side and that experience of the enemy's new tactical method, with the discovery of corresponding methods for meeting it, were turning the tables.

Nevertheless, the enemy determined upon one more great throw, and we know from prisoners, and even from his own Press, what was expected of it. It was to be decisive. He waited between five and six weeks accumulating a force approximately equal to that with which he had struck in his vast effort of March. Then upon Monday, July 15th, he launched an offensive *over an even greater sector than that of his vast opening attack of four months before.* He fell upon the Allies in a sector of 55 miles of which Rheims was the centre, and which was held almost entirely by French troops, but with certain American contingents upon the extreme left. He had little, if any, less than 60 divisions present, and was prepared to call in case of success upon more from the north. The force used in the great attack of March, when he was still untouched, was no larger.

Even as early as the evening of that day (July 15th) it was clear that he had failed. Upon his left, east of Rheims, between that ruined city and the Argonne, a special organisation of the defensive in depth—a wise and secret retirement, coupled with advanced observation informing advanced batteries, had caused him to launch his blow into the void at a vast loss in men from the informed French guns. The 25 divisions which he had here—nearly a quarter of a million infantry—were ruined, and have not since been able to strike again. Upon his right between Chateau-Thierry and Rheims he crossed the Marne with eight divisions, having another eight holding the front of the Mountain of Rheims and pushing into its outskirts, while behind these 15 and more were ready to follow up any success.

But in the very first day his extreme right above Chateau-Thierry was thrown back by a newly arrived American contingent, powerful, in quality as in number, beyond his expectation. The left of those of his forces which had crossed the Marne pushed up the Epernay Road, but were held by the French. He filled the two following days (Tuesday and Wednesday, the 16th and 17th) with futile attempts to enlarge this bridge-head.

Then, on Thursday, the 18th, came the movement which changed the character of the war. The French on the north,



under Mangin, their line continued by the Americans upon the south, struck suddenly and unexpectedly right behind the Marne crossings of the Germans. They struck from Cutry southwards towards Chateau-Thierry upon a front of 20 miles, effected a complete surprise, and reversed the whole strategic position.

Every German division west of Rheims was immediately thrown from the offensive to the defensive. The whole situation of that vast body of men west of Rheims—already more than 300,000 strong, and destined to grow rapidly as reinforcements were sent for—was now one of peril.

They were not, indeed, condemned to decisive defeat. Their communications were not cut. The issue by which they might retire was very broad. They could even, if they chose, hang on to their existing lines, or, at least, retire but slowly as long as they could pay the price in murderous counter-attacks. But the great German offensive was ruined at a blow.

The tedium of so many years during which expectation had been disappointed; the enormous results of the Russian collapse; the heavy defeats of last autumn and spring, still mask from men the nature of the change which has taken place. No one can call that change final because no one can foretell the future; but every one ought at least to see the change. It is as though in a wrestling match a man who had been made to touch ground with one shoulder and nearly to touch with the other, suddenly by an unexpected movement put himself above his opponent and began to press him, in his turn, back down upon the earth.

We have been told that the enemy can recover the initiative; that he has sufficient forces for a great new offensive movement, and that he will attempt it. That he may attempt it is possible enough; that he has forces for an offensive movement left is true; that accident may give him some unexpected success and restore the initiative to him is just conceivable—for nearly all things are conceivable in war.

But let us at least appreciate the actual situation. Of more than 200 divisions which the enemy has upon the West, count, roughly, 100 as free for these great offensive operations. Nearer 70 than 60 have been dragged into the vortex of the present astonishing battle with its first great bid for success, the complete breakdown of that effort, and the succeeding laborious and exceedingly painful staving off of defeat. There are some 30 fresh divisions in the north under the command of the Bavarian Prince, apart from those which have already been borrowed from him to save the Tardenois and to back up the shattered line east of Rheims. Those 30 divisions can act—indeed, they were equivalent to what was put aside for the Matz and for the Lys. But they cannot act upon the scale of St. Quentin, with its 60 divisions, or of this last tremendous and now happily broken effort between Chateau-Thierry and the Argonne. And, meanwhile, the form of the battle (unless some unexpected diversion appears) is moulded more and more by Foch, and less and less by Ludendorff. Now, to mould the form of the battle is the very definition of the initiative; and with every week that passes another bulk of this new trained American soldiery, the tactical quality of which has proved so high, appears in the line.

That is the situation. It is, I repeat, to the date of writing, the greatest transformation we have seen since the first battle of the Marne four years ago. It is like the turning inside out of a glove.

### Defence of the Tardenois

The best practical test of what a change has come upon the war is the actual story of the enemy's congested and perilous defence during the last eleven days in the Tardenois.

The Tardenois is the local name for the countryside over which stretches that bulge or salient created by the German advance at the end of last May. It is a pocket which has for its base the line of the Vesle River; at its southernmost extremity the Marne, and on its contour the towns of Soissons, Chateau-Thierry, Dormans, and Rheims.

In that bulge the enemy had accumulated for his great offensive of a fortnight ago vast stores of material and (counting the forces watching the Western side between Soissons and Chateau-Thierry) well over 30 divisions of men; that is, more than a quarter of a million infantry alone. What the total number of men in that congested area may have been we can guess from the enormous auxiliary force required in transport and in artillery for the great effort of July 15th.

So long as his work was offensive, designed for a crossing of the Marne, and for a violent and successful push forward and southward, the crowding of such a force into such an

area, though difficult, was a matter feasible enough. The roads from north to south and the railways which served the host had a task simple and straightforward, though onerous. Great supplies were accumulated at such points as Ville and Fere immediately behind the front of attack; nothing had to be organised save for a forward movement. The regular supply of material from north to south was not complicated, though it was heavy. The return of empty wagons and lorries northward and the evacuation of the wounded northward was no excessive strain.

But this offensive movement, spreading outwards, was suddenly and unexpectedly turned into a defensive one, crushed inwards, and at the same time the means of communication were as suddenly diminished enormously. The railway was cut by the French, who had at a bound reached the neighbourhood of Soissons and dominated the junction just outside that town. The best roads, all of which converged upon two main points, Ville and Fere, were now under the fire of an advancing enemy; and these roads had to supply not only the forces now with difficulty defending the salient, but the evacuation of a vast mass of material which it was attempting to save, the retirement of guns, and the advance in a counter-stream of hurriedly summoned reinforcement which alone could prevent disaster. The main road from Soissons to Chateau-Thierry was lost. Everything depended upon local ways over hilly and wooded country.

Under these circumstances it is explicable enough that the enemy should have gone through no less than four confused and contradictory stages of policy in the short space of eleven days. The now manifest succession of such orders is the best proof of the revolution in the strategic situation created by the counter-stroke of July 18th.

Let us examine those four stages in their order:

The first stage was one of great hesitation, a sort of unwillingness to retire, which would seem ample proof of discussion at headquarters. The French were on the Hill of Paris above Soissons at half-past ten in the morning of Thursday, July 18th, and their first guns must have been trained on the vital railway junction below somewhere about noon. At that moment there were quite 100,000 men across the Marne fighting to extend the bridge-head. There was no reason why, seeing the imminence of the peril, the preparations for retiring those 100,000 men should not have begun the moment the news was known, and the actual retirement proceeded during the Thursday night. As a matter of fact, it was postponed to Friday. Twenty-four hours were lost. In those twenty-four hours the Soissons-Chateau-Thierry road was approached. That would have meant the loss of Chateau-Thierry to the Germans, the confining of their retreat to a few worse roads, and a much greater congestion of men and of material, targets on the outskirts at least, for the Allied artillery. The losses in the eight divisions which had crossed the Marne were exceedingly heavy, in any case, but they must have been severely increased by this hesitation of a whole day. It is difficult to see any explanation of such a pause save debate between those who could not bear the disappointment of abandoning the offensive and those who with a better instinct for war were for immediately cutting the loss. There was no need to build extra bridges. If the bridges were sufficient for supply they were sufficient for retirement. There was no special pressure upon this southern front before which it was difficult to fall back. On the contrary, it was the whole object of the French to keep the Germans as far south as possible for as long as possible. Nothing can explain the delay but confusion in the enemy Higher Command, not to be wondered at when one thinks of the scale upon which this last great offensive has been staged and what its ruin would mean, certainly politically and possibly strategically as well.

Then comes the second stage. After the determination to retire has once been arrived at, it is thoroughly carried out. The enemy falls back methodically; he gives up Chateau-Thierry and a great belt of country behind it. He holds strongly the wide mouth of the pocket; he can be seen destroying material in the belt he is determined to abandon, and he withdraws his artillery, especially his heavy pieces, as the Allies discover by the lessening of the volume of fire.

So far, so good. That is a normal proceeding which one would expect from the situation. The salient he held was very wide. Though much of it was under fire, there were avenues of retirement open. The principal road junction of Fere was still at some ten thousand yards range from the nearest French or American gun, and meanwhile he had called in certain fresh divisions to hold his opponent off the flanks while his centre fell back.

Little more than twenty-four hours after follows a third phase, which indicates further confusion in the enemy's councils. To see if this be true, let us notice the conditions:



A large number of reinforcements appear in the already densely congested pocket. Counter-attacks upon the most lavish scale, exceedingly expensive in men, and thrown in everywhere east and west, almost maintain the line as it was now after the first day of the retreat. The enemy continues to hold miles of the Marne front at the extreme southern, that is, most advanced end, of the pocket, where supply is most difficult, and where the peril is greatest. He actually recovers ground at one or two places; at near Vignny and at Ville-montoire on the west. Why this exceedingly high expenditure in men, and why this curious halt in a movement of retirement which had already begun?

If it were due to the necessity of keeping off the Allied pressure while stores and artillery were removed from advance bases that would have been done before retirement began; nor does our previous experience show that a whole week was necessary for such removals. If the delay was due to the time required to prepare a new line upon which to fall back, that would not account for the keeping of the most advanced units on the extreme south upon the river. The most conclusive piece of evidence as to the enemy's policy at this moment is the numbers he used to maintain his line. How many divisions he borrowed from elsewhere in his attempt to hold we cannot tell; the identification is not complete. But it seems to have been anything between 12 and 15. Now, he already had something like a division to every mile and a half, and this accession of strength by anything from 30 to over 40 per cent. can hardly have been needed for the mere purpose of holding the pocket open while his new line was being prepared.

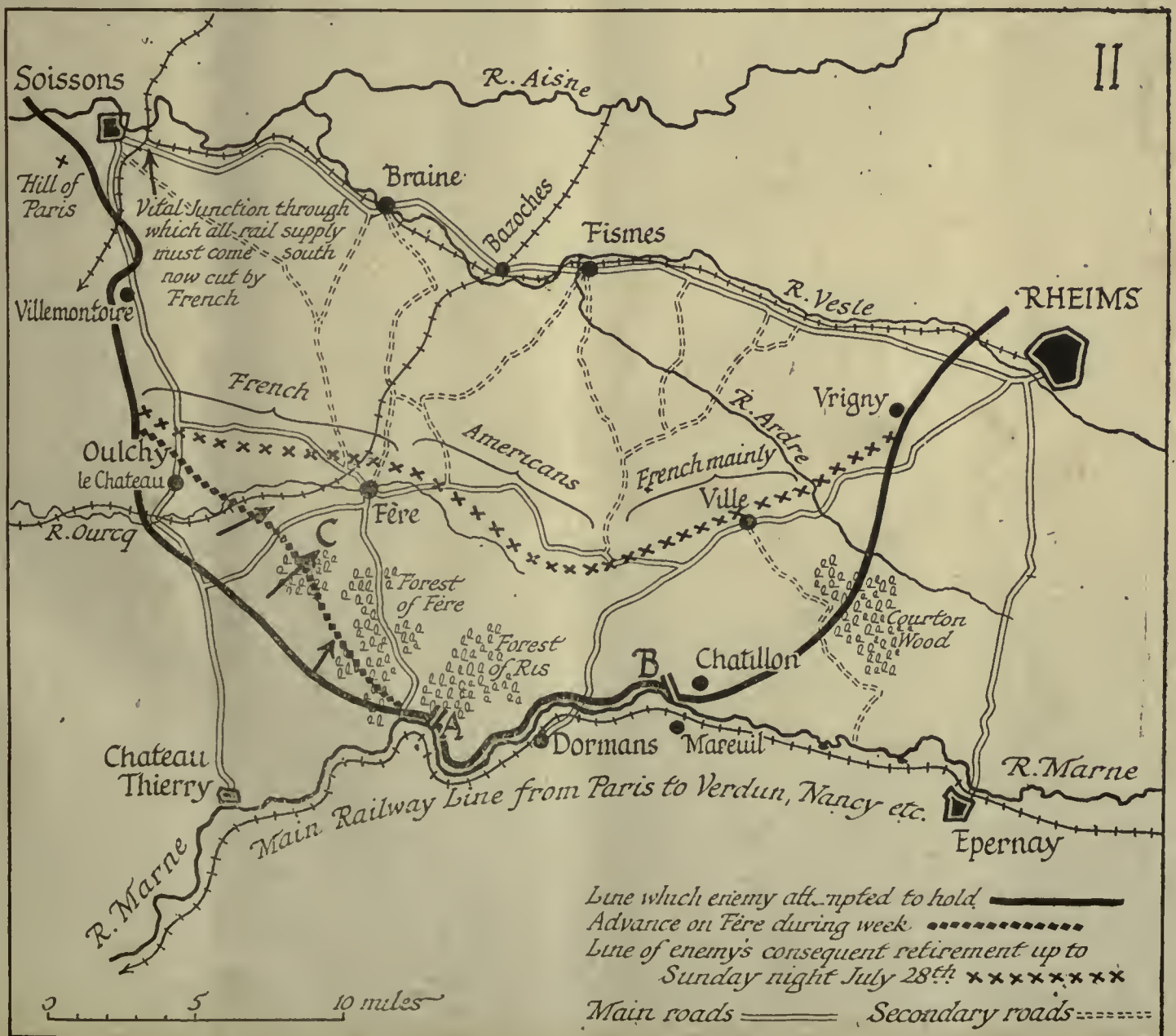
The general conclusion seems to be that some one in authority still thought it possible until the very end of last week to hold the line of the salient as it existed after the first day's retirement, and especially to keep a firm grip

upon the extreme southern edge, where for several miles it bordered the Marne.

The importance of the latter position will be seen if the reader will turn to the accompanying map reproduced from our issue of last week. It will be remembered that we said there that one of the chief objects of the new enemy offensive was to get at and cut the only remaining line directly connecting Paris and the Allied centre with Verdun and Nancy and the Allied East.



There are two lines thus directly serving the Eastern part of the Allied line in the West. The first is the great main international artery Paris-Chateau-Thierry-Epernay-Chalons-Vitry-Nancy-Strasbourg, and so on to the Danube Valley. From Chalons went a line uniting this to Verdun. Upon this railway the material was suited to the strain of





the service demanded of it even in this war. Should it be cut, however, there still remained the less serviceable secondary line marked 2-2 on the sketch, and passing through Sezanne. The enemy, from about June 1st, when he reached the Marne, had cut the main railway for some miles above Chateau-Thierry, for it lay directly under his guns. He therefore imposed a considerable strain upon the Allied communications from that day to the opening of his offensive six weeks later. When the offensive failed, there failed with it the hope of cutting the second line and modifying to our disadvantage the whole Allied front. But so long as enemy troops remained on the Marne above Chateau-Thierry in the neighbourhood of Donnans the main line was still unusable, and this is one example of the advantages the enemy could use by holding on to as much as possible in this salient and of the soundness of our theory that throughout the greater part of last week he intended so to hold if he possibly could. What prevented his doing so was the French and American advance upon La Fere. It was the threat to La Fere which brought on the fourth stage in this confused story and decided the German commanders finally to retire upon a large scale. The whole thing is a remarkably compact lesson in strategy, and deserves detailed examination from the reader. I accompany it by the large Sketch Map 2.

Here the reader will see the line the enemy was holding as late as Thursday, July 25th. He will further see how, between the points A and B, on the extreme south of his great salient, that is along a front of some ten miles, more like twelve with all its windings, the great railway to the East was dominated by the enemy guns on the north of the River Marne and completely cut.

If we look at the communications of the salient we are at once struck by the fact that the chief centre of communications is the little town of La Fere. More than half of his

forces must, if they retire, retire by roads which ultimately take him through this junction. It is, at the same time, his railhead, and though there is no through communication to the north, now that the junction of Soissons is cut, a certain amount of rolling stock remaining cut off between that point and La Fere could be used for movements within the salient. He had certain second-class roads leading north on the western side of the salient by which he could there retire; but you cannot withdraw half of your forces alone, and if La Fere should go everything must go. The enemy put a very heavy weight, therefore, into the defences of this vital point. Using the railway, he pushed up all he could to hold Oulchy-le-Chateau, and kept a strong bulge there for several days. Meanwhile, he organised the wood in front of La Fere, south of the railway, and attempted to hold there. The events of Thursday and Friday in this region were the decisive ones which compelled retirement everywhere else. The French and Americans, by sheer hard fighting and against a very strong defence, got north and south of Oulchy-le-Chateau in the course of Thursday, the 25th. Upon Friday, the 26th, the Germans found that little salient too dangerous, and went out of it, leaving some 200 wounded to fall into the hands of the French. On the same day, to the south of the town, the Americans pushed well forward into the wood (marked C on the map), and by the evening Fere was within 4,000 yards of the Allied artillery. This decided what was to follow. When darkness fell upon Friday, the order to retire was given, and all during that night the whole German front, from the Ourcq right away to the Wood of Courton, began to fall back. The line of the Marne was abandoned. By Sunday night the Allies found the enemy, roughly, upon the line indicated by the crosses on Sketch Map 2. The French were in La Fere, and the whole salient was flattening down to some line of resistance behind, which is yet to be discovered.

## Can Submarines Combine?: By Arthur Pollen

LAST week the naval news was on balance exceptionally interesting and satisfactory. There were certain casualties, an armed liner sunk, a destroyer ashore, the *Justicia*, one of the largest steamers afloat, torpedoed. But, except the last, they were casualties of a not unusual kind. All the other news was excellent. The seaplane raid on Tondern means, of course, much more than that a certain number of bombs have been dropped on Zeppelin sheds. A very considerable naval expedition has once more gone right into German waters, and the enemy has not dared to interfere with it by any of his naval forces. The return of ships lost by submarine in the month of June is the lowest for a very long time. The rate of loss is in point of fact only two-thirds of what it was in the quarter before the ruthless campaign began, and only one-third of what the loss was at its worst a year ago. The first is a striking comparison for, as we know, ruthlessness doubles the rate of success. The figures, therefore, are a testimony to the progress of the counter-campaign as eloquent as they can well be. If we could leave them to speak for themselves, their message would seem to be that the situation is as satisfactory as it can possibly be and as likely to improve. But this, for reasons which I will explain, is a matter as to which we should be on our guard. We have had, too, the privilege of entertaining Mr. Hoover in this country—a man whose splendid worth would have been wasted had the U-boat not been got under. His brief and modest account of America's efforts to produce food and conserve it showed us that, if we could protect or build the ships, America is not only willing but able to feed one-third of the population of France, Italy, and Great Britain. This is a fact that reflects enormous credit on Mr. Hoover and the department of government which he created. But I think the real credit, and I am sure Mr. Hoover would not dispute this, lies with his fellow-citizens. The American Food Controller came to his task fresh from the vision of famine in Belgium. He appealed to his fellow-countrymen to grow more wheat, to breed more beeves and swine, to eat less food and to waste none. In a country where wages are high, and returns on capital lavish, and food cheap, a liberal habit of life had become general, and a certain large prodigality seemed natural to so wealthy and hospitable a people. But Mr. Hoover had seen hunger naked and merciless, and his appeal met with an instant response. In an incredibly small number of weeks the domestic ways of every American household, from the richest to the poorest, were changed. There was one detail in this campaign which struck me very

forcibly. Mr. Hoover suggested that Americans should eat corn bread themselves and give up the bulk of the wheat flour to Europeans.

Corn bread is, no doubt, excellent, but no one prefers it to the best wheat bread. But our guest only had to say, "You know how to make corn bread and you like it. Europeans cannot make it and do not like it. Give up the wheat." Well, as a fact they did, and millions of tons, far beyond the extra production, have thus become available for our consumption. The value of this act goes far beyond the added supply of wheat flour. It is a mark of Americans in the mass to see things simply and to feel them deeply. The war has made a real fellowship between them and their Allies in Europe.

This self rationing was carried through in the spirit of a family that economises for the sake of a brother in misfortune. It should excite not only gratitude but affection. We see the fortunate result in the promise of better bread, more edible meat and unrationed bacon. Never were the chances of the country starving so far away. It must be galling to the Germans, just when their rations are at the lowest. And it is wonderful to reflect that our more comfortable prospects coincide with a 400 or 500 per cent. increase in the shipping of American infantry to France. The world's debt to America for supplying the food and the men, and to the Navy for protecting the ships that bring them, and to the builders who replace the tonnage unfortunately lost, is immense. It can be measured by the difference between victory and defeat.

It is small wonder, then, that we were all inclined to be in very optimistic mood this last week, and by what seemed a felicitous chance, there was added for our gratification the announcement that the destroyer *Marne* had sunk a submarine, just as our Allies were marching victoriously across the river of the same name! But two days later our complacency was somewhat disturbed. The 32,000 ton liner, *Justicia*, a priceless unit in the vital business of bringing the American Army to Europe, convoyed and escorted as her value demanded was, we were told, submarined on July 19th, in circumstances of a very peculiar kind. She had maintained a battle, we heard, for twenty-four hours against a veritable fleet of submarines. Some accounts said eight or ten. One witness, after a week's reflection, decided that it was only seven. The ship was hit early in the affray, but was got under tow and was making for a north of Ireland port, when, after defeating attack after attack, a final salvo did the business.



The loss of life was not very great. The loss of the ship, we also heard, had occasioned more joy in Germany than would the saving of ninety-nine ships here. The Germans, I imagine, supposed that she was their liner *Vaterland*, now traitorously bringing ten battalions at a trip to fight the nation that produced her. She had, the telegrams told us, been marked down by the U-boats for a long time, but had thwarted their efforts by her net defences. To most people it was news that the net had been revived.

But this was not the only novelty of the story. It was new that the submarines were hunting, not singly, nor even in couples, but in fleets. New it was too, that the *Justicia's* gunners picked off the torpedoes as they came towards the ship, and either blew them up or deflected them from their course. As the public read these tales, regret for the loss of so fine a ship was superseded by the comfort derived from a proof that the sinking of a ship had been made so difficult a matter. If nets have thwarted torpedoes so often, if the weapons themselves could be neutralised by marksmanship, were we not, it was asked, getting to a point when the submarine would soon be no threat at all?

A day after these sensational stories had flooded our papers, the Admiralty issued a somewhat soberer version of the incident. From this it was clear that *Justicia* had been attacked by more than one submarine—for it was one of those manœuvring into position to torpedo this vessel that *Marne* had destroyed. But there was nothing in the *communiqué* to justify the supposition that several submarines had engaged in a *combined* attack. Had they done so, had the Germans shown a capacity to employ several submarines in support of each other, a new phase of submarine war would have been indicated. It has hitherto always been assumed that one of the chief weaknesses of the submarine is that it is incapable of squadronal combination. There is nothing in the official story to show that this theory is mistaken. And until it is proved so, I should prefer to think that the *Justicia*, first torpedoed in an area where a single submarine was operating, had been compelled to go at very low speed in the direction of some Irish port, and on the way there had traversed other areas each similarly the sphere of a single submarine's activities. We are told that the *Justicia*, with other ships, was being escorted by torpedo boat destroyers and other craft. She was, probably, then one of a convoy and, when her speed was reduced by injury and, when afterwards in tow, a ship of these vast dimensions, surrounded by destroyers, sloops, etc., would be a mark easily picked up even at the most considerable range. That she should be attacked first by one and then by a second, and then even by a third and a fourth submarine would not be surprising, if she had to traverse at right angles a series of routes, on each of which a submarine was watching for its prey. So much for the theory of a continuous battle with a group of submarines. Next, I find it rather difficult to believe that torpedoes were exploded by gunfire, though it is far from impossible that they may have been deflected. Still, even this must have been a most exceptional occurrence, little likely to be repeated. No previous instance of such a thing happening has been reported, and the chances of such a thing occurring must be infinitesimal. We ought to have been told that this incident was unusual.

### A Plea for Facts

It is little difficult to understand how the first stories got into print. The censorship exists, one is told, primarily to prevent information of value reaching the enemy. Its secondary purpose is to stop the dissemination of news and views that might imperil moral at home. It does not seem to be contemplated that it should protect the public from misleading narratives. Yet it is a pity it should not. The public is very easily fooled, and there must be some elements of danger when altogether wrong impressions become prevalent. If a policy of complete secrecy could be preserved, it would, no doubt, be the best policy of all. But that is impossible, and we have in its place, not a consistent and reasoned effort to make the public understand the character, course, and proportion of this or that phase of the war, but a constant flow of partial information, with now and then a sensational confidence, and all the time an almost unrestricted liberty in the circulation of such cock and bull stories as the *Justicia's* battle with the ten submarines. These things leave the average reader in a state of utter confusion.

Let me give an example of the result. Some time last November, I think it was, the Premier, in a well-meant endeavour to make the nation realise the submarine menace was well in hand, elinched his argument by announcing that on the day before his speech, five submarines had been caught and destroyed by His Majesty's forces. Soon after, or it

may have been about the same time, it was officially stated that we were actually sinking submarines as fast, if not faster, than the enemy could build them. These two things together gave many people the impression that the Germans must be building fifty or sixty submarines a month, and that we were destroying them at the rate of ninety or a hundred. A little reflection on the known facts of the case would show that the Germans began the war with twenty-eight submarines, were perhaps able to build as many more before January, 1916, and something less than three a week in the succeeding years. Thus we should have:

In hand August, 1914	..	..	..	28
Constructed before January 1st, 1916	..	..	..	28
" " " 1st, 1917	..	..	..	140
" " " 1918	..	..	..	140
" " July, 1918	..	..	..	70
Total	..	..	..	406

Four hundred submarines is, then, the outside figure that Germany ever can have built or possessed. If our destruction caught up their production in October, 1917, i.e., nine months ago, and if the first process has been progressive and the second stationary, we may perhaps assume that we have now brought back the enemy's stock of submarines to what they were eighteen months ago. His present total, then, would be, at most, about 200, less such losses as were incurred in the first two and a half years of the war. These would hardly have been less than 50 or 60, so that it is quite probable that the enemy has not to-day more than 150 in all. Some of these must be kept for training officers and crews, some will be fitting out for their first commissions, others will be in dockyard hands, or simply lying in port while the crews rest. The total number actually at sea at any one moment can never be very large.

I cannot pretend that these figures are accurate, but I am sure that they are not wildly wrong, and I have given them because I want to ask this question. Is there any good reason why the public should be mystified in this matter any longer? It is quite certain that at this stage very little that is useful can be done in the way of mystifying the enemy. I submit that the public would be in a far better position to form a well-balanced view of the campaign if approximately complete figures of submarines built and sunk and of the numbers usually operating were given. For that matter, I should like again to put in a plea for our being supplied with absolutely full information about the campaign, once it is six months old. We know the tonnage lost, we used to be told the numbers of ships. Why not give us full charts of all the attacks and sinkings month by month. They would be most instructive and interesting. There are two reasons for pressing for all the publicity that is permissible at this moment. We are for the first time realising the incredible scale and value of the American effort. It is fresh in our minds that no sooner was the attack of March 21st delivered than America leapt to the rescue, and took to sending us a quarter of a million men a month instead of 40,000. One startling fact galvanised the whole nation into life. Now, when America came in, I pointed out in these columns that our real ally was not the American Government, but the American people. It is the American people we should educate, and news—and not eloquence—is their best educator. In April, 1917, I wrote that in taking the American people into our confidence we should no doubt give the enemy a great deal of information that he would find exceedingly useful, but if the American people acted on that information the publicity would be far more useful to us. This still remains true, and it seems to me there is a special reason for frankness at this moment. The German Army has just received a blow from which it is still reeling. The German morale will react on this, and react very shortly. The enemy's higher command has probably anticipated this, and has already prepared for some kind of counter-stroke. That counter-stroke may very probably be a stroke at sea—a fresh effort, that is to say, to obtain submarine results of a striking character may certainly be made. We should not be surprised, then, if the sinkings for the latter half of July, for August and September showed a marked increase. Observe that the unwelcome presence of American soldiers in France has already brought submarines to operate off the American coast. The loss of a U.S. cruiser by mine near New York Harbour is only one evidence of this new activity. If a new and large effort is made there is everything to be said in favour of the public of both hemispheres being prepared for it and being put in a position to understand it. The stories about the *Justicia* are final proof that the old methods are worn out. Let us have the truth; and, if not all the truth, at least nearly all.



# Herzog, the Trade Bernhardi

HOW GERMANY INTENDS TO APPLY FRIGHTFULNESS TO BUSINESS

By Ralph W. Page

*THIS article and the one that will follow it in an early September issue of LAND & WATER, are a digest of an extraordinary book which the Germans have circulated in their industries. A copy was obtained by the American Government, brought to America, and will soon be published.*

**U**NDER the harmless title: "The Future of German Industries," by S. Herzog, the full scheme of industrial frightfulness has been outlined for German trade leaders. The book gives the details of the vague phrases with which German statesmen clothe their intentions. For instance, when Herr Helfferich, the head of the Imperial Treasury, says: "We meet the plan of exclusion with the demand for the 'open door' and free seas; and the threat of a blockade of raw materials with the demand for the delivery of raw materials"—this does not sound very menacing. But what the demand for the delivery of raw material really means to the German mind is as menacing as military conquest. Let us take an example:

Under the plan outlined by Herr Herzog's book, if you have the good fortune to own a copper mine in the North, your personal interest in German trade would be awakened some bright morning when you were ruminating upon the blessings of a returned peace and era of good feeling, by a peremptory rap on the screen door. You would arise to greet a Prussian officer. But unless he neglected his instructions you would be ingratiated and delighted. For he would be as polite as an overdrawn depositor, would be dressed exactly in the latest style of Manchester, and would talk in the prevailing dialect of your town, including the current slang. If you retained any vestige of your provincial prejudice and hatred of the German, he would overlook it in the interests of *Kultur*.

What he would say you would recognise to be for your own good. He would merely intimate that the first month's output of your mine should be an average month's output; that it should be consigned to Germany and that you would be paid for it immediately an eminently fair price determined by the commercial federation of Germany. Incidentally you might rest assured that nobody else would be profiteering upon this product to the detriment of progress and the freedom of the seas, because the freight tare to the coast, the export premium, and the ship charges would all have been equitably arranged by the same federation.

Well, I can hear you say, that is all nonsense, because I and every other allied national would die fighting in our tracks before we would put up with any such order. That is the very point. That is precisely why we are fighting. But it is of the utmost importance that we know it in time. You can meet that particular proposition with the bayonet. But if you were a druggist, perhaps you could not rest so complacently behind the big guns.

Not to be too technical, we will merely assume that there is a certain chemical compound that you need in your business, and that you discover that the only place you can buy it and compete in the trade is from Germany. So, being driven to it—as the Russians were driven to obtaining their anesthetics from the same source—you order your minimum needs from the eminently neutral firm estab-

lished to cloak your feelings of enmity, situated around the corner.

But there you will be presented with a long list of every kind of instrument and device, medicine, and trinket carried in your entire stock which is manufactured beyond the Rhine, and told that you will purchase a definite amount of each of them at the same time you place your other order. You will also be pleased to find that they have already compiled for you the exact quantity of everything you buy during the year, and the proportion you are morally bound to obtain from the Fatherland.

"Stuff," you say; "there will be no such indispensable article made in Germany. We know they intend to hold us up with potash and dyes and other bugaboos. But we are prepared or preparing to meet this performance, and will have all of them as good and as cheap as the Germans."

This assumption is the most dangerous we can indulge in. It simply spells inevitable ruin. It is the very epitome of the meretricious optimism of the amateur in war who underestimates the power of his adversary.

This book of Herzog's flatly states that the Germans contemplate a commercial battle for final world supremacy, "fought out," as our author bluntly states, "according to the approved German fashion on foreign soil." Their will to dominate, which regards devastation, looting,

outrage, extortion, summary executions, and deportations as legitimate in military combat, plans precisely parallel weapons and practices—embargoes, rebates, dumping, boycotts, espionage, enslavement of labour, etc., in the forthcoming "economic conquest." That is made abundantly clear. But more to the point, it shows how the German genius for patient painstaking preparation and attention to every detail, of exhaustive organisation and complete national mobilisation has been brought to bear upon the problem. It has to be met.

Before examining the details of this export hold-up, it is worth while to see just how we are to be *compelled* to provide all that Herr Herzog demands for the Kaiser's export offensive.

## Treaties to be Written in Blood

Admitting blandly that "the par value of treaties has reached nil and will not immediately recover from its slump," and that "to reckon in future upon the security of treaties, to build up their loyal observance, would be more than improvident," the report still relies upon them as the foundation of the import trade, stating in characteristic fashion that "the future commercial treaties will be written in blood."

Among other things that these compacts, to be dictated on the battle-field, are to stipulate, with regard to the products of the Allied countries are:

"An unlimited opportunity to acquire the sites needed for winning the raw materials in question, and an unlimited

*Bernhardi notified us with brutal frankness and in exhaustive detail precisely what Germany intended to do with her "incomparable army" and just how she proposed to do it. We read and smiled, and threw it aside as the vaporings of a war-mad lunatic.*

*Now another warning, no less frightful and even more detailed, has fallen into our hands—nothing less than the complete German plans for the conquest of the trade of the world after the war. This amazing plot reveals the full sinister significance of the vague phrases so stubbornly reiterated by the War Lords demanding the "open door" and "Delivery of Raw Materials." It strips naked the whole campaign, disclosing an onslaught upon Allied commerce no whit less minutely prepared, and no less ruthless in purpose and methods of conduction than the blood-thirsty devastation of civilisation by the sword, foretold by Bernhardi and fulfilled in Louvain.*

*A single copy of this report exists in America. It was obtained from Germany by the United States Government since we went to war. Its acquisition and safe transmission to Washington is not the least of the accomplishments to the credit of the American Secret Service. It is the handwriting on the wall. This time we shall not be found unready. It is of the most vital interest to every man of business and patriot in the Allied countries. For it is the only guide to the enveloping manœuvres of the inevitable invasion.*



right to get them out by German enterprises. It must preclude any restriction. . . ."

"The Government of the country in question can be permitted to exercise its right of requisitioning them (i.e., its own materials) only, with the consent of the proper German officials. To guarantee the fulfilment of these demands certain pledges must be given."

"The amount of raw materials turned out can never be permitted to decrease artificially because of a selfish desire to charge a higher price, nor can their quantity be reduced. . . . Therefore, it must be made possible for the German Government to interfere without foreign countries protesting that their sovereignty is violated."

"It will not alone suffice to demand unlimited opportunities to secure raw materials in foreign countries . . . , for their price, by the time they reach Germany, may have been raised to inadmissible amounts by export or transit charges, freight rates, the refusal of export premiums which are granted to other foreign business of a similar kind, and by other petty forms of chicanery . . . (for instance, a refusal to build connecting railways, or to recognise the expropriation rights of German enterprises, etc.). The commercial treaty must place an absolute bar to such arbitrary advances in the final price of raw materials. . . . The retaliatory measures to be applied in case of infringement must be determined upon beforehand with all severity."

"Provision must be made in advance that foreign officials employ all the force at their command against the originators, promoters, and participants in boycotting movements which injure our export trade, and that in such cases the German Government have a right to be consulted, and to share in deciding the measures of opposition."

"That stolen rights of ownership (in German patents) are restored to their former owners unimpaired, that full compensation is made for the financial loss incurred up to the time when the property is restored, and that a priority right in hostile countries is assured to the German patents awarded during the war; but the treaty must also make certain that special statutory measures make occurrences of this sort impossible again."

Proceeding with the terms of the treaties, which Herr Herzog emphasises as being "only a selected few from among the points which suggest themselves in this connection, and that they represent the *minimum* demands," this adviser of the German Government proceeds to lay down that except where they are absolutely indispensable "it must be expected that German technical skill will be excluded from supplying our present enemies. Such a condition as this would be insufferable. It must be prevented from arising. The commercial treaty must stipulate that German shippers are eligible wherever foreign material and foreign workmanship are patronised at all. It must be absolutely impossible for manufacturers from countries now allied against Germany to enjoy under any form or pretext whatsoever a preference in competing for State work. But no confidence can be placed upon paper concessions alone. *On the basis of statistical data, we must specify the proportion in which German products have to be included in official consignments from foreign countries. . . . Purchases according to this proportion must be guaranteed by the State which is a party to the treaty.*"

"The objection will then be made," plaintively complains this German arbiter of our domestic business, "that such a demand is an attempted intrusion upon the sovereignty of the State." Undoubtedly any Allied State might raise that objection. Well, he has a familiar answer all ready—the usual German answer to everything. "The patience of Germany before the war was stretched further than was really well; it was exercised only to keep the peace. We have gained nothing by generously yielding a point time after time, instead of insisting upon our rights."

. . . It must be a matter of figures, and put down in black and white. The duty of the guarantors will be to see that the pledged security goes unforfeited because the guarantee is fulfilled."

Another item that this Prussian sabre is to cut out of us is set forth thus:

"As an integral constituent of the commercial treaty, there must be an import guarantee given by the foreign power in figures for each individual kind of German industry (the figure understood as the percentage of German goods to all other imported goods of the same industry)."

To conclude, it is laid down that all German governmental or commercial agencies established in any country to oversee and enforce these "minimum demands" remain unhampered and tax free.

German reports do not make light summer reading. But it seems essential that they should be presented verbatim to the business world, and that they be taken in detail for

careful study. They embody clearer than anything else the present and unrelinquished purpose of the German people not only to take by force and upon their own terms whatever we have which is of use to them, but to compel us to build up their commercial—and incidentally thereto their military—power upon orders permanently given in Berlin.

It is small wonder that the German chancellors all insist upon revealing their peace terms only in secret. To publish such demands as these baldly and plainly, as they have them drawn up, would be to add fury and flame to the already universal determination not to treat with them at all, on any basis.

But in this coming commercial warfare the German preparation provides an alternative and supplementary plan of operations which leaves no conceivable weapon, trick, or contingency out of its calculations.

At the outset it is naïvely admitted in Herr Herzog's illuminating book that "German export trade must enter hatred as a liability" and that it will meet the "passive resistance of her present enemies, of whom there are, to be sure, more than is necessary or profitable."

To meet this German plan of conquest, Herzog declares that German houses are to open their campaign through neutral countries; the German "make-up" is to be discarded for an American or English masquerade in appearance and in inscription—the German looms, presumably will be turning out the "Abraham Lincoln Liberty Petticoat." Great stress is laid upon the necessity for German agents not only speaking and writing English, but in disguising themselves as "natives" down to the last mannerism.

With this humorous suggestion, and a chapter devoted to entirely praiseworthy emphasis upon the necessity for good workmanship, the best materials, and scrupulous honesty in commercial dealings, the programme turns from legitimate to Teutonic methods of competition.

The foundation of the offensive is to be a Bureau of Trade Statistics. Every German abroad, whether ambassador, paid spy, traveller, professor, or workman, is to be enrolled in this service. Reporting upon uniform blanks, the result is to be an accurate and up-to-date return from all fronts, showing exactly what German products are normally, or *ought* normally, to be taken by every country, and which are "indispensable." The General Staff can then tell every day "whether, and to what degree, the proportional amounts are being altered by the open or concealed attacks of foreign countries" or firms. And it can thereby decide "what German products foreign countries cannot do without, and for what ones they substitute (openly or secretly) the products of (other) foreign countries."

### The "Foreign Brigade" of Spies

The very foundation and heart of the whole plan is based upon a military control of all industry and of every German by the Government. Every single German is to be under orders from Berlin, and is to act as a spy and Government agent. The success of the whole scheme depends upon immediate and accurate information from the front. Nor are trade statistics the least of it. Every German inventor and chemist, every laboratory and plant in the empire are to be under the orders of the General Staff—the Commercial Federation—and are to be kept working constantly improvising substitutes for raw material, and improved methods and processes. Every individual connected with any of this work, including all workmen, managers, directors, and financiers of the "Indispensable Industries" are to be guarded under military authority, and absolutely prevented from giving or divulging anything whatever outside the empire. On the other hand, all members of the "foreign brigade" are to report in minutest detail every discovery, invention, innovation of process, or sign of progress in every foreign industry throughout the world. If it be true that the Intelligence Service is the backbone of battle, we are to be checkmated at the outset. They are to have all our plans—we are to have none of theirs.

With this information in hand, the General Staff is to prepare for invasion by mobilising under five great organisations the entire commercial strength of the country. This is not to be a trust or combination. It is to be an army of manufacturers and miners and bankers, under command of a staff composed of the heads of the trades and the State officials, and controlled by the Government.

Any one who believes the scheme chimerical will do well to observe the process by which these industries are to be made and maintained "indispensable." Under our system it simply cannot be met by private business.

Every business in the empire will be called upon to contribute to a "guarantee fund." This fund, which will be made as large as is needed, will be used to provide these offensive



industries with a corps of technical experts and experimenters free of charge. It will be used to subsidise these industries to whatever limit and in whatever form is necessary to keep their costs below all possible rivalry.

They are to obtain priority supplies of raw materials, on a par with government war orders. The fund is to be used in every case to reduce the price of raw materials where they seem too high, and to lay in huge stocks where there seems any danger of their being curtailed. The workmen in these plants are to enlist for life, as in an army, and "under no circumstances" be allowed to strike or halt the business, even for a day. If need be, their pay will be higher than others. If so, the guarantee fund is all ready. Capital in these concerns, limited to German control, is also enlisted at the pleasure of the Government, and may not be transferred. And all the capital necessary is absolutely assured by the blessed guarantee fund. When the "screws are turned on" and an embargo upon some of these necessities is declared to bring us "to our senses" the guarantee fund will serve to keep the enterprises going, accumulating a surplus stock against the time when a hungry world will capitulate and call for them.

This Union will determine the government policy in granting freight rebates and export premiums, and in remitting taxes to any of these businesses that need it in order to "throttle" competition.

It is not expected that any of this guarantee fund will be lost. For by utterly routing all competition in the Indispensable Industries, and thereafter with their invincible help compelling all foreign nations to purchase the output of all German factories, it is presumed that the ledger will show a handsome profit in the end.

The methods they propose to employ to make sure that none of these "weapons of protection" or their secrets are ever transplanted to any other soil are illuminative of their whole conception of business, and conduct of every affair under the sun.

"All persons who are employed in industries of protective value must be entered in special lists by the body controlling manufacturing processes, so as to safeguard these industries. From the general lists a special list is to be drawn up which contains the names of employees in protective industries, who work with manufacturing methods or procedures, over which foreign countries hostile to our exports have no control. . . . These persons, whether they are directors, operating or scientific officers, or labourers, must be subject to State organisation similar to that of the army. Without permission of this organisation no emigration of persons in these lists can take place. They are subject to especially strict rules for safeguarding manufacturing secrets and methods. Foreigners cannot be permitted to find employment in concerns of this sort. . . . There will always be deserters. They must expect severe punishment meted out according to the amount of responsibility attached to the post which they left."

The same military tribunal is to have final authority over all transfers of ownership or shares in these industries.

"The exclusive maintenance of such industries for the empire demands a further control which extends to change in ownership. . . ."

"The State control will limit itself to ascertaining whether the future owner exhibits those peculiarities which in a material, technical, and moral connection offer a guarantee that the industry in question will remain at its former height and capacity for development, and banish all possibility of its being transplanted to foreign countries by the new owner. . . . The exclusion of foreigners is important in all cases."

Let us suppose a great factory to be established in Germany making its finished products out of raw material also obtainable in Germany, and that it is operated upon some technical secret process making some universally used product. And then let us suppose that all the raw material it can use is supplied to it and at its own price before any one else in Germany obtains any, regardless of the market. More than that, that every process or machine it uses is being worked upon for improvement by the best experts in the country, *free of charge*, and that every new invention is put into operation *at once*, regardless of the cost of scrapping other new machinery; that this factory has a full complement of skilful labour that never leaves for any other employment, and never under any circumstances strikes; that none of its processes or methods can possibly reach the ears of any competitor; that in case it has the slightest fear of competition every industry in Germany instantly contributes to make good any loss from cutting prices; that it has the right to fix its own freight rates, its own export premium, its own taxes, its own tariff upon any needed supplies it may import; and that in case of need it can instantly call upon the German Ambassador to threaten any action by the German Government or Army that might induce us to remove any impediments to its business developing. Imagine such a concern, and *voilà!*—you have precisely one of these industries with which we shall have to compete after the war.

In contemplating the enormous disadvantage that any private business, no matter how large or how well organised, will have in competition with these gigantic Government industries, we must be actively alive not only to the danger threatening our own interests, with which it may be that our Government is competent to cope by tariffs, but to the certain dependence and ruin they entail upon our weaker, and the possibly unendurable strain they put upon our stronger, Allies. If the threat is to be met—if knowledge of the enemy's intention thus put into our hands is to serve in any way in this struggle to free the world—we shall have to meet in joint action with all our Allies.

With these "indispensable" or "protective" industries thus subsidised and militarised and guarded and loaded ready to shoot, Herr Herzog's plan proceeds to show how it is to be linked up with every transaction made by German traders over the surface of the globe, and to display the details of its operations in the camps of the enemies.

## March of the Czecho-Slovaks: By M. Loubich

### THE ROMANCE OF THE BLACK GUARDS

*The Japanese decision to give armed assistance to the Czecho-Slovaks in Siberia adds point to this authoritative study of the origin, history, and aims of the Czecho-Slovak Army, in which the author indicates the hostility existing between the Bolshevik Party and this section of the Slavonic peoples which has retained aims identical with those of the Allies, and is furthering the Allied cause in the Far East, while its gradual extension to Western Siberia forms a definite threat to German interests in European Russia.*

**A**T a lecture on the people of Russia, delivered at one of the intellectual centres of Britain about the time the Bolsheviks came into power, the lecturer was met with the heart-searching question: "Where exactly in Russia is situated the nation of the Bolsheviks?"

Now that every one realises, perhaps, alas! too well, the meaning of the term Bolshevik, another puzzling name is brought to this country by the whirlwind of the east—"Czecho-Slovaks"—Who are they? Whence do they come? What do they stand for?

Czecho-Slovaks now in Eastern Europe are not one of the peoples of old Russia, though some few Czechs lived in Southern

Russia previous to the war. The Czechs, to the number of some seven millions, live in Bohemia, Moravia, and parts of Silesia, while the Slovaks, to the number of three millions live in the land called Slovakia, or Northern Hungary, between the Danube and the Upper Theiss. Thus the Bohemians are technically Austrian subjects, and the Slovaks Hungarian, but the history, civilisation, and language of the two peoples are so similar, and Austria-Hungary is so feared as a common enemy, that with the revival of Nationalism there came a strong tendency to amalgamate into one nation—the Czecho-Slovak nation.

The Hapsburg dynasty has ruled Bohemia since 1526, but it is only since the Thirty Years War and the Peace of Westphalia in 1648 that the Czecho-Austrian relations have become more bitter, and, with time, ever more and more hostile. There must have been something very wrong indeed in the Austrian régime, if in spite of these centuries of common rule and, to a great extent, a common Roman Catholic religion, as well as the existence of a large German element in the kingdom of Bohemia—they now, more than ever, seek to separate themselves from Austria.

This dissatisfaction of the Czechs and Slovaks, who, together with the Poles, form the western branch of the





Slavonic world, has a very practical significance for the cause of the Allies in the present war. The great majority of the people of Bohemia and—more important still—of the Bohemian soldiers, who *ipso facto* belong to the Austrian Army, were openly hostile to the Austrian Government. One regiment after another refused to fight the Russians or the Serbs. The eight regiments of the Czech Landwehr, the 11th Czech Regiment of Pisek, the 36th Regiment of Mlada Boleslav, and others, were, in part, massacred by the Austro-German and Hungarian soldiers, in part dispersed among German and Magyar Regiments.

The old Russian Government treated their Slavonic prisoners more indulgently than the Germans and Hungarians; many of them could earn quite high wages and lived on a fairly free footing. When, however, some of these Czechs, in conjunction with their countrymen living in Southern Russia, organised themselves into a Legion to assist the Russian Army as a separate unit, their action was received with indifference, to say the least of it, from the military authorities of the régime. Nevertheless, the legion has played its part on the Russian front. The Revolution provided new opportunities.

In May, 1917, the Czech unit had increased to the size of an army, and received every support and encouragement from the first Revolutionary Government. It is no longer a secret that the creation of this army was due to the energy and ability of the Czech leader, Professor Masaryk, once Deputy at Vienna, more recently Professor at King's College, London.

The tragedy of this army, which, in contradistinction to that of the White and Red Guards, is sometimes called the Black Guards, began with the disarming of the Russians. Here were well-trained and organised forces willing to fight the enemy even though every single man knew that if captured he would be branded by the enemy as a "rebel" and shot accordingly. Here was the enemy more than ever provoked since the Bolshevik peace was signed at Brest-Litovsk, and yet they were not allowed to fight. Consequently, some of them left the Russian front for France, where they form a separate unit, but, according to Mr. Vladimir Nosek, of the London Czech Press, some eighty thousand of them remained in Russia. It is with this eighty thousand, whose ranks have now swelled to the number of 150,000 or more, that the papers of the Allied and enemy countries have lately so much concerned themselves.

Much care and exactitude is necessary in reviewing the great adventure of these régiments, for there are two distinct and antagonistic opinions. There are people who call them reactionary supporters of the old or, in any case, anti-Bolshevik régime, and there are others who recognise them as brave fighters for the Allied cause in Russia against Germany, like their Czech brethren on the French and Italian fronts. Though these latter are nearer the truth, it must be remembered that the Czecho-Slovaks are fighting in the first place for their own cause—the freeing of their country from the Teutonic-Hungarian domination—but this is so closely identified with the aim of the Allies that they do not hesitate to place themselves unreservedly at their disposal, even though Vladivostok is far away from the country described by Shakespeare.

Those people who disregard the present rulers of Russia may deem it of little importance that the Black Guards

are reproached as anti-Bolsheviks, but it might still be in their disfavour if it were true that they aim at taking an intimate part in the internal politics of Russia. A few facts will reveal the truth of their position at the time when this article is being written.

The relations between these units and the Revolutionary Government were quite amicable at the time of Professor Masaryk's visit to Russia, May, 1917, to March, 1918. When the hope of reviving the struggle against Germany was abandoned and the Brest-Litovsk peace was signed, the Czecho-Slovaks decided to leave the country via Siberia and proceed to the western front. They were granted permits for this purpose by the Moscow Soviet last February, and some regiments started east. What happened next is not quite clear, but according to newspaper reports some of the Black Guard Regiments had a skirmish with German troops near Kiev, others have been heard of fighting their way to the east at Chelabinsk. The Bolsheviks' attitude towards them has been openly hostile since May last, but even so late as June 27th we hear of a message sent by Professor Masaryk from the United States to the Moscow Soviet, in which he urges them, in friendly language, not to oppose the eastward passage of the Czecho-Slovaks and not to confiscate their arms.

There can, however, be no doubt of the present warlike attitude between the two parties, and it is probable that this is in a great measure due to the support given by the non-Bolshevik Russians to this, the only well-organised and friendly army in the interior of the country. Nor can it be doubted that the Black Guards have considered it their duty to wrest from Bolshevik misrule the greater part of the Eastern and trans-Siberian Railway routes? It would be a mistake to associate them exclusively with any one Russian Party, Monarchic or Revolutionary, for they have given their aid wherever it was asked, and probably include in their ranks members of many different political creeds, yet whenever a choice had to be made, as, for instance, recently in the Far East between General Horvath's Monarchic Government at Kharbin and the restored Provisional Government of Vladivostok and Ormsk supported by General Alexeyeff, the Czecho-Slovaks rallied to the side of the latter.

So much for their present attitude; their future depends to a great extent on the attitude of the Allies, especially America and Japan, towards the Siberian situation.

At present there are four chief centres of Czecho-Slovak ascendancy. Vladivostok (from where they move towards Clube), Irkutsk; Krasnoyarsk-Tomsk, where their number is reckoned between 50,000 and 60,000, and within which lies Omsk, the capital of the new Siberian Government; the Don district round Tsaritsyn, where they have united with some Cossacks and some Polish troops, and Kazan-Samara-Penza, where part of the Tatar population has given them support.

The Murman coast Yugo-Slav (Serbo-Croats) battalions also count among themselves some Czecho-Slovaks.

It has been often discussed during the present war whether individual enterprise can have any bearing on the main issue. If we consider the case of the Czecho-Slovak detachments which are due almost entirely to Professor Masaryk's initiative which, if well used, diplomatically and strategically, may still act as a check to German advance in the East.

There is no doubt that the individual enterprise of a genius is now, as always welcome and fruitful.



# The Turkish Conspiracy

By HENRY MORGENTHAU

*Late U.S. Ambassador to Turkey*

## XI—The Holy War

ONE of Germany's most ambitious plans in the East was to use the Turkish alliance as a means of stirring up the whole Mohammedan population of the world to a "Holy War" against the Entente nations. Mr. Morgenthau relates here the details of the plot, the methods of furthering it, and its utter failure.

IN the early days Wangenheim had explained to me Germany's real purpose in forcing Turkey into the conflict. He made this explanation quietly and nonchalantly, as though it had been quite the most ordinary matter in the world. Sitting in his office, he unfolded Germany's scheme to arouse the whole fanatical Moslem world against the Christians. Germany had planned a real "holy war" as one means of destroying English and French influence in the world. "Turkey herself is not the really important matter," said Wangenheim. "Her army is a small one, and we do not expect it to do very much. For the most part it will act on the defensive. But the big thing is the Moslem world. If we can stir the Mohammedans up against the English and Russians, we can force them to make peace."

What Wangenheim evidently meant by the "big thing" became apparent on November 13th, when the Sultan issued his declaration of war; this declaration was really an appeal for a *Jihad*, or a "Holy War" against the infidel. Soon afterward the Sheik-ul-Islam published his proclamation, summoning the whole Moslem world to arise and massacre their Christian oppressors. "Oh, Moslems!" concluded this document. "Ye who are smitten with happiness and are on the verge of sacrificing your life and your goods for the cause of right, and of braving perils, gather now around the Imperial throne, obey the commands of the Almighty, who, in the *Koran*, promises us bliss in this and in the next world; embrace ye the foot of the Caliph's throne and know ye that the state is at war with Russia, England, France, and their Allies, and that these are the enemies of Islam. The Chief of the believers, the Caliph, invites you all as Moslems to join in the Holy War!" The religious leaders read this proclamation to their assembled congregations in the mosques; all the newspapers printed it conspicuously; emissaries spread it broadcast in all the countries which had large Mohammedan populations—India, China, Persia, Egypt, Algiers, Tripoli, Morocco, and the like—reading it to the assembled multitudes and exhorting the populace to obey the mandate. The *Ikdäm*, the Turkish newspaper which had passed into German ownership, was constantly inciting the masses. "The deeds of our enemies," wrote this Turco-German editor, "have brought down the wrath of God. A gleam of hope has appeared. All Mohammedans, young and old, men, women, and children, must fulfil their duty so that the gleam may not fade away, but give light to us for ever. How many great things can be accomplished by the arms of vigorous men, by the aid of others, of women and children! . . . The time for action has come. We shall all have to fight with all our strength, with all our soul, with teeth and nails, with all the sinews of our bodies and of our spirits. If we do it, the deliverance of the subjected Mohammedan kingdoms is assured. Then, if God so wills, we shall march unashamed by the side of our friends who send their greetings to the Crescent. Allah is our aid and the Prophet is our support."

### An Amazing Document

The Sultan's proclamation was an official public document, and dealt with the proposed Holy War only in a general way, but about this same time there appeared a secret pamphlet which gave instructions to the faithful in more specific terms. This paper was not read in the mosques; it was distributed stealthily in all Mohammedan countries. It was a lengthy document—the English translation contains 10,000 words—full of quotations from the *Koran*; and its style was frenzied in its appeal to racial and religious hatred. It described a detailed plan of operations for the assassination and extermination of all Christians—except those of German nationality. A few extracts will fairly portray its spirit: "O people of the faith and O beloved Moslems, consider, even though but for a brief moment, the present condition of the Islamic world. For if you

consider this but for a little you will weep long. You will behold a bewildering state of affairs which will cause the tear to fall and the fire of grief to blaze. You see the great country of India, which contains hundreds of millions of Moslems, fallen, because of religious divisions and weaknesses, into the grasp of the enemies of God, the infidel English. You see forty millions of Moslems in Java shackled by the chains of captivity and of affliction under the rule of the Dutch, although these infidels are much fewer in number than the faithful and do not enjoy a much higher civilisation. You see Egypt, Morocco, Tunis, Algeria, and the Sudan suffering the extremes of pain and groaning in the grasp of the enemies of God and his apostle. You see the vast country of Siberia and Turkestan and Khiva and Bokhara and the Caucasus and the Crimea and Kazan and Ezferhan and Kosahastan, whose Moslem peoples believe in the unity of God, ground under the feet of their oppressors, who are the enemies already of our religion. You behold Persia being prepared for partition and you see the city of the Caliphate, which for ages has unceasingly fought breast to breast with the enemies of our religion, now become the target for oppression and violence. Thus wherever you look you see that the enemies of the true religion, particularly the English, the Russian, and the French, have oppressed Islam and invaded its rights in every possible way. We cannot enumerate the insults we have received at the hands of these nations who desire totally to destroy Islam and wipe all Mohammedans off the face of the earth. This tyranny has passed all endurable limits; the cup of our oppression is full to overflowing. . . . In brief, the Moslems work and the infidels eat, the Moslems are hungry and suffer and the infidels gorge themselves and live in luxury. The world of Islam sinks down and goes backward, and the Christian world goes forward and is more and more exalted. The Moslems are enslaved and the infidels are the great rulers. This is all because the Moslems have abandoned the plan set forth in the *Koran* and ignored the Holy War which it commands. . . . But the time has now come for the Holy War, and by this the land of Islam shall be for ever freed from the power of the infidels who oppress it. This Holy War has now become a sacred duty. Know ye that the blood of infidels in the Islamic lands may be shed with impunity—except those to whom the Moslem power has promised security and who are allied with it. [Herein we find that Germans and Austrians are excepted from massacre.] The killing of infidels who rule over Islam has become a sacred duty, whether you do it secretly or openly, as the *Koran* has decreed: 'Take them and kill them whenever you come across them. Behold we have delivered them unto your hands and given you supreme power over them.' He who kills even one unbeliever of those who rule over us, whether he does it secretly or openly shall be rewarded by God. And let every Moslem in whatever part of the world he may be, swear a solemn oath to kill at least three or four of the infidels who rule over him, for they are the enemies of God and of the faith. Let every Moslem know that his reward for doing so shall be doubled by the God who created heaven and earth. A Moslem who does this shall be saved from the terrors of the day of judgment, of the resurrection of the dead. Who is the man who can refuse such a recompense for such a small deed? . . . Yet the time has come that we should rise up as the rising of one man, in one hand a sword, in the other a gun, in his pocket balls of fire and death-dealing missiles, and in his heart the light of the faith, and that we should lift up our voices, saying—India for the Indian Moslems, Java for the Javanese Moslems, Algeria for the Algerian Moslems, Morocco for the Moroccan Moslems, Tunis for the Tunisian Moslems, Egypt for the Egyptian Moslems, Iran for the Iranian Moslems, Turan for the Turanian Moslems, Bokhara for the Bokharan Moslems, Caucasus for the Caucasian Moslems, and the Ottoman Empire for the Ottoman Turks and Arabs."

Specific instructions for carrying out this holy purpose follow. There shall be a "heart war"—every follower of the





(1) Sheik-ul-Islam declaring the Holy War

Wangenheim, the German Ambassador, told Mr. Morgenthau that Germany expected little from Turkey's military efforts. "The 'big thing' we are after," he said, "is the 'Holy War.'" Germany, by using the Sultan, who is Caliph of the Mohammedan world, expected to arouse the Mohammedans of India, Egypt, Persia, Morocco, and other countries to revolt against England and France. The Sheik-ul-Islam issued a proclamation, which this picture shows him reading, calling on Mussulmans everywhere to rise and murder their Christian rulers—unless they happened to be Germans.

(2) Kurdish Cavalry

This is the type of soldier which the Germans planned to unleash against the Christian populations. They afterward played an important part in the Armenian massacres.



Prophet, that is, shall constantly nourish in his spirit a hatred of the infidel; a "speech war"—with tongue and pen every Moslem shall spread this same hatred wherever Mohammedans live—and a war of deed, fighting and killing the infidel wherever he shows his head. This latter conflict, says the pamphlet, is the "true war." There is to be a "little holy war" and a "great holy war"; the first describes the battle which every Mohammedan is to wage in his community against his Christian neighbours, and the second is the great world struggle which united Islam, in India, Arabia, Turkey,



M. Tocheff, Bulgarian Minister at Constantinople

He was much disturbed at the "Holy War" which the Turks, acting under German advice, decreed against Christians. He protested to the German Ambassador that any massacres might lose Germany the friendship of Bulgaria.

Africa, and other countries, is to wage against the infidel oppressors. "The Holy War," says this pamphlet, "will be of three forms. First the individual war, which consists of the individual personal deed. This may be with cutting, killing instruments, like the Holy War which one of the faithful made against Peter Galy, the infidel English Governor, like the slaying of the English chief of police in India, and like the killing of one of the officials arriving in Mecca by Abi Busir (may God be pleased with him)." The document gives several other instances of assassination which the faithful are enjoined to imitate. The believers are told to organise "bands," and to go forth and slay Christians. The most useful are those organised and operating in secret. "It is hoped that the Islamic world of to-day will profit very greatly from such secret bands." The third method is by "organised campaigns," that is, by trained armies.

In all parts of this incentive to murder and assassination there are indications that a German hand has exercised an editorial supervision. Only those infidels are to be slain "who rule over us"—that is, those who have Mohammedan subjects. As Germany has no such subjects, this saving clause was expected to protect Germans from assault. The Germans, with their usual interest in their own well-being and their usual disregard of their ally, evidently overlooked the fact that Austria had many Mohammedans in Bosnia and Herzegovina. Moslems are instructed that they should form armies, "even though it may be necessary to introduce some foreign elements"—that is, bring in German instructors and German officers. "You must remember,"—this is evidently intended as a blanket protection to Germans everywhere—"that it is absolutely unlawful to oppose any of the peoples of other religions between whom and the Moslems there is a covenant or of those who have not manifested hostility to the seat of the Caliphate or those who have entered under the protection of the Moslems."

Even though I had not had Wangenheim's personal state-

ment that the Germans intended to arouse the Mohammedans everywhere against England, France, and Russia, these interpolations would clearly enough have indicated the real inspiration of this amazing document. At the time Wangenheim discussed the matter with me, his chief idea seemed to be that a "Holy War" of this sort could be the quickest means of forcing England to make peace. According to this point of view, it was really a great peace offensive. At that time Wangenheim reflected the conviction, which was prevalent in all official circles, that Germany had made a mistake in bringing England into the conflict and it was his idea now that if back fires could be started against England in India, Egypt, the Soudan, and other places, the British Empire would withdraw. Even if British Mohammedans refused to rise, Wangenheim believed that the mere threat of such an uprising would induce England to abandon Belgium and France to their fate. The danger of spreading such incendiary literature among a wildly fanatical people is apparent. I was not the only neutral diplomat who feared the most serious consequences. M. Tocheff, the Bulgarian Minister, one of the ablest members of the Diplomatic Corps, was much disturbed. At that time Bulgaria was neutral, and M. Tocheff used to tell me that his country hoped to maintain this neutrality. Each side, he said, expected that Bulgaria would become its ally; it was Bulgaria's policy to keep each side in this expectant frame of mind. Should Germany succeed in starting a "Holy War" and should massacres result, Bulgaria, added M. Tocheff, would certainly join forces with the Entente. We arranged that he should call upon Wangenheim and repeat this statement, and that I should bring similar pressure to bear upon Enver. From the first, however, the "Holy War" proved a failure. The Mohammedans of such countries as India, Egypt, Algiers, and Morocco knew that they were getting far better treatment than they could obtain under any other conceivable conditions. Moreover, the simple-minded Mohammedans could not understand why they should prosecute a "Holy War" against Christians with Christian nations, such as Germany and Austria, as their partners. This association made the whole proposition ridiculous. The *Koran*, it is true, commands the slaughter of Christians, but it makes no exception in favour of the Germans. In the mind of the fanatical Mohammedan, a German *rayah* is as much Christian dirt as an Englishman or a Frenchman, and his massacre is just as meritorious an act. The fine distinctions necessitated by European diplomacy, he understands about as completely as he understands the law of gravitation or the nebular hypothesis. The German failure to take this into account is only another evidence of the fundamental German clumsiness and real ignorance of the world situation. The only tangible fact that stands out clearly is the Kaiser's desire to let loose 300,000,000 Mohammedans in a gigantic St. Bartholomew massacre of Christians.

Was there then no "Holy War" at all? Did Wangenheim's "big thing" really fail? Whenever I think of this famous *Jihad* a particular scene in the American Embassy comes to my mind. On one side of the table sits Enver, most peacefully sipping tea and eating cakes; on the other side is myself, engaged in the same unwarlike occupation. It is November 14th, the day after the Sultan declared his holy war; there have been meetings at the mosques and other places, at which the declaration has been read and fiery speeches made. Enver assured me that absolutely no harm would come to Americans; in fact, that there would be no massacres anyway. While he was talking, one of my secretaries came in and told me that a little mob was making demonstrations against certain foreign establishments. It had assailed an Austrian shop which had unwisely kept up its sign saying that it had "English clothes" for sale. I asked Enver what this meant; he answered that it was all a mistake; there was no intention of attacking anybody. A little while after he left, I was informed that the mob had attacked the Bon Marché, a French dry goods store, and was heading directly for the British Embassy. I at once called Enver on the telephone; it was all right, he said, nothing would happen to the Embassy. A minute or two after, the mob immediately wheeled about and started for Tokatlans, the most important restaurant in Constantinople. The fact that this was conducted by an Armenian made it fair game. Six men who had poles, with hooks at the end, broke all the mirrors and windows, others took the marble tops of the tables and smashed them to bits. In a few minutes the place had been gutted.

This demonstration comprised the "Holy War," so far as Constantinople understood it. Such was the inglorious end of Germany's attempt to arouse 300,000,000 Mohammedans against the Christian world!

(To be continued)



# The Magneto: A Story by Enid Bagnold

"A DA PHILPOT," she wrote on the sheet hung up outside the office, and, passing into the lecture-room, took a seat by the door.  
"That must be a board-school girl," whispered my neighbour.

"Yes?"

"Yes; I know the type."

Miss Philpot had small feet, blunt toes, and thick ankles which crept towards the outside hem of her skirt instead of running up the middle of her like a stalk. She wore a mackintosh with a belt, dark-brown kid gloves whose leather crinkled across her blunt fingers like the back of an old toad, and round her neck—a neck in keeping with her toes and fingers—was a man's striped scarf.

A little discoloured mackintosh hat was pulled as far on to her head in front as it was up in the air at the back.

"She wants to be a van-driver," the voice whispered to me again. "She said she wanted to drive 'down into the country with the parcels.'"

The course of lessons cost nine pounds; she hardly looked as if she could have afforded it. All through the first lesson she sat heavily, without so much as crossing her knees or even taking off her gloves. Indeed, she never once took them off during any of the classes. She sat heavily, but there must have been a sort of inward light.

"What," said the lecturer, "sends the wheels forward?"

We murmured uneasily, and the murmur seemed to indicate that it was "the machinery."

"Come!" said the lecturer.

"The road," replied Miss Philpot in a choked voice.

We would like to have laughed.

At the second class it appeared that she had been studying her text-books, and even reading up a chapter in advance, for at each piece of knowledge that was handed to her she nodded her head absordedly.

"That is how they learn in the board-schools," said my neighbour. "Like a parrot."

So class after class went on—brakes, engine, lubrication. Even the differential, though puzzling, had no real mystery.

The body is intimate and friendly. It is the soul which alarms. One afternoon when we came together, a little, dome-shaped object stood upon the lecturer's table.

"This," he said, and he touched it, not with his stick, but gently with his finger, "is the magneto."

Miss Philpot listened to him. She had not had the sun and the moon explained to her. When lightning had leapt across the tractless sky she had been told to close the shutters of man's little house-box, and when thunder pealed she had put her fingers in her ears.

Alas, Miss Philpot, poor child. When the lecturer held a paper over the magnet, and the steel shavings bristled into position and showed the stream of the magnetic field, he should have explained to her in the simplest terms she knew: "God did that!" As it was, she may have had a suspicion that he himself had done it cleverly by blowing.

She followed him up to a certain point. It was reasonable and within her comprehension that an electric current, accustomed to a normal channel, should, when squeezed between narrower banks, rush faster, press harder, and become something that he called a "high tension."

But what this current was, that it should have no colour and no form, no birth or death, was inconceivable, and hurt her to think of. It had no shape! She shuddered when she realised such dark pits and holes in learning.

She was bidden to look at the disc that held the platinum points. The path of the current was pointed out to her at the end of a pencil—that lightning obstacle race, in which the current, refusing blind alleys without groping or delay, slips through the open doorways of carbon and metal, and arrives at last at the brink of that teasing, tantalising chasm, the platinum points of the make-and-break, where the poor current, convulsed with uncertainty, is alternately refused and allowed passage.

The lecturer took an end of wire and made the spark stutter for her to see. There was wonder and servility in her face. "Marvellous are thy works, oh, Upper Classes! Great is the brain of a gentleman!"

She took the uninsulated end of a wire in her fingers. "It's in here?" she asked, and gave it a sinister significance.

The lecturer made a contact for her, and she dropped the wire hurriedly, but without laughter. "Yes," she said, and appeared to brood.

It was the first time in her life that she had met Mystery.

"It is a natural force," said the lecturer, and it seemed to him commonplace.

"A force . . ." she repeated after him. And suddenly, raising her head: "But where from? Who hits it?"

She had an idea of a force, like a blow, propelled by some original fist. When she said "Who hits it?" her eyes were dark. "Who, after all, hits everything?"—was what I saw in them. "Behold the round world, visited by wind and water, as simply as milk is poured into the cat's saucer. Who holds the jug? Who starts the river? What propels the wind?"

"God," they would have told her in the board-school, sheltering under that thundery blanket. Here, among the mysteries of this class, God had not once been offered as a solution. Her mind lay all the wider spread for wonder.

She could not breathe long in that air, but sank from wonder to bewilderment; the beam of science was too bright, too like a sword. For nine pounds they were asking her to learn magic; she had not known she could have bought so much with her savings.

From that time on she wore the look of a dog when a match has been struck too near its nose. She was uneasy, unhappy, alarmed, and hid from us under the brim of her mackintosh hat.

The last classes drew upon us, the last precious gifts of knowledge before the final test; and that, too, came and passed, leaving some of us high and dry, and making others happy. On the day after the test, when we had still one more class to finish the course, Miss Philpot arrived tear-stained, and, taking a chair just inside the door, as she had done on the first day, sat unheeding and heavy, her shoulders humped, her gloved hands apart upon her knees. Then, as the class was ending, some special sense of her unhappiness seemed to defeat her, and she rose to her feet and slipped through the door, which, swinging open again after her hurried pull, showed her going from us with shaking shoulders.

"What's up with her?" said one.

"I suppose she has failed in her exam."

"Well, so have lots of us. . . ."

We gathered our books together, and said good-bye to each other before we went, full-blown mechanics, into the outer world.

"Did she fail hopelessly?"

"Oh, yes. And cried dreadfully. I suppose the money was a difficulty. She can't get nine pounds again, and it's rather thrown away now she has failed."

"But she can take the test again another month."

"She can't afford to wait; and, besides, she hasn't understood anything. She told me she was going back to service."

"Service! . . ."

"She was a kitchen-maid, you know."

A kitchen-maid! . . . Pity bloomed in our hearts. We felt ourselves in touch with her ambitions, her difficulties, her careful saving. We looked into her life with penetrating eyes, and saw that she was a touching figure.

"Let's collect some money!" we cried. "She might take the course again—or, at least, take her test next month! She ought to be helped!"

"Yes!" exclaimed the class, "yes . . ."—and began slipping through the doorway. We hunted for umbrellas, pulled on mackintoshes, hungry for lunch, glad the last lesson was over.

In the scrimmage and good-byes nobody gave anything.

## The Gospel of Chimneys

By Capt. Sherard Vines

How far the stour and reek of them  
Who lift thereup all day  
Beyond the woods, beyond the hills,  
This signal, "Come and pray."  
"Come and do worship at this church  
All that have brain or thew,  
Wide our unlovely precincts are  
To hold the like of you.  
In running belt and biting cog  
Shall your salvation lie,  
Of furnace strength and skill at lathe  
Spring your doxology.  
The desk is mightier than the field,  
The pen most strong to save,  
Since who will dare to bondage there  
He will not fear the grave."



# Life and Letters by J.C. Squire

## Galleries

**M**R. JOSEPH DUVEEN has presented the nation with a sum of money to build a Gallery of Modern Foreign Art. It is certainly needed. The neglect of modern foreign art—especially French and Dutch art—has not been complete in this country; British collectors were early to appreciate the Barbizon school, and in the last fifteen years there has certainly been enough writing and exhibiting to familiarize the public with the nature of almost everything that has been done in Europe in our time. But, owing to lack of money, or conservatism, or timidity, or all of these, it is just to say that for our National Gallery modern painting does not exist. One or two donors have presented us with a few pictures by Corot, Daubigny, Diaz, and the Marises; Courbet may be found at South Kensington and a few provincial galleries have gone a little farther. But it is nobody's business to watch what is being done and to see—to put it crudely—that we get in early and cheap. As things stand there are masters, recognised as such by competent persons in every country, who are quite unrepresented in the national collections, and of whom, if things went on as they are, we should, fifty years hence, be buying inferior examples at prodigious prices. We need not have been quite so badly off as we are. If Dr. Bode was able—as he was—to acquire pictures by Cézanne and hang them at Berlin (Cézanne and his contemporaries are also to be seen at Munich) and if the Reijks Museum at Amsterdam found van Gogh worthy of a room to himself, it is clear that the care of a collection of old masters, and the liking for them, does not necessarily preclude a judgment upon and taste for what has been done quite recently. But our National Gallery has laboured under obvious difficulties, and a new gallery and separate control is the obvious solution. There will be little difficulty in starting such a collection. France, Belgium, and Holland will provide the obvious basis, Corot and his contemporaries, the Marises, Mauve, probably Israels and Bosboom. The more venerable critics will be shocked when (as they will have to) Gauguin and Cézanne get in; but they will scarcely lift their voices against Renoir and Degas—who, if I remember rightly, are still totally unrepresented in London. There are dozens of other Frenchmen of all sizes from Manet to Boudin and Cazin. Spain, Sweden, and, if we are really enterprising, Russia, will provide something. It will not be necessary to trade with the enemy for anything German. Since Dürer and Altdorfer it can only be supposed that German painters have written music. Lenbach was a good academic portrait painter; Menzel (whom they attempted to pass off as a great master), a skilful, if dull, illustrator; the colour of the romantic Böcklin has to be seen to be believed; and the best of the living Germans would not be conspicuous in our current art shows. We must be grateful for the new gallery; but I should like to add a few qualifying remarks.

\* \* \* \* \*

To illustrate the limitations of these huge public collections a parallel from literature may be drawn. They are like anthologies. The National Gallery resembles one of those works which give in five or ten volumes representative selections from the world's Greatest Masters, specimens drawn from all countries and periods. The Tate Gallery is like an anthology of nineteenth century literature; the new Duveen Gallery will be like a volume of selections from modern foreign writers. Picture galleries have disadvantages peculiar to themselves, of course. If they are overcrowded with pictures, one cannot escape the clash and confusion by "opening" a wall at one place and then shutting it up again; if they are overcrowded with people concentration is difficult. And in the ordinary way, so much trouble and time is involved in reaching them, that the visitor, not knowing when he will be there again, is faced with the necessity of either rushing through them or getting tired limbs and a crick in the neck. But their principal defect as an element in "artistic education" is inseparable from their principal merit; they cover too much ground and they cover it inadequately. Large and, within their reference, "complete" anthologies are, like histories of literature, indispensable to those who desire to find their way about. Without such works we might never come into contact with those writers who are most likely to appeal to us. Were it not for the few examples of the early Flemings in the National Gallery many a man might never have gone to Belgium and

Berlin to see the Memlings and the van Eycks, the Matsys and the Patinirs, the van der Weydens, Davids, and van der Goes. But you cannot get the fullest and the intensest pleasure out of Milton and Keats by reading the examples of them, however numerous, in the *Oxford Book of English Verse*; still less can you fully know and enjoy Vermeer or Mantegna from one or two pictures in a National Gallery. It is highly desirable that we should have these enormous museums of pictures, in order that we may easily know the best that has been done in the world and discover, whether we are practising art or merely "consuming" it, our affinities. But it will be a bad thing if all the good pictures in the world get sprinkled evenly throughout the world's great galleries, each gallery achieving its aim of getting one or two examples of every good painter.

\* \* \* \* \*

Whenever I see even a single good picture well hung in a private house I reflect how much more pleasure I get out of it there than I should have done had I seen it amid the conflicting clamours of a heterogeneous public gallery. (I do not *think* the reflection is peculiar to myself but, in deference to a recent correspondent, I am trying to avoid "one" in doubtful cases). And it is a commonplace of observation that an unusual degree of enjoyment is obtained at a gallery which is so fortunate as to possess a whole room, or a whole wall, of one artist's works. How much less effective would the Giotto at Assisi be were they scattered throughout the capitals of Europe; how much more effective would the great Ghent altarpiece be if it were reunited instead of being in pieces at Ghent, Brussels, and Berlin. No man can get the most out of Rubens, Velasquez or Turner unless he has seen the Rubenses at Antwerp or Munich, the Velasquez at the Prado, or the Turners at the Tate. Surely the ideal would be a dual system under which the great miscellaneous collections were supplemented by small, public collections devoted to particular artists or groups of artists. I do not know what sort of public gallery, if any, is owned by the City of Norwich. The only time I was ever there I saw the Cathedral and then found so admirable a hostelry that I was not tempted to explore further. But if it has one I am sure it would be much more delightful and useful were it entirely composed of the best works of old Crome and two or three other Norwich artists, than if it contained, like most provincial galleries, a mixture of minor local works, ephemeral academic successes and dubious old masters, landscapes by Binks, poor copies of Titian and Palma Vecchio, and painted acres by Mr. Blair Leighton or Mr. Sigismund Goetze. We ought to diffuse our masterpieces as widely as possible without breaking up the groups. And I don't think there is any doubt that a small town or a country place is a better setting for a one man gallery than a room or a separate building in a large city.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three considerable collections exist of works by the late G. F. Watts. People differ, understandably, about his eminence; but he will do as an illustration. There is the collection of portraits in the National Portrait Gallery; there is the room full of allegories, including most of his major works at the Tate; and there is the miscellaneous gallery, filled mostly with small things, at his home near Guildford. For myself I remember that when I visited the last, one small room in a village with trees all around and a haycart in the road, I got more pleasure out of it than I have ever got out of the others, which are surrounded with crowds of other pictures, and have to be approached first through London streets and then through turnstiles laden with catalogues and guarded by braided commissionaires. I remember thinking that had I my way I would shift half the Tate Wattses to Compton to join the others. Suppose that the cream of Constable were established similarly at Flatford on the Stour, in a little white building by the mill, where his own river runs through his own valley. Suffolk would have an added attraction; Constable would be seen to better advantage than he ever has been; and a pilgrimage to Flatford would be as exciting as a visit to Haarlem where, in a very small and otherwise not notable collection, one finds the great series of Halses, painted in and for his own town, and still there to his and the town's glory. Provincial towns beginning collections, and philanthropists making collections which they intend to leave to the public, would do well to bear this in mind. They should specialize; and, where there is a local product worth it, they should specialise in that.



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# The Reader's Diary

## Recent Novels

THE reputation of novelists is a curious matter. Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall has never been the happy subject of a boom; and it is only rarely that a reviewer admits any knowledge of his previous work. But his reputation, propagated almost entirely by word of mouth, is quite secure; and his latest volume, *Oriental Encounters* (Collins, 6s. net), will certainly add to it. For here he describes, "fictionally," in the form of what he calls "a comic sketch-book of experience," the manner in which he gained that knowledge of the Near East which afterwards made the subject of his novels. The picture he presents of the very young Englishman riding through Syria, attended by his two loving companions, Rashid, the ex-soldier, and Suleymân, the wise dragoman, is undeniably captivating. They hunted tigers (or possibly pole-cats, for they saw no beast at all), they attempted, unsuccessfully, to purchase land, they interfered with the course of justice, joined in all the festivities of the country, and had, in short, an unmitigated good time. The book expresses, perhaps even more freshly and youthfully than before, Mr. Pickthall's zest in the life of the East and his whole-hearted appreciation of Oriental standards and manners. It is as near as we have had recently to a picaresque romance; and it is written with a colour, vivacity, and humour which make it a pure delight to read.

The case of Mr. Leonard Merrick's reputation is even odder than that of Mr. Pickthall's. It cannot be said that no one has ever boomed him, for the attempt has been made again and again; and now here is the first volume of his collected works, *Conrad in Quest of his Youth* (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s. net), with an introduction by Sir James Barrie, and the rest of his novels are to follow with introductions by Sir William Robertson Nicoll, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. Granville Barker, and other similarly distinguished authors. I have read *Conrad* with very great pleasure. It deserves much that its introducer says of it. Conrad's attempts to revive his childish friendships and his childish love affair and the first great passion of his youth are admirably described; and the final episode, in which youth suddenly returns to him unsought, is prettily imagined and set out. The book shows spontaneity, ease, and vivacity in writing, and certainly a considerable gift for the invention of incident. Mr. Merrick deserves popularity, and it is difficult to understand why he has not had it. But what this very miscellaneous cloud of witnesses (from which I regretfully note the absence of Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. George Moore, and Mr. Sidney Webb) is getting so excited about I simply cannot make out. For it is rather an exaggeration to call Mr. Merrick a great writer; and it is difficult to make out what Sir James Barrie means when he calls him "the novelists' novelist." But I trust that the new edition will secure for Mr. Merrick the success he deserves.

Among novels which do not pretend to be of the earth-shaking order, Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's stories have always held a distinguished place; and his latest, *Piccadilly Jim* (Jenkins, 6s. net), attains his usual standard of light-hearted farce. To attempt to explain the plot would be like paraphrasing a musical comedy; and I desist. The book contains geniuses and baseball fans, millionaires, kidnappers, and other crooks, an explosive that doesn't explode, and a sophisticated millionaire's child, who is willing to be kidnapped if his abductors will "go fifty-fifty" with him. It is worth reading. *The Man from Trinidad* (Hutchinson, 6s. net), by the author of *The Pointing Man*, just fails to be a good shocker because the author has a literary sense which leads him at the wrong moment to go all out for atmosphere instead of blood. Nevertheless, the tale of the sinister Hirose and his wretched victim has thrills and reaches an exciting end in that paradise of the sensationalist, a low bar in Port Said. *The Gun Brand*, by Mr. J. B. Hendryx (Putnam's, 7s. 6d. net), is a tale of blood and villainy in the Far North, which has an adequate allowance of deaths per chapter. But why will heroines in these books persist in trusting the villains and flouting the heroes till the reader longs to shake them? And why do the heroes never shake them, when, in the last chapter they are in a position to do so?

## Essays in Reconstruction

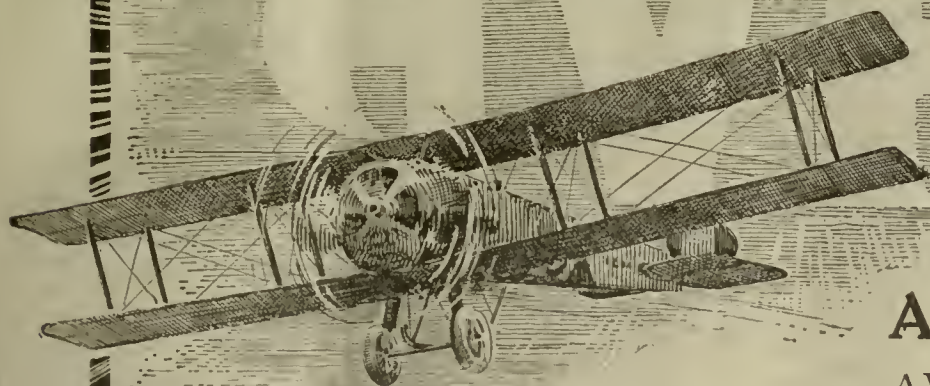
Mr. A. E. Zimmern, author of that brilliant book, *The Greek Commonwealth*, a member of the Round Table group, and a power in the Workers' Educational Association, is both a scholar and a modern inquirer; and he brings to the study of the subjects treated in *Nationality and Government* (Chatto and Windus, 10s. 6d. net), a close acquaintance with the problems both of the ancient world and of our own. He is, that is to say, a remarkable product of the new humanism and one of the men who are triumphantly disproving the charge of infertility which is now ceasing to be levelled at classical studies. It is, therefore, not surprising to find that this attitude towards the problems which distract us to-day is at once determined, thoughtful and dispassionate. I have no space to analyse the contents of a book which ranges from *German Culture and the British Commonwealth* to *The Control of Industry after the War*, and from *The New German Empire* to *The Universities and Public Opinion*. But it is possible in a few words to comment on the remarkable penetration and the great and effective intellectual detachment of Mr. Zimmern's essays. He has achieved, for example, the really useful feat of making Prussianism appear a coherent and even, in some respects, an admirable philosophy of life, a philosophy which sees man "a slave to impulse and caprice, to bodily need, to the buffetings of an imperious need" and which gives him "the freedom that the angels know, the freedom which consists, not in individual initiative or decision or assent, not in the achievement of self-chosen purposes, but in the perfect service of a righteous and revered authority." And this appreciation of our enemies' point of view makes the ensuing vindication of the British point of view only the more striking and telling. This is, perhaps, argument of an order a little too high for the generality; but it is the sort of thinking which, at one or two removes, perhaps, does exercise a very powerful influence on public opinion and action. For this reason it is to be regretted that Mr. Zimmern's doctrine of nationality, which occupies much space in this book, lies a little open to misinterpretation. He deprecates with some warmth the political doctrine of nationality, refers to the arrogance, the *sacro egoismo*, into which this is converted by subject nations when they are liberated, and argues that the state should not be made co-extensive with nationality, but that, by cultivation of their own national sentiments and customs, different races should find it possible to live side by side within the same political bodies. I do not think, however, that he overlooks the fact that we are dealing at present with subject-races whose self-expression has been harshly turned from open cultivation of non-political national feeling into secret political agitation; but I do think that he fails to allow for the probability that such a diversion of energy exacerbates national feeling and makes any form of satisfaction but political independence very unattractive to it. I think, that is to say, that in his detached desire to bring out a neglected aspect of the abstract problem, Mr. Zimmern has missed a determining factor in the existing problem. I think, too, that his views on this point may even do harm; but there is no doubt that the widespread study of his book as a whole will do much good.

## A Soldier's Meditations

Mr. Coningsby Dawson is one of the writers, who, having served in the trenches and taken his wound, is at liberty to speak well of the civilian spirit behind the armies; and perhaps the most striking passage in his *Glory of the Trenches* (Lane, 3s. 6d. net), describes the soldier's realisation of this spirit all along his journey from the casualty clearing station to a London hospital. But he writes of other things as well. His book is, in fact, a series of meditations on the experiences which have befallen him since the beginning of the war, from his first refusal to enlist to the moment when he found himself contemplating his return to the front line after being wounded. It is with the spirit of the men and the meaning of events that he deals rather than merely with reminiscences, but reminiscences drive home the result of his reflections; and he has produced a book with queerly vivid patches and pictures that are oddly alive, a worthy successor to his earlier and popular, *Khaki Courage*.

PETER BELL.





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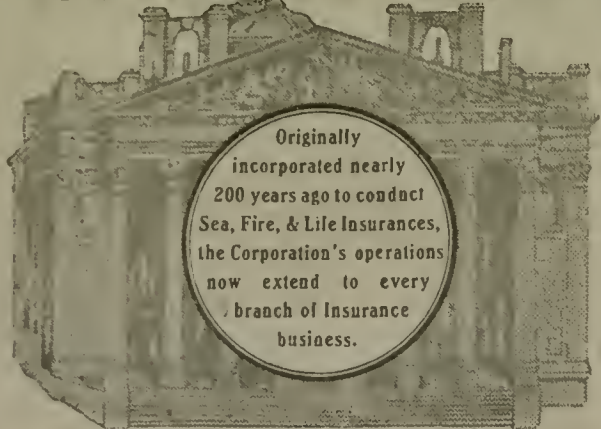
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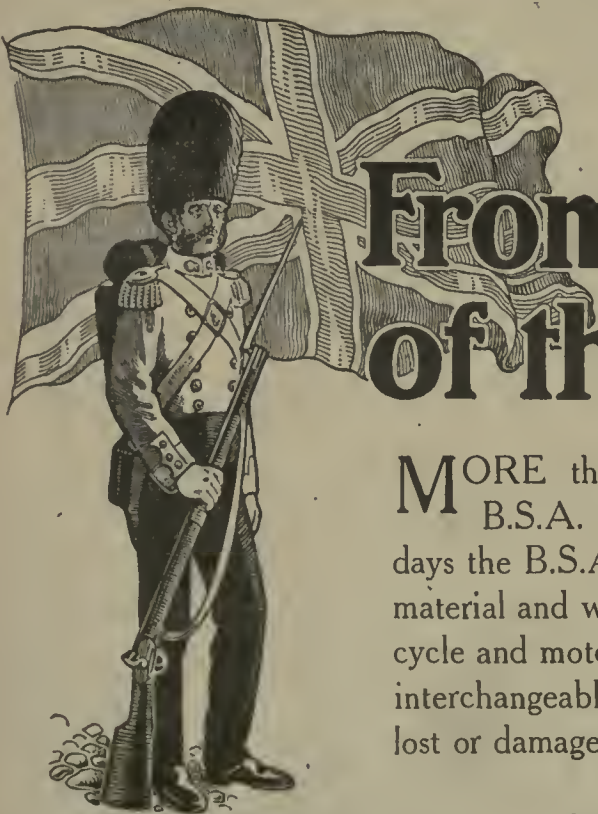
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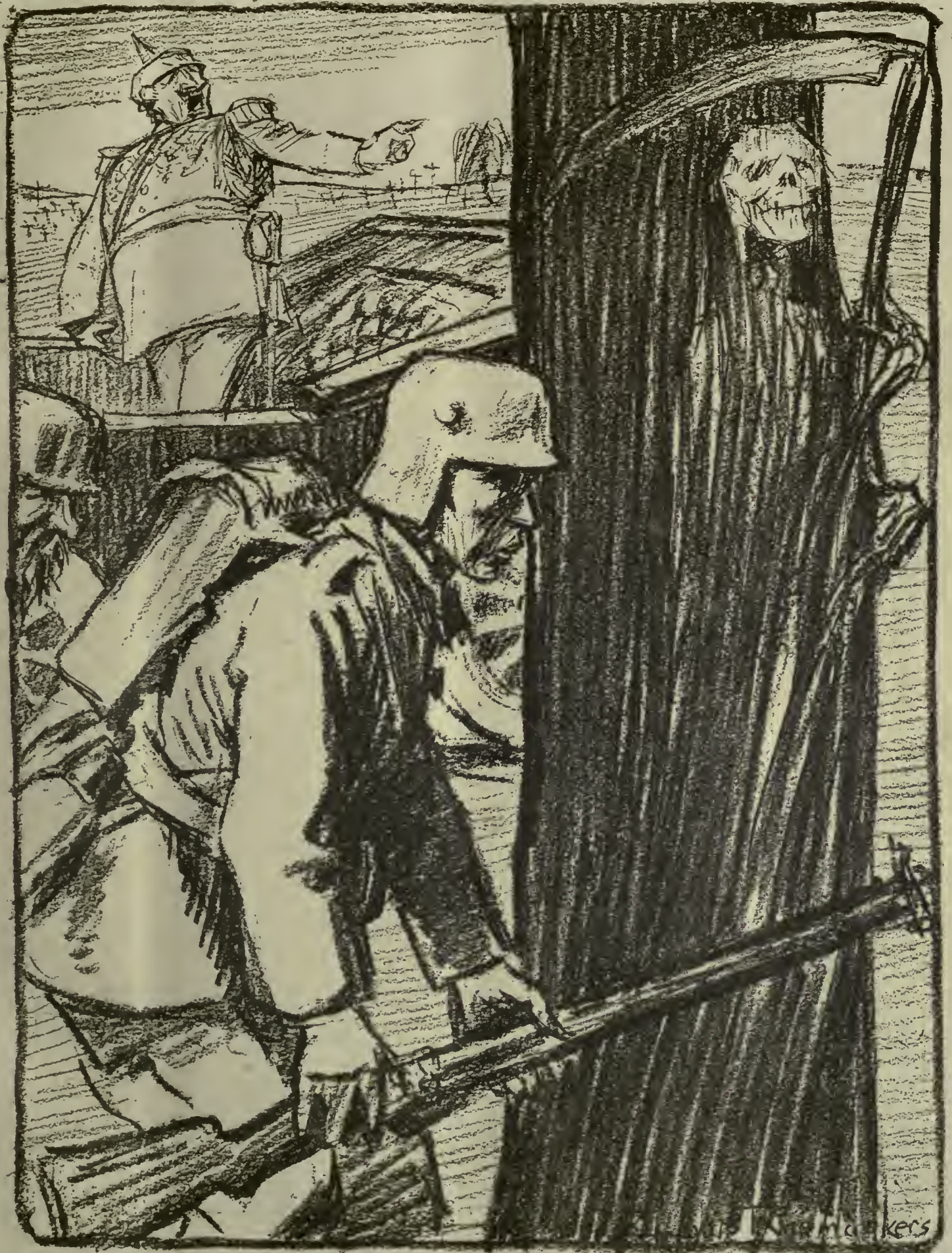
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THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1918

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After Four Years

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By Louis Raemaekers



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## The Fourth Year

THE past year has seen violent fluctuations in the field, and tremendous political changes. On the Western front we have had Cambrai, the bloody battles in Flanders, the great German advance towards Amiens in the spring when our line was pierced, the rush to the Marne, and the decisive counter-blow which has still not ended as we write. In Italy, an Austrian victory in which hundreds of thousands of prisoners and an enormous number of guns were captured, followed by the set-back on the Piave. In Asia, Jerusalem has been captured and the Turks in Mesopotamia reduced to apparent impotence. In Eastern Europe the collapse of Russia has been completed and has entailed that of Rumania. The enemy has made more prisoners than the Allies, taken more booty, overrun immeasurably more territory. Yet no one knows better than himself how much his gains have cost him. He has suffered a steady drain on his man-power, which is fixed and exhaustible. He suffers more and more from the consequences of his economic isolation. He sees his great sweep in Italy doing nothing to allay the discontent and suffering in Austria, and followed not merely by a recovery of Italian spirit and strength, but by a rapprochement between Italy and the Hapsburg Slavs, which makes the latter dangerous to use against the Allies and, when able (as many in Russia and in the Balkans now are able) enthusiastic to fight for us. And his vast conquests in Russia, though enabling him for a time to release a great number of troops, are beginning to look like a trap from which he cannot extricate his foot. The promised corn has not been forthcoming; all the occupied territories are smouldering with hate; in the Ukraine even those who invited his intervention have turned against him; his chief emissaries are being murdered; wandering and growing armies in Russia keep him perpetually anxious; and, standing everywhere for reaction, he dreads the infection of revolution. Thus harassed, he sees overspreading the western horizon a cloud which a year ago he thought, or professed to think, no bigger than a man's hand.

## America

When America came in, those who realised the nature of the decisive factors in the war knew that if the Allies could "hang on" the issue would not be in doubt. She needed time to get ready, and competent observers were always aware that her active intervention in the field could not be felt until the middle of this summer. Meanwhile, the Germans pinned their hopes to the weapon, the reckless use of which had brought America into the war. That weapon humanly speaking, has failed. Millions of tons of ship-

ping have been sunk, and though the great increase in our home food production diminished the menace of starvation, it was still necessary that our output of ships should overtake our losses if the vast, and growing, need of transport for the American troops and their supplies was to be met. It will be met. Shortage of labour limits our own production. But the total Allied output of shipping is now greater than the total losses. American building now approximately equals our own, and there is good reason for supposing that in the next six months it will double our own. With the ships secured we are certain of that ultimate superiority in men and materials which, sooner or later, can lead to only one end. There are now a million and a half Americans on this side of the Atlantic. They are arriving at the rate of 300,000 a month, 10,000 a day. They are of a uniform quality which gives them an advantage over all the other troops in the field. The flower of the European armies has fallen; the American Army is the only one which is not in large measure too young or too old to be of the perfect fighting temper and physique. America has a population of a hundred millions to draw on. Her manufacturing resources, already felt on the sea, will, before long, be felt overwhelmingly in the air, where the supremacy of the Allies is being increasingly felt as it is. The limits of her effort are not within sight. The strength of the Central Empires ebbs and must ebb.

## The One Danger

One thing alone, under Providence, can imperil our ultimate and complete victory: that is a loss of faith, of nerve, or of determination on our own part. Every winter, when active hostilities are suspended, the timid, the mercurial, the weary, and the treacherous, those who think nothing worth fighting for and those whose horror at the miseries of Europe obscures their vision of what a compromise with Germany would mean, raise their voices in an attempt to persuade us that a temporary deadlock is a permanent stalemate. These sections of opinion and temperament exist in all Allied countries. Our enemies have always had their eye on them and have continually employed words (though they have been chary of deeds) meant to tempt and encourage them. The wilier of Germany's rulers would have done more. Some of them regretted the Brest-Litovsk treaty on the ground that so naked an exhibition of greed and ruthlessness would interfere with the peace offensive. Others last winter would have coupled the great grab in the East with "offers" in the West which would give our weaklings a chance of saying that we had achieved our main aims. When the shadow of inevitable defeat begins to creep over Germany we may be certain that, while putting up the most desperate military resistance, she will lay herself out as she has never yet done to divide the Allied Powers and the Allied peoples. During the Brest negotiations we had a tentative offer (with a time limit) to discuss a peace on the basis of "no annexations and no indemnities," provided the Western Powers would come round the table with Trotsky, Kuhlmann and Hoffmann. A refusal was expected and the offer was not seriously meant; but it was thought useful. When things get worse a public and detailed offer of terms is not inconceivable, an offer "generous" to an extent not yet dreamt of, but securing the domination of the Hapsburgs, the skins and the power of the Hohenzollerns. What we have to be prepared against in the future may be illustrated by an example which is not so extreme as it looks. Suppose, to avert defeat, Prussia offered to return (in so far as return is possible) to the *status quo ante bellum* and to make in addition an offer of the Trentino to Italy, and of, say, part of Alsace-Lorraine to France? We know what would happen. Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Snowden would certainly say "Here we have a basis for negotiation," and the hope of Germany would be that they would get sufficient recruits from among our politicians to ensure a seriously crumbling of public opinion, a crumbling which would begin by impeding our effort and end by stopping it. We do not believe that the danger of the peace offensive succeeding is a great one. But the worse becomes Germany's plight the more vigorously she will carry it on. It is our duty to be prepared against it.



# The Fourth Year of the War: By H. Belloc



Official Photo

The Battle Ground of Mount Kemmel

**T**HE fourth year of the war has been marked by three main conditions, each of which has had its own development in the course of the twelve months, and the combination of which at the present moment has produced the situation in which the struggle now lies.

These three elements were:

1. The elimination of Russia.
2. The advent of American forces in the field.
3. The submarine campaign and its counter-weight of special building on the Allied side.

The first of these factors is the dominating one. It is this which led to the general consequences of the year, which reacted upon the second, giving it a special form, and which so nearly retrieved for the enemy the inconclusive character of the third.

It is characteristic of the uncertainty of war and of the very large part which the political factor plays when the first stages of exhaustion are reached, that in the minds of most observers, and particularly in that of the enemy's command, the order was reversed. It was upon the third element—the submarine campaign—that the greatest reliance was placed. Neither the enemy nor the Allies could foresee how at once rapid and enormous would be the effects of the Russian collapse. Yet in point of fact it was this which became the master condition of the whole year, as we shall presently see.

The reason that no one could foresee the immense effect of the Eastern change was that the conditions were quite unprecedented in history, military and civil. This is a war in which not only all the greatest States have become involved, but also in which the strain has fallen directly upon every member of those States, and this strain has been so severe, and cumulatively severe, as the struggle was prolonged, that it tested what may be called the breaking point of social structure in each society engaged.

The essential character of the Great War—the thing that has made it possible—is that the modern nation (partly from its high organisation, rapidity of communication, and unity of control, partly from the religious character which patriotism has come to bear in it) is conceived as the end of human life, and the individuals composing it as no more than parts of a whole; parts which have no true separate existence, and which, therefore, owe all they have—up to their very lives—to the State.

Whether this extreme modern doctrine be sane or no is matter for discussion. At any rate, since the French Revolution it has received a prodigious extension, and is the underlying cause of all that has happened in these four years.

A structure or organism of this sort clearly depends for its continuance upon two conditions: A moral one, proceeding from the individual himself, which we call patriotism; and another, partly moral and partly material, which is the hold a modern Central Government possesses over individuals through its possession of perfected means of communication and control, coupled with the habit individuals have acquired in modern times of admitting such control and blindly obeying it. Each of these factors has, according to the type of

nation involved, a limit. There is a limit after which the strain upon the individuals becomes too great for the collective unity to be maintained, and this limit is reached the sooner where, for any reason, the strain has been greater than elsewhere, the moral bond of patriotism less strong, or the means of central government less perfected.

In the ancient and established societies of the West that limit has not been reached. In Central Europe it has not been reached among the Northern Germans, partly because the great military prestige of Prussia, their master, has been maintained; partly because they have a whole generation of astonishingly rapid economic effort to preserve; partly because the control of the State is there more thoroughly developed than anywhere else in the world; and partly because, though the economic strain upon the population has been very severe, the war has been fought on foreign soil, and has appeared to all the citizens as a series of successful advances.

The Southern Germans have come much nearer the breaking point. The only independent group of them, that of the Central Danube, having to work in harness with a totally different race of equal powers—the Magyar—and both with an uncertain supremacy over various separate groups of Slavs, is handicapped. The Austro-Hungarian Dual Monarchy is further less organised, can control distribution less well than North Germany, and is condemned to perpetual compromise in its domestic problems. Nevertheless, though it has gone further on the road to disintegration by far than its Northern Ally, the Empire governed from Vienna and Budapest has held together so far.

In the Russian Empire, as we know, the breaking point was reached in 1917. Organisation was far weaker; communications much worse, armament insufficient, and losses gigantic; patriotism less defined, and subject to divisions vaguer than but quite as serious as those of Austro-Hungary. The collapse really began in the third year of the war at the moment when the revolution began, but its open effect was not seen until just upon the turn of the fourth year. Russian armies still stood in the field, and had during last July made notable advance towards Lemberg. Their strength appeared to be such that the maintenance of the war upon the Eastern front could be continued indefinitely, and the consequent advantage to the Western Powers, who were about to launch the second great offensive of the year, also indefinitely continued. But ten days before the Russian armies had come to the third year of their effort—upon Thursday, July 19th, 1917—came an event which proved the internal disintegration of what had once been the Russian State, and which bore such fruit during the ensuing ten months as very nearly to decide the whole issue in the West, as well as in the East, in favour of the Germans. This event was the complete breakdown of the Russian front in the sector of Zborow, covering Tarnopol.

This was not a case of a front breaking under extreme pressure or on account of some great tactical superiority in the enemy. It was a pure revolutionary movement. The 11th Army simply dissolved of itself. The rot began with the 607th Regiment, which held the sector just north of the



Lemberg-Tarnopol Railway. They left their trenches of their own accord at 10 o'clock in the morning of that day, and refused service. The reserves ordered to move up refused to obey, appointed committees, and began a discussion. Before evening a gap of 5 miles had appeared; by noon of the next day a gap of 25 miles. The enemy was pouring through, and, to quote the words used in these columns in our issue of July 26th, 1917, the event was the most significant of the whole year. It might easily have proved the most significant of the whole war.

### Reaction in the West

To understand what followed, we must put into its proper perspective the great British offensive which filled the summer months thereafter. That offensive was directed to the wearing down and ultimately to the breaking of the German front in the extreme north in front of Ypres. Its immediate object was the Passchendaele Ridge, and had it early mastered the defensive which the Germans had organised in depth and with the novel system of isolated concrete shelters for machine-guns, this victory in the West would have been gained in time to undo the effect of the Russian collapse. But this great offensive did not achieve its end. There was not sufficient superiority in numbers or in tactical method, and a series of blows delivered continuously right on into the autumn slightly extended the line without approaching to a rupture of the German system. Two main positions—the Houthoult Forest, in the north, and the heights in front of Gheluvelt, in the south—were pillars of resistance maintained throughout all the operations by the enemy, and when the effort had exhausted itself, the two antagonists still stood facing each other upon a line only very slightly modified from the Alps to the North Sea.

During that same summer and early autumn, while the Italians successfully continued their pressure—but with no sign of breaking the line—upon the Isonzo, the enemy seemed to us who watched him from the West curiously inactive against the now certainly worthless line of his Russian opponents. He occupied Riga, indeed, without serious opposition in the middle of September, and in the beginning of October easily cleared those who were still nominally his opponents out of the islands which cover the gulf named after that town, destroying the Russian ships in the process, and mastering all the shore at his ease. But he did nothing more. He did not seriously annoy the now vast dissolving army in the trenches opposed to him; he allowed fraternisation between his soldiers and the Russian elements they faced; he watched complacently and without pursuit the desertion in great masses from the front to the interior of the country which went on all along the Russian line from the Baltic to the Rumanian border.

Those of us in the West who watched this strange situation speculated as to whether there would or would not be ultimately an advance on the capital, and upon whether there was anything in the extremely doubtful chance of some reaction, especially in the south. Meanwhile, what was really happening (as we now know) was of quite another significance. The enemy had appreciated, as we could not, the full significance of that disintegration of the Russian Army, which had fully appeared on July 19th, and had spread with such rapidity throughout the summer. He grasped, as a plain fact, what was for us no more than a speculation: The truth that one-third of the German Army and a similar proportion of the Austro-Hungarian forces was now free for action in the West. He came to the fixed political conclusion—and quite rightly—that it mattered hardly at all what forces were left upon his Eastern front since that front had ceased to be belligerent. Whatever he might choose to leave there, he would leave for purely political work of policies and administration in what could be at any moment what he chose to regard it, a conquered country partitioned out at his will. Only one point of real resistance remained, and that was the Rumanian Army between the Danube and the Carpathians. This, whenever the enemy should choose to confirm his conquest of the Russian marches, would be isolated and at his mercy.

Under these circumstances the Prussian Higher Command, which had now virtually the ordering of all Austrian movements, as well as of its own forces, deliberately prepared a new system of warfare which was to bring it in the next autumn and spring to within an ace of decisive victory in the West.

It must first be clearly appreciated that this new instrument depended ultimately upon superiority of number. It was not intended to gain its effects by great superiority in the field. The coming victories were not gained by sheer weight of men. But the sudden elimination of all pressure

upon the East, the sudden release of such vast masses for other work, was the governing condition which permitted a new tactical instrument to be devised, planned, and trained. To take the German Army alone, apart from the Austrian, it had until the Russian breakdown two distinct portions: The first, some two millions in organised fighting units upon the West; the second, one million upon the East. The Austrian proportions were much the same, and here was the enemy finding himself with the unexpected and, as he rightly judged, unhampered power of using freely any proportion he might choose of this great body upon the East for new work on the West. The use he made of such an opportunity was this: He trained for weeks and months, under conditions of complete security and repose, selected divisions which were to act by shock against successive points of the Western line. That which the Western Allies had never been able to do because they had never possessed a sufficient preponderance in men he could do at his leisure with the fullest and most minute details of organisation. The security which he now enjoyed upon the East was essential to such a plan, and he exploited that security to the full.

Before noting what were the first effects of this new instrument thus forged by the enemy secretly and silently during the summer and early autumn of 1917, we must postulate a certain conclusion of his in which he appeared justified until quite the last few weeks of the present summer. This conclusion was that the rate at which trained American units could appear in the Western field was not such as seriously to disturb his calculation of victory. He estimated that when the new tactics which his leisure and preponderance had permitted him to develop should begin to reap their fruits in the spring of 1918, the actual numbers of American troops in the field could not be more than a division or two. He further estimated that the formation of a larger force would be at once slow and insufficient through lack of experience, especially in its staff work. To such a conclusion he perhaps added the idea that the mere transport of men and material across the Atlantic would break down when it was attempted on a very large scale; but, apart from this, he deliberately judged that the long period of special training required by the new contingents, after they had crossed the Atlantic and landed in France, and the absence of any prepared organisation to deal with great numbers, would prevent the American contingents, either in large numbers or in formidable quality, affecting his plans. I repeat, he appeared to be right up to as late a date as last May. The miscalculation was only one of a few weeks, but those few weeks have proved of terrible consequence to himself. It is further true that had he obtained a decision as early as perhaps he hoped to—had he, for instance, got in between the French and the British armies by the beginning of last April—his idea of the rate of American recruitment would have been justified.

### The Italian Front

With so much said upon this capital matter, let us turn to the first manifestation of the use the enemy had made of the troops released from the Eastern front, and of the leisure and security in which he had been able to train them.

It is an elementary rule of strategy when your enemies are divided, either morally by variety of civilisation or physically by geographical circumstances, to take them in detail and defeat them one by one. Following that rule, numerically inferior forces have often defeated their superiors. Much more does there seem a certitude of victory when it can be applied by a larger force against a smaller.

It is a further rule, not sufficiently understood, though surely obvious, that when your opponents are separated into various groups, an attack upon the weaker rather than upon the stronger section is with a certain qualification advisable. The qualification is that the weaker section of your opponents must at least bear some considerable relation to the total of your opponents.

Supposing, for instance, you have eleven men to your enemy's ten, but his ten are divided, for whatever reason, into groups of 5, 4, and 1. It would be foolish to overwhelm the group of one by a concentration even if you brought two men against that one. You would still be leaving nine against his nine, and he might take the opportunity to attack, and even when you had got rid of his one you would not have greatly changed the difference in strength between the two parties.

But if his ten is divided into, say, 4, 3, and 3, then it may be well worth while to attack that one of the groups of 3 which is most separate from the rest, for when that is got rid of you leave him very seriously inferior—7 against 11.



The enemy had in front of him upon the West an opponent thus divided into three groups. The British and French stood, it is true, upon one continuous line, but were composed of different armies with different traditions under separate commands, each holding its own sector. The Italian Army was entirely separate. With the exception of the few troops guarding the impossible mountain stretch between the Swiss frontier and Lake Garda, it lay wholly in the north-east of Italy at the furthest point from its French and British Allies, and most of it at the furthest point of that again, right away upon and across the Isonzo. It was obvious that if the new tactic which the Germans had been able to prepare, thanks to the Russian collapse and the superiority of number which they and the Austrians could bring to bear, were successfully used upon the Italian section of the Allies, if a decision could be here arrived at and the Italians either compelled to make peace—or, at any rate, reduced to military impotence—the war was won. After such a success the Central Empires could combine against the French and English in an overwhelming superiority.

The enemy, therefore, was right in deciding to try his new weapon first against the Italians. He came very near indeed to a decision—that is, to a complete victory which should have reduced this opponent of his to a hopeless inferiority. He immensely increased his strength and decreased that of the Western Alliance; but he just failed to reach a true decision, and this feature in his method we shall be able to discover again and again as we analyse the proceedings of the months to follow.

On the Upper Isonzo, above Gorizia, the mountains stand dominating on either side a narrow valley which sometimes is no wider than a gorge. Roads lead to three crossing-places upon this, which, read from north to south, are Plezzo, Caporetto, and Tolmino-St.-Lucia. From Caporetto, the central one of these three, a road leads through a gap in the hills down on to the Italian plain. This front was held by the Second Italian Army; the Third Italian Army continuing the line from above Gorizia down to the sea.

Upon Wednesday, October 24th, 1917, the new enemy tactic developed in these months of leisure on the East was first brought into play. The Isonzo Gorge and Valley were crossed at the three places named, and at Caporetto (from which place the action takes its name) the centre was completely broken.

By Friday the head of the spear-thrust was already upon the Italian Plain through the completely ruptured line. Six German divisions, with probably as many or more reserve, specially trained in the new type of shock, had accomplished this result, and the whole mass which the Allied Central Empires had collected in the neighbourhood poured through the sluice. The Third Italian Army, to the south, was completely turned. Udine, the old headquarters, two days' march from Caporetto, was occupied. With immense loss, our Allies fell back as rapidly as they could. They were unable to stand upon the Tagliamento; they could not rally until they had reached the Piave. Before the action was over, in the course of little more than a week, many guns and very many prisoners marked the triumph of the enemy, a triumph achieved, unfortunately, with very little loss to himself. At the very beginning of this disaster we wrote here in our issue of November 1st that it might well determine the future of the war, and had already profoundly modified its character; that its gravity could not be over-estimated.

### The New Tactical Method

As the effect of the enemy victory developed the truth of these words became more and more apparent. The disaster was explained in various ways, mainly political, but the truth was that a new instrument of war had appeared in the Western field.

In spite of their immense losses in men and in material, the Italians held upon the line of the Piave and the Asiago Plateau, which flanked it between the Montello and Lake Garda. The enemy did not possess methods of advance sufficiently rapid for so vast a host to compel a decision. It seemed, at first, as though nothing could prevent a retirement, at least, to the line of the Adige, with the abandonment of Venice and its arsenal, and therefore of the whole Adriatic; but those upon the spot, and particularly (it is said) the present Commander-in-Chief, advised the risk of standing upon the Piave line, in spite of the fact that it presented a dangerous northern flank. The risk was accepted, and it has turned out that the judgment was wise. Before the end of November it was clear that the line would hold.

What has been learnt from this capital affair by those who were wise enough to note its magnitude and character was

that the enemy now possessed a new tactical method indirectly due to his new superiority in number, and that in its turn due to the breakdown of Russia. This new tactical method threatened to be universally successful. It had not in its first application achieved a true decision; it had not put the Italian Army out of action. But it had weakened it most grievously. It had added enormously to the artillery of the enemy, and for the first time in all these years of war a true rupture in the trench lines had been made upon the Western front.

### A Further Innovation

A long winter pause was to follow before the next great example of this new method, and of its success was to be given upon an occasion still more critical, five months later, in France. In that interval, however, the British developed a new tactical instrument of their own, which came very near to achieving a decisive local and perhaps a decisive general success. Upon Tuesday, November 20th, 1917, General Byng attacked the critical nodal point of Cambrai in a fashion hitherto unknown. He struck with a line of tanks, advanced without artillery preparation, and effected a complete surprise. He reached the outskirts of Cambrai itself, and it seemed for the moment as though the fruits of so complete a rupture in the German line would be at least as great upon our side as what had been seen upon the enemy's side in Italy. The enemy's fortified defensive zone—the so-called "Hindenburg line," the work of many months—was completely shattered. What General Byng, with the Third Army, lacked—what the enemy had possessed when he broke the line in Italy a month before—was a sufficiency of force and a power of rapid movement to make immediate use of the rupture. A large salient was created, many thousand prisoners were taken, but the advance was held. There was not enough weight behind it. Indeed, only ten days after this success, at the end of the month, the enemy effected a surprise in his turn against the southern side of the new salient thus created, captured in his turn prisoners and threatened for the moment a grave disaster to the whole Third Army—a disaster averted only by the tenacity of the troops upon the north and the rapid throwing in against the south of all that could be gathered at a moment's notice to stem the enemy advance.

This incident of Cambrai seems, in the light of what followed three and a half months later, but a minor part of the great struggle. None the less, there was a moment when it promised very great results indeed, and only in these last few days a repetition of the tactics which the British Third Army had inaugurated had results which may be decisive upon the history of the war, and have, at any rate, for the moment destroyed the great German offensive against Rheims.

We must pass from this incident of Cambrai, concluded in the first days of December, to the second use of the new instrument of war the Germans had produced; and before examining that second instance we must review the conditions which appeared before them as the winter of 1917-8 closed.

These conditions were as follows:

They had a considerable numerical majority upon the Western front against the British, French, and Italians. That numerical superiority would ultimately be lost by the arrival of American contingents. These would take long to train. The perfection of their training was doubtful, so were the conditions of their transport. The balance could hardly be turned during the fighting season of 1918, but it might be brought to a level by the end of the summer. Meanwhile, the enemy possessed not only this numerical superiority, but what was of much more importance (though an indirect consequence of it), a novel method of attack which he believed to be invincible, and which had not yet been successfully met. With such an instrument in hand, it behoved him to strike as soon as possible that he might achieve his result before the weight of American numbers could tell. The weather favoured him; an exceptionally early drought, with exceptionally high temperatures, gave him his opportunity as early as the month of March, and it was upon the 21st of that month that he delivered a blow far superior in power to his first success against the Italians, and designed and expected to conclude the war. The following elements were in his favour:

1. He had learnt to concentrate with secrecy—a thing hitherto not obtained by either side.
2. He had interior lines, and, granted that his concentration was not observed, could strike where he would.
3. With his united command and homogeneous force he was striking on a front held by two very different forces, under separate commands—the French and the British.



He chose for a sector of attack the fifty miles of country between the rivers Scarpe and Oise, and designed to break the line so near to the junction of the British and French forces as to separate the former from the latter. An advance thence—that is, from somewhere in front of St. Quentin to Amiens and the Valley of the Somme—after the rupture, if it were accomplished with sufficient rapidity, would certainly isolate the British Army with the most complete consequences. The Lower Valley of the Somme from Amiens is broad, marshy, possessed of but one insufficient railway-crossing, and a few roads and bridges. Between Amiens and the North Sea the whole British force would have found themselves confronted by a greatly superior enemy, with no room to manœuvre and no power of retiring, for it would have been impossible to move these modern great masses of men, backed by a few ports, across the sea in time, even if such a retirement could be regarded as sufficient to save the war. A German break-through and a rapid reaching of the Somme line, with the isolation of the British from the French, would have meant the destruction in detail, first of the lesser, then of the greater half of the forces so divided. The new tactic employed was precisely that of Caporetto upon a far larger scale: Some forty divisions in line, and as many others in reserve, with the power to call up for pursuit or extension another twenty, at least, was the immense weight the German commanders had gathered for their blow.

### First Results

On the second day (March 22nd) they broke the line just west of St. Quentin, and the nine days following were a rapid retirement of the Fifth Army towards Amiens, with extremely heavy losses in men and material; a swinging round of the Third Army to the north, pivoting upon Arras, and efforts by the French to pour in the reserve divisions at a sufficient rate from the south to stem the tide.

The issue was an extremely close one. The position was just saved. By the beginning of April the enemy was held upon a curiously irregular line, forming a great bulge from Arras, covering Amiens by about ten or twelve miles, leaving Montdidier in German hands, and Noyon also, and thence joining the old line north of the Aisne to Soissons and Rheims. But though he was held, the disaster had cost the loss of thousands of prisoners and many guns. The old permanent system of field fortification was destroyed over an extent of more than fifty miles; a dangerous salient for the defending troops had been created upon the bend Montdidier-Noyon-Soissons, and a further effort might well bring the enemy to Amiens and the Somme Valley, though it was now rather late to expect the full consequences which would have followed upon an immediate arrival at those points.

This effort the enemy made upon April 4th. It was pursued with the utmost determination, and failed. Five days later—upon April 9th—he suddenly attacked again, once more with all the effect of surprise and with the full use of his new tactical method far over to the north in front of Lille. He broke some miles of the front there held by the Portuguese, pushed across the Lys, and developed this success with as much rapidity as the preceding ones.

A united command had come into practical working under the peril of the past few weeks. French reserve divisions were thrown northward into Flanders, as they had previously been thrown, to cover the gaps left by the defeat of the Third Army, and ultimately, though slowly, and only after the loss of many prisoners and many guns, the Flanders attack was in its turn stayed. But in the course of it much of the Ypres salient had to be given up, and of the old permanent line between the Aisne and the North Sea nothing remained but the marshy lower reaches of the Yser and a small bastion stretching from Givenchy round Arras, including the Vimy Ridge. This battle in Flanders, called the Battle of the Lys, came to an end upon April 29th. Upon that day the enemy, who has throughout this fighting season pushed an attack just beyond its possible limits, attempted a continued advance after his previous capture of Mount Kemmel, and failed, as he had failed three weeks before in front of Amiens. His losses in this one action were considerable. His total losses since he had attacked on March 21st—nearly six weeks before—were formidable. They were probably no less than 600,000 men. He was compelled to a long pause, during which he would replace his losses by hospital returns and by the sending to the front line of trained recruits of the young class of 1919.

Meanwhile, no effort was made by the Allied Higher Command to restore the situation. It stood strictly upon the defensive, and exercised a restraint which those who did not understand its motives were too ready to criticise.

There was one novel feature appearing in the situation during this critical period, and that was the enbrigading of such American troops as were sufficiently trained in with French and British troops; an experiment justified only by extreme necessity. Such an experiment the enemy naturally looked upon as a proof of the straits to which the Allies were reduced. Nor was he wrong. But, on the other hand, it was also a proof of a certain elasticity in the American system which was to prove of the utmost value to the Allies, which the enemy would have done well to have noted, and which apparently he misunderstood. The moment the gravity of the situation was appreciated the transport of American contingents across the Atlantic rose with astonishing rapidity—a thing that would have been impossible to any military system more rigid and less alert; a thing the more remarkable when we consider that it was experimental, with no tradition or precedent to help it. Within two months of the great German advance in March the rate of transport had multiplied by more than five—by nearly six—and, even so, was rapidly rising. True, the American troops landed in France could not proceed straight to the field. They required further training upon European soil. The opportunities for this had their limitations, and the contingents reaching the line could not do so as a single army, but were largely under Allied generals. None the less, it was this American effort which, combined with a right judgment upon the part of the Allied Higher Command in waiting for the new moment to counter-attack, was to change the face of the war. But before the new elements could tell, yet another disaster was to befall the Allied cause: the last and fourth use of the new German method. Upon May 27th the sector between Soissons and Rheims—a distance of about thirty miles—was attacked by the enemy with a success more complete in proportion to the area menaced than was the effort which had preceded it. With a remarkably small expense in men and none in material, the Germans broke through, and in three days swept thirty miles forward, reaching the line of the Marne itself from Chateau-Thierry to above Dormans. Rheims held, but Soissons was lost, and the victorious offensive created a new great salient in all that district called the Tardenois, coming to the edge of the great Villers-Cotterets Forest on the west, and to that of the Mountain of Rheims on the east.

The first week in June saw the completion of this last enterprise. The advance was at last held by the hurrying up of Allied divisions, including now not a few Americans in formation, and the whole situation could be appreciated.

### The Four Successes

It was this: Since the Russian collapse had permitted the enemy to produce his new tactical system, he had used it four times, and each time with a complete success, so far as the breaking of the line was concerned. In these four great achievements—Caporetto, St. Quentin, the Lys, the Chemin-des-Dames—he had counted prisoners in thousands, and captured a large number of guns. He had failed to achieve any complete and final rupture of the line, and therefore any decision; but each blow had weakened his opponent and strengthened himself both morally and materially. The whole war seemed to have taken on a different aspect, and the race between his advance towards a final decision and the strength of the Western numbers by the arrival of the Americans still seemed to incline in his favour. It remained for him to make yet another great effort during the fighting season of 1918, for though his own losses had been extremely heavy, he still had in hand a sufficient strength to repeat almost upon the same scale his attempted decision of March.

To understand the general plan of the enemy for this last main effort of his, we must consider the whole front and its possibilities.

His successes in France had produced a line upon which the Allied defensive held nothing permanent in all the long stretch between Arras and Rheims, and that long stretch had been forced into something like a W, with a difficult and dangerous salient for the defensive to hold in the middle, south of the town of Noyon. Beyond Rheims the old front stretched up to the Argonne, and thence beyond Verdun to Lorraine, the Vosges, and the Swiss frontier. After the gap of Swiss neutral territory the Allied line was continued by the Italians through the mountains and down the Piave to the Adriatic. The enemy plan was apparently a united one. He would begin by trying to reduce the salient in the middle of the W, of which I have spoken, which may be called for convenience the salient of Compiègne, the principal town contained within it. If he were successful here it would, apart from a further heavy weakening of the Allies



in men and guns, bring him probably to within long range of Paris, with all the political effect a bombardment might have. But, apart from this, it would continue the war of movement, further shake the Allied defensive line, and leave everything ready for a last main attack elsewhere which should break it altogether. Meanwhile, his Austrian ally, now free to bring to bear nearly the whole of his forces against the Italians, should come down from the mountains and cut the Italian communications in the plain upon the Italian left flank, at the same time holding the main front by forcing the Piave.

The first moves in this plan opened upon Sunday, June 9th, against the western side of what I have called the Compiegne salient, all the way from Montdidier to Noyon, and the action has been termed, from the little river running through its centre, the Battle of the Matz. Probably because the enemy believed that his opponents were more exhausted than was actually the case, he attempted upon this occasion no surprise, and depended solely upon his weight of men and guns, and upon that new tactic of his which had hitherto never failed when employed upon a large scale. For the first time since he had used that tactic it broke down. There was no breaking of the line; nothing but a short advance in the centre, which gave him the Lassigny Hills, followed on the third day of the battle by so sharp a French counter-stroke on the left as stopped him dead. He had failed to reduce the salient of Compiegne, and he broke off the battle.

All this, however, was but preliminary to his main effort. His first attack on the Matz had not been undertaken with more than sixteen divisions, nor was it measured over a sector of much more than twenty miles. He may have put in before he broke off the battle nearly thirty divisions, but the thing was not upon the scale of his past efforts. He was reserving himself for a main blow elsewhere. Meanwhile, the attack of his Allies against the Italians upon the Piave line had developed. It was six days after the opening of the Battle of the Matz—upon Saturday, June 15th—that the Austro-Hungarian blow was struck from the mountains and across the Piave River. Most of the French and English troops sent to relieve the Italians in the earlier months had been withdrawn to reinforce the imperilled line in France; such as were left were upon the Asiago Plateau. Their effort, coupled with that of the Italians to their right and left, completely shattered in the first twenty-four hours the enemy's attempt to come down from the mountains upon the Italian communications, which manœuvre alone could have had a decisive result. By Sunday, the 16th, the battle had changed into a secondary operation incapable of decisive result and aiming only at pushing back the Italians on their main front on the Piave; possibly of uncovering Venice. It completely failed. In exactly a week after the first attack—upon Saturday, June 22nd—the Austrians broke off this great battle for which they had prepared seventy and perhaps already engaged fifty divisions, and fell back across the Piave. Their abortive attack was to cost them over 20,000 prisoners and their remaining prestige in this field.

The story of the war, then, during this month of June has been one negative and undecided. But, at any rate, a turning of the tide has come, compared with the series of inconclusive but very great successes won by the enemy during all the preceding months. It would be at once bold and inaccurate to say that this apparent balancing of forces during June, in Italy as in France, was proof of any great coming change in the aspect of the field. Very large

forces remained intact for a renewed main offensive on the part of the enemy; the Allied Higher Command still kept strictly to its rôle, of unmovable defence, varied only by little local actions designed to strengthen portions of the front. The real change in the whole aspect of affairs was not to come until a moment only just prior to the writing of these lines.

The German Higher Command waited six weeks from their check upon the Matz before striking their blow. They massed a full fifty divisions, of which more than twenty-five were in the front line, and the rest immediately in reserve. They were prepared, in case of success, to call up, as they had done four months before in March, more forces from the north to reap the full fruits of their success. They accumulated a mass of material equal to that of their first attack, and upon Monday, July 15th, they suddenly struck along a front of more than fifty miles from near the Argonne to Chateau-Thierry.

### Strategic Reversal

My readers are familiar with what followed. Its consequences are still developing as I write. As early as the evening of that same first day—Monday, July 15th—it was clear to the French Command that the offensive had failed from Rheims eastward. The new system of defence organised by General Gouraud came as a complete surprise to the enemy; caused him 50,000 casualties—a full fifth of his forces in line and reserve—with absolutely no strategic or even tactical result. No prisoners fell to him save the scattered advanced elements which had sacrificed themselves in pursuance of this plan of a defensive in depth, nor a single gun. Upon the other sector, from Rheims westward, the enemy, having crossed the Marne with eight divisions, penetrated from three to four miles south of that river, was struck on his extreme right by the new American contingents, and stopped altogether. On his left, towards Epernay, he attempted, during the two days following—Tuesday and Wednesday—a painful advance. With dawn of Thursday, the 18th, he was completely surprised by a blow of the utmost violence struck in secrecy and with very great success by General Mangin, in command of French and American troops, all the way from Cutry southwards for more than twenty miles.

By half-past ten of that Thursday morning—the attack having begun at dawn—the whole strategic situation was turned inside out as you may turn a glove. The German offensive had completely broken down. The enemy was losing men and guns rapidly. He found himself congested in a pocket less than thirty miles broad by nearly thirty deep, wherein thirty-five divisions were struggling furiously to preserve their chances of retirement. By Friday night he was compelled to bring back all whom he had put across the Marne. The initiative had passed from his hands to that of the Allies, and in the succeeding ten days (these lines are written upon Sunday, July 28th) his action has been one, continued, difficult congested attempt to save himself in the bulge where he is being perpetually pressed in and in, mile by mile, with daily loss of prisoners, guns, and ground. He has already thrown into this battle, now turned from an offensive into a defensive, probably over sixty divisions; and, meanwhile, the American contingents, whose number he probably under-estimated, and whose quality he certainly did, continue to grow.



The Roads of France

By C. R. W. Nevins



## Retreat to the Vesle

THIS week's issue dealing mainly as it does with the fourth year of the war, and coming in holiday week, both restricts the space available for a survey of current operations, and causes that survey to be belated. This page is written twenty-four hours earlier than usual, and is based upon the dispatches of Saturday, August 3rd.

The great event of the week was the capture of Hill 205, above Rozoy, and of the open land to the right and left of this position by French and British troops upon Thursday, August 1st, coupled with the capture of Cierges at the bottom of the salient by the Americans twenty-four hours earlier. The seizing of Hill 205 was an excellent example of the way in which the initiative can work now that it has passed to the Allies; and upon that capture followed, as a necessary result, the retirement of the enemy towards the Vesle and the re-entry of the French into Soissons.

The enemy for now exactly a fortnight since the success of the counter-offensive of July 18th has been holding a series of positions, temporary in each case and successively abandoned. His retirement has been slow; it has not been methodical; it has been constrained. Having been forced back to one set of positions, he has not, as some commentaries have suggested, defended himself there by rearguard actions while organising his further retirement: Such an operation could perfectly well have been conducted with the troops already present. What he has done has been to call in masses of new fresh troops, principally from the north, and thrown them into the already heavily congested salient, in the attempt for some reason or another to prolong the affair as much as possible, and never to retire until he was compelled.

Why he has acted thus we cannot tell. A number of motives has been suggested; the discussion has its academic interest, but it is not very practical. His roads both for supply and for evacuation were insufficient, and so congested that we have one authentic case of no less than eleven hours of block along the main road to Fismes. But then he only added to the congestion by sending for fresh troops. His losses have been continuous and heavy, the moral of his troops may have been shaken; he may have feared the results of too precipitate a retreat. Upon the other hand, the moral of the troops opposed upon the covering front has been excellent; they have fought vigorously and suffered very heavy losses without breaking. They have continually counter-attacked with success, and they have held on to the last. No one can read, for instance, the work of the Prussian Guards in their defeat by the Americans without seeing that this is true.

It has been suggested that the main reason for this singular policy of hanging on at so enormous an expense in men was political. That may be true, and probably is. But we must also remember that their Higher Command must have known that the whole fight was a losing fight and that ultimate retirement was inevitable. Another suggestion is that there was a conflict between political and military direction. That is perhaps the most probable solution of all. But the practical point for us to note is that, whether this or that were the motive, the actual happening has been the forcing of the enemy back, in spite of himself, and his loss of positions; not by a plan of retreat to which we had to conform, but by a plan of defence which we compelled him step by step to abandon. Each phase in the retirement has been the direct and open consequence of a special Allied success, of the capture one after another of key points by the Allies in spite of the most desperate resistance.

It is in this connection that the work of Thursday, August 1st, may be seen in all its importance. By the evening of Wednesday, July 31st, the gradual retirement of the enemy had put him in the following position: He held a high, bare plateau, about three hundred feet above water level, which stands east of the steep ravine through which follows the brook called Crise. The Allies stood on the further western side of this ravine, which terminates in the neighbourhood of Soissons. So long as he held the plateau he covered Soissons on the south-eastern flank of that position, and prevented our seeing further northwards towards the Vesle and the Aisne. This plateau merges at the sources of the Crise in high, bare, rolling country, which is the watershed between the Vesle and the Ourcq, and therefore also between the basins of the Oise and the Marne. All along this watershed he held the crest in such a fashion that the Allies were denied all direct observation to the north. The roads by which he was supplied and by which he could retreat, the roads to Braine, to Bazoches, and to Fismes, the three river-crossings, could be observed from the air, but there was no

direct observation from the ground. What he held further east matters less because on these western positions depended the whole of his line.

Now, Hill 205, just north of Rozoy, stands precisely at the place where the plateau beyond the Crise joins the main watershed. It is perfectly open country, and the lump is so situated that you have from it the following advantages: First, you enfilade the Crise Valley; next, you overlook the plateau beyond; lastly, and most important, you look right down a gradual descent eastward and northward, which slope carries all the roads of the retreat. You can see the Vesle Valley five or six miles away at its nearest point, and in clear weather even the higher buildings of Fismes, twelve miles away. Great sections of the road northward are right under your gaze. It is an exceedingly important point; in fact, the key point of the whole region, and when it was carried there went with it all the German scheme for defending the watershed which has hitherto been maintained at great expense for nearly a week. Dispositions for further retreat were at once undertaken and carried out that same night, so that by Friday the Allied line found in front of it nothing but weak rearguards which fell back conforming to the general movement, and all the first higher part of the slope down towards the Vesle—a belt from two to three miles broad—was occupied by the French, British, and Americans, and the Italian contingents.

### Further Retirement

One of the most important effects of this operation was the uncovering of Soissons.

The near recovery of the ruins of the town, though striking as a piece of news, would mean nothing in the mechanics of the Allied victory were it not for its position at the head of the Aisne Valley. Once the plateau beyond the Crise was abandoned, Soissons could no longer be held by the enemy. But with Soissons gone, there was no line for him to hold, even with temporary success, save the heights of the Vesle. Now, there is here an interesting point. The heights of the Vesle as a permanent position have two weaknesses: In the first place, they are not continuous with the high limestone ridge north of Soissons, which bears the Chemin-des-Dames and to the escarpment in front of which the enemy has fallen back. There is between that limestone ridge and the heights of the Vesle the broad valley of the Aisne, right under observation and fire from the west. Next, the heights of the Vesle, at the other end, towards Rheims, cannot be held without presenting a dangerous flank at their eastern extremity. That is why general opinion upon the Continent inclines to the belief that the enemy retirement will be continued on to the unbroken ridge beyond the Aisne, which is perhaps the strongest position upon the Western front, and from which the enemy started in his last great success of May 27th, which took him to Chateau-Thierry, when he seemed in a fair way to getting a decision this year.

But the interest of the present position is not so much where he will stop as when, if ever, he can put a stop to this perpetual "handling of him" by the Allies. Their forces are perpetually, though if slowly, increasing. It is they who are giving its form to the battle. No matter what position the enemy takes up, they are still able to move upon his flanks. If he would recover freedom of action he must re-arrange his troops, rest a large proportion of them, secretly concentrate elsewhere, and all the rest of it. It is the whole object of the Allied command to give him no respite for such a change to be effected, but to continue to "handle him."

In other words, what we are watching just now is a problem rather in time than in space, and rather in sequence of action than in ground. We perceive the enemy continually compelled at intervals of about three days to act in a fashion unfavourable to himself because of some blow delivered against him through the Allied initiative. The pressure is continuous, and has hitherto been for now sixteen days successful without interruption. As the enemy retires his line shortens, and any prepared position he may have, especially upon the Chemin-des-Dames, would halt direct manoeuvre there. But it would not prevent turning movement against such a position.

The whole thing is on a smaller scale something like the position of late September and early October, 1914, when we had him moving and when after he had taken up the lines of the Aisne we began to try to turn his left. But in those days he had an immense superiority, large in men, overwhelming in material. It is not so now.



# Four Years of Naval War : By Arthur Pollen

## A Retrospect

IN looking back over the last four years, the sharpest outlines in the retrospect are the ups and downs of hopes and fears. Indeed, so acutely must every one bear these alternations in mind, that to remark on them is almost to incur the guilt of commonplace. For they illustrate the tritest of all the axioms of war. It is human to err—and every error has to be paid for. If the greatest general is he who makes the fewest mistakes, then the making of some mistakes must be common to all generals. The rises and reversals of fortune on all the fronts are of necessity the indices of right or wrong strategy. These transformations have been far more numerous on land than at sea, and locally have in many instances been seemingly final. Thus to take a few of many examples, Serbia, Montenegro, and Russia are almost completely eliminated as factors; our effort in the Dardanelles had to be acknowledged as a complete failure. But at no stage was any victory or defeat of so overwhelming and wholesale a nature as to promise an immediate decision. The retreat from Mons, Gallipoli, Neuve Chapelle, Hulloch, Kut—the British Army could stand all of these, and much more. France never seemed to be beaten, whatever the strain. Even after the defection of Russia, a German victory seemed impossible on land. Never once did either side see defeat, immediate and final, threatened. A right calculation of all the forces engaged may have shown a discerning few where the final preponderance lay. The point is that, despite extraordinary and numerous vicissitudes, there never was a moment when the land war seemed settled once and for all.

This has not been the case at sea. The transformations here have been fewer; but they have been extreme. For two and a half years the sea-power of the Allies appeared both so overwhelmingly established and so abjectly accepted by the enemy, that it seemed incredible that this condition could ever alter materially. Yet between the months of February and May, 1917, the change was so abrupt and so terrific that for a period it seemed as if the enemy had established a form of superiority which must, at a date that was not doubtful, be absolutely fatal to the alliance. And again, in six months' time, the situation was transformed, so that sea-power, on which the only hope of Allied victory has ever rested, was once more assured.

Thus, after the most anxious year in our history we came back to where we started. This nation, France, Italy, and America no less, we have all returned to that absolute and unwavering confidence in the navy as the chief anchor of all Allied hopes. Not that the navy had ever failed to justify that confidence in the past. There was no task to which any ship was ever set that had not been tackled in that heroic spirit of self-sacrifice which we have been taught to expect from our officers and men; there had never been a recorded case of a single ship declining action with the enemy. There were scores of cases in which a smaller and weaker British force had attacked a larger and stronger German. Ships had been mined, torpedoed, sunk in battle, and the men on board had gone to their death smiling, calm and unperturbed. If heroism, goodwill, a blind passion for duty could have won the war, if devotion and zeal in training, patient submission to discipline, a fiery spirit of enterprise could have won—then we never should have had a single disappointment at sea. The traditions of the past, the noble character of the seamen of to-day—we hoped for a great deal, nor ever was our hope disappointed. And when the time of danger came, when our tonnage was slipping away at more than six million tons a year, so that it was literally possible to calculate how long the country could endure before surrender, it never occurred to the most panic-stricken to blame the navy for our danger. The nation saw quite clearly where the fault lay, and the Government, sensitive to the popular feeling, at last took the right course.

But it was a course that should have been taken long before. For, though the purposes for which sea-power exists seemed perfectly secure and never in danger at all till little more than a year ago, yet there had been a series of unaccountable miscarriages of sea-power. Battles were fought in which the finest ships in the world, armed with the best and heaviest guns, commanded by officers of unrivalled skill and resolution, and manned by officers and crews perfectly trained, and acting in battle with just the same swift, calm exactitude that they had shown in drill—and yet the enemy was not sunk and victory was not won. Though, seemingly, we

possessed overwhelming numbers, the enemy seemed to be able to flout us, first in one place and then in another, and we seemed powerless to strike back. Almost since the war began we kept running into disappointments which our belief in and knowledge of the navy convinced us were gratuitous disappointments. A rapid survey of the chief events since August, 1914, will illustrate what I mean.

## The First Crisis

The opening of the war at sea was in every respect auspicious for the Allies. By what looked like a happy accident, the British Navy had just been mobilised on an unprecedented scale. It was actually in process of returning to its normal establishment when the international crisis became acute, and, by a dramatic stroke, it was kept at war strength and the main fleet sent to its war stations before the British ultimatum was dispatched to Berlin. The effect was instantaneous. Within a week transports were carrying British troops into France and trade was continuing its normal course, exactly as if there were no German Navy in existence. The German sea service actually went out of existence. Before a month was over a small squadron of battle cruisers raided the Bight between Heligoland and the German harbours, sank three small cruisers and half a dozen destroyers, challenged the High Seas Fleet to battle, and came away without the enemy having attempted to use his capital ships to defend his small craft or to pick up the glove so audaciously thrown down. The mere mobilisation of the British Fleet seemed to have paralysed the enemy, and it looked as if our ability to control sea communications was not only surprisingly complete, but promised to be enduring. The nation's confidence in the Navy had been absolute from the beginning, and it seemed as if that confidence could not be shaken.

Before another two months had passed we had run into one of those crises which were to recur not once, but again and again. During September an accumulation of errors came to light. The enormity of the political and naval blunder which had allowed *Goeben* and *Breslau* to slip through our fingers in the Mediterranean, and so bring Turkey into the war against us, at last became patent. There was no blockade. There were the raids which *Emden* and *Karlsruhe* were making on our trade in the Indian Ocean, and between the Atlantic and the Caribbean. The enemy's submarines had sunk some of our cruisers—three in succession on a single day and in the same area. Then rumours gained ground that the Grand Fleet, driven from its anchorages by submarines, was fugitive, hiding now in one remote loch, now in another, and losing one of its greatest units in its flight. For a moment it looked as if the old warnings, that surface craft were impotent against under-water craft, had suddenly been proved true. Von Spee with a powerful pair of armoured cruisers was known to be at large. As a final insult, German battle-cruisers crossed the North Sea, and battered and ravaged the defenceless inhabitants of a small seaport town on the East Coast. Something was evidently wrong. But nobody seemed to know quite what it was.

The crisis was met by a typical expedient. We are a nation of hero-worshippers and proverbially loyal to our favourites, long after they have lost any title to our favour. In the concert-room, in the cricket-field, on the stage, in Parliament—in every phase of life—it is the old and tried friend in whom we confide, even if we have conveniently to overlook the fact that he has not only been tried, but convicted. This blind loyalty is perhaps amiable as a weakness, and almost peculiar to this nation. But we have another which is neither amiable nor peculiar. We hate having our complacency disturbed by being proved to be wrong and, rather than acknowledge our fault, are easily persuaded that the cause of our misfortune is some hidden and malign influence. And so in October, 1914, the explanation of things being wrong at sea was suddenly found to be quite simple. It was that the First Lord of the Admiralty was of German birth. With the evil eye gone the spell would be removed. And so a most accomplished officer retired, and Lord Fisher, now almost a mythological hero, took his place.

Within very few weeks the scene suffered

..... a sea change  
Into something rich and strange.

Von Spee was left but a month in which to enjoy his triumph over Cradock; *Emden* was defeated and captured by *Sydney*; *Karlsruhe* vanished as by enchantment from the sea; and



von Hipper's battle-cruisers, going once too often near the British coast, had been driven in ignominious flight across the North Sea, and paid for their temerity by the loss of *Blücher*. Three months of the Fisher-Churchill régime had seemingly put the Navy on a pinnacle that even the most sanguine—and the most ignorant—had hardly dared to hope for in the early days. The spectacle, in August, of the transports plying between France and England, as securely as the motor buses between Fleet Street and the Fulham Road, had been a tremendous proof of confidence in sea-power. The unaccepted challenge at Heligoland had told a tale. The British Fleet had indeed seemed unchallengeable. But the justification of our confidence was, after all, based only on the fact that the enemy had not disputed it. It was a negative triumph. But the capture of *Emden*, the obliteration of von Spee, the uncamouflaged flight of von Hipper, here were things positive, proofs of power in action, the meaning of which was patent to the simplest. No man in his senses could pretend that our troubles in October had not been attributed to their right origin, nor that the right remedy for them had been found and applied.

There was but one cloud on the horizon. The submarine—despite the loss of *Hogue*, *Cressy*, *Aboukir*, *Hawke*, *Hermes*, and *Niger*, and the disturbing rumours that the Fleet's bases were insecure—had been a failure as an agent for the attrition of our main sea forces. The loss of *Formidable*, that clouded the opening of the year, had not restored its prestige. But von Tirpitz had made an ominous threat. The submarine might have failed against naval ships. It certainly would not fail, he said, against trading ships. He gave the world fair warning that at the right moment an under-water blockade of the British Isles would be proclaimed; then woe to all belligerents or neutrals that ventured into those death-doomed waters. The naval writers were not very greatly alarmed. For four months, after all, trading ships—turned into transports—had used the narrow waters of the Channel as if the submarines were no threat at all. Yet, on pre-war reasoning, it was precisely in narrow waters crowded with traffic that under-water war should have been of greatest effect. These transports and these narrow waters were the ideal victims and the ideal field, and coast and harbour defence and the prevention of invasion, by common consent, the obvious and indeed the supreme functions the submarine would be called upon to discharge. From a military point of view the landing of British troops in France was but the first stage towards an invasion of Germany and, from a naval point of view, it looked as if to defend the French ports from being entered by British ships was just as clearly the first objective of the German submarine as the defence of any German port. Now six months of war had shown that, if they had tried to stop the transports, the submarines had been thwarted. Means and methods had evidently been found of preventing their attack, or parrying it when made. Was it not obvious that it could be no more than a question of extending these methods to merchant shipping at large to turn the greater threat to futility? It was this reasoning that, in January and February, made it easy for the writers to stem any tendency of the public to panic, and when, towards the end of February, the First Lord addressed Parliament on the subject, and dealt with the conscienceless threat of piracy with a placid and defined confidence, all were justified in thinking that the naval critics had been right.

And so the beginning of the submarine campaign, though somewhat disconcerting, caused no wide alarm. An initial success was expected. It would take time to build the destroyers and the convoying craft on the scale that was called for, and so to organise the trade that the attack must be narrowed to protected focal points. And as absolute secrecy was maintained, both as to our actual defensive methods and as to our preparations for the future, there was neither the occasion nor the material for questioning whether the serene contentment of Whitehall was rightly founded.

Meantime, as we have seen, success had justified the solution of the October crisis. The attempt to probe deeper and to get at the cause of things was a thankless task. Those who could see beneath the surface could not fail to note in December and January that, while an exuberant optimism had become the mark of the British attitude towards the war at sea, a movement curiously parallel to it was going forward in Germany. The shifts to which the Grand Fleet had been put by the defenceless state of its harbours, though rigidly excluded from the British Press, has been triumphantly exploited in the German. Hence, when the enemy's only over-sea squadron was annihilated by Sir Doveton Sturdee, his Press responded with an outcry on the cowardice of the British Fleet that, while glad to overwhelm an inferior force abroad, dared not show itself in the North Sea. And, as

if to prove the charge, Whitby and the Hartlepoons were forthwith bombarded by a force we were unable to bring to action while returning from this exploit. The enemy naval writers surpassed themselves after this. And it looked so certain that the German Higher Command might itself become hypnotised by such talk that, before the New Year, it seemed prudent to note these phenomena and warn the public that we might be challenged to action after all, of the kind of action the enemy would dare us to, and what the problems were that such an action would present. \* And in particular it seemed advisable to state explicitly that much less must be expected from naval guns in battle than those had hoped, whose notions were founded upon battle practice. A battle-cruiser manœuvring at twenty-eight knots—instead of a canvas screen towed at six—mines scattered by a squadron in retreat, a line of retreat that would draw the pursuers into minefields set to trap them; the attacks on the pursuing squadrons by flotillas of destroyers, firing long range torpedoes—these new elements would upset, it was said, all experiences of peace gunnery, because in peace practices it is impossible to provide a target of the speed which enemy ships would have in action, and because there had been no practice while executing the manœuvres which torpedo attack would make compulsory in battle.

Within a fortnight the action of the Dogger Bank was fought and von Hipper's battle cruisers were subjected to the fire of Sir David Beatty's Fleet from nine o'clock until twelve, without one being sunk or so damaged as to lose speed. The enemy's tactics included attacks by submarine and destroyer which had imposed the manœuvres as anticipated—and the best of gunnery had failed. But *Blücher* had been sunk; the enemy had run away; so the warning fell on deaf ears; the lesson of the battle was misread. Optimism reigned supreme.

### The Second Crisis

Within a month a naval adventure of a new kind was embarked upon, based on the theory that if only you had naval guns enough, any fort against which they were directed must be pulverised as were the forts of Liège, Namur, Maubeuge, and Antwerp. The simplest considerations of the principles of naval gunnery would have shown the theory to be fallacious. It originated in the fertile brain of the lay Chief of the Admiralty, and though it would seem as if his naval advisers felt the theory to be wrong, none of them, in the absence of a competent and independent gunnery staff, could say why. And so the essentially military operation of forcing the passage of the Dardanelles was undertaken as if it were a purely naval operation, with the result that, just as naval success had never been conceivable, so now the failure of the ships made military success impossible also.

It was thus we came to our second naval crisis. The first we had solved by putting Lord Fisher into Prince Louis's place. The lesson of the second seemed to be that there was only one mistake that could be made with the navy and that was for the Government to ask it to do anything. Mr. Churchill, as King Stork, had taken the initiative. Lord Fisher, the naval superman, had not been able to save us. It was clear that lay interference with the navy was wrong—equally clear that it would be wiser to leave the initiative to the enemy. And so a new régime began.

But, in reality, the lessons of the first crisis and the second crisis were the same. To suppose that a civilian First Lord is bound to be mischievous if he is energetic, and certain to be harmful if, in administering the navy as an instrument of war, he is a cipher, were errors just as great as to suppose that a seaman with a long, loyal, and brilliant record in the public service had put an evil enchantment over the whole British Navy because, fifty years before, he had been born a subject of a Power with which till now we had never been at war. Things went wrong in October, 1914, for precisely the same reasons that they went wrong in February, March, and April, 1915. The German battle cruisers escaped at Heligoland for exactly the same reasons that the attempt to take the Dardanelles forts by naval artillery was futile. We had prepared for war and gone into war with no clear doctrine as to what war meant, because we lacked the organisation that could have produced the doctrine in peace time, prepared and trained the Navy to a common understanding of it, and supplied it with plans and equipped it with means for their execution. What was needed in October, 1914, was not a new First Sea Lord, but a Higher Command charged only with the study of the principles and the direction of fighting.

But in May, 1915, this truth was not recognised. And in the next year which passed, all efforts to make this truth understood were without effect. And so the submarine



campaign went on till it spent itself in October and revived again in the following March, when it was stopped by the threat of American intervention. The enemy, thwarted in the only form of sea activity that promised him great results, found himself suddenly threatened on land and humiliated at sea, and to restore his waning prestige, ventured out with his forces, was brought to battle—and escaped practically unhurt.

The controversies to which the battle of Jutland gave rise will be in every one's recollection. Another of the many indecisive battles with which history is full had been fought, and the critics established themselves in two camps. One side was for facing risks and sinking the enemy at any cost. The other would have it that so long as the British Fleet was unconquered it was invincible, and that the distinction between "invincible" and "victorious" could be neglected. After all, as Mr. Churchill told us, while our fleet was crushing the life breath out of Germany, the German Navy could carry on no corresponding attack on us; and when the other camp denounced this doctrine of tame defence, he retorted that victory was not only unnecessary, but that the torpedo had made it impossible.

### The Third Crisis

Yet, within two months of the battle of Jutland, the submarine campaign had begun again, and, at the time of Mr. Churchill's rejoinder, the world was losing shipping at the rate of three million tons a year! As there never had been the least dispute that to mine the submarine into German harbours was the best, if not the only, antidote, never the least doubt that it was only the German Fleet that prevented this operation from being carried out, it seemed strange that an ex-First Lord of the Admiralty should be telling the world first, that the German Fleet in its home bases delivered no attack on us, and, therefore, need not be defeated! And, secondly, as if to clinch the matter, and silence any doubts as to the cogency of his argument, we were to make the best of it because victory was impossible.

This utter confusion of mind was typical of the public attitude. If a man who had been First Lord at the most critical period of our history had understood events so little, could the man in the street know any better?

Once more the root principles of war were urged on public notice. But it was already too late. Jutland, whether a victory, or something far less than a victory, had at any rate left the public in the comfortable assurance that the ability of the British Fleet was virtually unimpaired to preserve the flow of provisions, raw material and manufactures into Allied harbours and to maintain our military communications. But soon after the third year of the war began, a change came over the scene. The highest level that the submarine campaign had reached in the past was regained, and then surpassed month by month. Gradually it came to be seen that the thing might become critical—and this though the campaign was not ruthless. Yet it was carried out on a larger scale and with bolder methods which the possession of a larger fleet of submarines made possible. The element of surprise in the thing was not that the Germans had renewed the attempt—for it was clear from the terms of surrender to America that they would renew it at their own time. The surprise was in its success. The public, still trusting to the attitude of mind induced by the critics and by the authorities in 1915, had taken it for granted that the two previous campaigns had stopped in December, 1915, and in March, 1916, because of the efficiency of our counter-measures. The revelation of the autumn of 1916 was that these counter-measures had failed.

It was this that brought about the third naval crisis of the war. Once more the old wrong remedy was tried. The Government and the public had learned nothing from the revelation that we had gone to war on the doctrine that the Fleet need not, and ought not to fight the enemy, and were apparently unconcerned at discovering that it could not fight with success. And so, still not realising the root cause of all our trouble, once more a remedy was sought by changing the chief naval adviser to the Government.

But on this occasion it was not only the chief that was replaced, as had happened when Lord Fisher succeeded Prince Louis of Battenberg, and when Sir Henry Jackson succeeded Lord Fisher. When Admiral Jellicoe came to Whitehall several colleagues accompanied him from the Grand Fleet. There was nothing approaching to a complete change of personnel, but the infusion of new blood was considerable. But this notwithstanding, the menace from the submarine grew, when ruthlessness was adopted as a method, until the rate of loss by April had doubled, trebled, and quadrupled that of the previous year. All the world then saw

that, with shipping vanishing at the rate of more than a million tons a month, the period during which the Allies could maintain the fight against the Central Powers must be strictly limited.

Thus, without having lost a battle at sea—but because we had failed to win one—a complete reverse in the naval situation was brought about. Instead of enjoying the complete command Mr. Churchill had spoken of, we were counting the months before surrender might be inevitable. During the ten weeks leading up to the culminating losses of April, a final effort was made to make the public and the Government realise that failure of the Admiralty to protect the sea-borne commerce of a sea-girt people was due less to the Government's reliance on advisers ill-equipped for their task, than that the task itself was beyond human performance, so long as the Higher Command of the Navy was wrongly constituted for its task. It was, of course, an old warning vainly urged on successive Governments year after year in peace time, and month after month during the war. Evidences of inadequate preparation, of imperfect plans, of a wrong theory of command, of action founded on wrong doctrine but endorsed by authority, had all been numerous during the previous two and a half years.

### The Fourth Crisis

But where reason and argument had been powerless to prevail, the logic of facts gained the victory. At last, in the fourth naval crisis of the war, it was realised that changes in personnel at Whitehall were not sufficient, that changes of system were necessary. Before the end of May the machinery of administration was reorganised and a new Higher Command developed, largely on the long resisted staff principle.

Thus, after repeated failures—not of the Fleet but of its directing minds in London—a complete revolution was effected in the command of the most important of all the fighting forces in the war, viz., the British Navy. It was actually brought about because criticism had shown that the old régime had first failed to anticipate and then to thwart a new kind of attack on sea communications—just as it had failed to anticipate the conditions of surface war. It was at last realised that two kinds of naval war could go on together, one almost independent of the other. A Power might command the surface of the sea against the surface force of an enemy, and do so more absolutely than had ever happened before, and yet see that command brought, for its main purposes, almost to nothing by a new naval force, from which, though naval ships could defend themselves, they seemingly could not defend the carrying and travelling ships, upon which the life of the nation and the continuance of its military effort on land depended. The revolution of May saved the situation. At last, the principle of convoy, vainly urged on the old régime, was adopted, and within six months the rate at which ships were being lost was practically halved. In twelve months it had been reduced by sixty per cent.

But the departure made in the summer of 1917, though radical as to principle, was less than half-hearted as to persons. Many of the men identified with all our previous failures and responsible for the methods and plans that have led to them, were retained in full authority. The mere adoption of the staff principle did indeed bring about an effect so singular and striking as completely to transform all Allied prospects. In April, defeat seemed to be a matter of a few months only. By October it had become clear that the submarine could not by itself assure a German victory. If such extraordinary consequences could follow—exactly as it was predicted they must—from a change in system which all experience of war had proved to be essential, why, it may be asked, was the adoption of the staff principle so bitterly opposed? Partly, no doubt, because of the natural conservatism of men who have grown old and attained to high rank in a service to which they have given their lives in all devotion and sincerity. The singularity of the sailor's training and experience tends to make the naval profession both isolated and exclusive. And that its daily life is based upon the strictest discipline, that gives absolute power to the captain of a ship because it is necessary to hold him absolutely responsible, inevitably grafts upon this exclusiveness a respect for seniority which gives to its action in every field the indisputable finality bred of the quarter deck habit. Thus, there was no place in Admiralty organisation for the independent and expert work of junior men, because no authority could attach to their counsel. It is of the essence of the staff principle that special knowledge, sound, impartial, trained judgment, grasp of principle and proved powers of constructive imagination, are higher titles to dictatorship in policy, than the character and experience called for in the discharge



of executive command. But to a service not bred to seeing all questions of policy first investigated, analysed, and, finally, defined by a staff which necessarily will consist more of younger than of older men, the suggestion that the higher ranks should accept the guiding co-operation of their juniors seemed altogether anarchical. The long resistance to the establishment of a Higher Command based on rational principles may be set down to these two elements of human psychology.

That successive Governments failed to break this conservatism down must, I think, be explained by their fear of the hold which men of great professional reputation had upon the public mind and public affections. It was notable, for example, that when our original troubles came to us at the first crisis, the Government, instead of seeking the help of the youngest and most accomplished of our admirals and captains, chose as chief advisers the oldest and least in touch with our modern conditions. It was, perhaps, the same fear of public opinion that delayed the completion of the 1917 reforms until the beginning of the next year. But, with all its defects and its limitations, the solution sought of the fourth sea crisis has made the history of the past twelve months the most hopeful of any since the war began.

### The New Era

The period divides itself into two unequal portions. Between June and January, 1917, was seen the slowly growing mastery of the submarine. The rate of loss was halved and the methods by which this result was achieved were applied as widely as possible. But in the next six or eight months no improvement in the position corresponding to that which obtained in the first period was obtained. The explanation is simple enough. The old autocratic régime had not understood the nature of the new war any better than the nature of the old. It had from the first, under successive chief naval advisers, repudiated convoy as though it were a pestilent heresy. In June, 1917, the very men who, as absolutist advisers, had taken this attitude, were compelled to sanction the hated thing itself. It yielded exactly the results claimed for it, but no more. It was in its nature so simple and so obvious that it did not take long to get it into working order. It was the best form of defence. But defence is the weakest form of war. The stronger form, the offensive, needed planning and long preparations. In the nature of things these could not take effect either in six months or in twelve. Nor is it likely that, while the old personnel was suffered to remain at Whitehall, those engaged on the plans and charged with the preparations for this were able to work with the expedition which the situation called for. For the first six months after the revolution, then, little occurred to prove its efficiency, except the fruits of the policy which instructed opinion had forced on Whitehall. But these, so far as the final issue of the war was concerned, were surely sufficient. For the losses by submarines were brought below the danger point.

It was not until the revolution made its next step forward by the changes in personnel announced in January that marked progress was shown in the other fields of naval war. The late autumn had been marked, as it was fully expected, once the submarine was thwarted, by various efforts on the part of the enemy to assert himself by other means at sea. A Lerwick convoy, very inadequately protected, was raided by fast and powerful enemy cruisers, and many ships sunk in circumstances of extraordinary barbarity. The destroyers protecting them sacrificed themselves with fruitless gallantry. There were ravages on the coast as well. Both things pointed to salient weaknesses in the naval position. At the time of the third naval crisis at the end of 1916, it had been pointed out that the repeated evidences of our inability to hold the enemy in the Narrow Seas ought not to be allowed to pass uncensored or unremedied. But the fatal habit of refusing to recognise that an old favourite had failed prevented any reform for a year. It was not until Sir Roger Keyes was appointed to the Dover Command and a new atmosphere was created that remarkable departures in new policy were inaugurated. This policy took two forms. First, there was the establishment of a mine barrage from coast to coast across the Channel, and simultaneously with this, North Sea minefields stretching, one from Norwegian territorial waters almost to the Scottish foreshore and another in the Kattegat, to intercept such German U-boats as base their activities upon the enemy's Baltic force. Two great minefields on such a scale as this are works of time. Nor can their effect upon the submarine campaign be expected to be seen, until they are very near completion; but then the effect may possibly be immediate and overwhelming.

Principally to facilitate the creation and maintenance of the barrages, a second new departure in policy was the

organisation of attacks on the German bases in Flanders. Of these Zeebrügge was infinitely the most important, because it is from here that the deep water canal runs to the docks and wharves of Bruges some miles inland. The value of Zeebrügge, robbed of the facilities for equipment and reparation which the Bruges docks afford, is little indeed. It is little more than an anchorage and a refuge. To close Zeebrügge to the enemy called for an operation as daring and as intricate as was ever attempted. Success depended upon so many factors, of which the right weather was the least certain, that it was no wonder that the expedition started again and again without attempting the blow it set out to strike. Its final complete success at Zeebrügge was a veritable triumph of perfect planning and organisation and command. It came at a critical moment in the campaign. A month before the enemy, by his great attack at St. Quentin, had achieved by far the greatest land victory of the war. He had followed this up by further attacks, and seemed to add to endless resources in men a ruthless determination to employ them for victory. The British and French were driven to the defensive. Not to be beaten, not to yield too much ground, to exact the highest price for what was yielded, this was not a very glorious rôle when the triumphs on the Somme and in Flanders of 1916 and 1917 were remembered. It cannot be questioned that the originality, the audacity, and the success of Vice-Admiral Keyes' attacks on Zeebrügge and Ostend, gave to all the Allies just that encouragement which a daring initiative alone can give. It broke the monotony of being always passive.

But the new minefields, the barrages, the sealing of Zeebrügge, these were far from being the only fruits of the changes at Whitehall. A sortie by *Breslau* and *Goeben* from the Dardanelles, which ended in the sinking of a couple of German monitors and the loss of a light German cruiser on a minefield, directed attention sharply to the situation in the Middle Sea. There was a manifest peril that the Russian Fleet might fall into German hands and make a junction with the Austrian Fleet at Pola. Further, the losses of the Allies by submarines in this sea had for long been unduly heavy. A visit of the First Lord to the Mediterranean did much to put these things right. First steps were taken in reorganising the command and, before the changes had advanced very far, an astounding exploit by two officers of the Italian Navy resulted in the destruction of two Austrian dreadnoughts, and relieved the Allies of any grave danger in this quarter.

Meantime it had become known that a powerful American squadron had joined the Grand Fleet, that our gallant and accomplished Allies had adopted British signals and British ways, and had become in every respect perfectly amalgamated with the force they had so greatly strengthened. And though little was said about it in the Press, it was evident enough that the moral of the Lerwick convoy had been learned, nor was there the least doubt that the Grand Fleet, under the command of Sir David Beatty, had become an instrument of war infinitely more flexible and efficient than it had ever been. His plans and battle orders took every contingency into council so far as human foresight made possible. At Jutland, at the Dogger Bank, and in the Heligoland Bight, Admiral Beatty had shown his power to animate a fleet by his own fighting spirit and to combine a unity of action with the independent initiative of his admirals, simply because he had inspired all of them with a common doctrine of fighting. Under such auspices there could be little doubt that our main forces in northern waters were ready for battle with a completeness and an elasticity that left nothing to chance.

But if we are to look for the chief fruit of last year's revolution, we shall not find it in the reorganised Grand Fleet, nor in the new initiative and aggression in the Narrow Seas, for the ultimate results of which we still have to wait. If the enemy despairs both of victory on land or of such success as will give him a compromise peace, if he is faced by disintegration at home and, driven to a desperate stroke, sends out his Fleet to fight, we shall then see, but perhaps not till then, what the changes of last year have brought about in our fighting forces. Meantime, the success of the great reforms can be measured quite definitely. In the months of May and June over half a million American soldiers were landed in France, sixty per cent of whom were carried in British ships. No one in his senses in May or June last year would have thought this possible.

Looked at largely, then, last year's revolution at Whitehall is in all ways the most astonishing and the most satisfactory naval event of the last four years. It is the most satisfactory event, because its results have been so nearly what was foretold and because it only needs for the work to be completed for all the lessons of the war to be rightly applied.



# With the American Fleet: By Herman Whitaker



**Torpedoed in the bows**

of an old sore; stands for the concord of the Anglo-Saxon peoples, at last full and complete.

This brief account of the American Fleet's work during the past year may well begin with a review of the situation which the first units depicted in that picture found on their arrival in British waters last year. For the last two days of the voyage they cruised amidst the wreckage of torpedoed ships—boxes, barrels, crates; smashed boats, often with dead and dying men in them; drowned animals; alas! far too often, dead men and women, still upheld by life-preservers.

Far better, however, than by any pen picture, the situation is set forth in the accompanying map, which approximately gives the sinkings of Allied ships during April, 1917. Each of the black dots and circles that surround the Allied coasts with a mourning border represents a ship sunk by torpedo, mine, or gun-fire. But now, one year later, the month of April shows a happy reduction in sinkings of 70 per cent.

This striking change appears still more remarkable when we remember the tremendous volume of transport tonnage which was added to the normal merchant trade during the year. Troop and supply ships aggregating two and a quarter millions of tons streamed in a gigantic ferry across the Atlantic, carrying a million American soldiers to France. These ships had to be and were securely convoyed—so securely that even Hindenburg acknowledged the other day that it was suicide for a U-boat to attack them—and this extra service drew from the English and American fleets a large number of destroyers which would otherwise have been used to protect merchant shipping and hunt down U-boats. It goes without saying, therefore, that but for this paramount necessity, the number of merchant sinkings would have been still less; the number of U-boats sunk, still more.

**A** CERTAIN picture at the Royal Academy this year shows English fishermen on gaze at a long line of American destroyers emerging from a background of mist and rain. I am sure that no American can view that picture without experiencing a swelling in his throat. I should imagine that it might excite equal emotion in an Englishman. For that starry banner, streaming out in the mist, waves over a closed breach; signifies the healing

As it is, we may rest satisfied; for the most gratifying feature is found in the fact that during the last three months the two great curves that represent U-boats sunk and new ships built, show a remarkable acceleration. In the first year of the war the U-boat curve was little better than horizontal. It really began to curve late in the following year, and has gone on bending upwards more and more steeply, until, in the last few months, it threatens to become vertical. We are now sinking U-boats faster than the Germans can build them. We are building ships far faster than the U-boats can sink them. In the sense of a contest in which the issue is still at stake, the underseas war is over. Henceforth it descends to the level of privateering and sporadic raids, which will become fewer as the months go by.

This remarkable showing is, of course, the product of many factors—the introduction and extension of the convoy system; improved methods of hunting U-boats by depth-mine barrages; the perfection of listening devices; the use of Allied submarines to hunt down U-boats; the extension of the Naval Aviation Service, both American and English; the closing of Zeebrügge and Ostend; and blocking of other U-boat routes by new mine-fields; in all of which the American Fleet has assisted.

Before touching on its work, a word on its composition. Battleships, dreadnoughts, destroyers, scouts, cruisers, submarines, armed yachts, coast-guard vessels, mine-layers, and repair ships, make up the main body, which is manned by a personnel of more than 40,000 men. To this now has to be added over a hundred "chasers" and their crews; many thousands of men serving on troop and supply ships, naval transports, as armed guards, radio and signal men; naval gun crews furnished to merchant vessels; lastly, ten thousand men of the American Naval Aviation Service. Lumping them all together, a hundred thousand men would be a conservative estimate of the American naval forces, either serving directly under the command of Admiral Sims or coming and going in the transport service.

Judged by any standard, this is a large fleet, and one of the most satisfactory things about it—to an American, at least—is found in the fact that its upkeep has laid no additional burden on England—already over-weighted with her own war costs and those of weaker allies. The American Fleet is practically self-sustaining. All its food and supplies

have been brought from the United States. Excepting major operations that require a dry dock, it makes its own repairs. It manufactures its own torpedoes; provides its own hospitals; and as sailors, like other men, cannot live by bread alone, it has established numerous recreation buildings, with cinema theatres, dormitories, dining, reading, writing, and bath rooms, the quality of which may be gauged from the fact that one single establishment cost six thousand pounds.

For convenience in operations, the Fleet is divided into five principal units. The first to come over, a flotilla of crack destroyers, operated in Irish waters, and made good in both offensive and defensive warfare against the submarines. Two vessels of this flotilla steamed sixty-four thousand miles apiece during the year—a distance equal to a voyage from



**Explosion of a depth charge**

Official Photo





Crew of a U-boat Surrendering to U.S.S. "Fanning"

Official Photo

Liverpool to New York and return—each month. Thirty of them steamed one million, five hundred thousand miles on convoy duty.

The record of the armed yachts and destroyers in French waters is equally good. In conjunction with the French and English fleets and their sister flotilla in Irish waters, they have handled the American transport trade, also many coastal convoys, with a remarkable small loss in sinkings.

Credit for this has to be shared with the American Naval Aviation Service, which has established many stations in France. For there is nothing the U-boat dreads more than the seaplanes—great hawks of the sea, which come booming out from the land to find and strike their steel prey.

This service also operates some stations in England, Ireland, and Italy. Some of its men were in the big seaplane fight in Heligoland Bight, when nine Allied planes engaged seventeen Huns. Others have fought frequent engagements. Summing the service, one may say that its work is invaluable.

A third American division operates in the Mediterranean,



under severe handicaps, for the geographical features of that long and narrow sea render it an ideal ground for U-boat operations. Operating from their bases at Pola and Cattaro, on the Adriatic Sea, the U-boats get two fine chances, coming and going, at every ship. The neutrality of Spain is also in their favour, providing a city of refuge to which they can fly when hard pressed or too badly damaged to keep the seas. In spite, however, of these handicaps, sinkings in the Mediterranean have been cut down 65 per cent. during the year.

Next come the submarines, two units of which operate on bases wide apart. One holds a group of islands, which might otherwise serve as a U-boat base, while the other actively hunts them through British waters. Their work is extremely valuable, for it has increased the hardships of U-boat life several hundred per cent. Thanks to the Allied submarines, Fritz can no longer bask in the sunlight till the masts of a convoy poke up from behind the horizon; for he never knows when a torpedo may land on his solar plexus.

Having just returned from an eight-day cruise in an American submarine, I am in a position to know exactly what increased submergence means. Fritz's life—never a happy one—has through the operations of Allied submarines become insupportable. Dogged by patrols, bombed by seaplanes, voyaging always through a maze of nets and mines, he is now hunted underseas by huge steel sharks of his own kind.

Lastly, a battleship division operates with the British Grand Fleet in the North Sea, assisting in the work of keeping the German High Seas Fleet bottled up in harbour. While cruising recently, this division narrowly missed contact with the enemy, and the disappointment of the entire personnel thereat is beyond my power in words. Now they are hungering for another real chance at the Hun.

This, then, briefly sums the operations for a year of the American Fleet. Space does not permit description of the real hardships and dangers of the work. In! Coal up! Out! describes the life. Blow high, blow low, it ran its convoys to break the strangler's cord of U-boats and keep the stream of ships in circulation.

This was not accomplished without a price in lives. The armed yacht *Alcedo*, torpedoed in French waters; the *Jacob Jones*, sunk in the Channel; the *Chauncey*, rammed and sunk during a fog—these, with a hundred of their crews and twenty-two other lads washed off the decks of destroyers during night storms, are the price the American Navy has paid for the safe delivery of Allied supplies. But that was inevitable. Having done its duty according to its lights, the Fleet asks no higher praise than that freely accorded by the man who—next to its own admiral, Sims—knows it better than any other man alive, Admiral Sir Lewis Bayley, Commander-in-Chief of the American Flotilla in Irish waters.

I want to express my deep gratitude to the United States officers and ratings for the skill, energy, and unfailing good nature which they have constantly shown; qualities that have materially assisted the war by enabling the ships of the Allied Powers to cross the ocean in comparative freedom.

To command you is an honour; to work with you a pleasure; to know you is to know the best traits of the Anglo-Saxon people.



# The Fourth Year in the Air: By Boyd Cable



Official Photo

R.A.F. Photograph of Enemy Huts, taken while flying low

**Y**EAR by year the intensity of air warfare has grown, and year by year the uses of aircraft have extended, until now, at the end of the fourth year of war, it is so subdivided that there is almost required a separate history of the year to deal with each branch of the work.

Both sides have many more machines in the air, and both sides are plainly well aware of the advantage that lies in a superiority of numbers, so that each month it is becoming more evident that the struggle lies not only on the battle-fronts but extends back to the workshops, to the designers and producers.

The increased number of machines in use is reflected in the figures of air losses, although in this respect it must also be borne in mind that the systematic destruction of machines has become more highly developed and, like the other branches of air work, is being brought to a pitch of method and organisation at first undreamt of. A comparison of figures about the beginning and end of the fourth year is interesting.

The figures for August, 1917, were a record up to that date, and the highest record up to now is the number for May, 1918 (July figures will not be obtainable before this article is published).

The total claims for August, 1917, were almost all for the western front by British, French, and German, so that for the purpose of comparison it will be best to take the similar claims for May, 1918, leaving out other fronts and the numbers brought down on the west by Americans, Belgians, and Italians. The complete totals, it may be noted in passing, rose from 428 to 1,248.

	British claimed.	French claimed.	Germans claimed.	Total.
Aug., 1917	189	108	131	428
May, 1918	520	273	258	1,051

The German claim for May, 1918, is for 37 more than claimed in their daily reports. The British reported 86 "missing" in May, and 128 in August. (The Germans admitted a loss of 5 in May.)

But although these figures may be expressive they do not perhaps convey a true idea of the intensity of the air fighting of either period. This is much more easily understood if we look at some of the performances of individual Squadrons and the records of air combat. All through the first half of the fourth year the air fighting was hot and heavy. On the ground the battles of the ridges round Ypres were going on and the air services were playing their full part in artillery observation, reconnaissance, photography, bombing, night flying, fighting, contact patrols and "ground strafing," although this last was not systematically developed until the time of Cambrai and Bourlon Wood.

As the enemy were driven back from ridge to ridge they "dug in" new trench systems with extraordinary speed. It is too soon to tell yet of the valuable work that was done by the reconnoitring and photographic squadrons in keeping the staff informed of the position and extent of these new defences. It was work performed under difficult conditions both of weather and enemy action, because the enemy were

fully aware of the advantage it gave us to gather this information, and strained every nerve to attack and bring down our air observers. But the work was carried through against all opposition and difficulty. Our fighting machines did their best to cover the others doing reconnaissance and artillery observation, and if attacks on these latter came when no escort was near, they were met and stood off with magnificent spirit.

In similar fashion the artillery observing machines carried on, despite every attempt of the fighting enemy aircraft to interfere with and shoot them down. In this work again it is impossible for the public to realise the enormous advantage to the side which is able to fly over the lines, locate enemy batteries and troops, and by wireless messages from the air direct artillery fire accurately on to the targets. Even in the line it is difficult for men to understand the value of this work. They hear our guns at work, but the shells are falling far beyond their range of vision and they have no means of judging the accuracy of the fire. It is true that if our artillery fire is not heavy and accurate our line suffers in proportion, but the line knows nothing of how much the weight and accuracy of our fire is due to air observation, how the devastation of our trenches, the slaughter of our infantry is kept down by "counter-battery" work where the air observer picks out the spot an enemy battery is firing from, directs our artillery on to the hostile position, silences the guns and stops the shells from that particular battery. It has been said with absolute truth that every artillery observing machine put into the air saves from dozens to hundreds of men who would otherwise inevitably be killed or wounded by shell-fire. One squadron of R.E. 8 ("Art. Ob.") machines in one of the ridge battles was reported to have put out of action 83 batteries. In one week from August 14th to 21st, published reports showed that with air observation our guns were ranged on over 700 German batteries, that in these 128 gun pits were totally destroyed, and 321 explosions of ammunition caused.

In this work of reconnaissance and "gun-spotting" no account of air war would be complete without reference to the excellent services performed by the kite balloons or "sausages" as the troops irreverently dub them. The balloons are close enough to the line to be well within shell range, and at times they carry on their work ranging our batteries on enemy positions, guns, troops, and trenches, while shells burst about them, rip holes in their covers, kill or wound the observers, or set fire to the balloon. "Balloon-strafting" by plane, too, has become another popular game on both sides, and on any favourable opportunity a dash is liable to come on the helpless balloon, a burst of bullets is poured in, and the aeroplane is gone. The observers have no choice but to leap and trust to their parachutes opening properly and bringing them safely to the ground thousands of feet below. There are plenty of pilots with hundreds of combats to their credit, and firm-established reputations for daring and courage, who openly confess they would "funk" a jump from a burning balloon. But the work goes on steadily, and on no fine day can you approach



the line without sight of the long string of hanging "K.B." marking the line of battle.

A year ago our air services were changing over from older type machines to types which have since proved themselves superior to anything the enemy had produced. The S.E. 5 had, by then, already established a fine reputation, and were piling up records of numbers "crashed" by single-seater scouts. One squadron—a very crack one certainly, commanding such fighters as Ball, Rhys-Davis, McCudden, and a string of others since widely famed—in four months to August had brought down some 150 enemy aircraft. The Sopwith Camels, too, were proving their worth, and in the two-seater types the Bristol Fighters and the De Hav. 4 had put up fine fighting records. But some of the older types were still proving that they were worth counting. The official reports of a squadron flying F.E. two-seater "pushers" (known as "Fighting Fees") provide the most amazing reading. On one occasion five "Fees" fought two Albatross two-seaters and twenty-five Albatross scouts for over an hour. The total result of the fight was that eight out of twenty-seven enemies were brought down with a loss of one F.E. out of the five engaged.

Eight of the same Squadron fought over twenty enemy fast scouts for one hour and twenty-five minutes up and down a height from 6,000 to 13,000 feet. One F.E. shot down and crashed three enemies, another got two, and others at least one apiece. At the end of the fight they had destroyed (crashed on the ground or put down in flames) seven enemy machines, and had driven four down out of the fight "out of control," and all returned to their drome. This Squadron, in three months last summer, officially "crashed" (destroyed and confirmed as being so by observers outside the fighters) more enemy machines than the Squadron's casualties to men totalled for six months—and this counts every wound, from a cut finger upwards, as a "casualty."

A number of R.N.A.S. Squadrons flying Sopwith triplanes were also on the Western Front at this period and did good work, some of them putting up long records of "crashed Huns."

### Bombing Work

The bombing of points behind the lines has been practised by both sides for some time, but in the past year has been enormously increased. Up to a year ago our air services had things all their own way in this branch, comparatively speaking, but in 1917 the enemy began seriously to attempt to copy our much more extensive plans. But in daylight raiding he never really competed. Our bombers were out every day on organised raids to points far and near, bombing railway stations and junctions, ammunition dumps, troops in billets, guns, and everything else of which the damage or destruction would hinder the German firing line and so help ours. His made no more than a few hurried dashes by one or two machines, where we were sending whole formations on long or short journeys. Sometimes the bombers were accompanied by escorts, sometimes not. The night bombers of both services, the huge Handley-Page and the smaller but useful night-flying F.E., missed no night when the weather was anything like good for flying—and few nights when it was anything but utterly impossible—making two, three, or four trips a night. It was in the autumn of last year that a squadron of F.E. performed a fine piece of work. Our line had made one of their advances and it was known that a heavy counter-attack would be made on it that night or next morning. The F.E. were sent out to do what they could to disorganise any such attack. They flew over and along the roads which led from the rear to the threatened point, and on their first trip had ample evidence of the correctness of the expectation of attack. The roads were packed with columns of troops, guns, and transport, pushing up to be in position by daybreak. The F.E., flying down to 200 and 300 feet, dropped flares, bombed and machine-gunned up and down the length of the roads, upsetting wagons, and guns, scattering the troops helter-skelter off the roads and running for cover. All night long the bombers kept up their work, returning for fresh loads of bombs and ammunition, flying out and sweeping the roads bare again. The German attack next morning was weak, spasmodic, and patchy, and was beaten off with ease. Prisoners taken afterwards made it clear that the whole of the enemy organisation had been upset by the night-fliers, that regiments were not able to be in their proper places at dawn, that guns could not get to their positions, that ammunition had been delayed or held up on the blocked roads. This is merely one sample of the proved value of our night-bombing work. It was at this time too that a great outcry was being raised at home for "reprisals" on German towns

for the raids on London, and that certain critics of air affairs were clamouring for every possible machine being turned on to "bomb Germany," and openly deriding the possibility of bombing machines being of any use behind the lines. In the light of later events such arguments might sound incredible, but they stand in print and on record to confound their utterers.

Up to this fourth year the Germans had things all their own way in the policy of bombing towns far back from the fighting fronts. The day or night of the "Zepps" had almost gone and the debacle of last autumn (when their Zepp fleet failed to do any real damage and was itself practically destroyed piecemeal over England and France down to the Mediterranean), probably gave the finishing blow to extensive Zepp-raiding. But the autumn of 1917 saw the real beginning of systematic raiding with night-flying aeroplanes, after the damage inflicted in the summer on the day raiders had proved them too expensively vulnerable to our defences. In September the "harvest moon" raids showed how determined the Germans were to carry out systematic raids by plane, and six raids in eight nights thoroughly stirred up the British public to a realisation of how unpleasant night raids could be. Up to then we had been using such machines as were available for the urgent work of bombing behind the lines, but before the end of 1917 it was apparently found possible to spare some men and machines to begin the bombing of distant German towns. Raids were begun by day and night whenever the weather made them possible, and were carried on throughout the winter. At first, a certain number of our machines were lost, including some of the big Handley-Page bombers, on night work, and De Hav. two-seaters on daylight raids, but we have never yet had such heavy punishment on our raidings as the Germans have in theirs on London, and as time goes on we lose fewer in proportion to the number of raids, while the Germans lose more. And their raids have steadily decreased in number, while ours have just as steadily increased.

### Low Altitude Work

Our bombing points in and behind the line was already enormously greater than the Germans' in the autumn of 1917, and at the battle of Cambrai this work was brought up to a point of still more effective organisation, and became part of a new phase of "low-flying," or, as the men call it, "ground strafing" and "trench strafing."

This low flying had already during the summer been experimented with and found effective, but it had been (as it appeared then) more or less haphazard and without real effect. It was carried out by individual picked pilots, and by most of the men at the front was looked on rather as a good joke than anything else, the chasing of wildly fleeing German staff cars and their overturning in the ditch, the stampeding of a few gun-teams, the pelting of a train with machine-gun bullets until the drivers jumped ignominiously for the ditch, all appealing to the sporting young pilots as a most enjoyable jest. But the higher commands had better than mere humour at the back of these pranks, heard and noted carefully how the work was done, and began to figure out possibilities. The fruit of those far-seeing plans came at Cambrai, and out of those results again came greater and wider plans, to which history may easily tell us one day we owe, perhaps, the saving of the allied armies in the German offensives of 1918.

One can see now that the low-flying at Cambrai, effective as the work was, was merely a trial trip, an experiment to see whether on an organised scale and plan it would be worth development. It was another instance of the eagerness of the Air Command to work out new methods of air war.

The value of low flying was so clearly proved at Cambrai that the official dispatches (which are not prone to exaggeration or over enthusiasm) stated clearly "the taking of Bourlon Wood was reported by General Headquarters as being achieved largely by the aid of planes and tanks." And the tanks themselves, as it happened, owed some thanks to the planes for their full effectiveness, because at one critical period of the advance the tanks were held up by a number of well-concealed and well-served anti-tank guns. The low fliers found the guns, dived and re-dived on them, bombing and machine-gunning them so effectively that they were damaged, destroyed, and put out of action to such an extent that the tanks were able to push on and complete their work.

The squadrons picked to demonstrate the value of systematic low flying were well chosen, and the work done by their men reads like chapters from an up-to-date *Mayne Reid*. The particular Squadrons I speak of were flying single-seater scout machines, originally designed for fighting air





Bourlon Wood

*Official Photo*



Exposure of Enemy Smoke Screens used to conceal Gun Positions

*Official Photo*



opponents. They were fitted with racks for the carrying of a few light bombs, and sent out laden with ammunition for their machine guns. They bombed and shot into troops on the road coming up into the firing line, and into the Germans holding the trenches and shell holes, into transport and guns and limbers moving up into position, scattering the men, bolting the terrified horses, exploding the limbers, overturning the guns and waggons. They attacked batteries in action and off their own bat put several of them out of action. Four De Havilland scout machines attacked one group of batteries and guns in pits. One of the four strayed and lost touch with the others. (There was a lot of very confusing mist and low cloud about, it may be remembered). The three circled over the guns for half an hour at a height of from 50 to 200 feet, under a heavy fire, deliberately choosing their targets and making sure of their aim, dropping bombs on the guns and shooting at the gunners, obtaining direct hits on guns and pits, sending the crews bolting into dug-outs, shelter-pits, trenches, under wagons, and into broken buildings. One pilot saw a crowd of stampeded gunners running for one of these buildings, swooped down shooting on them, drove them in a wild rush into the doorway where they jammed in a struggling heaving mass into which he continued to pelt his bullets. After the three had exhausted their ammunition and left the scene a full half hour another of our machines passed over the batteries, and on coming in, reported them completely silenced, the guns deserted, the ground littered with dead men and horses, exploded and overturned limbers and waggons. The fourth machine, on losing the others, hunted round for "suitable targets," found them in a couple of hotly firing machine guns which he dived on and silenced, a train which he chased until driver and stoker to escape his pouring bullets stopped and abandoned in a wild leap and rush for the ditch, an ammunition dump on which he dropped his remaining bombs and left blazing merrily.

### The Enemy's Defence

Unprepared as the Germans then were for an organised defence against these low-flying tactics they naturally did their best with machine-gun and rifle fire to bring down our machines, and the work was not carried through without loss. A number of machines were shot down, but there were some miraculous escapes of the pilots recorded.

One squadron flying "Camels" and "Pups" (single-seater scouts) had a long tally of such escapes. One pilot had his machine badly hit and the spar of the bottom plane smashed. He managed to carry on over our lines, flop down in a splintering crash, and emerge unhurt from the wreck. Another, while bombing and gunning German infantry, had his machine badly shot about, the tank and several vital parts of the frame-work being pierced. In this damaged condition he was attacked by a German two-seater, and although by now he was badly wounded in the hip he drove the enemy away and brought his battered machine back to his own drome.

A captain of this Squadron, with some others, badly mauled some German infantry collecting for a rush on Fontane, fought and drove down an enemy machine, and then had his machine hit by a shell which burst directly below him. He lost all control, and the machine swooped wildly, crashed in the open between the opposing trenches, and wrecked. The pilot crawled out, ran back under heavy machine-gun fire for 100 yards, and dropped breathless into a sunken road held by our men. From here he started presently to make his way back to the Squadron, availing himself of the guidance of one of the infantry also making for the rear. As they passed through a shelled village a shell burst on a house beside them and the pilot was lifted and blown clear across the street. He picked himself up, found he was unhurt, turned to help a wounded Highlander and assisted to bring him back to an advanced dressing station, helped another lot of stretcher bearers with a wounded man, and finally rejoined his squadron. A few days later the same pilot in the attack on Gozeaucourt dived firing on groups of infantry, attacked, shot down, and crashed an enemy two-seater, expended all his bombs and ammunition, returned, landed, took in a fresh stock and went back into action. He expended over 1,300 rounds that day.

A pilot of another (De Hav.) squadron was hit and badly wounded in the chest, but although he has no recollection of how he did it, he brought his machine back well over our side of the lines, found the only decent bit of landing ground within miles, brought his machine down and landed there neatly and cleanly, without cracking a joint or breaking a wire. A pilot of the same Squadron was shot down and fell actually in the enemy front lines, and as his machine hit, the planes ripped and smashed off. He got out of his machine,

picked up a German rifle and ammunition and stood off a party of snipers, ran, crawled, and jumped from shell hole to shell hole, and so made his way to the No Man's Land, across it and into touch with our advanced patrols. He picked up a wounded man in the open and carried him in some 600 yards, and then finding a party of our infantry without an officer and hesitating whether to advance, retire, or stand fast, he collected them and led them forward. Then setting about his own business of getting back to the squadron, he came across an abandoned machine which he recognised as belonging to his own squadron—the same one, in fact, which had been abandoned by the pilot who was shot in the chest and had made a successful landing—and finding there were still a couple of bombs attached and some ammunition on board he decided to get up, go back, and distribute the bombs and rounds, and fetch the machine home. To his disgust he was unable to start up the engine, so was forced to foot it back again to the Squadron and a new machine. Another man, shooting into shell holes and trenches, had his machine hit by a trench mortar shell, which smashed, amongst other things, his compass and his shoulder. But he turned and went hunting for his trench mortar enemy, found him and put a bomb neatly down in a direct hit on him. Seeing other mortars in action he went for them, but another one caught him with a smashing hit which wrecked the body of his machine and blew a wing to pieces. He was under 50 feet up, but by luck his machine was flung swooping in the right direction and crashed in the No Man's Land. Wounded in hip and shoulder, with a ripped ear and head, and a wrenched ankle, he still managed to work his way from hole to hole until he was picked up by a couple of Highlanders.

A pilot had his machine hit by a shell and crashed close to our front lines, wriggled out and into a ditch held by our men. While here he saw one of our machines brought smashing down into some trees near by, went over and found a squadron mate wounded in the head and pinned down by the leg under the engine. He worked him free and brought him back until he found a tank returning from the firing line, begged "a lift" for the wounded man from the accommodating tank crew, and so brought him back to the dressing station.

After the Cambrai fighting the ground operations slowed down for the winter, but in the air they only eased up whenever the weather made flying impossible. Otherwise the fighting was as brisk as ever and the reconnaissance and artillery squadrons missed no moment of good weather for their work. Air fighting was growing in intensity still, as one may gather from the figures if it be remembered that there were very many "dud days" on which there was practically no flying.

### Records of the Work

There were 399 British, French, and German planes reported down in October on the western front, and 370 in November, the latter including 52 of October's not notified until November. The French claimed 51 and British 1 of these, and of the remaining 318 British claimed 108, French 84, Germans 126. British numbers include machines brought down by the R.N.A.S. during raids on and patrols along the Belgian coast. They destroyed 9, drove out of control 8, and damaged 1, without losing a single machine.

In December the Allies claimed 171 machines and the Germans 61. The British got 101, including 23 by the R.N.A.S., the French 69, and Belgians 1.

In January, the total claims were for 390 machines brought down on the western and Italian fronts. Of these the British on the western front got 133. In February, 361 machines were reported down, 213 on the west, 5 in Italy, 4 in Palestine, and 1 in Mesopotamia. Allied airmen got 273 German and Austrian machines, and the Germans claimed 88 allied machines. There were many blank days, so that in proportion to fighting days the numbers are high. On the four days, 16th to 19th, British fighters destroyed 49 Germans, and downed "out of control" 14, with a loss of only 12 missing. In Italy the allies were also doing well, Italians and R.F.C. destroying 45, French 2, and anti-aircraft fire 3. From January 26th to February 21st, 58 enemy aircraft were destroyed in Italy with a loss to us of only 8.

But these bald figures give a poor impression of the fact that Allied supremacy was growing rapidly and strongly. It is in the individual stories of combat that one best gathers the sense of this. There is, for instance, the tale of one "Bristol Fighter" (two-seater) which, when out on reconnaissance in misty weather, suddenly became aware of nine enemies looming up, one after the other, out of the haze. The Bristol turned and charged straight at them, and in the resulting fight shot down and destroyed four, drove three down out of



control, and then his observer's gun having jammed, the pilot pretended to be driven down and attempting to land. The two remaining enemies swung up and clear to allow him to make his landing, when the Bristol pilot opened his engine out at twenty feet from the ground and got back to his own drome. This particular pilot had then a tally of 21 machines crashed to his own gun, 31 between him and his observer.

The speed of the fighting and the numbers of machines brought down by individual men and squadrons has become a prominent feature of air fighting. It is not so much in the rare and occasional man who has a long list of crashed Huns to his credit that the strength of the British Air Force lies, but rather in the great number who have brought down anything from 10 to 20 or 30 apiece, while odd star fighters run up into the 40's, 50's, and 60's. For long it was a record for a man to have brought down four machines in one day; then the number went to five; and suddenly one pilot got six in a day and immediately after another got a similar six. A Frenchman quickly tied with them, so that at least three Allied fighters have destroyed six enemy machines in one day.

The outbreak of the first German offensive intensified the fighting, and also brought proof of the wisdom of the Air Staffs in so thoroughly developing and organising the work of low flying and "ground-strafig." It was now that the early experiments were to prove such an inestimable boon to the allied armies.

Thanks to the constant and systematic air work the locality of the first German attack and the approximate date were known with remarkable accuracy to the Allied Higher Commands. Long before it came on the Arras—St. Quentin front considerable damage to men and material and, no doubt, delay to the enemy plans and concentration, were effected by our artillery's long-range fire directed from planes and kite balloons, while regular and heavy day and night bombing raids on railheads, lines of communication, and ammunition dumps must have sorely harassed the German movements and preparation.

When the blow came, the rapid falling back of our line increased tremendously the work of the air squadrons, and the rate at which the aerodromes behind the original line came within reach of the enemy and had to be abandoned might well have disorganised and rendered ineffective to a great degree the whole of our air work. That it did not, that the air work rose rather to as high a level as ever it has done in the war, is due to the daring and energy of the airmen,

the handling of the squadrons, the strenuous and unceasing work of all ranks on the ground, and the staff work which kept touch with the rapidly changing conditions and maintained the organisation. Only those who were in touch with the H.Q. and other staffs can know the days and nights of strain, of constant work and worry which were gone through; and only those in the squadrons know the full tale of the work done in the air and the driving labour which kept machines and engines repaired and flying, and which, despite the hurried evacuation of aerodromes and taking up of new ones, never failed to rise to the emergency. This ground-work gets little or none of the "limelight," and one can only say the public would be amazed and impressed if they knew the long hours and fierce work put in on it, and the cheerfulness and willingness with which it is performed.

The air fighting was hot and heavy. The German Air Service did its best to hold the air, to carry out reconnaissance and artillery observation, to bring down our men doing similar work over their lines, and carrying out the tremendous bombing raids which did so much to hamper and hold up 'he offensive.

In the air fighting our men constantly upheld a strong superiority. The records are packed with accounts of actions where our men attacked without hesitation against any odds, destroyed numerous enemies and drove off the remainder. Well might their G.O.C. in the field report that they had "their tails well up." They had, and the "air-Huns" had theirs correspondingly well down and hardly dared stay to fight unless with tremendous odds in their favour.

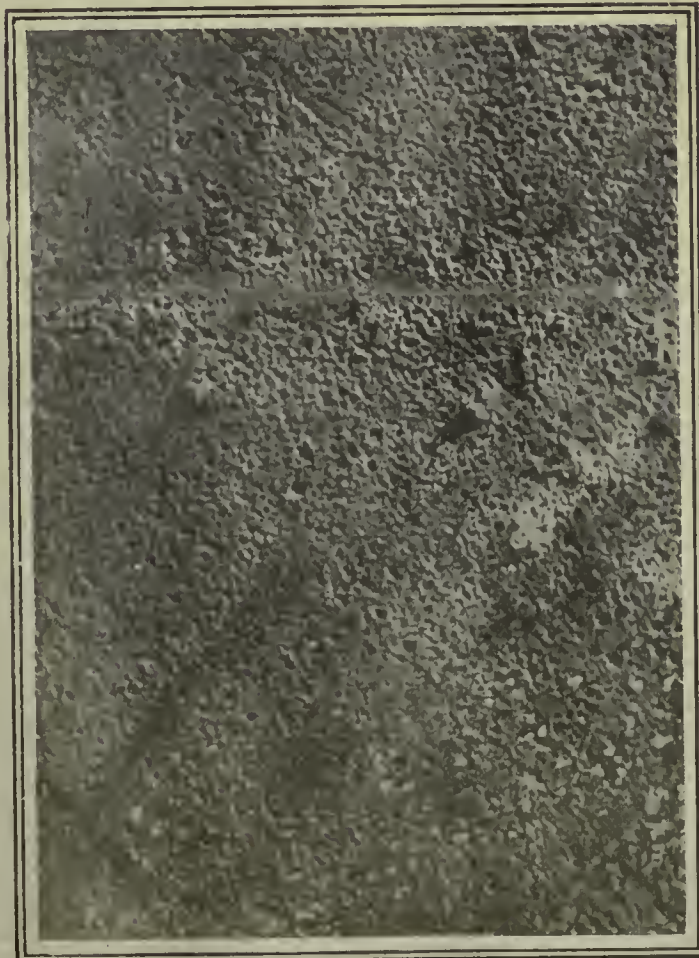
The Captain of a "Camel" squadron put up a new record by destroying six enemies in air fighting in one day, and shortly after another Captain of the same squadron tied with him, destroying three during a morning patrol and another three in the afternoon. His squadron in the fighting of this one day destroyed thirteen enemy single and two-seater machines.

In March, April, and May a "Bristol Fighter" Squadron put down 63, 52, and 55 enemies, and in all that time had only 9 men killed and 3 injured, lost only 3 machines over Hunland and 1 "crashed" on their own drome by accident.

Even the artillery observing and photographing machines refused to be driven from their work by superior numbers, although these types, being designed and built for their own special work, are at a disadvantage in speed and handiness in tackling fighting machines. One R.E. 8 was attacked by



Official Photo



Official Photo

R.A.F. Photographs of an Enemy Village taken before and after a prolonged bombardment by British Artillery



an enemy fighting two-seater, and when, after a sharp fight, the enemy bolted, the R.E. 8 pursued hotly, caught him up, shot him down, and crashed him—and then returned to the interrupted work of the artillery "shoot." The incident is merely typical of the spirit in which our men carried out this important work. The daring with which they circled for hours over enemy positions, locating batteries, troop movements, and concentrations, keeping in wireless touch with our batteries and directing their fire on to target after target, helped enormously to keep down the enemy fire on our hard-pressed and retreating troops and to shatter the mass formations which time and again threatened to overwhelm our line.

But it was in the bombing and low flying "ground-strafig" that the most striking assistance was given to the line. Practically every type of machine we possess was fitted with bomb-racks, loaded down with ammunition and sent out to pelt the enemy infantry and guns in the front line, or to fly back to where the roads and rails were packed with troops and transport pushing up into the firing line. It was here, perhaps, in these back areas, that their most valuable work was done. We know how the Germans carried out their offensive on the plan of pouring in fresh division after division, pushing forward masses of men and guns, relieving the fighters at short intervals with still more masses of fresh men. Simple as such a plan may sound, and effective as it is (if a commander is willing to spend men enough) it calls for the most elaborate staff work, the most careful calculation of troop movements, the most exact following of set time-tables. The vast machine must work smoothly, certain roads must be left free for certain divisions at certain times, the different streams of men, guns, ammunition and food supply wagons must take their own appointed course at their own appointed time, and the greater the forces moving up and moving back, the more careful and exact must be the arranging and timing of the movements.

### Interrupting Communications

It was upon this organisation and time-table that the Air Force wrecked havoc. A German division marching by the detailed road to the front and with hard and fast orders to be past a certain point and leave the road clear by a stated hour, would find itself brought to a standstill because some of our flying men had swooped down on the road ahead of them, bombing and machine-gunning the transport on it, blocking the road by stampeding the gun teams and overturning the guns, and so disconcerting or injuring the motor lorry drivers that they upset their vehicles in the ditch or smashed them into each other. And no sooner would the German working parties gather and start to clear the blocked road than down would come the flying men on them, their engines roaring and their guns pelting bullets on the workers and driving them to hasty flight. Or the marching division might find itself suddenly attacked from the air, the bullets whistling and cracking about men and animals, the bombs bursting up and down the length of the column. The infantry shot back, of course, and they brought down a good many of our fliers, but there were always more to take their place, and a machine passing overhead at more than 100 miles an hour, or diving down at well over that with a stream of bullets spurting ahead of it, is no easy mark to hit. Invariably the men on the ground broke and ran for the ditches, for the cover of houses, scattered wide to escape the bullets they knew would pelt hardest where any group made a good target. When the low fliers had gone the road would be cleared again, the scattered troops collected and set on their march once more; but think of the German Staff and their time table; and think, too, of the relief to our weary line in the delayed coming against them of those fresh men and guns, those renewed supplies of shells and ammunition.

Some of our men in the line have unpleasant recollections of some bombing and "ground-strafig" carried on by the German airmen. But let them look at the comparative figures of bombs dropped by the opposing forces and they will get some measure of the night and day terror our airmen were to the German troops.

#### BOMBS DROPPED IN FEBRUARY.

		By Enemy.	By British.
Day	..	28	5,283
Night	..	759	3,561
Total	..	787	8,844

#### BOMBS DROPPED IN MARCH.

		By Enemy.	By British.
Day	..	517	23,099
Night	..	1,948	13,080
Totals	..	2,465	36,179

Or, in other words—we dropped in February over 11 bombs to the enemy's 1; and in March over 14½ to his 1.

### The Independent Force

During June the existence of a new branch of the Royal Air Force was officially reported as "the Independent Force," its work apparently being the long-distance raiding of German towns. The effect of these raids was by now becoming clearly demonstrated. It was not only in material damage that they were proved effective, but the urgings of the Rhine town's local authorities to the Reichstag that this bombing of "open towns" and places far behind the firing line was not defensible as actual warfare, and their urgent requests that steps should be taken to conclude agreements between the belligerents to cease the practice, being very obvious proof of the punishment inflicted and the fear of worse to come. The bombing of Cologne came as a blow to the whole German nation, and they have clearly come to see that determined efforts are to be made to carry the war right into the heart of Germany, a prospect which they plainly view with grave alarm and with a total change of spirit from the rejoicings with which they greeted the news of the German bombings of the "fortified town" of London.

This bombing of the Rhine towns has increased steadily and to an extent not realised by the public despite the issue of regular official statements. From December 1, 1917, to February 19, 1918, we made 36 raids on Germany, dropping 22 tons of bombs on railways, junctions, stations, munition factories, steel works, barracks, and poison gas manufactories. In May, 1918, 48 tons were dropped, and in June, 74 raids were made by the Independent Force and 61½ tons of bombs dropped.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the strongest efforts will be made in the workshops to provide a sufficiency of bombers to continue and increase heavily the number and weight of these bombings of the Rhine towns. Nobody who has known anything of air work for a year past has ever doubted the value of these raids as a means of bringing the Germans to a realisation and sickening of war, and all who knew the facts were fully aware that any delay in carrying out a complete and comprehensive scheme of Rhine-bombing was only due to the fact that the Air Commands declined to rob the fighting fronts of machines they needed, and that they were waiting until sufficient machines could be spared to carry out effective and continued raids. To put it bluntly, the extent of "bombs on Germany" has never been anything but a mere matter of production; it still remains so, and will continue to do.

It is a pity that an account of American activities in aircraft production and the provision of an adequate Air Force cannot yet be described, because these things are now in the very stage when the enemy would give much for the slightest inkling of knowledge on which to base his calculations. It must be enough to say that the result of these activities will assuredly be writ big in any account which comes to be given of the fifth year, and that already they have given sufficient proof of that towards the end of this the fourth year of the war.

For much the same reason it is impossible to write now any proper account of the naval side of the war in the air for the past year. There are occasional indications of the tremendous work that is being done by the seaplanes, the "Blimps," and the airships, in patrolling the seas, in keeping watch over the troop, transport, and food convoys, in acting as the eyes of the Navy, in hunting and destroying the U-boats. But the silent Navy has infected those of the Air Force who work with it with the same dumbness, and little leaks out of the details of the work.

Only this much may perhaps be said—that if it had not been for the assistance given to the Navy by air work, the submarines would never have been held in check as they have been, the scarcely felt pinch of short rations in Great Britain might easily have come near to the point of acute starvation and suffering which Germany so long endured, we should have found ten times the difficulty in bringing the American Army and oversea reinforcements to the seat of war, we should have been far short of being as nearly in sight, as we are to-day, of a victorious conclusion to the war.

Air warfare has made a great advance in the past year, but the possibilities or probabilities are of a greater and yet more striking advance in the next. By all the signs there are developments already well past the experimental stage which will go a long way to bring complete and final victory to the Allies; to make the fifth the last year of the war; and, further, to make the last year of this war the last year of any war.



## St. Quentin: By Brett Young

**I**T is doubtful if St. Quentin ever meant very much to Sergeant Bemerton. It was a change . . . Any sort of change came as a relief after the pitheads and slag heaps of the Lens sector. A black-country regiment might have felt themselves at home there; but the Mid-Wessex, their eyes accustomed to the green of water meadows or the pale and beautiful contours of chalk downs, hated their blackness and their squalor. St. Quentin was a good deal better. That was the best that they could say for it.

Chimneys, of course . . . From the rising ground on either side of the sunken Roman road that cut the map in half, running right back to Holnon, you looked over Dromedary Valley to the chimney stacks of the Faubourg St. Martin. A little to the left shone the white stones of the cemetery, just to remind one that in a less romantic age people had actually died in their beds and been buried away from the sound of high explosive. But there were better things to be seen from the Bacon and Burma trenches (such were their fantastic labels) than chimneys and a cemetery. Beyond them lay the bulk of the city of St. Quentin, so miraculously unscathed. Bemerton often wondered, and many of the Mid-Wessex must have wondered with him, what sort of life the people under those clustered roofs were living. The very silence of that habitable, unattainable city, with its hundreds of windows staring out over the two lines of trenches, was impressive. In it there was so little sign of life. A dead city. One that had been swept by a plague (as, alas! it had): a dream city that had no business to be there planked down ridiculously with all its comforts and beauties unimpaired in the middle of the German lines. It was difficult to believe that men, women and children inhabited it. The Boche was there. There was no doubt about that anyway, for Bemerton himself, looking through a pair of field glasses, had seen them change the guard on the cathedral steps. It struck him as ludicrous that they should stick a sentry there. Nobody except the Boche wanted to hurt any cathedral . . . But it would have been damned good fun to pot that sentry.

So the novelty wore off. The Mid-Wessex began to take

St. Quentin as a matter of course. Even the speculations as to the life of the ghostly city which had stirred vaguely in Sergeant Bemerton's mind became faint and fainter. They never wholly disappeared. From the section of Bacon trench on the left of the Roman road that his platoon were holding, he would sometimes become aware of that prominent apex of the cathedral with its two pinnacles (one broken) piercing the calmness of his thoughts in a peculiar way. There was no accounting for it. It seemed to be linking up somehow with another part of himself. He didn't analyse it . . . You can't analyse that sort of thing even if you want to; and Bemerton didn't want to. He only knew that the thing was rather queer. Afterwards, indeed, he tried to explain it, and this was the nearest he got to it. "You know," he said, "sometimes, in the middle of talking to another chap you suddenly hear yourself speaking and him answering you back, and you think 'Hullo . . . this has all happened before.' Well, it was like that: That sort of feeling."

You see what he meant. . . . You realise how frightfully difficult "that sort of thing" is to express; and it's probable he wouldn't ever have noticed it—even in view of what happened afterwards—if it hadn't been for the fact that St. Quentin, and particularly that peaked profile of the cathedral, were continually probing this queer, dark eddy in his consciousness and suggesting . . . again it's difficult . . . that time wasn't after all the stable definite thing that he took for granted: that the present was liable to be jumbled up with the future or the past. The future, no doubt. He wasn't superstitious, but he felt sure that something would probably happen to him in St. Quentin, and that the cathedral was mixed up with it. Sufficient unto the day was the evil thereof.

And the winter days were very evil. The city, at any rate, was a damned sight more comfortable than Bacon trench; even more comfortable, he imagined, than the hut billets behind the wood at Marteville. There were beds in St. Quentin. Fritz had all the luck. "Don't 'ee believe it," said Billy Chamberlayne, another lad from the Adder valley, "I know they French beds. . . . And if us got into St. Quentin there'd be a lot of old street fighting. A



"Something hit his left foot"

By Christopher Clark

Specially drawn for "Land & Water".



poor game that be! I reckon you'd be glad to see the last on it." Bemerton laughed; and even while he laughed he suddenly found himself submerged in one of those dark eddies. A gleam, too swift and elusive to be recaptured, had shown him a bewildering glimpse of the whole business. It was dark. An icy sleet from the north-east was sweeping over the valley from beyond the German lines. In the city, no doubt, the same blurred lights would be shining; and yet he had become suddenly conscious of the place under a broiling summer sun. The sun beat down the streets. It was all ridiculous; for the cold wind and the driven sleet stung his face. He shivered. All that night his soul was vaguely disquieted. He supposed that sometime in the summer, some blazing day, he was going to "stop one" in the streets of St. Quentin. Well, if his number were up there was nothing to be gained by thinking about it.

So the winter passed, and with the spring the men of the Mid-Wessex herded in their trenches on either side of the Roman road, were troubled with a strange nostalgia. Nearly all of them were countrymen. They knew what spring would mean in their own homes, where it comes as a sudden miracle filling the river valleys and the ridge-woods with birdsong, spreading the upland cornfields with green blades that mingle with scattered flints to make a kind of pale bloom. On the open down plovers would be nesting, and larks singing high above the morning mist. Even in France the larks were singing. To Bemerton the season was peculiarly poignant: for at the farm in the Adder valley, where his people had lived and worked for many hundreds of years, this was a season of great busyness. He heard often from his father about the progress of the lambing, and dreamed of old Burbage, the shepherd, and his wheeled hut standing up against the cold skyline of the downs, of his thatched fold, and the bleating of lambs in the lengthening evenings. Snow fell, making clean and beautiful even that old battlefield. It changed the face of war; but even the snow could not stifle the sense of spring. Bemerton wondered, hoping that this would be the last spring of the war. He and Chamberlayne groused to one another at night, asking why in God's name they were freezing in a trench in France staring at St. Quentin.

The Mid-Wessex moved into billets at Ugny, a few miles behind the lines. There, in a night of March, the German guns found them. They tumbled out in the dawn. This, it seemed, was a hell of a push. On a front of fifty miles Fritz was attacking. Well, there it was. . . . A hard day's marching, and all the day an inhuman uproar of guns. God knows where all the guns came from. For a little time they sheltered in the cutting near Marteville. It was like old times. "Back to bloody old St. Quentin," said Chamberlayne. Bemerton smiled. Still, it wasn't summer. . . .

An order came through. They left the cutting and moved along the Holnon Road through an increasing barrage. This is our counter-attack, he thought. There wasn't much fun about it now. Bemerton saw Chamberlayne on his left suddenly sit down. "Poor old Bill," he thought. . . . That was all. Only, with this thought, he got a sudden vision of the Chamberlayne's sheep dog, Jim, with his mouth open and a long red tongue hanging out. Damned funny. . . . Yes, this was the counter-attack. On he went. Something hit his left foot. He must have kicked something violently. Something had torn away part of his boot. Shrapnel? By God, he couldn't walk with that. In front of him he saw the tower of St. Quentin cathedral, the damaged pinnacle. And then he spun over altogether. Well. . . .

It didn't last long. There was just one minute of blackness as if some one had switched off the sun. Then the light came. . . . blazing sunlight. Summer after all. That must be wrong. . . . a dream. And yet it couldn't very well be a dream. There was St. Quentin cathedral in front. In one of those queer flashes of sub-conscious memory he had imagined something of the same kind once before. How long before? An hour? . . . A hundred years? Yes. . . . Germans. . . . No. It wouldn't act. He pushed the troublesome dream aside; or rather, the solid and assuring present reasserted itself. The dream vanished, and in its place swarmed in definite physical facts things which he could see and hear and feel and smell: the intolerable heat which tried them even in the shade of the wood; the weight and discomfort of his suit of armour; the homely smell of his leather jerkin and the sweating Flemish horse which he rode. The beast was restless, lashing his long tail to keep off the flies. Bemerton patted his neck, for he wasn't quite sure of him. His own horse had been killed with many others of the Earl's contingent in the rough border fighting of the Low Countries, and this beast had been bought for him (or stolen) in the city of Cambrai, where now, they said, King Philip himself was lying with his

grandees and their ladies waiting to hear that his armies had done for the French and sacked this stubborn city of St. Quentin. Then, they said, the war would be over. That, at any rate, was worth thinking of. He was sick of these foreign wars, sick of fighting in Flanders for a foreign prince and a foreign priesthood, sick of these swaggering Spaniards who thought they owned the world, and, above all of those black German mercenaries, the Schwartzreiters, who were no more than bloody savages. A breath of wind moved through the oak wood. Even the horses sniffed it. And no wonder. In this country, he reflected, there was no air. He thought of the high cornland on the downs above the Adder valley, now whitening for harvest, and of the great ridge woods on the summits that caught the moisture coming in from sea. He thought of the cool slides of the river, the green weeds trailing, and pike basking in muddy shallows. When he was a boy, and not so long ago, he and Will Chamberlayne from the Mill would strip and swim in the water above the weir. It would be good, he thought, to strip off his heavy armour now and lie naked on the bank of the Somme River watching the white clouds sail overhead.

From St. Quentin now there came the dull sound of cannon. The English troopers pulled themselves wearily to their feet and stood to their horses. A strangely ragged company; for their clothes were torn and mired with campaigning, their beards long and tangled, and beneath the weathered skin their faces were grey; so much the fever of the Flemish fens and lack of food had done for them. One great fellow with a long red beard quaked with ague as he stood. Some one passed him a leather bottle of Burgundian wine. He poured the stuff down his throat with unsteady hands. Two others helped him to his saddle. "Us can't leave 'ee here, Eddard," they said. "For if the French were beaten these German dogs of ours are like to slit your throat if once we were parted." He sat up in his saddle with his sword shaking in his hand.

Again the French cannon boomed; and now, from the left, came the faint patter of the Spanish musketry and a distant tumult of shouting. A word was passed along, and the English horsemen moved off. "Keep yourselves to the woods," they said, "and closer to the river. The Earl has planned to fall upon their flank."

Through the woods they rode with clinking harness. It seemed that they might easily fail in secrecy; and, indeed, if the Spaniards and the Germans failed upon the front, their adventure must come to nothing. They rode in single file, and at their head the Earl himself. For a little while they followed, and at last the trees grew thin, and they came to the edge of the wood. "Now," thought Bemerton, "the time has come." He gripped his sword. The man with the red beard rode next to him. His fever had passed; his face was flushed with wine, and he smiled. The man in front held up his hand. They halted. In front of him, very near, Bemerton could see the walls of St. Quentin, a city of red roofs and grey towers. Before the walls he saw the rolling battle. In the centre the musketeers had swept a way. The French had broken, and as they ran the Spanish pikemen followed after, so that the battlefield was full of scattered fighting. Only in one place was the French line unmoved, where, on a little rise, a banner still was flying, and about it a knot of heavily armoured men, on which the following waves of Spanish pikemen split. A fine and warlike scene, rich with the black smoke of the Spanish muskets, the standard of white and gold, the glint of swords, and the sheen of polished armour.

"This is better than a fit of the ague," laughed the man with the red beard; and Bemerton laughed back at him.

The shouting, the smoke, and the sound of musketry disturbed the horses. They chafed on the edge of the wood as though they could wait no longer. The Earl waved his hand. "Follow," he called, and drove his spurs into his horse. They followed. Bemerton was caught up in a thunder of hoofs. The Flemish horse knew the game. Before them the groups of fighters scattered or went down. The air was full of their cries. "A Herbert, a Herbert," they shouted. Straight for the rise and the French standard they rode; and they, too, in all their thunder, were broken on that knot of steel. They swept past and reformed. Bemerton's horse trembled and snorted. A spent Spanish bullet from the rear flattened itself on his breastplate.

Again they charged. This time the knot was thinned. In the centre of it, beneath the standard, the charge fell short of a tall man, in magnificent armour, who waved his sword and shouted:

"Gare, gare . . . reculez vous," he cried; and Bemerton knew from the stories which he had heard, that this must be no other than Anne de Montmorency, High Constable of France. A sword slashed the neck of the Flemish horse. It struggled and reared, spouting frothy blood. Bemerton





*Specially drawn for "Land & Water."*

"Gare, Gare . . . Reculez vous"

By Christopher Clark



jumped to the ground. The Earl, too, was fighting on his feet. "Good lad, good lad!" Bemerton heard him cry. Into the heart of the knot the English broke. Bemerton felt his sword shear through an armoured shoulder. Something hit his left foot. Something had torn away part of his boot. And then he spun over altogether. Just a minute of blackness, as though the sun had gone out. Once before.

It didn't last long. A funny, sweetish smell, familiar, and yet. . . . He wondered where he had been. A singing noise, a rushing noise, rather like the sound that the Adder makes where it races over the shallows. But not that. No. . . . His head. Yes, his head. He put up his right hand, and another hand gently checked it so that he put it down again. In the left hand, pins and needles. He tried to move the fingers, and found that the pins and needles wouldn't let him. Voices. . . .

"Is he all right, Sister?"

"Yes. . . . I think he's coming round. I wonder if it's come off?"

"We can't tell yet. A depressed fracture of the inner table, you know. Pressure. We trephined. Of course it may be all right. Depends on the actual damage done to the grey matter. . . ."

Who were they talking about?

Two months later he got his furlough. He came home to the Adder valley when the lambing was over and the meadows full of buttercups. Long grass had already reached above the faded stalks of the cowslips, cuckoos were calling, and the Adder trout were gorged with mayfly. England was no less wonderful to a man who had a plate of silver in his head in place of part of his skull, and in the excitement of his return his dream, or whatever you

wish to call it, was forgotten. Indeed, it might well have been forgotten altogether if a strange chance had not befallen him. One morning his mother came home from the market. He was sitting in the garden under a pink hawthorn tree, thinking of nothing in the world, only breathing the scents of early summer and listening to the murmur of the Adder. She gossiped pleasantly, and her quiet voice mingled with that of the river.

"I see'd her Ladyship this morning," said Mrs. Bemerton, "and she inquired after 'ee. . . . said she'd like to see 'ee if you'd go up to The House. You know they've a'turned it into a hospital now, and her Ladyship goin' about all in white with a cross on her chest?"

Next day Sergeant Bemerton walked over the meadows to Wylie, and waited in the cool of the great hall among the busts of emperors, the sheaves of tourney lances, and the stacks of ancient armour. He had been there before as a child, and felt almost at home in its faintly musty and wholly characteristic smell. He remembered the skeletal men-at-arms of the gallery and the piled lances, and it was only by accident that he found himself standing, with hot hands, in front of one magnificent suit which stood alone. It was only by accident that he troubled to read the painted inscription:

Armour of Anne de Montmorency,  
High Constable of France.  
Taken prisoner by  
The First Earl  
at  
The battle of St. Quentin,  
August 10th, 1557.

And even when he had read it he scarcely understood.

## The Finance of the War: By Brougham Villiers

ON the outbreak of hostilities in 1914 the Imperial Parliament passed such measures as were thought necessary in the emergency, including an adequate Vote of Credit, and was prorogued on September 18th. In November it met again, when a further Credit was granted, while on the 19th, Mr. Lloyd George introduced his supplementary Budget. This Budget imposed increases of taxation estimated to yield £26,000,000 a year; ample to provide for an expected falling-off in some items of revenue, as well as to secure the interest on any money so far borrowed. Meantime, the work of the Treasury Department was proceeding in a way almost normal. Other departments might be in a state of confusion, and the officials might be worked almost to death, but the routine at the Treasury went on almost undisturbed. There were large dues to collect, but they could be collected through the same machinery from substantially the same people; the younger officials who had been working under the Department might fall out and join the new Army, but retired members of the staff came back to work or those who were left put in longer hours; nothing occurred to interfere with the continuity and general efficiency of the Department. The regular routine was not disturbed, and though the work made heavier calls on the Treasury men, there were probably few things less disturbed by the war than the British Finance Department.

Meantime, something very different was happening abroad. There, however effectively the military and other departments may have faced the strain of the war, it is the bare truth to say that the whole machinery of the revenue collapsed without a struggle. Consider what was required. National expenditure, of course, rose immediately to far beyond peace level, so that a vast expansion of the peace income was a vital necessity. This could be obtained only by loans or taxation, and it was of the utmost importance that as large a proportion as possible should be obtained by the latter method. There is a fairly well-marked point below which the permanent revenue should never under any circumstances be allowed to fall. It should always provide for the maintenance of the civil services, for the normal expenditure on the Army and Navy on a peace footing, and for the interest on all debts contracted up to the moment. If, for instance, a government at war is compelled to borrow a thousand million pounds at 5 per cent., it ought at the very least to impose taxation that would bring in fifty millions a year. Some day or other it is clear the thing will have to be done, or the new creditors of the State will not get their interest; and if the taxpayers of the country are not prepared to face their

obligations when full of the enthusiasm of a great struggle, they are not likely to be more willing in the reaction after it.

Far from rising to the occasion, the existing revenues of Europe began to crumble to pieces at the very outbreak of war. In so far as they depended on Customs duties on necessary food-stuffs, they must have been reduced almost to nothing. According to two returns I obtained in the early days of the war from the Board of Trade, giving particulars of foreign food-tax suspensions as far as they were known, Germany had been compelled to put all the leading food-stuffs on the free list by September 17th, 1914, and by the following March what little was left of the tariff was swept away. France began by suspending her duties on wheat on July 31st before the war had really begun, in September the duties on cattle, and in October those on meat followed. At the time the returns in question were given, the French tariff on wheat had been partially resumed, but virtually all other food-stuffs were on the free list, and could be yielding no revenue. The struggles of the Austrian Protectionists to maintain some part of their food tariff during the first year of war make amusing reading; but by October, 1915, the last relic of it disappeared, and Austria now depends entirely on the protection of the Entente navies to keep out foreign competition in food. This is no doubt very effective, but it does not bring Austria any money. After partial or temporary reductions earlier, Italy suspended her taxes on cereals and similar food-stuffs from January 1st, 1915—several months before she entered into the war. Neutrals fared no better. From Spain, whose tariff on imported food vanished almost entirely, to Sweden, which simply suspended those on wheat and wheat-flour, all the elaborate tariffs of Western Europe—on necessary foods, at least—were suspended in whole or in part from the first year or two of the war.

This, of course, whatever else it might do, involved a loss of revenue just at the time when increased revenue was most needed. Nor, except in Italy, was it accompanied by any attempt to provide an alternative source of income, much less to supply the Governments with increased means to meet the large liabilities they were piling up every day. No true understanding of the financial situation brought about by the war, and the bearing it must have on the reconstruction of civilisation after it, is possible, unless we realise how differently the revenues of Europe and those of Great Britain reacted to the strain from the beginning. Our peace methods being relatively sound, our finance responded to the need as a strong man meets a sudden call to action. His heart-beats are stronger and his pulses throb more rapidly,



but that is all. Such was the effect of the war emergency here; on the Continent it produced something like syncope.

The difference was not accidental. Before the war, Continental finance, notably that of France and Germany, differed from our own in two essential respects. Whatever may be said for indirect taxation, it is much more at the mercy of sudden changes in conditions than direct, and it is not nearly so capable of expansion to meet an emergency. We can calculate with wonderful accuracy the yield of a penny, on the income-tax; though exceptional conditions may depress or augment the income of the classes called upon to pay it, even the greatest fluctuations produce only a manageable effect on the sum to be realised from any given rate of taxation; the most disappointing result can at any time be readily adjusted in the next Budget. It is based on something within the country, and is affected only indirectly and by degrees by the rise and fall of trade and changes in demand and supply. For this reason, our financiers soon recognised in the income-tax a most effective financial weapon in war. Within very wide limits indeed, it can be expanded or contracted at will to meet the varying demands of war and peace.

So much for the emergency of the war; but even in peace the Continental method caused difficulties which gave an unsound character to finance. When in the 'forties we swept away so many hundred taxes from our tariff, we did not surrender the vital part of it, regarded as a fiscal instrument. The result of a Parliamentary inquiry into its working in 1840 showed that whereas the tariff as a whole only realised £22,122,095, no less than £18,575,071 came from nine items, 853 taxed articles being responsible for the balance! With the exception of the taxes on wool and timber, since repealed, these nine articles are the same as those we tax now. This means that in substituting for an uncertain revenue of less than four millions the adaptable income-tax which was to supply their place, we had made, from a fiscal point of view, an exchange for something incalculably better. The systems of the Continent resembled ours of the 'forties, and the effect—in Germany, at least—was substantially the same. Continental revenues were not sufficiently elastic even for the needs of peace.

### Peace Deficits

The extreme difficulty of raising money enough without direct taxation, and the need to save the overgrown armies of Europe from criticism, led to another cardinal defect of Continental finance. Our National Debt is almost entirely a war debt, and probably most English people think that this is also the case with Continental debts. Largely, no doubt, it is, but to an almost, if not quite, equal extent the National Debts of the Continent as they stood in 1914 were not, properly speaking, war debts at all, but the accumulation of deficits incurred in time of peace.

This is specially true of the German Imperial Debt, which amounted to nearly £250,000,000 before this war, for the Empire started off free of debt and with a large part of the French indemnity to the good, and had had no war of any consequence in the forty-four years of its history. Year after year the German Finance Ministers were not able to make both ends meet, and were, of course, obliged to borrow from the accumulated savings of private people to make up the deficit. Austria-Hungary was in a similar position, except that it had, of course, a large war debt to begin with. I have used these figures before, but they will bear repeating to show the reader how badly matters were going.

#### ENEMY DEBTS BEFORE THE WAR.

	German Empire.	Twenty-six German States.	Austrian Empire.	Hungary.
	£	£	£	£
1907	193,044,000	648,000,000	410,158,000	229,175,000
1912	242,743,000	785,000,000	519,631,000	274,702,000

Taken as a whole the finances of the Entente Powers were in a better position, for they were not steadily running into debt in time of peace. The debt of Italy, however, must be largely a peace debt, and though the funded debt of France had been practically stationary for a generation, it had risen from £796,000,000 in 1876, after paying the indemnity to Germany, to £1,036,000,000 in 1895. From the close of the Russo-Japanese war till 1913 the National and Imperial Debts of Continental Europe increased by over four hundred million pounds. Meanwhile we were steadily paying back out of realised surpluses the money borrowed for the Boer War, and had already reduced our liabilities by ninety millions since its close.

At best, it is a sorry business for civilised nations to go on building up revenues and armaments during generations of

peace to be dissipated and destroyed in a wild orgy of war, but there are less and more irritating ways of doing even this. Obviously, if you are to be prepared for a monstrous expenditure some day, when you will be compelled to run into debt to an incalculable extent, you must make up your mind to live well within your income in normal times. To arrange your affairs so that you cannot pay your way even in peace, and then from time to time to confront your Finance Minister with the problem of providing money for interest amounting to anything up to fifty times the deficit he has failed to cover before the war, is certain to lead to a terrible crisis some day. But that crisis is not the crisis of war itself; it is the crisis of the first years of peace following a war. Nothing seems to me more certain than that Europe is now heading straight for such a crisis, but it will be well to give a sketch of the way she is preparing for it.

### Loans and Stability

In the spring of 1915, the German Finance Minister took credit to his country for the fact that while *we* had been compelled to resort already to taxation Germany had financed the war solely out of loans. He contrived to convey the impression that it would not be necessary to impose any new taxes during the war. In order to understand this optimism we must remember that from the outbreak of war all expenditure on the army and navy, even that incurred on a peace footing, was immediately taken out of the normal budget altogether. As this normally amounts to fifty-five million pounds there was naturally a very large apparent balance to the good after meeting the purely civil expenses of the Empire. That, unless Germany received a heavy indemnity or intended after the war to do without a standing army at all, the old state of affairs aggravated by a large new claim for interest would immediately reappear was obvious, but seems not to have disturbed a people intoxicated with war fever. Of course, in reality, no provision whatever had been made for securing the money which the Germans were borrowing every day, but until the new debt had grown so large as to absorb all the money normally spent on the army and navy the German financiers simply proposed to do nothing and trust to Providence.

But the penalty that follows bad finance is certain. When the Reichstag met in the next spring the interest on new debt already amounted to more than enough to absorb all this balance, and it was clear that there would not be enough revenue in a normal year to meet the interest on new debt, and the civil expenditure alone. Germany had been borrowing wholesale for nearly a year and a half without any provision for paying for her loans. I suppose even German investors filled with war enthusiasm want some evidence of willingness to pay, and on March 16th Dr. Helfferich proposed new taxes which he calculated would provide for the deficit already created, and obtained what purported to be a balance in his Budget. Next year Germany imposed a special tax on war profits, and sanctioned a further increase of £40,000,000 in permanent taxation; while this spring a strange assortment of imposts were made. These have increased the temporary war profits tax and added duties which, it is hoped, may yield £125,000,000 a year in peace. By this time Germany could no longer boast of carrying on the war entirely by loans; the only difference between our method and hers was the relative straightforwardness, boldness, and efficiency of methods of the two nations.

For the whole German scheme was like a stucco façade put up to hide from the public the fact that a building is falling to pieces. German finance was not based either on actual results obtained or on any clear estimate of probable receipts and expenditure in a normal year. Our Chancellor of the Exchequer places before the House of Commons a definite statement of the actual sum received by the Treasury from each source of revenue in the year just closed, and an estimate based generally on previous experience of the probable yield of any increases in taxation he may have to propose. The German Government has done nothing of the sort. Merging the ordinary expenditure on the army and navy in war charges, it has treated the ascertained costs for interest and civil service as though they would cover the whole normal expenditure of the State. It has presented no statement of the actual receipts from revenue, but has boldly reckoned them at what the Finance Minister considered they *ought* to yield under ordinary conditions. This is clear from the treatment of the Customs tariff. In the Budget Statement for 1916 these were estimated at £35,650,000, while £37,700,000 was calmly put down as their probable yield in the year ending this spring. These are about the amounts that the German tariff might be expected to yield if there were no war going on, for Germany obtained thirty-



five million pounds from Customs in 1912. But nothing is more certain than that Germany has obtained next to nothing by Customs since the war began. A very large part of her tariff revenue comes from food-stuffs and, as I showed earlier, practically all the German food taxes are suspended, as are some on manufactures. And then there has been the blockade, and until the Russian peace the land frontiers, except the Austrian, have been closed to her. Germany produces an apparent balance in her normal Budget: (1) by leaving out of account by far the largest item in her expenditure, the cost of the army and navy; (2) by including among her receipts money which she has not in fact obtained, but which she considers she would have obtained under normal conditions, and (3) by imposing a weird programme of taxes, some of which will only yield during the war, while most of the others can bring in nothing till it is over—if then.

### Window-Dressing

Possibly, these new German taxes were only intended for window-dressing purposes—to induce the German people to subscribe for war loans. Anyhow, they are suspect from the start. Except the war profits tax, which is, of course, temporary, they seem all to be indirect taxes, and the utmost ingenuity of successive German financiers has been devoted for years past to discovering means of raising money without resorting to an imperial income tax. It would be greatly under-rating the ability of Prussian financiers, faced with a chronic deficit and hungry for money, to believe they have left much in a field so closely gleaned. The taxes are, at best, an attempt to cream the skimmed milk, and to get very much more off it than ever it has yielded before. Governments don't acquiesce in continual deficits for the mere fun of the thing; and we may be sure that if the German or any other European Government had known of a way to fill its coffers, without provoking the criticism that comes from direct taxation, it would have been tried long ago. We have no definite information as to how much has actually been obtained from the taxes imposed in 1916 and 1917, for, as I have shown, the German statement of receipts merely gives estimates of what it is presumed the taxes would have yielded in an assumed normal year—at least, when that is the most convenient way to give them. With regard to the taxes proposed this spring, Mr. Bonar Law is fully justified in his scepticism as to the amount they will realise. The most hopeful permanent item seems to me the proposed tax on transactions, from which the Government expects to get £50,000,000 a year (a thousand million marks). The round figure illustrates the reason why I consider it more hopeful than others, and suggests that neither the Germans nor anyone else can make more than a guess as to what it will yield. For the rest, the Excise and Customs duties will certainly bring next to nothing during the war, and depend entirely for their prospects *after* it on the doubtful assumption that the normal consumption of the German people will be the same after the war as before. This will certainly not be the case for a long time with luxuries—with many Germans the receipts for income tax payments will be the only "luxuries" they can afford.

Another important point arises when we consider the prospects of pre-war taxes. The Balfour of Burleigh Committee estimated that about two-thirds of the German Customs revenue came from taxes on food. Practically all these taxes, in so far as they affect necessary food-stuffs are suspended, and the probability that they will have to remain suspended for years or for ever is much greater than that any of the new imposts will yield the revenue expected. The reason for suspending them at all was the high price of food, and food is quite certain to be dear for many years yet, while the people will be far poorer than before, and probably in a very nasty and dangerous temper. They are not likely to permit their rulers to interpose the old tax of 11s. 10d. a quarter between them and the Russian or American grain that might relieve their necessities. Indeed, the thought of the world is moving altogether on other lines. It is being recognised now that some form of national rationing in food-stuffs and raw materials will have to be adopted in order to secure for each country its fair share of the limited world supplies. But if any country imposes a duty to prevent some necessary food coming into it, how can its rulers maintain that they are entitled to a share in that of which there is not enough to go round? I do not think the food tariffs can be reconstructed either in Germany or anywhere else for many a long day.

If so, the German Customs will cease to be an important source of revenue, while the poverty of the people is likely to cause a corresponding shrinkage in the income from Excise and the Post Office. These three items form the backbone

of the permanent German revenue as it stood before the war. On the whole, I am convinced that nothing will alter the substantial truth of the position that either the German Government must repudiate its war debt, which by March next year will amount to £8,000,000,000, or the Junkers and capitalists who formed the war party must pay the interest on it in direct taxation.

The French Government have been more honest than the German, but they, too, have been faced with similar difficulties. Their revenue, also, necessarily fell off at the beginning of the war, and for the same reason—that so little of it was derived from direct internal taxes which could be increased at will—while the Customs Revenue necessarily went to pieces. The methods of French finance prevent us knowing actual results as distinct from estimates, therefore it is possible that time may modify the state of things revealed in the Budget of December, 1917, the first presented to the Chamber since the war began. New taxes had been enacted, however, which, together with those in force before the war, were expected to bring the French revenue up to £267,000,000, leaving a deficit without providing for the expenses of the army and navy on a peace footing, of nearly one hundred million pounds. To meet this, further taxation was proposed, but the French financiers, like the German, leave the whole question of defence in the future out of account. Even if all their hopes are realised, the armies and navies, if there are any, of the future Europe will have to be provided by entirely new direct taxation coming out of the pockets of people who are already taxed in every possible direction. In one important respect France has been more courageous than Germany. During the war she has laid the foundation of an income tax, and that, properly developed, will probably do more to help her than all her other new taxes put together.

### Liabilities of the Future

Three only of the great Powers stand in a comparatively favourable position. Italy, Great Britain, and the United States may, if the hopes of their financiers are realised, and the war ends quickly, be able to pay the first calls for interest on their debts, and provide for a civil and military expenditure on something like the scale kept up before the war. Looking through the scheme of new taxes imposed in Italy, the beginning of which was made before she entered the war, there seems to me a better prospect that they will realise the money expected than those even of France, let alone Germany. The Italian War Debt last summer had risen by £1,000,000,000, and it is hoped that these taxes will yield ninety millions a year. The war profits tax is, of course, temporary, but possibly there may be a surplus after meeting interest and civil expenses. We may meet our liabilities, if the war ends soon, without further taxation, and at the worst we have in the income tax a fully organised means for meeting them. Only in the United States, however, which since Mr. Wilson came into office has laid the foundations of an income tax and has developed it heroically, can there be much to spare. With an income tax graduated up to 65 per cent. on the multi-millionaire, the war is not likely to last long enough to ruin the American Government. The other countries are none of them in a position to meet the half-yearly payments for interest on debt, amounting in the case of Germany to nearly £200,000,000, until they have had time to make what amounts to a far-reaching revolution in the whole structure of the State.

It is after a war and not during it that the consequences of bad finance come home to the Governments guilty of it. After the war you must produce a definite balance-sheet of receipts and expenditure, and then everybody knows on what security they are asked to lend more money. And more money the Powers of Europe will be compelled to borrow, as soon as the war is over, for interest and for reconstruction. To do so they must so revise their taxation as to show a surplus sufficient to pay for these charges. That surplus will amount to hundreds of millions and can only be got by imposing crushing taxation on the very classes who have made the war. To them militarism will then present a very different aspect than before. The upkeep of armies and navies on anything like the old scale will certainly mean to them an intolerable demand in addition to the unwelcome imposts which they will have to bear in any case. Nay, the total ending of militarism may be the only way to save the State from bankruptcy and themselves from ruin; for while it might be quite possible to obtain loans from the only country likely to have any money to spare, the United States, for a disarmed and peaceful Europe, it is hardly likely any American financier will care to risk his money in building up another armed peace.



# Why I am a Pelmanist

By "Sapper"

Some months ago, more out of curiosity than anything else, I took up Pelmanism. I wished to find out whether there was indeed some new and wonderful system which could transform mediocrity into brilliance and failure into success. Plentiful advertisements assured me that if I would but follow the advice laid down by the teachers of the Pelman School there was nothing I might not hope for, from a substantial increase in the pay extracted from a stony-hearted Government to complete immunity from whizz-bangs. In view of the desirability of both these goals, I decided to join "the cult." I regarded it as a cult; in spite of all assurances from Generals, Admirals, Pillars of the Church, and other big noises in the Pelman world, I was sure there was a catch somewhere. So I borrowed the money for the course, and started looking for the catch. I am still looking. . . .

Now, I do not propose to go into the question of how Pelmanism obtains its results. To attempt to do so would necessitate going into what Pelmanism is. If anybody wants to find that out, let him follow my example—borrow the money, and see for himself. He will never regret it.

But I do propose to say something of the state of mind induced by Pelmanism in a student who takes it up *in earnest*. For on that state of mind depends entirely his judgment of the system. On the personal result in his particular case the student will say: "This thing is bad. I would prefer a bag of nuts"; or he will say: "This thing is good. Why, in Heaven's name, didn't I do it before?" Those are the two judgments to which any new thing must be prepared to submit itself; and when it is as much advertised as Pelmanism the answer is of importance.

Now, let there be no mistake about one thing: we are discussing the student who takes it up in earnest. The man who enrolls as a Pelmanist, who reads the books, and does the exercises like a parrot, and then sits down and waits for the boodle to roll in, will do a powerful lot of sitting. There is no magic word in the system; no formula which, repeated twice in the bath and once after breakfast, will produce success. There is nothing mystic about it—nothing supernatural.

Pelmanism is a system of education: nothing more, nothing less. Where it differs from other systems is that it educates. This is a very large claim, and one which great numbers of people will find incredible. They will point to all our methods of education, and say, frankly, that it is ridiculous. They will quote at length from the many books that have been written about education lately—especially the Public School system. "If such a thing," they say, "were true, our social system would be undermined." Personally, I am not sure it hasn't been. . . .

Let us consider, for a moment, this question of an education which educates compared to one which does not. So many people have written on the latter: so few on the former. It is so easy to criticise destructively. . . .

It is an undoubted fact that an intimate knowledge of the French irregular verbs, and the insensate demands of the gardener for pens, ink, and paper will not materially help the student to travel through France.

It is an undoubted fact that the sole test for which we are trained is an examination; to that end, a boy is crammed and forced—and, having passed it, nothing more matters. He can forget everything, and he promptly does, naturally.

It is a far, far better thing to throw explosive bombs at the science master than to dabble in abstruse chemical formulae. The boy is not going to be a chemist—he wants to go into the Army. He is being taught what he doesn't want to learn. And so it is a failure. Thus the destructive critic fulminates; and everybody agrees that it is very dreadful. . . . But he suggests no alternative; and so everybody, after a brief mental upheaval, relapses again into sleep. Only Pelmanism has remained awake, and has produced an answer—a constructive answer—moreover, a successful answer in the opinion of those who have tried.

It is successful because its students learn what they want to learn, and are therefore keen. A simple fundamental fact, wherein Pelmanism differs from all other systems of education: a simple fundamental fact which makes the difference between success and failure.

And so we come to the consideration of what is this thing which Pelmanism teaches, and which its students wish to be taught. It is well-nigh impossible to sum up the course

in a phrase: it is altogether too big a thing. And yet—perhaps it can be done—more or less. Pelmanism, as I see it, teaches Human Nature—your own and the other ways. It deals not with Greek iambs or the differential calculus, though such is its nature that it will help the student to deal with these occult mysteries, be he so minded. It just deals with you and the other man, and life as one lives it.

There is no catch in it. It is a system developed along perfectly common-sense lines, which leads to a definite goal. That goal is Efficiency.

The system takes a man's thought-box, and proceeds to tell the owner how he can improve it. It sends the student's brain to a mental gymnasium. It gives him concise instructions as to what he is to do, and when he carries out those instructions conscientiously he finds the system is right. He begins to realise that his mind is capable of being drilled and expanded exactly the same as his body. And, moreover, he finds that just as the fitter his body becomes, the more work it can do; so the fitter his mind is, the more it can accomplish. Things come easier to him; he has no difficulty in taking on more. His brain, in fact, is being drilled, and is developing accordingly.

Thus baldly—Pelmanise. The mind and brain are subject to laws, just as is the body. The teachers of this system have taken those laws—up to you the property, so to speak, of a few abstruse thinkers and philosophers—and built round them a simple, infallible method of developing a human being's efficiency. That is all. As I say, there is no catch. The work which they ask the student to do, and which the student must do if he wishes to benefit by the course, is not long and arduous. It does not entail going back to school and poring over books. It can be done on one's way to work, when one is out for a walk, or wondering where the last one went to.

Moreover, there is another point which is worthy of note. The exercises—though only a means to an end—are in themselves interesting. There is no question of French irregular verbs, or abstruse chemical formulae—to be forgotten as soon as learned. There is nothing irksome or tedious in the course; nothing that the student doesn't see the object of even in the early stages of his struggles. It is in fact a common-sense system; developed along common-sense lines, with its goal—Efficiency.

The results speak for themselves. From a financial point of view, I, personally, am not qualified to speak; except to state the axiomatic truth that a man or woman whose brain is efficient must be worth more in the world market than one whose brain is untrained. And Pelmanism trains the untrained mind; that is its *raison d'être*. But from an intellectual point of view the thing can be put in a nutshell. It is not good to go through life blind; and yet thousands do so. Their brains are blind; they see, and do not appreciate; they hear, and do not understand. Pelmanism brings that appreciation and that understanding. Therefore, it would seem worth while to Pelmanise, for it is certainly worth while to understand.

SAPPER.

During the past twelve months the history of Pelmanism has been one long succession of remarkable achievements.

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# Germanism in the Fourth Year: By G. K. Chesterton

IT is said that those who live in glass houses should not throw stones; and it might be added that those who live in looking-glass houses never do throw stones. That, properly understood, is the reason why there has not been, and perhaps never will be, a real revolution in Germany. The French certainly live in glass houses; and the French certainly throw stones, and provoke stones. They have windows, indeed they have nothing else but windows, and their windows are broken time after time and age after age. They live in a Palace of Truth which may truly be called a Crystal Palace; and, as in the true tradition about the Palace of Truth, it is a place full of scandals, quarrels, and even misunderstandings. But the Germans live in a palace painted outside with silver, so that it is full within only of reflections and repetitions; a house of mirrors. All around him the modern German sees only the image of himself; and he does not throw a stone at himself. If once he did, he might break his house of dreams and come out into the daylight, amid the strange solidity of real things: that external miracle of matter which is meant to challenge the loneliness of mind. For when Alice really goes to Wonderland, she does not go through the looking-glass. She goes through the window, or perhaps (as a concession to her Victorian conventionality) through the door. The distinction may sound somewhat mystical; but it is the deepest division between the forces now arrayed against each other in the field; deeper even than the huge historic conflict between the civilised tradition and the barbarian tribes. In that ultimate metaphysical region which can only be figured in types and portents, as in the Hebrew prophecies, this war could best be symbolised as a war of windows and mirrors.

What is the matter with the modern German is egoism; of the sort which doctors sometimes describe as hysteria. The caricaturists always draw him as wearing glasses; and they ought to draw him as wearing looking-glasses, the most completely blinding sort of blinkers. All his culture, all his discipline, all his unquestionable patriotism or even his unquestionable courage, are so selected and trained as to guard him against the sacred experience of surprise. They are an armour against that assault on the senses which we admit when we say that a thing "strikes" the eye. In the end the world generally tries to strike the eye, with intention to black the eye; when it finds it cannot strike the eye, with intention to enlighten it. The eyes of the modern German are turned inwards; he is trying to hypnotise himself. That is the meaning of all he says about his "will to victory." Common sense might tell him that every combatant wishes for victory; but what he means is that whatever he wishes hard enough will certainly happen. That is even what he means by his occasional invocations of the Diety; which are not religious, in the sense of reconciling man to the will of God, but rather of drawing upon God for inexhaustible energies with which to inform, not to say inflate, the will of man.

## The Kaiser as god

When the Kaiser says "God wills it" he really means something; but what he means is "I will it as much as a god could will it." This egoistic hysteria has the same marks we all recognise about it in private life. Thus it will praise itself constantly without praising itself consistently. The German is like the man who will shoot at people; and exult in his own justice if he hits, and in his own mercy if he misses. He will call himself popular to prove his charm; and then call himself persecuted to prove his endurance. He will prove that he has grown rich entirely by his talents; and then that he has grown poor entirely through his virtues. We know the type in personal relations; but we had scarcely realised that since it can be encouraged by a philosophy, it can be spread like a religion. The vision seems as fantastic as that of a whole population of lunatics, each believing he is made of glass. But these men think themselves, and therefore each other, to be made not so much of glass as of diamond; of something not only hard to break but too precious to be broken. It is the non-German world they believe to be made of glass. For this is the unique mark of a religion of the race, as distinct from one of the altar or even the flag, that in merely reverencing his own blood a man merely worships his own body. He does not look to something above his head, even a stone fetish or a rag on a pole. All the idolators are also the idols.

In the present case, while this rigid ecstasy of self-worship

has saved them from internal discontents, a series of accidents has saved them from a sense of external dangers. It may be questioned whether it is really a fine thing for a man not to know when he is beaten; though it is unquestionably a fine thing for him not to care when he is beaten. Anyhow, it is certain that Germany in this war has often been beaten in such a fashion that she did not know it. The wound of the Marne would have been enough to warn a sane man; but it was not enough to stop a madman. Moreover, there was really a coincidence of something inconclusive about all the checks to the enemy charge. A fight, in the ultimate sense, may be defensive and yet decisive; but it can hardly look decisive. Seen from that height and distance, even the German defeats have looked like German victories. The English at Ypres, or the French at Verdun, showed what wise men would always call a superiority, but not what fools would ever call a success. Hence the second factor in German psychology to-day is the fact that the external peril has not yet pierced, or has only recently begun to pierce. The state of mind is not only complex but confused; being a German state of mind.

## A Sliding Term

Thus it is perfectly true to say, as the peacemakers say, that Germany has long been thinking of peace; certainly hoping, possibly longing and wailing for peace. But Germans think about peace for the excellent reason that the word means anything, and therefore nothing. And the Germans, especially since they became modern philosophers, wallow in words that mean anything and therefore nothing. The point about "peace" is that it is a sliding term that might stand for any stoppage at any stage. It is not even the word of one who wishes an end of war; but rather of one who shrinks from defining any end of it. Speaking about peace is simply a way of being silent about terms of peace. In this sense it is very true that the ordinary German has long been thinking of peace. But has he really been thinking of defeat? Does he think of it really coolly and clearly, as a Frenchman thought of it at the very beginning of the war? My own guess is that he will not think of it till the very end of the war. It is one of the converging and crushing arguments for making sure that the war really does end, and does not merely break off, or rather break down.

One exceptional mark of this exceptional crusade is this; that we are not attacking the German kingdom, or even his Empire, but his world; in the unique sense of his universe. That is what constitutes a religious war; it is not between commonwealth and commonwealth but between cosmos and cosmos. Our enemies are doubtless every day more bewildered, and even disappointed, rather at their unsuccess than anything they would call their failure. But they can for a long time feel that things are going against them, before they begin to feel *what* things are going against them. And they will find it hardest of all to feel that what is against them is not so much things as the nature of things. As men talk of an anthropocentric, they live in a Teutocentric universe. They do not claim a place in the sun in the sense of a place in the sunshine; they claim to be the sun. The failure of Teutonic destiny would affect them as apocalyptic signs in the sky would affect a solid materialist who believed in nothing but astronomy. The old and strong sort of sceptic would say it must be a hoax. The new and weak sort of sceptic would say it must be a hallucination. Similarly the happy savage might waver between the notions of fireworks and of fire-water. When the Day of Judgment had reached a certain acute, not to say personal, point, he would believe in it, but hardly before. That is what will happen to the Germans in those earlier stages of their defeat. They will find it hard to believe their eyes; they will prefer to believe their eyeglasses and spectacles and telescopes and microscopes; for these, as I have said, are all made of mirrors. They will believe, as the sceptic would believe, at a certain stage of a Day of Judgment. The devils also believe and tremble. But these are not devils; they are nothing worse than devil-worshippers; and for them it would capsize the cosmos to find that the devil is not God. That is the deepest of all the many reasons for driving any victory home; the depth of the disease and the unearthly strength of the delusion. Nor will any but the shallow be perplexed by the paradox that it is not only a case of kill or cure, but of kill and cure; and that the very difficulty of doing it is part of the proof that it must be done.



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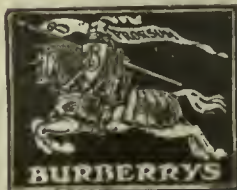
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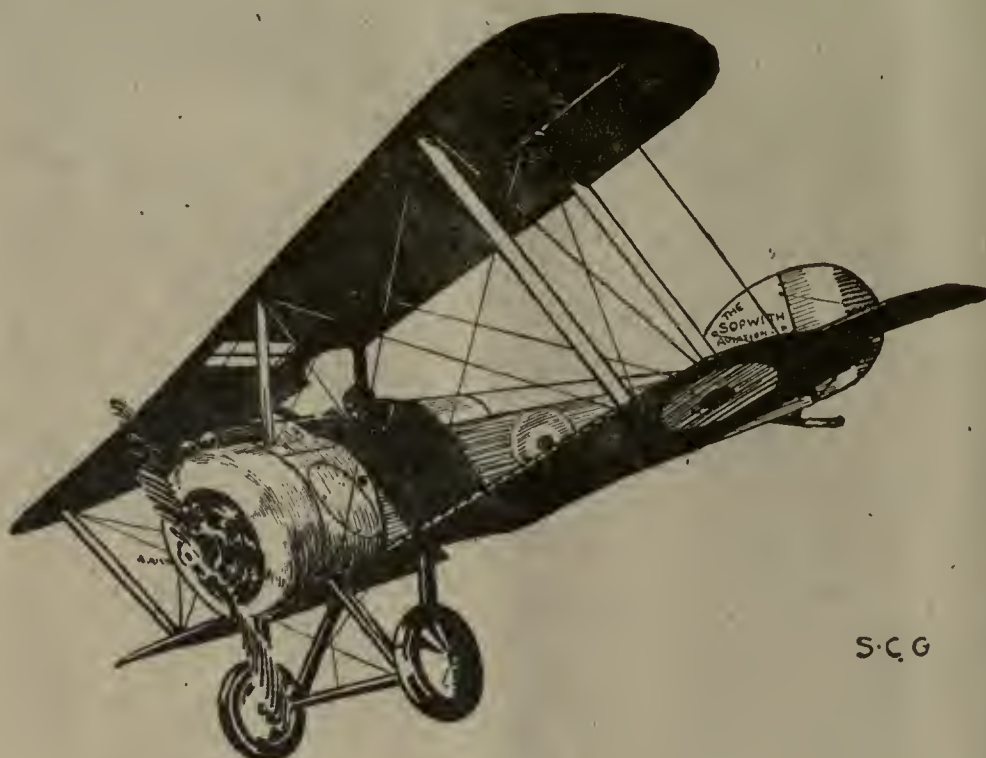
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# Life and Letters by J.C. Squire

## A Frenchman in an English Mess

FOR years before the war it had been something of a fashion among French novelists to sprinkle their books with English characters and English phrases. Popular slangy fiction was often spattered with English words, sporting ones especially, in italics; if you really desired to smart you did not say, in French, that you were going for a walk, but, in English, that you were going for a footing. The phrases, that is to say, were not always quite accurate English, and the same could usually be said of the names of the characters. Foreign names are difficult to concoct properly, and the usual practice of French writers is to get hold of quite indubitable English syllables and join them in impossible, or at least unlikely, unions. They know the names of Dickens and Thackeray, and think themselves safe in presenting us with characters called Lord Tom Thackens and Miss Dickeray; or they will give a young man called Asdane a tutor called Halquith. Few men know a foreign people, country, and language well enough to avoid small mistakes. But when a Frenchman does write a book, however slight, about us which shows that he moves among us with complete familiarity, one gets a peculiar pleasure out of it.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have just read one: *Les Silences du Colonel Bramble*, by André Maurois (Grasset, Paris, 3f. 50c.). It is a volume of war sketches by an author who may be presumed to have been, like his hero, attached to the British Army as an interpreter. Colonel Bramble is colonel of a Highland regiment (it is odd, by the way, that its officers seem to be almost entirely English and Irish), and the book consists principally of conversations in the mess, with the Frenchman's reflections upon them. It opens outside, however, with the brigade boxing championships, which conclude with a speech from the brigadier (I translate throughout) that has every mark of verisimilitude:

"Gentlemen," said he, "we have seen to-day some remarkable fights, and I think that we shall be able to draw from them some useful lessons for the more important contest that we shall shortly resume. We must keep our heads; we must keep our eyes open; we must strike seldom but hard, and we must fight to a finish."

At which there were three loud cheers. On the way home the colonel laments that, owing to the Hun, war is no longer a game for gentlemen:

"We never imagined," broke in the major, that there were such blackguards in the world. Bombarding open towns is almost as unpardonable as fishing for trout with a worm, or shooting a fox.

"You needn't exaggerate, Parker," said the colonel coldly, they haven't yet reached that point."

He asks the Frenchman what he found most striking about the boxing match; the reply is the demeanour of the combatants who held themselves as though they were in church. During the ensuing conversation the major (who reads the classics in obscure corners) violently defends physical as against intellectual education, and defends his own surreptitious reading by saying that Cicero's speeches about colonial scandals read to an Englishman like an old family story, and that Alcibiades was Mr. Winston Churchill minus the hats.

\* \* \* \* \*

They dine. The table is cleared. Rum, lemons, sugar, boiling water, are brought, and the colonel (a man of few words and simple tastes) orders the gramophone and the box of discs to be brought:

"Mession," said he to Aurelle, "what would you like to hear. 'The Bing Boys,' 'Destiny' waltz, or Caruso?"

Major Parker and Doctor O'Grady solemnly wished Edison to hell; the Padre raised his eyes to heaven.

"Anything you like, sir," said Aurelle, "except Caruso."

"Why?" asked the colonel. "It is a very good record; it cost twenty-two shillings."

This gramophone supplies the *leit-motiv* of the book; the colonel uses it to divert conversation from politics; and almost his only display of emotion occurs when he cries, in concern: "For the love of God, don't scratch the record." While it plays, guns boom outside; Aurelle writes letters; the Padre and the doctor play chess. This is the sort of conversation they have:

"Padre," said the doctor, "if you go to the division to-morrow, ask them to send something to cover our Boche corpses. Did you see the one we buried this morning? The rats had eaten half of it; it is indecent. Check."

"Yes," said the Padre, "and the queer thing is that they always begin with the nose! . . ."

Over their heads a heavy English battery began to pound the German line; the Padre smiled broadly:

"There will be ugly work at the cross roads to-night," he remarked with satisfaction.

"Destiny" waltz breaks in. The bombardment stops. Somebody mentions the Russian revolution. The major, a stout Tory, defends aristocracies. The doctor is cynical and practical and supports the English compromise:

The English people, which had already given the world Stilton cheese and comfortable arm-chairs, has invented for our salvation the parliamentary machine. By this means a few elected champions can do our riots and our *coups-d'état* for us in the House, which leaves the rest of the nation at leisure to play cricket. The Press completes the system by enabling us to enjoy these tumults by proxy. All this is part of modern comfort, and in a hundred years no white, yellow, red or black man will agree to live in a room without running water or a country without a Parliament.

Aurelle, though not an enthusiast for the revolution, feels that he must put the case for his country's history and his countrymen's humanitarian passion. "That's right," says the colonel, in the first words he has interjected, "You stick up for your country; everybody ought to stick up for his country."

\* \* \* \* \*

Aurelle, writing home to his wife, says that every day is the same; every day men will be killed; every day there will be beef and potatoes for lunch; and every day the colonel will say *Bière française no bonne, messieu*. And he gets his effect by emphasising the monotonous fixity of the framework and by slightly varying the subjects of conversation. In the end all roads (the occupants of the mess having all lived abroad) lead to tales about shooting. The best sporting conversation, after covering lions, crocodiles and other beasts, is brought to a climax by the Padre who opens with "the first time I shot a woman." The colonel has no jokes to make, and few anecdotes. But he does once, in an unusual burst of speech, tell the story of a friend of his who gave up whisky on his doctor's advice. "Well, *dix jours après il était mort*." How many excellent and taciturn men there are in this country whose only pleasantry takes that form!

\* \* \* \* \*

The piquancy of this book lies largely in the fact that our stock flippancies and chestnuts, our half-serious conversations and "fill-up" talk—things which we ourselves scarcely notice—are selected from and recorded in a strange language by a very intelligent foreigner who finds significance in them. It is (as M. Maurois' first object is to make an amusing book) a one-sided and slightly caricatured picture that we are presented with: the book does not pretend to plumb depths or to do more than skim the surface of men as it skims the surface of a war about which Barbusse's *Le Feu* was written. But the English reader cannot but be struck by the way in which things we regard as most ordinary about us so often strike a Frenchman as curious and remarkable. Our most commonplace characters appear to M. Maurois as prodigies of eccentricity; he sees a world of peculiarities of which we are unconscious in our daily idioms; he illuminates for us national defects which we do not see, and also (I am bound to add) fine national qualities which we do not appreciate, and which it is just as well that we do not appreciate. But an occasional peep at ourselves from outside is amusing, and may be salutary; and though (as I hope I have made clear) this book, excellently written as it is, does not pretend to be a masterpiece, the peep M. Maurois offers is a better one than we might get from many far more pretentious "studies by laborious observers."

\* \* \* \* \*

The writing of the book is delightfully fluent and clear. M. Maurois is evidently a scholar and a man of letters; if he is a young man he should have a future at more serious work than this. An extra charm is given to his book by a number of high-spirited verses, including some translations from well-known English songs which look oddly, and read freshly, in their French dress.



# The Reader's Diary

## New Novels

**M**R. GALSWORTHY seems, in his new volume of short stories, *Five Tales* (Heinemann, 6s. net), to have risen a little out of the abyss into which he fell in his last long novel. But the same touch of the theatrical appears; and, at all events, for better or for worse, he has ceased to be the chief exponent of uncompromising naturalism in contemporary English literature. It is not easy to say why this should have happened. It has just happened. But all or most of these tales were written for magazines, I think. I remember seeing some of them there and being a little alarmed by the pictures which accompanied them.

But, whatever the significance of this may be—I am not certain that it need have any—one thing is clear, namely, that Mr. Galsworthy has relinquished the attempt to be a first-rate artist. His earlier books and plays were not uniformly successful. They were often dull and cramped, written from a standpoint that made them difficult to read, difficult to respond to. But they had always a certain stringency of execution, they were written by a man who put really hard work into his conception and into his expression of it. These tales are much looser in fibre and they get their effects by more facile means. They are easier to slide through; but they do not leave so definite an impression on the mind as Mr. Galsworthy's more crabbed earlier work.

But all this should not be taken as implying that these tales do not make interesting reading. The first of them is a "shocker" in which an eminent K.C. is plunged into embarrassment by the fact that his ne'er-do-well brother has committed murder of a rather sordid kind. The tale called *The Jurymen* is an account of a "conversion," or change of heart, in a smooth and dapper little business man, which fades unsatisfied into the light of common day. Neither of these is maintained quite at the temperature which the subjects demand. The best things in the book are two studies of old men. In the first, Sylvanus Heythorp, an aged financier, whose creditors do not press him into bankruptcy because he allots to them nearly all the income he derives from director's fees, is concerned to make a settlement on the children of his illegitimate son, takes a secret commission for the purpose, and dines recklessly and dies when his crime is discovered. Here Mr. Galsworthy draws the failing, but indomitable, old man with a sure touch; and in Phyllis, his granddaughter, he has made a very pretty little portrait, worthy to stand beside his earlier study of a young girl in *Joy*. In the other, *Indian Summer of a Forsyte*, the tranquil ending of a life is beautifully studied, and for a brief moment Mr. Galsworthy does attain the "melting mood." Perhaps his power of depicting old men and young girls will keep some of his work alive when the rest, strenuous or slack, has passed from memory.

Mr. E. F. Benson's new book, *Up and Down* (Hutchinson, 6s. net), provokes only the reflection that it is really not Mr. Benson's *métier* to deal with the psychical and the other world or even to write a diary of the war as it appears to a non-combatant. He is much more at home with the passions and humours aroused in finding and furnishing a new house, with the daily life of that enchanting Italian island, Alatri, and with the parrot who lost her power of synthetic reasoning after an attack of brain-fever and observed suddenly: "Gott strafe Polly's head! Gott save the King! Gott save the Kaiser! Gott scratch Polly's head!" Mr. Benson does this sort of thing very well. But it is a great pity that he should mix it up with long, not very original, and not very interesting meditations on psychical research. It is even a greater pity that he should intersperse his gentle, ambling narrative with perfectly common-place summaries of the progress of the war.

Mr. Arthur D. Howden Smith's *Claymore; a Story of the '45* (Skeffington, 6s. net), is not so bad as the first recorded remark of the hero: "With all due respect, my lord, I am not a fool, and, certes, I am no longer a boy" would lead one to expect. It contains a great deal of fighting and adventures in the Highlands, and heroism and villainy in profusion. Oddly enough, the heroine, who dons the kilt and leads her clan into action, behaves with courtesy to the hero throughout, and heaps him early with honour instead of the insults and misunderstandings which would have been only natural (in a novel) from a young lady in her position.

## The Enthusiastic Professor

When Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch was appointed to succeed Dr. Verrall as Edward VII. Professor of English Literature at Cambridge, it was fairly certain that he would infuse a new meaning into the ordinary reading of professorial duties. It was not guessed, however, even by the most far-seeing, that he would enter into the University with so much enthusiasm, that he would direct it so wisely, or that he would achieve such good results as he has done. His second volume of lectures, *Studies in Literature* (Cambridge University Press, 10s. 6d. net), filled out with essays from other sources, shows in a very precise manner how he conceives his duties and gives good hope that from this centre of ardency an influence may spring which will have a considerable effect on the next generation of English writers and critics. For to Sir Arthur, literature is a live thing, not dead, an art, not a science, a thing for use in daily life, not an ornament to be kept on shelves behind glass doors. He has had sufficient courage to lecture on the poetry of Meredith and Hardy, as well as on that of Donne, Herbert, and Vaughan. He finds himself able to deal with questions of the future and to recommend the practice of unrhymed lyric verse in English. He wishes the school of English literature over which he presides to be as modern and actual as possible; and he asks the heretical question: "And after all, what does it matter to this large world in the long run if a tripos candidate should pronounce a mistaken judgment on the merits of Lascelles Abercrombie, John Masefield, or John Drinkwater?" It is true that his exuberance overcomes his caution and that not all of the theories he puts forward will bear close examination. His "sincere belief" that a great genius who lived somewhere on or about the Border is responsible for all the beauty of our ballad-poetry is a trifle fantastic, especially when one considers that the best ballads occur on the Continent, not only with the same story but also with the same form as in England. But this—if a fault at all—is a fault on the right side; for there is nothing that has done more to give the word "professor" an evil connotation than the ordinary professor's inability to move without a whole battery of tangible, though sometimes equally fantastically applied, evidence to prove the least of his points. And, unlike most professors, he returns again and again to the question of practice:

I want [he says] indeed, *Prose* "in widest commonalty spread." I desire—to put it on merely practical grounds, using a fairly recent example—that among us we make it impossible to do again what our Admiralty did with the battle of Jutland, to win a victory at sea and lose it in a dispatch. And I use this illustration because many who will hardly be convinced that a thing is worth doing well for its own sake, may yet listen when you show them that to do it ill, indifferently, laxly, means public damage. There used to be a saying in the Fleet—and it should have reached the Admiralty—that "nigh-enough is the worst man in the ship."

It was a good thing for Cambridge, perhaps for English letters at large, when Sir Arthur was appointed; and in his printed lectures we have only the first instalment of the fruits of the appointment.

## Trade and Politics in the Far East

Sir Arthur would find, I am sure, in Mr. Frederic Coleman's *The Far East Unveiled* (Cassell, 7s. 6d. net) a text for another lecture; for it is clumsily written, so much so that in some places it needs careful thought to discover what sort of impression the writer is seeking to produce. But it is to be commended as a very careful, conscientious and well-informed inquiry into the political and economic situation in the Far East during 1916. Mr. Coleman was principally anxious to learn the intentions of Japan with regard to China and whether the much-quoted "Open door" in Manchuria was actually being maintained, and to this end he interviewed all the leading politicians and publicists, in both countries, on whom he could lay his hands. His eventual judgment, while not wholly favourable to the Japanese, exonerates them from all charges of having closed the Manchurian "door" in violation of their pledges. Those who wish to gain a sound and well-based view of the situation in the Far East can hardly do better than pick their way through Mr. Coleman's clumsy, but instructive, pages.

PETER BELL.





## TÊTE-A-TÊTE TALKS

Said Babs to Belinda, "'Tis plain as my hat  
That our Elders' don't know what on earth to be at!  
They discourse of 'young girls being seen and not heard,'  
Which dear Reggie and Dick would consider absurd!"

Said Belinda to Babs, as she powdered her face—  
"Aged Parents must really be put in their place!  
Mine object to a latch key—late nights—the Savoy—  
And are ready to swoon if I mention a Boy!"

Said Babs to Belinda, "They talk about School,  
But I *won't* be a frump or a spectacled fool;  
As for History and Maps—'tis far wider to wait—  
When we've entered Berlin I'll remember the date!"

Said Belinda to Babs, "Bother Euclid and stuff!  
All my sweet little 'Subs' teach me more than enough—  
How to live upon 'chocs,' how to kiss and forget—  
*How to savour Abdulla's divine Cigarette!*"

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# The Smallest of our Allies: By G. C. Williamson

**I**T is probable that if one asked a near acquaintance or the man in the street to recount the list of the nations and Powers who were our allies in the war, one of them would be left out of the reckoning and the sovereign republic of San Marino be entirely ignored.

It is the smallest State in Europe; it is also the most ancient of existing republics. It was born free, and it has remained free; and it must never be forgotten withal that it is a State in the full sense of the word, as it exercises full and complete sovereignty over its people.

It is not on a par with the republic of Andorra or the principality of Monaco. It possesses legislative and judicial autonomy, and enjoys absolute independence.

We have visited and stayed in all three of the small States just mentioned, but, of the three, San Marino is by far the most important and the most interesting, and is the only



San Marino

The Rock, the Cathedral, and the Palace.

one which has definitely declared war on Germany and Austria and attached itself to the Allies. It is but a tiny place, its territory only about 18 square miles, its population under 10,000, and its miniature army, for home defence, under 100, all told; but it is resolutely on our side, and its inhabitants have gladly joined the Italian Army, of which before they were somewhat jealous, and have, many of them, given their lives or their limbs in this gigantic fight for freedom.

Liberty means so much to the man from San Marino. *Libertas* is the motto on the official coat-of-

arms. The figure of "Liberty," crowned with three towers denoting the three towns of the republic, adorns its postage stamps, and the crown of sovereignty stands above the towers. Liberty is of the very essence of the State, which was founded by Marius in the days of the persecution of Diocletian, and

(Continued on page 36).

## Isn't it well Worth While?

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"H. R."

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(Continued from page 34).

has been free and independent ever since, having only once been occupied, and then by the Papal troops under Cardinal Alberoni in the early part of the eighteenth century. That occupation was but for a few days only, as an appeal to Clement XII., setting forth its history, obtained an immediate order emphasising the right of the citizens to choose their own government, and the Papal troops were withdrawn.

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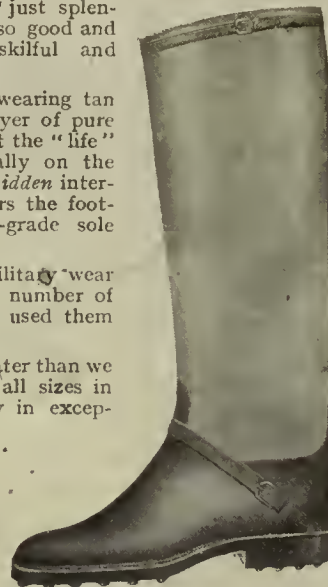
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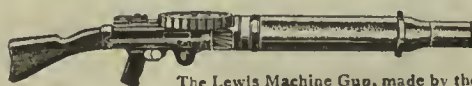
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# LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1918

[REGISTERED AS  
A NEWSPAPER]

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## Japan to the Rescue of Russia

By Louis Raemaekers



# LAND & WATER

5 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2. Tel. Holborn 2828

THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1918

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## The New Offensive

ON Thursday, August 8th, at half-past four o'clock in the morning, two of the Allied armies—the Fourth British, under Sir Henry Rawlinson, and the First French Army, under General Debeny—attacked that sector in the line which runs from Ville, on the Ancre, to Braches, on the Avre, a distance of about twenty miles running in a direction slightly south-west. The surprise of the enemy in the centre, between the Somme and the brook called Luce, was complete, and the use of the new tanks completely broke the enemy's line, so that before nightfall the advance units were at Framerville, nearly nine miles from their starting-place. But on the two wings there was serious resistance; the slight advance made north of the Somme was lost before evening, and the French on the right had to fight for four hours before they could get across the Avre and use their tanks with effect. Nevertheless, the French right was extended before nightfall by some miles. The next day (Friday) the northern wing was disengaged by a new attack, in which American troops, recruited in the district of Chicago, largely assisted. At the same time—that is, on the afternoon of Friday—the Canadians and Australians occupied Lihons, and thus put out of use the railway supplying Montdidier; and coincidentally with this the right of the First French Army beyond Montdidier, which had not hitherto come into action, struck a sharp and unexpected blow, bringing it northwards. Before one o'clock on Saturday morning the French had cut the main road running eastwards out of Montdidier, and by noon on Saturday the town was captured, and a very wide advance eastwards of five miles was made by the French in the afternoon. During this day (Saturday), the third day of the battle, the front was more or less steadied from the Matz River right up to the Ancre, through the arrival of reserve enemy infantry and artillery; quite ten new divisions appeared upon the field. On Sunday, therefore—the fourth day of the battle—the French still further developed their attack towards the right by throwing in the Third Army, under General Humbert, which struck for the wooded hills above Lassigny. Considerable progress was made in this advance on the first day, Sunday; slower movement on Monday slightly increased the advantage, but did not reach the points on the further side of the range whence observation can be had over the roads supplying the enemy front. At the moment of going to press the struggle for these heights is still in progress.

## Will Wilson visit England?

It has been affirmed by one Harmsworth paper and denied by another that President Wilson was about to pay an official visit to this country. We do not care what foundation there was for

the statement or what foundation there was for the denial. The only thing that concerns us—and this fact is indisputable—is that if President Wilson does not visit the British Isles within the next twelve months the British public will be very disappointed. We believe there is no precedent for an American President visiting a foreign country during his term of office; though we believe that a President *has* been known to cross the three-mile limit and get out of American territorial waters. But precedents are not our concern. There is no precedent for this war. There is no precedent for American participation in this war. There is no precedent for Anglo-American co-operation in war. We believe that the temper of the American people—not a people patient of old dead forms—is at present rather in favour of breaking than of observing precedents. We cannot conceive that, should Mr. Wilson decide that a visit to Europe would be desirable, the slightest objection will be raised in the United States. Anyhow, that is the concern of the United States. All that we, on this side, can do is to say that if a visit is possible nothing could be more gratifying and encouraging to ourselves. Ever since America came into the war President Wilson has voiced the sentiments of the Alliance as no other statesman has done; and the force and vitality of his speeches and his policy is attested by the references made to them not only in the speeches of our own politicians, but in those of our enemies. We in Great Britain have a particular reason for wishing his presence. We have welcomed American troops, and we have celebrated Independence Day. Our reception of an American President would finally demonstrate that we have at once forgotten the frictions and learned the lessons of old wars.

## Dope

The Government may be congratulated upon appointing a committee of three to investigate what is called "The Dope Scandal," though it is unfortunate that it could not find time to pass legislation enabling the committee to take evidence on oath. Pending the investigation, we are not in a position to make definite statements with reference to the matter. The principal allegations made by the Select Committee, and amplified by the *Daily Chronicle*, may be summarised as follows. Cellulose acetate is the main ingredient in dope for aeroplanes. It was made before the war by a French and by a Swiss company. In July, 1915, the War Office invited the Swiss company (which had been touting for orders in Germany) to tender, ignoring the French company, which is stated to have made better stuff. The Swiss company was the only firm that tendered. It "made promises which it did not fulfil, carried on building operations without consent, issued debentures without the knowledge of the Treasury . . . got relief from income-tax, from excess profits, and finally got the State to agree to repay all its capital expenditure, although that expenditure was not economical." In March, 1916, the British Cellulose and Chemical Manufacturing Company was registered. The directors included two Swiss Jews; the capital was £4,000 in 6d. shares, the holders including Vickers, Ltd., Sir Sam Hughes, Colonel Grant Morden, Captain E. Long (son of Mr. Walter Long), Berthold Kitzneger, Harry Isaacs, C. Mendel, Moss S. Meyers, the Prudential Trust Co. and—these are the heads of the Swiss company—two Dreyfuses. The Prudential Trust is a Canadian company, of which Colonel Morden and Colonel C. G. Bryan (of the Ministry of Information) are directors. In March, 1918, a new company was formed, and the shareholders exchanged each of their sixpenny shares for 14½ £ shares in the new company. Sir Trevor Dawson got £31,958 shares and Colonel Grant Morden £24,722 shares. Whilst this remarkable progress was being made by shareholders (it is stated) the company was supplying goods inferior to the French cellulose acetate (import of which was forbidden by the Government), with great delay, excessive capital expenditure, and excessive profits. The Government's committee has not power to take evidence on oath. But its inquiry will be unsatisfactory unless it is able to call for documents, and set reputable accountants to the task of studying the finances and the records of the companies involved.



## THE WAR: BY HILAIRE BELLOC

## Our New Blow

## The Victory Before Amiens

**T**HE second of the great operations undertaken by the Allies since their recovery of the initiative upon the 18th of last month was opened by Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, commanding and using for this purpose the British 4th and the French 1st Armies, the former under Sir Henry Rawlinson, the latter under General Debeny.

At the moment of writing—Monday, August 12th—the striking victory won upon the first day is being rapidly developed.

I propose to examine the action in detail as it proceeded, to point its main objects and the success of the Allied Armies in attaining them.

## THE BATTLEFIELD

To follow the great battle in detail, we must first of all appreciate the ground. The main battlefield consists of two portions divided by the gentle and rather marshy valley of the brook Luce, which rises near Rosieres and falls into





the Avre River at Hailes. The northern part of this ground between the brook Luce and parallel course of the Somme is a bare plateau diversified only by a few small woods, a mass of cornland without hedges, dotted with a few villages and nowhere presenting any serious natural obstacles. Its name is the Plateau of Santerre, which last word is the local title of the whole countryside.

The valley of the Somme, which bounds this plateau on the north, is wide and very marshy; the river itself is reduced there to little more than a sluggish brook, the main part of its water being taken for the canal which has been dug all along the depression and which is flanked everywhere by broad shallow ponds, which are impassable on account of the deep mud they cover and which surrounds them. It is important to appreciate this character of the Somme valley as it plays a great part in the story of the action.

South of the Luce, the plateau (which still bears the name of Santerre) reproduces the character of its northern part, save that it is slightly more wooded, and though the woods are small and isolated they afford considerable obstacles to an advance, or rather they would have afforded it had they been fully organised. A small portion of the battlefield lies outside the Santerre district to the north. It is beyond the Somme and consists in the triangle between Ville on the Ancre below Albert and Chipilly above the Somme valley to the south. It is, as we shall see in a moment, the portion upon which least advance was made, and where the enemy had his best chances of reaction. But it is only a very small belt, 6,000 yards round by less than 2,000 deep. All the main development of the action took place south of the Somme. The original line of the sector from which the attack was launched ran thus:

Leaving the valley of the Ancre at Ville it passed west of Morlancourt; it came down between the two Sailly's (Sailly-le-Sec and Sailly Laurette), then struck south-westward covering Villers-Bretonneux—where the enemy made his big effort some weeks ago to push on to Amiens—continued west of south through the wood of Hangard, and passed the ruins of that village where it came to the Luce valley, with the Roman road from Amiens to Roye and Noyon immediately on the far side of the marsh. All this portion of the line, not quite 20,000 yards as the crow flies, and perhaps 22,000 or 23,000 counting its sinuosities (that is, rather more than 12 miles) was held by the British 4th Army under the command of Sir Henry Rawlinson. There faced it a fairly dense enemy formation—as was to be expected on the most important sector of all the west—or, at least, the sector upon which had the enemy been able to attack later the most important results would be obtained.

No less than seven enemy divisions—that is, a division to less than two miles—were aligned upon this front. They were the following, counting from north to south:

The 27th north of the Somme, then, in order southward down to the Luce, the 43rd, the 13th, the 41st, the 109th, the 25th, and the 14th. The latter was in process of relief by the 117th Division at the moment when the battle was engaged, a circumstance which led to the complete disarray of both units with large captures of prisoners from each.

From beyond the Roman road where it crosses the Luce valley, the French 1st Army under General Debeny held the line cutting across the high land in the triangle between the Luce and the Avre, crossing the Avre valley at Castel, and then coming along the escarpment which overlooks that valley west of Morisel, upon the positions that were taken from the Germans some weeks ago by one of those local attacks, the importance of which we have always emphasised here because they lay the foundations for these great offensive movements.

#### THE FIRST ATTACK

The French 1st Army thus engaged on only some three miles of line and made the whole extent of the front about to be attacked from Ville down to Braches a trifle over 15 miles. Concentration had been effected under cover of darkness upon a moonless night, and though the troops had not the advantage which had been enjoyed in the great counter-offensive of July 18th—the cover of a forest—the enemy got no hint of the gathering that was taking place against him. The rain of the previous days had ceased, but at the end of the night a dense mist favourable to the intended operation arose over the whole ground. Just in the grey of the darkness, before it was fully light, a sudden and most intense bombardment was opened against the enemy lines all the way down from Ville to Braches. It lasted but three or four minutes, after which the attack was delivered with many hundred tanks and light armoured cars ("machine guns on wheels," as they have been called), and the whole enemy line

was taken completely by surprise. The forward move unrolled itself from north to south, beginning on the left or north at half-past four; launched on the right or south beyond Moreuil nearer five. It was distinguished by the general feature that on the two wings there was serious German resistance, but in the centre complete Allied success and very rapid movement forward.

Before dealing with the events of this first day, Thursday, August 8th, we must return to certain points in the character of the ground which make comprehensible what follows.

The northern part of the Santerre Plateau is traversed by the great Roman road from Amiens to St. Quentin as by an axis. The southern part is traversed in similar fashion by the great Roman road to Roye and Noyon. Both these roads have been continuously kept up and are broad first-class highways to-day. The whole countryside is well provided with hard roads and is dry in the nature of its soil. Now as the success of this attack has very largely depended upon the use of wheeled vehicles, the armoured car and the new light and rapid type of tank, not to speak of the very rapid advance of the field artillery, both the nature of the ground and the presence of roads was of importance. But what we have particularly to note is the part played by the two great Roman roads diverging from Longueau near Amiens, the one going due east to St. Quentin and the other south-east towards Noyon. These were the great arteries of advance for the British in the north and the French upon their right to the south, and it was along them that the chief results were obtained. The two pieces of ground where resistance was likely to be strongest and was, in fact, most thoroughly developed, were on the Avre and north of the Somme, that is, on the two extremes, right and left of the German line opposed to us. The reason of this was two-fold. First, the ground lent itself to defence, and secondly, in both sectors the enemy had recently been unavoidably kept upon the alert by the preparations which were made for this great attack. It will be remembered that one of the local actions which laid the foundation of it took place recently at Morlancourt on the north, and that on the south in the Avre valley the enemy had withdrawn eastward to secure his positions, being in a natural dread, after what happened in the pocket of the Marne, of assault at the place where assault would bear the most fruit.

But this slight forewarning of the enemy, as it were, at the northern and southern ends of the sectors attacked, was less important than his advantage of position. From Morlancourt he looks down an open valley completely swept by his fire towards Ville, and from the height above the village and just south of it he has a similar glacis sweeping down to Sailly Laurette on the Somme valley below.

Meanwhile the ground for attack is cramped by the impossibility of rapid communication and support across the broad and marshy Somme valley. At the other end of the line by Moreuil there are two disadvantages. First, the fact that bare slopes run down in a glacis to the river Avre, sweeping everywhere by fire from above, and secondly, that the tanks, which were the great tactical instrument of this battle could not be used until the Avre itself had been crossed and held and passage across it established. Therefore it was that we shall see the extreme left and the extreme right of the action, the end by Morlancourt on the north and the end by Moreuil on the south, the scene of stubborn and at first inconclusive fighting.

#### RESULTS OF THE SURPRISE

The complete surprise which the enemy suffered had at the first blow this main result: The centre, composed of British troops led by the new rapid and small tanks, swept at an extraordinary pace forward along the axis of the Roman road from Amiens to St. Quentin. We have no details as yet as to the stages of the movement, but we know that before evening the advance positions lay beyond Framerville, and therefore just across the main road from Albert to Montdidier.

The great importance of this crossing was that it cut the enemy's lateral road communication; for the moment we are only concerned with ground. Behind the rapidly advancing tanks the cavalry moved on either side of the road and rounded up masses of prisoners and material, including in one case a whole train, which was being sent up along the line from Chaulnes to try to save the broken front. Correspondents have noticed the comparative weakness of the defence all across the Santerre Plateau.

It was a series of isolated positions thinly wired and dependent mainly upon organised shell holes. The surprise was so complete that at Bayonvillers, nearly three miles from the point of departure, the tanks found a German regimental mess at breakfast, and we have numerous stories how in



other villages they came upon the enemy in billets unaware as yet that the breach in his forward lines had occurred. Parties of the enemy's men working to reap the harvest in the fields were taken; the whole staff of one division was captured; batteries were passed abandoned where they stood, save their teams, while in other cases the horses were shot down as they attempted to limber up. The whole thing was a complete breakdown of the enemy through surprise so far as the district between the Somme and the wood north of Moreuil was concerned; and the rate of advance was limited by little more than the pace at which the tanks could both move and fight.

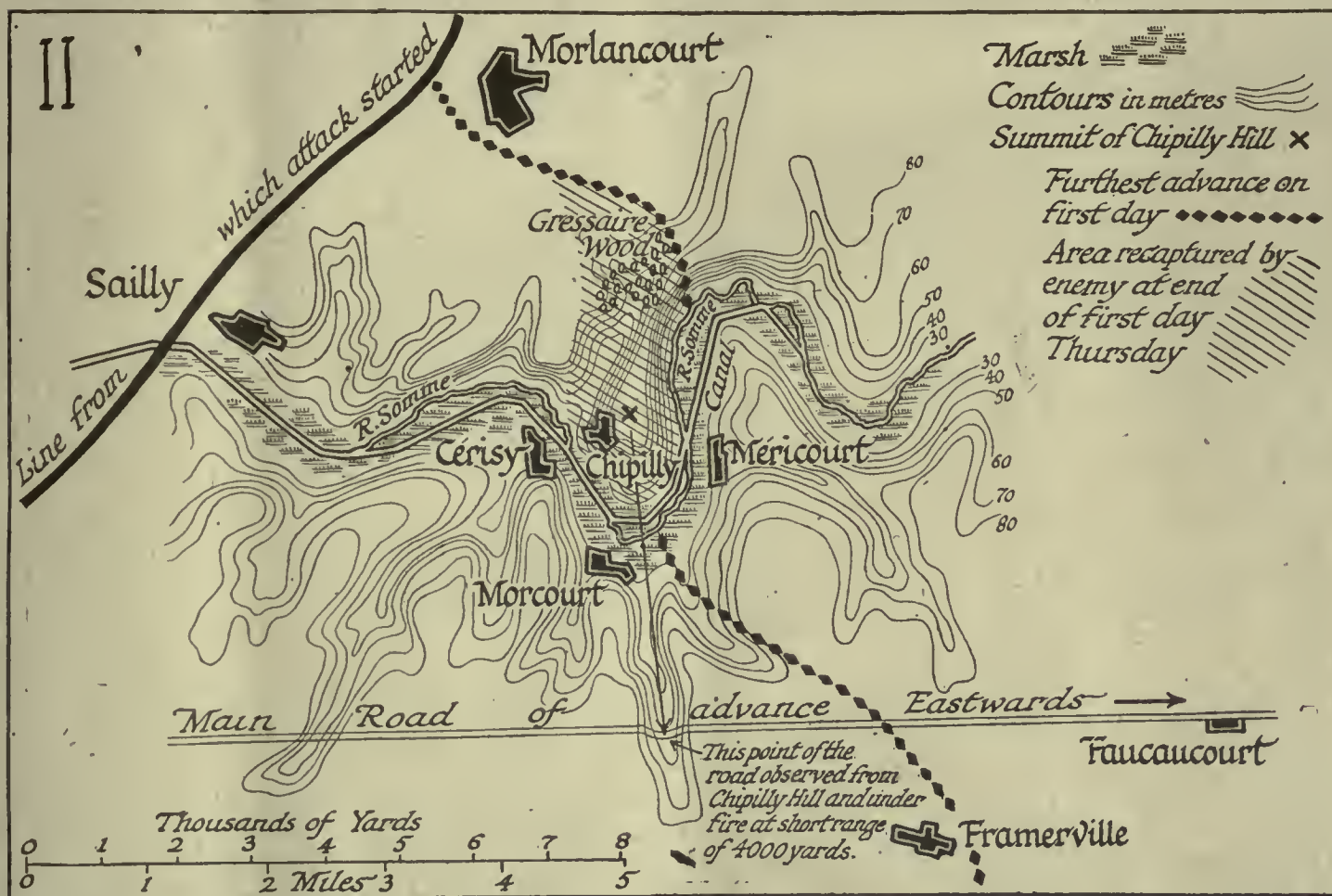
So much for the centre, which by evening had covered nearly 13,000 yards.

#### THE GERMAN RESISTANCE

But what happened upon the two wings was different. The German 27th Division in the triangle of high land between the Ancre and the Somme counter-attacked very strongly after the first surprise of the morning; they kept the British line nearly stationary west of Morlancourt and, what was more important, they recaptured before nightfall the village of Chipilly and the woods and heights above it. A detailed sketch of this region will show the gravity of this local enemy success.

Luckily, though there was grave difficulty also at the further end of the line by Moreuil, it was not so prolonged, and therefore, the salient which would have been dangerously advanced and narrow towards Framerville after the German recapture of Chipilly, was reasonably enlarged to the south before evening fell, and still further enlarged, as we shall see, the next day.

The resistance in the region of Moreuil began with the fierce defence of Morisel just over the river. There were three hours of hard fighting before the French managed to master the garrison of these ruins and thereby to reach and prepare crossings over the Avre. The task was not accomplished until 8 o'clock in the morning, and when it was successful 400 unwounded prisoners remained in the hands of our Allies. The operations conducted at this critical point by General Brissaud-Besmailet, at the head of a force principally composed of Chasseurs, proceeded to encircle Moreuil, the defended ruined walls of which could not be taken by direct assault across the river. First the wood on the top of the slope to the north was seized (the tanks crossing the Avre by the new bridges a little after eight o'clock; then the long, thin belt of wood to the south, and some time before noon the French troops were everywhere upon the high plateau to the east and Moreuil was occupied. Following upon this success there seems to have been a sort of breakdown of the Germans in this region in spite of the very fine defence they



Chipilly stands upon a peninsula of high ground thrust out from one of the narrow and profound loops of the Somme. In the neck of the peninsula, or rather on the point where the necks climbs up on to the plateau behind, is the wood called Gressaire. In the first thrust during the morning the British troops, though held in front of Morlancourt, carried the wood of Gressaire, all the high ground of the peninsula, and perhaps, to the south of the river, the village of Mericourt. At that moment there was no position from which enemy field artillery, let alone machine guns or rifles, could fire upon British positions south of the Somme. But when the enemy by his counter-attack retook the wood and the ruins of Chipilly, he stood upon high ground which directly looked down and enfiladed a shallow valley running southward from the Somme across the great high road, which was the axis of the Allied advance. From this high ground to the road is a range of only 4,000 yards. The enemy in Chipilly, therefore, and on the hill above it, was in a position very gravely to delay or embarrass the forward movement along the main road and the supply of those who had already reached Framerville.

We shall do well in the whole story of the battle to bear continually in mind the considerable effect of this enemy success, partial and local as it was, on the evening of the first day.

put up during the early morning hours. The French rapidly extended their advance above the open fields to the east and also pushed their front southwards. By evening they had passed Plessier; they were apparently in the ruins of Fresnoy and up to the Roman road in the neighbourhood of Beaucourt. Meanwhile, the British right had gone forward with great rapidity, after a similar difficulty with easily defensible ground between the Roman road and the Luce. Here just south of Demuin two woods upon the high ground had to be turned in tortuous fashion, and were not taken until somewhat later in the morning. But once this was done there was a very rapid advance north of the Roman road corresponding to the French advance south of it, and before night the British had apparently passed Beaucourt; were certainly standing just east of Caix, and thence held the line past Herbonnières to Framerville.

The trace of the front, therefore, at nightfall of this first day, Thursday, August 8th, was that indicated by the second line upon Map 1. The reader will notice its eastern extension just south of the Somme along the main road; the difficult point in the neighbourhood of Chipilly and the fortunate enlargement in the salient to the south or right of the Allied line. Had the hold-up in front of Moreuil and in front of the woods south of Hangard continued throughout the day, the salient up to Framerville could never have been



held, and the advance would have been badly checked. As it was a firm thrust had been made, established, and held right through the enemy positions, and a larger area covered than had yet been mastered by any offensive in the west, Allied or enemy, during its first fifteen hours.

#### THE SECOND DAY

The second day, Friday, saw, in the first part of it, little movement. In the first place the enemy resistance had time to stiffen; in the second place Chipilly Hill was still in German hands and commanding the main road eastward, and in the third place certain dispositions were being taken for renewed action, which dispositions bore their fruit in the latter part of the afternoon. This fruit was the great French attack beyond Montdidier and the final recapture of Chipilly Hill.

Of the troops under the command of General Debeny—the 1st French Army—only the left wing north of Braches had hitherto been engaged. The right wing, which was the more considerable part of these forces, extended beyond Montdidier eastward to the Oise, across the old battlefield of the Matz where the Germans had received so serious a check in the second week of June. This right wing and main portion of the French 1st Army had as yet remained quiescent, and the enemy was more inclined to believe that it would not come into play because in the great counter-offensive upon the Marne pocket, which recaptured the initiative for Marshal Foch, he had deliberately abstained from extensive action on both sides of the bulge; he had confined his main pressure to the western side alone. He had done this on the sound maxim that unless you have very great superiority of force an attempt at envelopment is dangerous: because in stretching your line too far round your enemy inside may crack it.

#### THE FALL OF MONTDIDIER

Generals Hutier and Marwitz commanding the armies opposed to us in the Montdidier salient undoubtedly argued that since the pressure had come on the northern part of this salient, nothing on a large scale would be done upon the southern side. When, therefore, the French suddenly attacked in the late afternoon at an hour as unexpected as was the place, they had immediate success. They took before night first Le Fretoy and then Assainvillers in front

of it to the north, so that the town of Montdidier was already, at the approach of darkness, in a pocket so narrow as to be most perilous. The local enemy commander (to whom the action would seem to have been left) hung on too long. He decided to retain the enemy garrison in Montdidier for the night. But the French did not cease their operations with the daylight. They went on through the darkness, reached Faverolles, thus cutting the main road and railway by which alone the enemy could retire, and the German garrison in Montdidier was doomed. In the course of the Saturday morning it surrendered, with great quantities of material, and the nature of the operation was such that the town probably suffered little. The French at once pursued this advantage eastward. They pushed on from Faverolles to Lignieres, before the end of the day pushed still further east on the south of that hamlet to La Boissiere, and on the south of the road reached Fecamps, whence their line passed on south-east through Conchy and so across the Matz. The Montdidier salient had gone, and on this, the third evening of the battle, the great main railway line from Amiens to Paris, which it had threatened or interrupted so long, was completely freed. At the same time the Allies were now in possession of the double line from Amiens to Montdidier, up the Avre valley, and of the road which follows it, a most important addition to their powers of manœuvre.

#### THE STRUGGLE FOR LIHONS

In this same afternoon, the Australians and Canadians who were already well south-east of Framerville reached and occupied the height on which stands the large village of Lihons. This position is decisive. With Allied troops upon that rising roll of land, the railway junction at Chaumes is as unusable as though it were actually occupied and cut. It lies under direct observation just below at a range of less than 3,000 yards. This continued pressure eastward, however, would still be hampered so long as the enemy remained in possession of Chipilly Hill and had the main Peronne road under their guns. It was therefore determined to make a last effort to recapture this important height and the effort was successful. American reinforcement had come upon this sector, the assault was delivered at half-past five, covered by very heavy artillery work, and the height was won in little more than half an hour.

By the nightfall of the third day of the battle, Saturday, the Allied line ran evenly in a great new salient pressing



French Infantry leaving their Trenches to attack

This photograph was taken from an aeroplane during the first battle of the Somme, in the Autumn of 1916. The new Allied Offensive astride the Somme will cover this devastated battlefield.



the enemy everywhere. It passed through Mericourt, Lihons Hill; ran just west of the railway to Fresnoy (where the French took on the line), held under its guns, though at long range, the road and railway junction of Roye, and thence swung round by Andechy, La Boissiere and east of Fecamps to the Matz.

Upon Sunday yet a new element appeared, the third of the series of this battle. The 3rd French Army, under General Humbert, took up the fighting on the right of the 1st Army—that is, across the Matz, beyond and towards Lassigny. This move was very significant, for it showed both the intention and the power of the Allied Higher Command to continue the "manœuvring of the enemy." On the north—that is, in the sector south of the Somme, and between the Somme and the Ancre—the Germans had temporarily halted the advance, and they had done this, of course, by bringing up men from their reserves. By noon on Sunday they had more than doubled the original number which had met the British shock. The seven divisions identified had swelled to sixteen, but they were unable within so brief a limit of time to strengthen the whole line equally. They had not yet increased their weight of men in the south, and the attack of General Humbert was the consequence.

Looked at in the broadest light, this third successive effort is simply a continuous development of the initiative, assumed three weeks ago and ever since maintained. General Humbert's task is to master, if possible, the difficult country of the Lassigny Hills—a high wooded group, from the northern escarpment of which one overlooks the whole plain across which the enemy must retire. If this height can be mastered the effect produced ten days ago by the capture of Hill 205, north of Rozoy, which forced on an immediate German falling-back to the Vesle, will be repeated. With the French on the top of the Lassigny Hills it is difficult to see how the enemy can remain west of the line of the Somme which is continued southward by the canal from Nesle to the Oise. The test of whether the Lassigny Hills have been mastered would be the presence of the French in Belval and Thiescourt. From the wooded heights immediately above Belval one has full observation, so one has from the isolated wooded hill which stands directly between Thiescourt and Belval. If the French get that line quickly the enemy retirement will have to be very rapid to be successful. Meanwhile, up to Sunday night he was held continuously in the Vesle, probably at a heavy expense in men and counter-attacking continually, so that the line did not move. He got the colonial troops off the Hill of Lihons. It was retaken, but the pressure exercised there is significant. Meanwhile, the only railway he has to supply his troops to the south of Roye and its neighbourhood has been out of action for the last two days. In spite of the temporary loss of Lihons, Chaulnes Junction has been under fire at short range for all that time, and during Sunday the line was actually cut by the advance of the British to the station of Hallu, just south of Chaulnes, and the chief feature of the situation which arose after Sunday night was the extreme congestion of the roads by which the enemy can retire, send up his supplies and reinforcements, and evacuate his wounded. He has one

railway line serving the Chaulnes front and two main roads, the one passing up through Nesle, one the road Hallu-Nesle-Chaulnes, and the road Chaulnes-Noyon-Roye. Unfortunately this district happens to be full of excellent second-class roads which form a close network all over it. Nevertheless, it is almost as much packed and confused in that narrow belt between his present front and the Upper Somme as was the Crown Prince's unfortunate army during its retirement on to the Vesle the other day.

We have a most imperfect idea of the battle if we only watch the movement of the line. We must picture to ourselves a dense mass of confusion filling the countryside 25 miles by 5 in the northern part and 10 in the southern part. All the foremost portion of this contains men under continual artillery fire—that is, much more than half the belt, and the whole of it, including its bridges across the Somme by which it is supplied, is heavily and continuously bombed from the air by day and by night.

We may sum up the situation of the last of the victory of Sunday night (upon the dispatches of which time this article is written) as follows:

One British army and a portion of a French army on its right effected a complete surprise on Thursday morning, largely through the new tactical use of tanks and low, armoured cars. It completely broke the front of two German armies—Hutier's and Marwitz's. Unfortunately, the advance eastward was somewhat checked by the enemy's hold at its extreme right against our extreme left, and especially by his recapture of the Hill of Chipilly on the evening of the first day, because this hill commanded the main road eastward.

But on the second day Chipilly Hill was recovered on the north by the centre. Australian and Canadian troops reached positions immediately overlooking the junction of Chaulnes, and thereby cutting the main German communications with Montdidier, and the right of the French 1st Army advanced at the same time—that is, on Friday afternoon and evening—to surround Montdidier. Saturday, the third day, was one in which the German counter-attacks on the north of the line developed and became heavy, but on the south the French got clear round Montdidier, which fell to them at noon, and in the afternoon they advanced rapidly eastward a distance of some five miles from the town, the German retirement here developing into something of a rout.

Before night the British troops had long had Chaulnes under their fire, and had actually cut the railway south of it at Hallu. On Sunday, the fourth day of the battle, this French attack on the extreme right was further extended by the entry of the 3rd Army, under General Humbert, striking to get the Lassigny heights, and thereby precipitating the retreat. The object of this successful action was to exhaust still further the enemy's reserve power, to continue that "manœuvring" of the opponent which is the proof and effect of the initiative, to free the main lateral communication of the Allies, which is the railway from Amiens to Paris; and all these objects were attained within the first three days, while the first continues to be developed.

## Marshal Foch: By Charles Dawbarn

SOME poetical person has declared that the Marne—that typically French river, so clear and limpid in its course between smiling banks, and so charged with history—has given two marshals to France: Joffre and Foch. It is true. If Joffre was the victor of the first battle of the Marne, the laurel above the oak-leaves which is added to Foch's new "kepi," betokens his own victory of the second battle. The two great chiefs present contrasts in character, and even in racial type, though both come from the Pyrenees. But whilst Joffre is Catalan, Foch belongs to the high Pyrenees. Each has the characteristics of his locality. Joffre's people are dark and Spanish-looking, and yet differing from the Spaniard. Their first quality is independence, and their last also. They have always been bold in their conversation with the kings either of France or Spain, for they sit astride the two countries. They are a little suspicious, a little truculent, but warm-hearted like all the South. Moreover, they are intensely democratic, and have a sturdy sense of their own integrity. The countrymen of Foch are no less set upon freedom, but it is mixed with lighter and more agreeable traits. The high Pyrenean is, indeed, nimbler upon his intellectual feet and sharper in his outlook than any other of the peoples of France,

if it is not the Basque, whom he neighbours and resembles. But the Basque is melancholy, which the high Pyrenean is not; moreover, the latter has a notion of humour rare amongst French peasants. He has also the vigour and eye-sight of mountain folk and their capacity for toil. Foch belongs in reality to the "pays" of Bigorre, part of the old France, but his character is much that of the Bearnais, whose tiny country adjoins.

Foch looks a little melancholy at first sight, as if he were oppressed by the ills that afflict his countrymen particularly in the North. But, in reality, he has the bright and spontaneous nature of the true Southerner, who, however, has been schooled by thought and study and experience of life into a reticence from which indeed he rarely departs, save when some subject of science or art or the pure theory of his profession interests him. No one knows what his politics are, for he never speaks of them. He is a soldier first and all the time. Some have accounted for the slowness of his advance by the fact that his brother is a Jesuit and he himself is a practising Catholic under an Anti-Clerical administration. But I doubt the justness of the explanation. The French War Office was clerical in its sympathies until at least the Dreyfus case, when General André began his Republican sweeping



with a particularly stiff broom, and the dust flew up in unheard-of quantities. Ferdinand Foch mounted slowly the ladder of promotion because he undertook no colonial campaigns, but remained quietly engaged in his study and teachings at home and paid no court to power.

Foch's life is harmonious in its simple, even development. It swells at last into a grand chorus of achievement, which is but the logical conclusion of so much preparation. The secret of his success is concentration. He has never allowed himself to be distracted from his main purpose, which is the study of war. Somewhere he has written that one must



Marshal Foch

French Official

now a great deal to do even a little on the battle field, which is no place for study. And thus he has been constant in his devotion to the gods of battle. He is the great protagonist of the French school, and has enshrined his ideas in two or three text-books of great beauty of thought and erudition.

It is often reproached against him that he misjudged entirely the trend of war, that he speaks of manœuvring masses as if freedom of movement were still the order of battle, and that the principles and practice of Napoleon could still be applied to their fullest extent. There is a certain truth in this, but it lacks in some essentials. Foch believed, undoubtedly, that the Germans would invade by the East, that the campaign would be swift with great bounds in advance by the victorious army, and that light and mobile artillery would be chiefly needed. He did not foresee, apparently, this sedentary war. But he possesses the great virtue of having changed his military methods in face of changing circumstances.

The great difference between French and German schemes of attack and defence, as expounded by, say, Foch and von Moltke, is that the French play the game, with artistry, with subtle science, and a nice balance of caution with courage, whereas the German seems to rule out all human elements, and to rely upon force and the power to accumulate masses of men and material upon a given spot in the quickest time, and hurl them at all the obstacles. The German, indeed, disregards the personal equation, and thinks only of his military muscles. Foch believes in playing his fish, Ludendorff in stunning it and introducing the gaff at the earliest moment. It is not merely a difference in conception, but a difference in the very soul of the fighter!

Ludendorff, if you examine his portrait, seems to be the ideal figure of a German general; he typifies that school of war. His character is written plainly in his features just as it is expressed in his strategy and political policy. It has been said that, secretly, he is amused and disdainful of the rather heavy gambolling of Hindenburg, the wooden god, and of the theatricality of his Imperial Master. He dwells on a one, shunning delights. Coldly and laboriously with tireless energy he bends to his task, whilst "the other" is per-

petually "in representation." But Ludendorff scorns popularity, and prefers the secrecy of his own thoughts and burnt offerings of labour to the fleshpots of Egypt.

Only in this latter trait—this desire to withdraw for silent and uninterrupted work—does Foch resemble the man with whom he fights, for it is clear that this war between the Powers is, in reality, a duel between Foch and Ludendorff. Just as the two men represent different ideals and different civilisations, so their ways of thought and their mental atmosphere are directly opposed.

I confess that when I first saw Foch, in the midst of a group of distinguished Frenchmen, I was astonished at his "civilian"—almost professorial—aspect. I had expected a more martial figure. He seemed more the student than the warrior. The countenance, so expressive of high thought, showed strength in the rather massive jaw; but, at first, one got only the intellectuality, a sense of deep abstraction. A closer view revealed the grey-blue of the eyes under their arches, of the kind that belong to action as well as to impulse. They belied—or, at least, neutralised—that earlier suggestion of the student's chamber rather than the battlefield. I thought of Joffre, who has the same sort of eyes, and from them, likewise, flash the kindest intimations. But there was more than mere *bonhomie* in the gleams: a light shone in Foch's eyes that came from within that betokened the spirit of the man and his inward illumination. The eyes are the reflectors of his deeply concentrated and vivid personality. They spiritualise and render singularly attractive features which otherwise would need relief from their deep seriousness. There is temperament, too, in those shining orbs. One is scarcely surprised to hear that sometimes the ardent temper of a man born in the South leaps up and bursts its bonds. The sun stirs the blood of the fighting man—at least, from the South come some of the great captains of France. Marshals Gassion and Bernadotte come from Pau; Foch from Tarbes; Galliéni, the defender of Paris in September, 1914, from close by; Joffre from the Eastern Pyrenees.

Foch has the true fighting genius; he is best in attack. The story of his audacity at the Marne, where he held the centre under Joffre, has been a hundred times recorded. Though he was beaten back each day, each morning he came up smiling to a fresh attack. It must have been at that moment that he called his divisional commanders together. "I have lost a third of my effectives," said one; "and I a half," said another. Foch coolly made the calculation. "Very well, then, we have so many. Let us attack at once!" An immediate assault was ordered against all reason; but his pertinacity prevailed, and the enemy gave way.

Later, on the Yser, his stubborn fighting spirit, which slumbers ever so lightly in his breast, called him to exhort British and Belgians to stand fast when both thought true wisdom lay in retirement. Historians will not weary of telling of his midnight visit to Sir John French (as he then was) on the night of October 31st. "The enemy have broken through," he announced to the intrepid British marshal. The latter declared that he had nothing with which to mend the hole—no reserves. "Then I will send you mine," answered Foch in his emphatic way, and he was as good as his word. That is the man: energy, resourcefulness, quick-sightedness, purpose. At the battle of the Marne—the first—a French deputy (who has since related to me the incident) met one of the new marshal's staff-officers on the small "place" of Fere-Champenoise (scene, by the way, of a combat between the French and the Allies—on different sides—a hundred years before). They talked of the success that had attended Foch's daring blow; he had won that part of the battle by his skill and energy. "*Foch a soutenu son armée à bras tendu*," said the officer. It was a real glimpse of his character: Foch lending an active hand to his own troops. No mere arm-chair strategist that.

Yet, in the quiet of his plain little office, the marble forehead and eyes of steel austere bent over a little book in which he is jotting orders of the day, he seems a living incarnation of Rodin's "Thinker" on the steps of the Paris Pantheon—strong and absorbed. The telephone on the table in front of the hanging map, marked with great lines, are the only objects other than the simple furniture, lightened by the cheap cretonne curtains at the window. The telephone is the baton with which the marshal moves armies and commands myriads of men. Napoleon, with his spy-glass, climbing the hill to gain observation over enemy host, has his counterpart to-day in this pensive figure reflecting, reflecting . . . then speaking, with low voice into the transmitter.

If Ludendorff's gift for battle lies in preparation, Foch presents that truly superior force of improvisation. It is precious in war, and it is peculiarly French. Moreover, in the hour of supreme test, it is victory.



# The Turkish Conspiracy

By HENRY MORGENTHAU

Late U.S. Ambassador to Turkey

## XII—The First Peace Offensive

*Immediately after the defeat of the Marne, since the complete victory for which the war had been undertaken was impossible, Germany began the first peace "offensive." Mr. Morgenthau, then a subject of a neutral nation, describes here the workings of the German diplomats as he saw them in Constantinople.*

**I**n early November, 1914, the railroad station at Haidar Pasha was the scene of a great demonstration. Djemal, the Minister of Marine, one of the three men who were then most powerful in the Turkish Empire, was leaving to take command of the Fourth Turkish Army, which had its headquarters in Syria. All the members of the Cabinet and other influential people in Constantinople assembled to give this departing satrap an enthusiastic farewell. They hailed him as the "Saviour of Egypt," and Djemal himself, just before his train started, made this public declaration:

"I shall not return to Constantinople until I have conquered Egypt!"

The whole performance seemed to me to be somewhat bombastic. Inevitably I called to mind the third member of another bloody triumvirate who, nearly two thousand years before, had left his native land to become the supreme dictator of the East. And Djemal had many characteristics in common with Mark Antony. Like his Roman predecessor, his private life was profligate; like Antony, he was an insatiate gambler, spending much of his leisure over the card-table at the Cercle d'Orient. Another trait which he had in common with the great Roman orator was his enormous vanity. The Turkish world seemed to be disintegrating in Djemal's time, just as the Roman Republic was dissolving in the days of Antony; Djemal believed that he might himself become the heir of one or more of its provinces and possibly establish a dynasty. He expected that the military expedition on which he was now starting would not only make him the conqueror of Turkey's fairest province, but make him one of the powerful figures of the world. Afterwards, in Syria, he ruled as independently as a mediæval robber baron—whom in other details he resembled; he became a kind of sub-sultan, holding his own court, having his own selamlık, issuing his orders, dispensing freely his own kind of justice, and often disregarding the authorities at Constantinople.

### Djemal a Troublesome Mark Antony

The applause with which Djemal's associates were speeding his departure was not entirely disinterested. The fact was that most of them were exceedingly glad to see him go. He had been a thorn in the side of Talaat and Enver for some time, and they were perfectly content that he should exercise his imperious and stubborn nature against the Syrians, Armenians, and other non-Moslem elements in the Mediterranean provinces. Djemal was not a popular man in Constantinople. The other members of the triumvirate, in addition to their less desirable qualities, had certain attractive traits—Talaat his rough virility and spontaneous good nature, Enver his courage and personal graciousness

—but there was little about Djemal that was pleasing. An American physician who had specialised in the study of physiognomy had found Djemal a fascinating subject. He told me that he had never seen a face that so combined ferocity with great power and penetration. Enver, as his history showed, could be cruel and bloodthirsty, but he hid his more insidious qualities under a face that was bland, unruffled, and even agreeable. Djemal, however, did not disguise his tendencies; for his face clearly pictured the inner soul. His eyes were black and piercing; their sharpness, the rapidity and keenness with which they darted from one object to another, taking in apparently everything with a few lightning-like glances, signalled cunning, remorselessness, and selfishness to an extreme degree. Even his laugh, which disclosed all his white teeth, was unpleasant and animal-like. His black hair and black beard, contrasting with his pale face, only heightened this impression. At first Djemal's figure seemed somewhat insignificant—he was under-sized, almost stumpy, and somewhat stoop-shouldered; as soon as he began to move, however, it was evident that his body was full of energy. Whenever he shook your hand, gripping you with a vice-like grasp and looking at you with those roving, penetrating eyes, the man's personal force became impressive.

Yet, after a momentary meeting, I was not surprised to hear that Djemal was a man with whom assassination and judicial murder were all part of the day's work. Like all the Young Turks, his origin had been extremely humble. He had joined the Committee of Union and Progress in the early days, and his personal power, as well as his relentlessness, had rapidly made him one of the leaders. After the murder of Nazim, Djemal had become Military Governor of Constantinople, his chief duty in this post being to remove

from the scene the opponents of the ruling powers. This congenial task he performed with great skill, and the reign of terror that resulted was largely Djemal's handiwork. Subsequently Djemal became Minister of Marine, but he could not work harmoniously in the Cabinet; he was always a troublesome partner. In the days preceding the break with the Entente he was popularly regarded as a Francophile. Whatever feeling Djemal may have entertained toward the Entente, he made little attempt to conceal his detestation of the Germans. It is said that he would swear at them in their presence—in Turkish, of course; and he was one of the few important Turks who never came under their influence. The fact was that Djemal represented that tendency which was rapidly gaining the ascendancy in Turkish policy—Pan-Turkism. He despised the subject peoples of the Ottoman country—Arabs, Greeks, Armenians, Circassians, Jews; his ambition was to Turkify the whole Empire. His personal ambition brought



Djemal, Turkish Minister of Marine

One of the most powerful men in the Turkish Empire, who commanded the expedition against the Suez.



him into frequent conflict with Enver and Talaat; they told me many times that they could not control him. It was for this reason that, as I have said, they were glad to see him go—not that they really expected him to capture the Suez Canal and drive out the English. Incidentally this appointment fairly indicated the incongruous organisation that then existed in Turkey. As Minister of Marine, Djemal's real place was at the Navy Department; instead of that the head of the Navy was sent to lead an army over the burning sands of Syria and Sinai.

Yet, Djemal's expedition represented Turkey's most

spectacular attempt to assert its military power against the Allies. As Djemal moved out of the station, the whole Turkish populace felt that an historic moment had arrived. Turkey in fifty years had lost the greater part of her dominions, and nothing had more pained the national pride than the English occupation of Egypt. All during this occupation, Turkish suzerainty had been recognised; as soon as Turkey declared war on Great Britain, however, the British had ended this fiction and had formally taken over this great province. Djemal's expedition was Turkey's reply to this act of England. The real purpose of the war, the Turkish



**Talaat and von Kühlmann**

Kühlmann was in 1915 in Constantinople, acting as go-between in peace negotiations.

people had been told, was to restore the vanishing empire of the Ottomans and to this great undertaking the recovery of Egypt was merely the first step. The Turks also knew that, under English administration, Egypt had become a prosperous country, and that it would, therefore, yield great treasure to the conqueror. It is no wonder that the huzzahs of the Turkish people followed the departing Djemal.

About the same time Enver left to take command of Turkey's other great military enterprise—the attack on Russia through the Caucasus. Here also were Turkish provinces waiting to be “redeemed.” After the war of 1878, Turkey had been compelled to cede to Russia certain rich territories between the Caspian and the Black Sea, inhabited chiefly by Armenians, and it was this country which Enver now proposed to reconquer. But Enver had no ovation on his leaving. He went away quietly and unobserved. With the departure of these two men the war was now fairly on.

Despite these martial enterprises, other than warlike preparations were now under way in Constantinople. At that time—in the latter part of 1914—its external characteristics suggested nothing but war, yet now it suddenly became the great headquarters of peace. The English Fleet was constantly threatening the Dardanelles, and every day Turkish troops were passing through the streets. Yet these activities did not chiefly engage the attention of the German Embassy. Wangenheim was thinking of one thing, and one thing only; this fire-eating German suddenly became a man of peace. For he now learned that the greatest service which a German Ambassador could render his emperor would be to end the war on terms that would save Germany from ruin; to obtain a settlement that would re-introduce his fatherland to the society of nations.

In November, Wangenheim began discussing this subject. It was part of Germany's system, he told me, not only to be completely prepared for war, but also for peace. “A wise general who enters battle always has at hand his plans for a retreat, in case he is defeated,” said the German Ambassador. “This principle applies just the same to a nation beginning war. There is only one certainty about war—and that is that it must end some time. So, when we plan our campaign for war, we must consider also a campaign for peace.”

But Wangenheim was interested then in something more tangible than this philosophic principle. Germany had immediate reasons for desiring the end of hostilities, and Wangenheim discussed them frankly and cynically. He said that Germany had prepared for only a short war because

she had expected to crush France and Russia in two brief campaigns, lasting in all perhaps six months. Clearly this plan had failed, and there was little likelihood that Germany would win the war; Wangenheim told me this in so many words. Germany, he added, would make a great mistake if she persisted in fighting the war to exhaustion, for such a fight would mean the permanent loss of her colonies, her mercantile marine, and her whole economic and commercial status. “If we don't get Paris in thirty days, we are beaten,” Wangenheim had told me in August, and though his attitude changed somewhat after the battle of the Marne, he made no attempt to conceal the fact that the great rush campaign had collapsed, that all the Germans could now look forward to was a tedious exhausting war, and that all which they could obtain from the existing situation would be a drawn battle. “We have made a mistake this time,” Wangenheim said, “in not laying in supplies for a protracted struggle; it was an error, however, that we shall not repeat; next time we shall store up enough copper and cotton to last for five years.”

## Germany Fears Turkey in Egypt

Wangenheim had another reason for wishing an immediate peace, and it was a reason which shed much light upon the shamelessness of German diplomacy. The preparation which Turkey was making for the conquest of Egypt caused this German Ambassador much annoyance and anxiety. The interest and energy which the Turks had manifested in this enterprise were particularly causing him concern. Naturally I thought at first that Wangenheim was worried that Turkey would lose; yet he confided to me that his real fear was that his ally would succeed. A victorious Turkish campaign in Egypt, Wangenheim explained, might seriously interfere with Germany's plans. Should Turkey conquer Egypt, naturally Turkey would insist at the peace table on retaining this great province, and would expect Germany to support her in this claim. But Germany had no intention then of promoting the re-establishment of the Turkish Empire. At that time she hoped to reach an understanding with England, the basis of which was to be something in the nature of a division of interests in the East. Germany desired, above all, to obtain Mesopotamia as an indispensable part of her Hamburg-Bagdad scheme. In return for this, she was prepared to give her endorsement to England's annexation of Egypt. Thus it was Germany's plan at that time that she and England should divide Turkey's two fairest dominions. This was one of the proposals which Germany intended to bring forth in the peace conference which Wangenheim was now scheming for, and clearly Turkey's conquest of Egypt would have presented complications in the way of carrying out this plan. On the morality of Germany's attitude to her ally, Turkey, it is hardly necessary to comment. The whole thing was all of a piece with Germany's policy of “realism” in foreign relations.

## Von Kühlmann arrives on the Scene

Nearly all German classes, in the latter part of 1914 and the early part of 1915, were anxiously looking for peace, and they turned to Constantinople as the most promising spot where peace negotiations might most favourably be started. The Germans took it for granted that President Wilson would be the peace-maker; indeed, they never for a moment thought of anyone else in this capacity. The only point that remained for consideration was the best way to approach the President. Such negotiations would most likely be conducted through one of the American Ambassadors in Europe. Obviously Germany had no means of access to the American Ambassadors in the great enemy capitals, and other circumstances made it inevitable that she should turn to the American Ambassador in Turkey.

At this time a German diplomat appeared in Constantinople who has figured much in recent history—Dr. Richard von Kühlmann, at present Minister of Foreign Affairs. In the last five years Dr. von Kühlmann has seemed to appear in that particular part of the world where important confidential diplomatic negotiations are being conducted by the German Empire. Prince Lichnowsky has recently described his activities in London in 1913 and 1914, and he has figured even more conspicuously in the recent peace treaty of Brest-Litovsk. Soon after the war started Dr. von Kühlmann came to Constantinople as *Conseiller* of the German Embassy, succeeding von Mutius, who had been called to the colours. For one reason his appointment was appropriate, for Kühlmann had been born in Constantinople, and had spent his early life there, his father having been president of the Anatolian Railway. He therefore understood the Turks as only a man can who has lived with them for many years.



Personally he proved to be an interesting addition to the diplomatic colony. He impressed me as not a particularly aggressive, but a very lovable man; he apparently wished to become friendly with the American Embassy, and he possessed a certain attraction for us all as he had just come from the trenches and gave us many vivid pictures of life at the front. At that time we were all ignorant of modern warfare, and Kühlmann's details of trench fighting held us spell-bound many an afternoon or evening. His other favourite topic of conversation was *Welt-Politik*, and on all foreign matters he struck me as remarkably well-informed. At that time we did not regard von Kühlmann as an important man, yet the industry with which he attended to his business arrested every one's attention even then. Soon, however, I began to have a feeling that he was exerting a powerful influence in a quiet, velvety kind of way. He said little, but I realised that he was listening to everything and storing all kinds of information away in his mind; he was apparently Wangenheim's closest confidant, and the man upon whom the Ambassador was depending for his contact with the German Foreign Office. About the middle of December, von Kühlmann left for Berlin, where he stayed about two weeks. On his return, in the early part of January, 1915, there was a noticeable change in the atmosphere of the German Embassy. Up to that time Wangenheim had discussed peace negotiations more or less informally, but now he took up the matter specifically. I gathered that Kühlmann had been called to Berlin to receive all the latest details on this subject, and that he had come back with the definite instructions that Wangenheim should move at once. In all my talks with the German Ambassador on peace, Kühlmann was always hovering in the background; at one most important conference he was present, though he participated hardly at all in the conversation, but his rôle, as usual, was that of a subordinate and quietly eager listener.

### January, 1915, a Good Time to End the War

Wangenheim now informed me that January, 1915, would make an excellent time to end the war. Italy had not yet entered, though there was every reason to believe that she would do so by spring. Bulgaria and Rumania were still holding aloof, though no one expected that their waiting attitude would last for ever. France and England were preparing for the first of the "spring offensives," and the Germans had no assurance that it would not succeed; indeed, they much feared that the German armies would meet disaster. The British and French warships were gathering at the Dardanelles; and the German General Staff and practically all military and naval experts in Constantinople believed that the Allied fleets could force their way through and capture the city. Most Turks by this time were sick of the war, and Germany lived in constant fear that Turkey would make a separate peace. Afterwards I discovered that whenever the military situation looked ominous to Germany she was always thinking about peace, but that if the situation improved she would immediately become warlike again; it was a case of sick-devil, well-devil. Yet, badly as Wangenheim wanted peace in January, 1915, it was quite apparent that he was not thinking of a permanent peace. The greatest obstacle to peace at that time was the fact that Germany showed no signs that she regretted her crimes, and there was not the slightest evidence of the sack-cloth in Wangenheim's attitude now. Germany had made a bad guess, that was all; what Wangenheim and the other Germans saw in the situation was that their stock of wheat, cotton, and copper was incomplete. In my notes of my conversations with Wangenheim I find him frequently using such phrases as the "next war," "next time," and, in confidently looking

forward to another greater world cataclysm than the present, he merely reflected the attitude of the dominant junker-military class. The Germans apparently wanted a reconciliation—a kind of an armistice—that would give their generals and industrial leaders time to prepare for the next conflict. At that time, nearly four years ago, Germany was moving for practically the same kind of peace negotiations which she has suggested many times since and is suggesting now; Wangenheim's plan was that representatives of the warring powers should gather around a table and settle things on the principle of "give and take." He said that there was no sense in demanding that each side state its terms in advance.

"For both sides to state their terms in advance would ruin the whole thing," he said. "What would we do? Germany, of course, would make claims that the other side would regard as ridiculously extravagant. The Entente would state terms that would put all Germany in a rage. As a result, both sides would get so angry that there would be no conference. No—if we really want to end this war, we must have an armistice. Once we stop fighting, we shall not go at it again. History presents no in-

stance in a great war where an armistice has not resulted in a permanent peace. It will be so in this case."

Yet, from Wangenheim's conversation I did obtain a slight inkling of Germany's terms. The matter of Egypt and Mesopotamia, set forth above, was one of them. Wangenheim was quite insistent that Germany must have permanent naval bases in Belgium with which her navy could at all times threaten England with blockade, and so make sure "the freedom of the seas." Germany wanted coaling rights everywhere; this demand looks absurd because Germany has always possessed such rights in peace times. She might give France a piece of Lorraine and a part of Belgium—perhaps Brussels—in return for the payment of an indemnity.

Wangenheim requested that I should place Germany's case before the American Government. My letter to Washington is dated January, 1915. It went fully into the internal situation which then prevailed, and gave the reasons why Germany and Turkey desired peace.

A particularly interesting part of this incident was that Germany was apparently ignoring Austria. Pallavicini, the Austrian Ambassador, knew nothing of the pending negotiations until I myself informed him of them. In thus ignoring his ally, the German Ambassador meant no personal disrespect; he was merely treating him precisely as his Foreign Office was treating Vienna—not as an equal, but practically as a retainer. The world is familiar enough with Germany's military and diplomatic absorption of Austria-Hungary. But that Wangenheim should have made so important a move as to attempt peace negotiations, and have left it to Pallavicini to learn about it through a third party, shows that as far back as January, 1915, the Austro-Hungarian Empire had ceased to be an independent nation.

Nothing came of this proposal, of course. Our Government declined to take action, evidently not regarding the time as opportune. Both Germany and Turkey, as I shall tell, recurred to this subject afterward. This particular negotiation ended in the latter part of March, when Kühlmann left Constantinople to become Minister at The Hague. He came and paid his farewell call at the American Embassy, as charming, as entertaining, and as *debonair* as ever. His last words, as he shook my hand and left the building were—subsequently events have naturally caused me to remember them:

"We shall have peace within three months, Excellency!"

This little scene took place, and this happy forecast was made in March, 1915!

(To be continued)



### Turkish Soldiers on Leave

Dictating letters to a public writer. Nearly 90 per cent. of the Turkish people are illiterate, and, as a result, there is a regular profession that earns its living reading and writing for them.



# Free Speech and the Sea: By Arthur Pollen

THE fifth year of the war has been ushered in by some very remarkable events and by a few not less remarkable sayings. The change in the military situation in France speaks for itself to those who can take their minds back one month, when the majority were wondering what kind of defence the Allies could make to the next, and perhaps the greatest, German attack. The change in the situation at sea has not been marked by any great happenings in the campaign itself. But the significance of the change is brought home to us by von Holtzendorff's retirement—for he was the secretary who, not in 1917, but a year before, went bail for ruthlessness bringing England to her knees in six months' time. The Premier, in his review of the year in Parliament, opened with an eloquent and noble tribute to the immense service the British Navy has rendered the Alliance. It is not without interest that he did not repeat the statement of a few weeks ago, viz., that the ruthless piracy of last year came as a surprise. In Edinburgh, it will be remembered, he said that we had "no right to expect" it even from Germany. It was a curious expression—especially when one bears in mind that when Berlin surrendered to Washington, in May, 1916, the capitulation expressly stated that if the British blockade were not raised, the "new situation" would restore to Germany her freedom of action. It was noted in these columns at the time that this phrase had only one possible meaning. It was that Germany would offer peace terms before the end of the year, and that if those were rejected her final blow would be struck. When those peace terms were offered and rejected it was again noted in these columns—a week or so before the campaign began—that the time for denunciation of the 1916 pact had now arrived.

As a fact, the only surprise was that we were not ready for the attack when it came. And just how unready we still were after five months of it, we may gather from Sir Eric Geddes' speech on Vote 8. A year ago, he reminded the House we were losing 550,000 tons of shipping a month. We were faced with a situation considered "almost inconceivable and insoluble" by many. *No one could say what would be the success of our measures*—many of which were in an embryo state—for meeting the enemy's attack! During the last twelve months the position has gradually changed. Shipbuilding has gone up, ship sinking has gone down; and the reduction has been obtained by a greater production of warships and small craft of an anti-submarine character. Here, of course, Sir Eric Geddes is reporting to us, not the judgment of those who had studied the problem, but the situation he found at the Admiralty when he arrived there in May last year. The Board was faced by a set of facts which—after full warning—they had not conceived to be possible, and they presented a problem, which after two years' experience was still, to them, insoluble. Not one of them knew what to expect from the measures they put in hand for dealing with it! It was dealt with, and successfully; but not only by a greater production of warships and small craft of an anti-submarine character, but by employing these scientifically—that is, by convoying the ships exposed to attack. By that time over seven million tons of shipping had already been sunk. A few months showed that convoy reduced the losses by more than half. Had it been adopted from the first we should be 3,500,000 tons to the good to-day. Yet this principle, so universally advocated, was one the success of which no one at the Admiralty could foretell!

Many hard things have been said about the old régime at Whitehall, but nothing so utterly blasting as this sober, cool, unexaggerated, official statement. It is, I think, doubly interesting as coming just at a moment when the Germans have at last awakened to the fact that their naval policy has been even more misconceived than ours. One is tempted to ask why it is that two such intelligent nations could have gone so wildly wrong over such an extraordinarily simple matter? A momentary delusion might have made von Tirpitz think that there could have been no answer to a submarine attack on trade. And, given a higher command to whom the idea of such an attack was novel—a startling assumption—one can understand a momentary hesitation in resorting to so well tried a naval principle as convoy as a reply to it. But it is almost inexplicable that the antidote was so long postponed; and again almost inexplicable that the Germans did not see that it could not be postponed for ever. To some extent, no doubt, the British error created the German. By allowing month after month, and indeed,

year after year, to pass without attempting to defend our trade, von Tirpitz and von Holtzendorff had some excuse for supposing that we recognised it to be indefensible. And once committed to ruthlessness—and to paying its price, viz., the belligerency of the United States—there was, perhaps, nothing for it but to go on as they had begun.

## Political Pirates

But when all is said, it is impossible to read such scraps as one gets of German speeches and writings without perceiving that the policy of piracy originated not in the sober reasoning of a trained staff, but in the frothy rhetoric of the Pan-German bullies. It was not Tirpitz the sailor, but Tirpitz the politician that begot it. And popular confidence in this policy has been kept going entirely by the daily fabrication of facts and figures to prove it successful. Behind the whole German error, then, there is to-day, and has been from the first, a propaganda of megalomania and mendacity. Yet, so far as one can see, there has been little attempt to suppress the expression of opinion hostile to the campaign. So long as the Admiral's staff was free to invent facts of its own, it was quite indifferent to the arguments of others. It will be interesting to see how Admiral Scheer deals with the situation when the truth asserts itself in the German mind. For even to the most confiding Hun the absence of famine in England, France, and Italy, the growing British Army, the materialised American Army, the redoubled munitions, guns, and material—all these things must appear curiously inconsistent with the statement that nearly twenty million tons of the world's shipping has been sunk, and that British and American shipbuilding cannot keep pace with its current destruction. Not that the fight to stifle the truth will not be stubborn. The Bavarian Minister of War, complaining recently of the harm done by disturbing rumours as to the food position, added that there were, however, worse offenders than such news-mongers. There are some people who pass on facts with which they become officially acquainted, which facts go from mouth to mouth and so do immeasurable harm. Was there ever a more naïve admission?

The Admiralty illusion that the situation arising from ruthless attack was at once "inconceivable and insoluble," can be explained very simply. It is that candid discussion on these matters was forbidden on the grounds either that it would convey valuable information to the enemy, or that the attempt to prove that the British Admiralty was following a wrong policy would discourage the nation and so shake its moral, or disparage the country's naval advisers, and so weaken the discipline of the Fleet. But if we look at the state of things to-day and compare them with what they were, and accept the First Lord's explanation of the change, we must see that a greater freedom of debate might, so far from doing any harm, have done inestimable good. When one remembers how persistently, in the first days of the submarine campaign of 1915, the building of destroyers and the adoption of the convoy principle was urged till all such discussion was stopped by the censorship in July of that year, one is tempted to wonder whether a different policy, just as effective for maintaining public moral and service discipline might not have been followed. No one will dispute the harm of continuous and unanswered attacks on the naval command, whether at headquarters or at sea. Criticism, after a certain stage, may certainly become a danger. It may be highly desirable, it may, indeed, be altogether necessary to silence the critic. But I submit he should be silenced not by force, but by reason. It is idle to say that a naval officer responsible for a certain policy at Whitehall must not be criticised because he cannot reply: He has the First Lord as a spokesman, and the whole apparatus of his department to provide the material for the reply. A conscientious writer is not trying to cause mutiny in the Fleet, or revolution in the State. If he is wrong in his facts and in his doctrines and so misleading in his arguments, it should not be difficult to confound him.

There are many indications that we are turning now to better ways. It is nearly three years since the present Prime Minister told us that a nation that could not be trusted with the truth could not be trusted to go to war. Well, the truth in principle and doctrine is not always obvious, so that telling the truth is not the simple thing it sounds. It is generally only arrived at by analysis and discussion, the play and interplay of debate.



# Our Blunder about France: By Winifred Stephens

THE war has brought to many of us brutal awakenings from the too sanguine dreams of human progress. It has also brought us visions of fine human qualities never suspected before.

But it has not yet completely taught us to know France; though it is teaching the French to know themselves. "To think," writes a popular French author, "that people believed us to be, and that we believed ourselves to be light-minded! On the contrary, we are almost too serious."

We English, after years of comradeship, while we admire the gallantry and heroism of our Allies, still find it difficult to regard them as really serious. An English lawyer, settled in Canada, whom I used to think intelligent, writes to me that he found Paris "vicious and materialistic." "French literature neither elevating nor instructive, and much of it puerile." Then he adds a sentence which may explain, if not excuse, his error. "Out here we have French both from France and Canadian born, and there are some charming people among them; but we don't mix much. There is a difference. They are clever and refined in many ways, but seem lacking in that vision or idealism, or whatever it is, that makes the average Anglo-Saxon strive more or less for better things."

Here persists the age-old prejudice. Probably to this miscomprehension of the French spirit several causes have contributed. It may arise from long centuries of military warfare and commercial rivalry. It may proceed from our own and from the French national temperament; and it may not be unconnected with the intrigues of our common enemy.

Our British insularity blinds us. It renders us almost as incapable of grasping the psychology of other people as the German whose dullness in this respect we are so fond of decrying. We are too prone to judge everything by British standards, to adopt a Podsnapian attitude, and to condemn wholesale all that does not exactly correspond with the ideas prevailing in these northern islands. "Not until we have ceased to urge our schemes of morality or our habits of thought on our charming and beloved neighbours," writes Mr. Edmund Gosse, "can we regard the Entente as not merely cordial, but complete."

Nevertheless, in mitigation of our error, it must be admitted that the French people are not easy to know. And we have been content with a superficial acquaintance, based for the most part on what we have seen on the Paris boulevards, read in the latest French novel,\* or witnessed on the boards of some Paris theatre. When on such trivial, superficial evidence we ventured to pass sentence on a whole nation we were no better than the man who tried to sell his house by producing a sample brick from his pocket.

How should we in England like our nation to be judged from the conjugal scandals related in some popular novel, from the dramas on the stage of some second-rate theatre?

Moreover, in judging any nation we shall inevitably go astray if we consider it merely from the metropolitan point of view. Life in great metropolitan cities—whether Paris, London, New York, Vienna, Berlin—is not only more or less identical, but it is totally unrepresentative of the life of either the French, British, American, Austrian, or Prussian nation as a whole.

One of the English writers who has best understood certain phases of French life is Mr. J. E. C. Bodley. When preparing for his book on France he travelled ceaselessly up and down the provinces, from Marseilles to Bordeaux, from Concarneau to Lyons, from Toulouse to Lille. Other writers to whom France has revealed her heart—Gilbert Hamerton, Madame Duclaux, for example—have not neglected the provinces. I have always been glad that my parents sent me to school—not to some fashionable Parisian *pensionnat*, but to Protestant Provence. There I was first initiated into that intimate family circle which we English have too often believed to be non-existent in France. In that remote region an English girl was a curiosity. Consequently I was brought down into the salon in the evening when friends came, and China tea, with its delicate perfume, was handed round, and punch was brewed in a great silver bowl, stirred with a long-handled silver spoon. It was in these simple social gatherings that I first learnt to appreciate the cultured salon life, driven out of fashionable Paris by American restlessness and passion

for card-playing. In these circles, young as I was, I heard freely discussed those fundamental questions which Anglo-Saxon shyness, to call it by its most charitable name, causes to be tabooed in British drawing-rooms. Occasionally, when it was proposed to read aloud some rather advanced play or to discuss some progressive book, the youthfulness of *Mees* might be called in question. But the touchstone was: "Have you read Shakespeare?" And my affirmative reply banished all misgivings. If *Mees* had read Shakespeare, then she might read anything, discuss anything. *Mees* refrained from explaining that her knowledge of her great national poet had been gained from the well-expurgated Clarendon Press edition. Indeed, at that time she had probably never even heard of the estimable Mr. Bowdler.

Seldom, however, did such questions arise; for our favourite entertainments were the reading aloud, by a grand-daughter of Guizot, of some new poem, or the declaiming by the pastor of a scene from some seventeenth century classic.

Such tranquil, cultured existences, however, were not confined to the provinces. Even in Paris, down to the very eve of the war, in quarters remote from the noise and glitter of the boulevards, far from the fashionable Champs Elysées or Parc Monceau, away in some side street on the left bank, or out beyond the Luxembourg Gardens, there were hundreds of salons like those I have described. In one of them, only a few weeks before the mobilisation, I heard a young historian read his introduction to a work that would have created a great sensation in the academic world had not the author's call to the trenches intervened to prevent its completion.

But well concealed were these sequestered lives of people who loved things of the mind, from the throngs of British tourists, who flocked over to France for a gay week-end, or spent a few crowded days in Paris en route for Switzerland or Italy, and who returned to their native islands with a sense of superiority, not unmingled with secret relish at having witnessed, if not participated in, the frivolity of modern Babylon.

Nevertheless, for the prevailing belief in French decadence we have not only ourselves to blame; the French, as we have said, were partly responsible.\* They, perhaps more than any other race—more, even, than ourselves, and we are by no means immune from such a weakness—are addicted to self-depreciation. The reason for this is not far to seek. The French are essentially of a logical temperament. And it is this quality which makes them face the worst of everything. In personal matters they may be tempted to veil truths for the sake of politeness, but in questions of principle their intellectual sincerity is uncompromising. They are fearlessly honest thinkers, and so averse to comfortable self-delusion that they take a sort of bitter pleasure in believing the worst.

We English—a sentimental, poetical race—are content to dwell in a more or less cloudy intellectual sphere. And when we depreciate ourselves it is not because of our fondness for reality, nor because of our logical temperament, but through inverted pride. We are always inclined to run away from facts. In our literature we like things to be represented not as they are, but as they should be. We skim and film the ulcerous part. We have our realists, but even they are not as frankly and vividly realistic as their literary brethren across the Channel. We have never had a Zola. That master of realism of set purpose constituted himself the man with the muck-rake. And by riveting his readers' attention on the foul spots, which defile not only French, but every form of our so-called "modern civilisation," he created an impression that his country was rotten to the core.

It was not in England alone that this myth of French degeneracy was credited. In Germany the pernicious seed fell upon fruitful soil. The Pan-Germanists, puffed up by their victory over France, were glad to attribute her defeat to her moral inferiority. France was hopelessly decadent, they proudly affirmed; and not France alone, but the whole Latin race. It was imperative, therefore, that for the world's welfare Latin civilisation should be superseded by Teutonic *Kultur*.

According to these arrogant super-men, it was the women of France who were chiefly responsible for the degeneracy of the French race; on the French women, to whose industry, frugality, and courage not France only but the whole allied cause is so deeply indebted, the Pan-Germans laid the chief blame for French decadence.

French women themselves were painfully conscious of the

\* See G. Rudler, Professor of French Literature at the University of London, on *la Moralité de la Littérature Française*, a lecture delivered to the Anglo-French Society in London, published (1918) by "le Français."

\* See *La Troisième France*, by Victor Giraud (Hachette, 1917), pp. 11-13.



unjust indictment that was being brought against them. And now for the credit of France they have deemed it necessary to rehabilitate themselves in the eyes of the world. For this purpose they have during this war organised a movement, which is known as *La Croisade des Femmes françaises*.

Led by some of the most distinguished of their compatriots, (Madame Poincaré, La Duchesse d'Uzès, Mme. Adam, Mme. Alphonse Daudet) the Crusaders appeal to women throughout France to make known in the world what French women really are, what they have done and are doing in this war. They describe in their manifesto how women of all classes have combined for national service, how all distinctions of rank and creed have vanished, how in their nurse's costume, their last year's tailor-made, or alas! too often in their widow's weeds, they labour side by side for the national cause. "We are all here," they cry, "all except one: that doll without heart, without morals, without courage, that creature of pleasure, of coquetry, of perdition! Where is she?" they ask, "we cannot find her, she is not here, she was but the invention of our enemy's jealousy."

But so diligently did the Teutons before the war promulgate this fiction of French decadence that we find in France itself certain writers beginning to believe it. *France dying*, *La France qui meurt* was the ominous title of a book, by M. Alcide Ebray, published in 1910. About the same time an Academician, the late M. Emile Faguet, in a series of volumes, was lamenting his country's lack of initiative, enterprise, and will-power.

The depressing effect of this pessimistic view of France may even be traced during the first two weeks of the war. Many of the intellectual young Frenchmen, who, in those August days went forth to fight for their country, believed, as Renan had believed in 1870, that France was on her death-bed. With their hearts overclouded by the shadow of the 1870 defeat, they were convinced that the Germans would march swiftly into Paris and thence overrun the whole of France. The German boast of "in three weeks in Paris, in three months in London, in three years in New York," did not seem to them entirely without reason.

"I saw the terrible siege of 1871," wrote a Frenchman at the end of July, 1914. "Am I again about to experience the horror of beholding the Germans in the suburbs of our capital? How will Paris behave faced by the menace of war? Will the Socialists revolt? Shall we have a general strike? Will the working classes refuse to mobilise as they have so often threatened? Will the Revolutionary Party deliver us without a blow into the hand of the German, while our Russian and English allies helplessly look on at our death agony?"\* The perfection of German military organisation was well

\* Georges Ohnet. *Journal d'un Bourgeois de Paris pendant la guerre de 1914*. Fascicule 1, p. 9. (Paris, Société d'Éditions Littéraires et Artistiques).

known in France. And the French realised they were not ready. Every one was saying, "Why, the German Army will devour the French Army in one mouthful."\* Not without foundation appeared the bragging of the *Berliner Tageblatt*: "Poor little Frenchmen, we are going to break every bone in your little bodies." And, until the battle of the Marne, misgivings continued to overcloud the horizon of many patriotic Frenchmen. But the brilliant defence of the capital, the glorious victory of the battle of the Ourcq, the sudden *volte-face* of the invading army saved Paris and saved France. Henceforth French hearts were filled with confidence and assured of ultimate triumph.

But Frenchmen need not have despaired. A glance at the history of the French nation would have shown them that France has ever been the land of re-awakenings and re-commencements. "No sooner do her enemies believe her to be dying, and, full of hatred and glee, rush to bury her corpse, than she rises all aglow with life and vigour from her death-bed, and brandishing her sword she cries: "Here I am, behold me, young like Joan of Arc, like the great Condé at Rocroi, like Marceau the Republican, like General Bonaparte.†

There is no better school of optimism than the history of the French nation. Hopefulness has well been called the "Dauphin of France."

For his heart to thrill with hope and confidence in the future the Frenchman need only carry his mind back to his country conquered and occupied by the English, then delivered by Joan of Arc; to his nation distracted by civil strife, torn asunder by religious disputes, then united and made prosperous by Henri Quatre; to his land a prey to factions of the nobility, laid waste with fire and sword, then blossoming into all the glories of *Le Grand Siècle*. He has only to remember the menace from foreign Powers successfully averted during the Revolution, the humiliation, the dismemberment, the civil war of 1871, succeeded by the magnificent recovery of the last forty years.

If he thinks of these things, no Frenchman can fail to assent to Gambetta's words, uttered in the darkest hour of defeat: "No, it is impossible for the spirit of France to be overcast for ever."

Especially may he take courage when he considers the part played by France: when he sees the unity and patriotism of the mobilisation days even surpassed by the tenacity, the fortitude, the heroic energy, the valour displayed throughout four years: when in the future he carries his mind back to the glorious 19th of July, which brought the news of Marshal Foch's dramatic counter-stroke, and altered the whole aspect of the war

\* Ibid. 49.

† Maurice Barrès. *L'Union Sacrée*, p. 76.

## The Man of Decision: By Douglas Jerrold

### An Episode of War

**I** SUPPOSE you might say he was romantic; at least, he had his dreams, his illusions of greatness. His family was nothing to boast of, nothing which spoke for itself; no one referred to him as "so and so's son, you know, I knew his father well in the old days." He was not heir to a name, a title, or even a legend. But he was heir to his father's unrealised ambitions, to that limitless hope which drives the middle class slowly upward through generations, which keeps them ever hopeful of seizing the elusive moment and meeting its searching test without a qualm. I do not say that they meet it with an unvarying success; that is the haunting doubt, the pre-occupation, you might almost say, of that particular class. That is the point of my story.

Arnold had made a success of life in his way. People were beginning to talk about a career; that meant a lot in his *milieu*. The son of a penniless country solicitor who has married the curate's ugliest daughter does not in the common order of things have a career; he is put into something; at best he goes into something. It is never suggested that he goes on to anything. And that is the meaning, ultimately, of a career.

And Maurice Arnold had meant to go on. Some odd strain in the blood lifted him, I suppose. Mark you, he was not a genius—I don't mean that—but he had his dreams. You might have thought, at the first acquaintance, that he was just a pushing boy with a good manner; but he was a little more than that, he had, if you understand me, egoism without ambition; he just wanted to be recognised

as a personality, to individualise himself. He didn't care for self-expression; he never wrote a line, and cared nothing for art: I don't suppose he knew the meaning of the word. But he wanted to realise himself.

He worked like the devil at school, at Bedford, I think, but I can't be sure, and he got a scholarship to Cambridge. But he wasn't satisfied. He flattered himself after the event, of course, that he had not exerted himself in the least, that that wasn't his really searching hour. He wouldn't accept his level, take his degree, and go into some Government office. He wanted to do something difficult.

That was his weakness, undoubtedly, for there was nothing in particular that he wanted to do. Yet it was not vanity: he hated applause and he positively shrank from popularity. He preferred to sit in his armchair in his rooms dreaming impossible destinies, not as you might think, centred round an overmastering ambition—he never looked forward to successive triumphs along some avenue of his desire—but round little trivial incidents in which he did the difficult, almost the quixotic, thing. Lending a man his last five pounds under some preposterously imagined circumstance when five pounds was the key ready to his hand to some gigantically irrelevant success; being imprisoned rather than wear a mauve tie—not because he disliked mauve, it was his favourite colour—but because he would imagine some compelling motive for wearing mauve, and fancy himself rebelling against the universal custom for some absurdly inadequate reason . . . rebelling firmly, and facing his fate without flinching.



You see he had no vulgar ambition; no vanity. To die for a cause was no part of his dreams, merely to be essentially himself, not part of a movement or a mob. Egoism, perhaps, or mere folly . . . the folly that shatters the prophecy of the professional sceptic, anyway.

Then the war came, and Arnold fancied that his moment had come. August the fifth found him, at seven o'clock in the morning, at the recruiting office. To his intense disappointment he was not alone. That he should have seriously dreamt that he would be in any way alone, individualise himself in any degree, by joining the army on the outbreak of a European war showed naïvete undoubtedly: but I expect many thousands were similarly baulked of their dream. Only a few lived to have it irretrievably shattered. That was his incomparable misfortune. Disgrace needs no pity, and undeserved misfortune wins it from the vulgar, who after all are in a majority. But a spirit broken by the shattering of a childish illusion, unconfessed, irrelevant to the fundamental issues of morality, that is, to my mind, a tragedy at which only the ultimately discerning will weep. And their tears will hardly wash away a suicide's blood.

The battalion had gone up to carry out an attack—in the language of soldiers, "to do a stunt." He was one of my platoon commanders, and without a doubt one of the bravest; not that the respect of his men satisfied him, or that the refusal to yield to the fear which every soldier feels gave him any satisfaction. He felt, and for once he was right, that he was merely one of a thousand other actors playing the same tedious part on the same stage. But I put the fact on record. He was, unquestionably, brave . . . And efficient.

He always turned up at company headquarters at least half an hour before going up into the line to say that one of his men had got no steel helmet, or that his Lewis gun team was one short. So few platoon commanders discover these things. On one occasion he even told me he had forgotten to indent for some field dressings he wanted. Yes, he was unquestionably the most efficient of my subalterns, as well as one of the bravest.

Well; we did our stunt, and Arnold's platoon did a really brilliant piece of work. That is to say, instead of charging a machine gun with reckless heroism, he had the sense to get round both flanks at the same time and capture it without losing a man: the result was that when we got into the village we had enough men to hold it. That was Arnold all over. He never did the obvious, straightforward, dashing thing. He always regarded everything as a problem, and consequently realised the need for a solution. The realisation is the difficulty, of course, the solution is simplicity itself.

Of course he knew it—he was so infernally well educated that he always did know—and I could never persuade him that he was a genius. If I could have done so he'd have been alive now perhaps, for he'd have more than satisfied his conscience, which, after all, as I've said, made no such exorbitant demands.

We had had a rough time of it. The last I saw of him was about two o'clock in the morning. It was still, damnably still. And that impalpable poesy which an ironic nature throws upon ruins by moonlight had caught me somehow, and I was going round my lines under a mere pretence of exercising supervision. I remember feeling a pretence of satisfaction at my thoroughness at the time, but it was the glamour of it all that kept me at my post in reality. Then I came across Arnold. As usual he was at work; just a plain, straightforward piece of wiring, you know. But he would refine. Talk about painting the lily, that chap would have touched up Giotto's frescoes if he had been given a chance. He'd got an idea in his head that wiring was a scientific affair, which it took years to learn, and that every strand of wire must follow a predestined path. I am afraid I lost my temper with him—but that's neither here nor there—anyway, I told him his entanglement was good enough for its purpose and that he'd better turn in, as we might be attacked to-morrow and he'd want all the reserve of energy he could get.

"If they attack us I suppose we mustn't give them an inch?" he asked me rather foolishly, for there could only be an answer, which was bound to sound insincere before the event.

"No, of course not." I say, rather brusquely, "we can hold the line against almost anything; besides, the artillery are the chief thing. If they get their barrage down, all we've got to do is to watch the old Hun walk into it and perdition at the same time."

And then he made one of his hopeless, characteristic remarks. "Oh, the artillery . . . yes, I suppose we are only second fiddle to them in these days. If only one could do something without them . . ."

Well, of course, Arnold hadn't been out in 1914 and I left him to his confounded romancing. But the same fatal

weakness I saw was there. He was essentially feminine. Co-operation was the thing he dreaded. He wanted to "function" as an individual. He was, *au fond*, anti-social, I suppose.

He went down to some old cellar he had chosen as his dug-out and told his orderly to wake him at "stand to." Then he went to sleep, at least so his orderly informed me. I don't suppose he slept for a minute; as a matter of fact he was in one of his restless moods; besides, I'd upset him a good bit by criticising his wiring operations. Like all dreamers, one of his dreams was that he was a man of an intense practicality. Well, Arnold was practical, I admit, but he was pedantic. He regarded the most trivial problems as self-existent, as abstractions independent of the vulgarity of circumstance; and he probably spent his last night on the earth planning his work for the next day without waiting to see whether it was wet or fine. You may be sure he'd made up his mind to do something particularly quixotic that next day; decided in all probability on some pedantic gallantry under circumstances which were never likely to arise. But he'd arrived at a decision, you may be certain, and that, after all, was his dream, that he was a man of decision. The trouble was that whenever he found anyone else had come to the same decision he always denied himself any credit for his own judgment.

About half-past three I can see him, serenely confident once more, just dozing off to sleep. The harsh objectivity of circumstance had dimmed its stern uncompromising outline in the mellifluous haze of his dreams, and he was at peace.

He woke up. He must still have had that taste then of a half-remembered satisfaction which clings to the palate, if I may say so, before one has fully shaken off the tranquillity of sleep and become aware of the urgency of the waking day.

Then he saw those two Germans standing over him . . .

And the man of decision, of the intense practicality of temperament lay there for five minutes looking blankly into the dull, heavy, grey faces of his enemies.

Five minutes; so his orderly told me.

To most men even the passing of fifty years allows of the preservation of a few illusions. It can happen to few to be stripped bare of their imagined quality, of their insignia of immortality, in five minutes: yet that is what happened to Arnold. The man of iron decision, of inflexible will, lay there looking into the very eyes of his enemies, helplessly enmeshed in his lingering dream, unable to concentrate on the needs of the urgent hour.

Five minutes, and with a face deathly pale—so his orderly told me.

Then he got up, very slowly, deliberately almost, perhaps the last expiring effort to sustain the perished illusion. But the illusion was burnt out of his soul. I don't think he cared what he did then—whether they killed or captured him. You see he had surrendered the initiative, and he asked no favour from the overmastering circumstance. Of course, events showed it, he wanted them to kill him. But he staggered—one cannot, I suppose, shed in five minutes every carefully rehearsed gesture, every attitude, every criterion of relativity, one cannot, I suppose, surrender one's personality to the ravaging maw of reality, and retain one's physical equilibrium—at least, he couldn't—and he staggered towards his revolver. He didn't reach it. The man of inflexible will, of the intense practicality of temperament merely caught a deprecatory glance in the eyes of his enemies and admitted the justice of the deprecation.

In the supreme hour all that he was heard to say—I said before that he would have made an admirable civil servant—was, "quite . . . quite . . ."

Then he sat down. And then his orderly brought in breakfast, and the platoon sergeant, who had been standing respectfully at attention round the corner, came in to know if he'd finished examining the prisoners.

And the man of iron decision said that he . . . that he had . . . quite . . . quite . . . And then his orderly burst out laughing.

That was the breaking point, I suspect, the culminating point of his humiliation, which sent him out on that heroic, futile patrol. He always did an early morning reconnaissance when there was a mist, but this morning it was brilliantly clear.

He was still alive when they got him in that night. And he'd made out the enemy's dispositions in a wonderful manner. Believe me, he had walked at least five miles along their front, and brought a map back with him. It was accurate too. I compared it with the photographs the Flying Corps had taken the afternoon before.

That patrol was his last, perhaps his finest, gesture . . . But it wasn't the gesture of a soldier. That was the tragedy of it.



# Life and Letters by J. C. Squire

## A Translator of Genius

**D**URING the last couple of years those who watch the periodical Press may have noticed unobtrusively stealing forth batches of translations from the Chinese by Mr. Arthur Waley, one lot of which was honoured by a front-page article in *The Times Literary Supplement*. Mr. Waley is one of the most brilliant of our younger Orientalists. His original literary gifts are even rarer than his Chinese scholarship, and 170 *Chinese Poems* (Constable, 7s. 6d. net) contains the first fruits of his poetic industry.

There is very little knowledge of Chinese literature in this country. There is a good deal of misconception as to its nature. People think of the East comprehensively as a place very addicted to what Gibbon calls "the science—or, rather, the language—of Metaphysics." Translators foster the impression—or, at least, do not lay themselves out to dissipate it. Thus, even a series which contains a good deal of very amusing matter (such as the sayings of Chuang Tzu) is portentously named "The Wisdom of the East" series; and most of what little translation has been done from Chinese is, as a fact, concerned with Confucianism and Taoism. People who know about Mencius have never heard of the Tippling Scholar, the Drunken Dragon, or the Seven Sages of the Bamboo Grove. Only, I think, Professor Giles, with his excellent *History of Chinese Literature* and his skilful volume of rhymed versions from the poets, has taken pains to show how little the Chinese have been concerned with isms. As Mr. Waley says; their "philosophic literature knows no mean between the traditionalism of Confucius and the nihilism of Chuang Tzu. In mind, as in body, the Chinese were for the most part torpid mainlanders. Their thoughts set out on no strange quests and adventures, just as their ships discovered no new continents." The glory of their literature is not their speculative work, but their lyric poetry. They do not write epics. They admire brevity, and if a poet cannot say what he wants in a hundred—or, better, in a dozen—lines, they think nothing of him. They have no Homer, Dante, Milton, or Shakespeare. But they have written at least as much great lyric poetry as any nation on earth, and the volume of their good lyric work is unparalleled in the West.

The one thing the Western reader misses is development, conspicuous change. An unusually static—though a high—civilisation and fixed modes of thought have resulted in the subjects and even the forms of poetry remaining very much the same as they were before the great T'ang Age. There is no scholastic dictation as to what should be written about. The Chinese poets wrote about what they thought and felt. But those of one age thought and felt the same things as those of another: they lived the same lives in the same surroundings, with the same unaltering religions and scepticisms and the same tastes. They arrived early at what they considered the perfect forms, the perfect arrangements of tones and rhymes, for short poems, and they have considered even slight variations very daring. Mr. Waley gives translations of what he calls the "Seventeen Old Poems," which date from about the time of Christ. "These poems," he says, "had an enormous influence on all subsequent poetry, and many of the habitual *clichés* of Chinese verse are taken from them." I quote one (the translation, like all the others, should be read aloud):

Green, green,  
The grass by the river-bank.  
Thick, thick,  
The willow-trees in the garden.  
Sad, sad,  
The lady in the tower.  
White, white,  
Sitting at the casement window.  
Fair, fair,  
Her red-powdered face.  
Small, small,  
She puts out her pale hand.  
Once she was a dancing-house girl,  
Now she is a wandering man's wife.  
The wandering man went, but did not return;  
It is hard alone to keep an empty bed.

To the reader of translations this might be of any period; subject, details, words, turn up again and again for centuries.

But, in spite of all their spiritual and technical limitations, the Chinese poets achieve a prodigious amount of variety, all the more wonderful because of the narrow field in which they work. When a good poet is moved to write of the thousand-times-written-about subject of home-sickness or the deserted maiden it is a new thing that he makes, a new beauty of an old kind.

Mr. Waley's translations cover a large field; he gives specimens of poets living as far apart as the fourth century B.C. and the seventeenth of our era. He ignores Li Po, who in the West and in modern China has been regarded as the greatest of all, and takes for his central figure Po-Chu'i, who, he thinks, is inadequately appreciated. Po (ninth century) was, like many great Chinese writers, a provincial governor. Instead of copying out his biography, I may usefully busy myself with giving a few of his poems. The first is a poem rejoicing at the arrival of a bosom friend:

When the yellow bird's note was almost stopped;  
And half-formed the green plum's fruit;  
Sitting and grieving that spring things were over,  
I rose and entered the Eastern garden's gate.  
I carried my cup, and was dully drinking alone:  
Suddenly I heard a knocking sound at the door.  
Dwelling secluded, I was glad that some one had come;  
How much the more, when I saw it was Ch'en Hsuing!  
At ease and leisure,—all day we talked;  
Crowding and jostling,—the feelings of many years.  
How great a thing is a single cup of wine!  
For it makes us tell the story of our whole lives.

The next is satirical:

Sent as a present from Annam—  
A red cockatoo.  
Coloured like the peach-blossom,  
Speaking with the speech of men.  
And they did to it what is always done  
To the learned and eloquent.  
They took a cage with stout bars,  
And shut it up inside.

The next is a lament for his little daughter, Golden Bells, who died:

Ruined and ill—a man of two score;  
Pretty and guileless,—a girl of three.  
Not a boy,—but, still, better than nothing:  
To soothe one's feeling,—from time to time a kiss!  
There came a day,—they suddenly took her from me;  
Her soul's shadow wandered I know not where.  
And when I remember how just at the time she died  
She lisped strange sounds, beginning to learn to talk,  
Then I know that the ties of flesh and blood  
Only bind us to a load of grief and sorrow.  
At last, by thinking of the time before she was born,  
By thought and reason I drove the pain away.  
Since my heart forgot her, many days have passed,  
And three times winter has changed to spring.  
This morning, for a little, the old grief came back,  
Because, in the road, I met her foster-nurse.

Some of his longest poems are his best; but I have room here only for two more short ones. The first is on "The Hat given to the Poet by Li Chien"; the second was written after retirement, and is called "Ease":

Long ago, to a white-haired gentleman  
You made the present of a black gauze hat.  
The gauze hat still sits on my head;  
But you already are gone to the Nether Springs.  
The thing is old, but still fit to wear;  
The man is gone, and will never be seen again.  
Out on the hill the moon is shining to-night,  
And the trees on your tomb are swayed by the autumn wind.

Lined coat, warm cap, and easy felt slippers,  
In the little tower, at the low window, sitting over the  
sunken brazier.

Body at rest, heart at peace; no need to rise early.  
I wonder if the courtiers at the Western capital know  
of these things or not?

Mr. Waley's translations appear to me as good as translations can be. He was right in avoiding rhyme, as there was no hope of reproducing the intricate rhyme-schemes of the originals without gross contortions. His wavelike unrhymed lines have a beauty of their own, and, although the extreme economy of Chinese writing cannot be fully reproduced, his versions are wonderfully terse, exact, and concrete in their imagery. His book, which I hope will be the first of a series, will not only increase English understanding of China, but is a gain to our own literature.



# The Reader's Diary

## Recent Novels

THE versatile writer who figured in this page last week as Sir Arthur Quiller Couch, King Edward VII. Professor of English Literature in the University of Cambridge, now crops up again under the terser and perhaps more familiar style of "Q." It would be a futile enterprise to attempt to decide which of these two persons is of the more value to humanity; and, in any case, if there is little that is professorial about *Foe-Farrell* (Collins, 6s. net), there was not much in the same author's volume of professorial addresses. Perhaps, however, the uplifting influence of being a professor shows itself in the fact that this is a story with a moral more definite than any that could be drawn from *Dead Man's Rock* or *Sir John Constantine*. This moral is, briefly, that it will be a bad thing for us if, in pursuing Germany with our hatred, we grow like her; and "Q" expounds this lesson in a tale of the hatred which John Foe, experimental psychologist, bore to Peter Farrell, who accused him untruly of being a vivisectionist and incited a mob to destroy the results of eight years' work.

I cannot trace in detail the manner in which Foe chases Farrell half over the world. The irony of the story lies in the fact that Farrell improves in character and physique under persecution, while Foe steadily deteriorates by force of his own hatred; and the way in which Farrell rises while Foe sinks, till, after Foe's worst act of cruelty, their positions are reversed, is described with great subtlety and considerable eeriness. At the same time, the tale does not lack rousing and thrilling incidents. It opens well when Jimmy Collingwood and Farrell begin an evening with supper in Soho and end with a broken window at the Ritz, a stolen taxi, and Farrell—the respectable furniture dealer—in a police-station, wavering as to whether his name is Martin Frobisher or Martin Luther. This is an exercise in the best manner of uproarious farce. And conspicuous among the other incidents comes a shipwreck with a voyage in open boats, in which "Q" bravely and successfully faces the difficulty that these things have happened in books before. The whole story is good and it is well told, and, as for the moral, it is by no means such a bad one.

I am sorry I can find no more graceful locution in which to express my feeling that I am fed up with the poor distinguished writer who cannot make a fortune by the use of his distinguished pen. He is bad enough in Mr. Leonard Merrick's *When Love Flies Out o' the Window and Cynthia* (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s. net each); but in these two books he is at least represented as genuinely unable to earn any money at all by the exercise of his talents. I find him quite unendurable in Mr. S. P. B. Mais's *Lovers of Silver* (Grant Richards, 6s. net), where he scrapes along with difficulty on the starvation wage of £600 a year—apparently before the war. Mr. Merrick has, fortunately, other strings to harp on than the economic and domestic problems peculiar to genius. As Mr. Maurice Hewlett points out in his introduction to *Cynthia*, this book begins as a study of the novelist as lover and husband; but soon develops this rather arid theme to develop and perfect the charming character of *Cynthia* herself. In this and in the conflict and reconciliation between husband and wife, Mr. Merrick's handling is remarkably delicate and clear; and Mr. Hewlett is justified in thinking well of *Cynthia*. In *When Love Flies Out o' the Window* the situation is similar; and Meenie Weston is not far from being *Cynthia*'s equal. But another theme is introduced, Ralph Lingham's agony, when, owing to his failure, his wife is obliged to return to the musical comedy stage and is successful there. This again is touched with skill; but Mr. Merrick falls short of the first rate apparently because he simply cannot put enough power behind his conceptions. *Cynthia* and Meenie are well sketched in a few of their intenser moments. But probably the chief reason for his failure to secure wide popularity is that he deals too exclusively with novelists and such. I have read four books by him recently and three were about writers. As for Mr. Mais, my ever impressionistic mind tells me that recently I have read some thirty odd novels by him, though possibly the number is less in reality than it seems. So far as I can remember, they were all about "literatoors" of various kinds, which, with a breezy disregard of probabilities, makes up all Mr. Mais's stock-in-trade; and I suspect that, like me, the public—to be ungraceful again—is fed up with literary geniuses in books.

## Russia in Asia

Mr. M. Philips Price was correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian* in the Russian campaigns in the Caucasus against Turkey, which culminated in the fall of Erzerum; and he also did a great deal of relief work in the Trans-Caucasus and neighbouring regions in the latter half of 1916. His book, therefore, *War and Revolution in Asiatic Russia* (Allen and Unwin, 10s. 6d. net) contains much valuable information about a territory and a chain of events which most persons in England have known only fragmentarily, if at all. His account of the mixed population of those regions, Armenians, Georgians, Tartars, Lazis, Adjarians, Russians, Turks, and heaven knows how many others, all living cheek by jowl, all with different aspirations, and all getting still further mixed under the pressure of events and the enigrations caused by the ebb and flow of war, is certainly bewildering enough to make the amateur statesman throw up his hands in despair. The revolution, however, gives hope to Mr. Price; and he describes with enthusiasm, and dramatically, its arrival in the Caucasus. His account of his interview at that time with the Grand Duke Nicholas is curiously vivid, and will make a useful point of light for future historians. His description of campaigning experiences is also done with spirit; and he makes living men of the Russian and Armenian soldiers whom he met. It does seem odd to me, however, that Mr. Price, an accredited correspondent, enjoying the hospitality of the Russian Army, should, even though to confirm his own opinion of the feelings of the troops, have preached pacifism to the men with whom he came in contact. His opinion certainly was confirmed by their response to his overtures and later, in a much more striking manner, by the revolution.

## The Minimum Wage

Mr. Seebohm Rowntree's *The Human Needs of Labour* (Nelson, 3s. 6d. net) is a part of the work which must be done, officially or unofficially, before we can enter, with any prospect of a successful solution on the problem of industrial reconstruction. In this small volume, Mr. Rowntree considers, following the most scientific method possible, the minimum wage, which, for the poorest class of labour only, is required to keep the workers in a reasonable state of health and efficiency. This he estimates by ascertaining the amount of nourishment required in calories and grams of proteins, and by calculating the smallest amounts which can be spent on housing, clothing, and so forth. He arrives eventually at the figures of 44s. per week for men and 25s. for women, calculating prices at 25 per cent. above pre-war level all round. And, even then, he considers that further State assistance must be given to men earning the minimum wage when they have more than three children under the age of fourteen. The result of his careful and sober inquiry is rather depressing when one remembers the rates of wages which prevailed for unskilled labour before the war and will presumably prevail after it, unless drastic measures are taken. But for a nation which flinches from realities of this sort it can be no use to win any war; and Mr. Rowntree's essay must certainly be read by all employers and all Trade Unionists, and by all who have any influence on, or interest in, the business of reconstruction.

## The East African Campaign

*General Smut's Campaign in East Africa*, by Brigadier-General J. H. V. Crowe, C.B. (Murray, 10s. 6d. net), and *Sketches of the East African Campaign*, by Captain Robert V. Dolbey, R.A.M.C. (Murray, 6s. net), deal with the same matter but, as might be expected, from different points of view. Brigadier-General Crowe is a stern Caesar of military history—he refers to himself, when he cannot keep out of the picture, as "the C.R.A."—and the lighter side of campaigning does not, while orders of battle and military technicalities do, figure very conspicuously in his book. Captain Dolbey, on the other hand, has made up a volume out of very breezy and various letters home; and his, on the whole, is the account of the matter to be selected for reading in bed or in the train. General Crowe is somewhat overcrowded with detail; and his narrative will be of greater interest to the student of military affairs than to the general public.

PETER BELL.



# An Imperial Highway: By J. M. Gibson

Of all the Imperial enterprises outside the British Islands, the Canadian Pacific Railway has perhaps had more points of contact with the war than any other. Its fleets of steamers on the Atlantic and the Pacific, linked across the North-American Continent by a railway admirably equipped with rolling stock, its great manufacturing plant in the Angus Shops at Montreal, its terminal elevators and facilities for rapid handling of food supplies, its affiliations with railways serving industrial centres in the United States, its staff of engineering, financial and administrative experts—these combined to make the "C.P.R." an auxiliary of exceptional value to the British war machine, in view of the world-wide character which the war quickly assumed and the necessity of bringing to the battle-fields of France with the utmost rapidity, supplies and men from the North-American Continent and from the Far East.

The personnel of the management and employees was also favourable to quick action. The Canadian Pacific has always taken pride in its place in the Empire—it has always claimed to be the Imperial Highway from Great Britain across Canada to Hong Kong, carrying the mails, innumerable passengers, and much freight half-way round the globe between Great Britain and its outposts on the Pacific. On the Atlantic it fought the battle of British shipping when it challenged the German domination of the so-called "Pool" by inaugurating a steamship service to Trieste, and on the Pacific it successfully upheld the British Flag against the fierce competition of American and Japanese lines. The Imperial services of its chairmen and presidents—Lord Mount Stephen, Sir William Van Horne, and Lord Shaughnessy—have been recognised by the Crown.

When signs pointed to war, before an actual declaration had been made, the whole system was keyed up to take its part in supporting the British cause—and the hundred thousand miles of Canadian-Pacific telegraph system was kept humming with messages mobilising the rolling stock for the calls which such an effort was sure to demand. Every Canadian knew that in the event of a war between Great Britain and Germany, Canada would send troops overseas—the larger the number the better; there were many reservists throughout the country to be rushed to the Atlantic ports, and Great Britain's need of food-stuffs from Canada meant

speeding-up the grain shipments from the harvests of the West.

War, therefore, found the Canadian Pacific ready and willing, and from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia on the Atlantic to British Columbia on the Pacific, every one of the 85,000 employees felt that he or she was enlisted in the ranks. Right of way was given to all troops and supply trains. There was every reason to expect attempts to dynamite bridges on a railway of such strategic value, and it was due to the enlistment of two thousand special sentries that only one such attempt ever got so far as an explosion—delaying the passage of trains at Vanceboro for six hours. (A full account of this explosion and how it was brought about was narrated in LAND & WATER of April 11th.)

It was through its ocean services that the Canadian Pacific came into more direct touch with the war. On the outbreak of hostilities the British Admiralty requisitioned the principal vessels of the Company on both the Atlantic and the Pacific for service as armed cruisers and transports. Canadian Pacific steamers, thirty-seven in number, with a gross tonnage of 329,960, have been in Government service during the war either as cruisers or as transports and freight carriers. Since 1914 these Canadian Pacific steamers have transported approximately 800,000 troops and passengers from or to Canada, the Mediterranean, India, China, Egypt, Gallipoli, Mesopotamia, across the English Channel, on the Pacific, in addition to about 3,500,000 tons of cargo, munitions, supplies, etc.

The history of the war has produced no more romantic story than the career of the Canadian Pacific *Empress of Russia* as an Admiralty cruiser. When she left Vancouver in August, 1914, she was already marked for patrol work, and when Hong Kong was reached, her interior fittings were torn out and replaced with coal bunkers. Four 4.7 guns were mounted forward and four aft. The Chinese crew was paid off, and British naval reservists and French gun crews were shipped for the Indian Ocean. She met the cruiser *Sydney* after that ship had made a mass of tangled wreckage of the roving *Emden*, and took off the prisoner members of the *Emden's* crew, including the captain, von Müller, and carried them to Colombo, Ceylon. She captured the Turkish post and fort of Kamaran, in the Red Sea, with the aid of Indian Territorial troops and several 15-pounder guns. For twenty-



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three days she and her sister ship the *Empress of Asia* guarded the British port at Aden, until they were relieved by British warships. Then her gun crews made some excellent practice on the Arabian port of Salif, also on the Red Sea. A party had been sent ashore under the white flag to demand surrender. The Turks were defiant, and in effect told the *Empress of Russia* to do her worst. She did, and when she left the town and fort were in ruins.

The British and French Consuls at the port of Hodeidah had been kidnapped by the Turks and taken into the interior of Arabia. The *Empress of Russia* steamed into the harbour, and the Turks were told that Hodeidah would shortly cease to be if the Consuls were not brought back. After a wait of some days, the captured officials were brought back safely to the coast, and were taken on the *Empress of Russia*, which steamed away to more adventures. The *Empress of Russia* helped the *Empress of Asia*, the *Empress of Japan*, the cruiser *Himalaya*, and the destroyer *Ribble* to maintain a blockade off the port of Manila, where fifteen German steamers were lurking during the early days of the war, hoping for a chance to get out and deliver the cargoes of supplies destined for German warships. Finally, after about a year spent in Eastern waters, the *Empress of Russia* came back into her regular service on the Pacific.

Within a few months of the outbreak of war it became evident that Great Britain was unable to manufacture by herself sufficient shells to keep pace with the immense demands for ammunition. Canada up to that time had no shell-manufacturing plant; but once more the Canadian Pacific led the way, and the first shells made in Canada were turned out at the Angus Shops. The earliest intimation that such shells would be required was received on January 11th, 1915. The first press was completely assembled and tested on the 31st of that month—all the designs and patterns being made on the spot in addition to the machinery and construction. Since that date five hydraulic presses of 322 tons capacity have been built at the Angus Shops, in addition to eleven 800-ton presses for heading cartridge cases.

It was at the Canadian Pacific shops that the first large experiment was made in the "dilution" of labour, by using women, where possible, to relieve the shortage of male labour; and it was at the Angus Shops that women workers were first induced to "don the breeches"—an innovation in dress which has contributed materially to the popularity of such work among Canadian women.

The engineering skill of Canadian Pacific employees was turned to good effect in other directions. Lieutenant-Colonel C. W. P. Ramsey, formerly Engineer in charge of Construction, organised and went overseas in command of a Railway Construction Corps recruited from the ranks of Canadian railwaymen, and consisting of 20 officers and 503 men of other ranks.

On the outbreak of war, Great Britain and the Allies found it necessary to purchase large supplies of food-stuffs and Army supplies in Canada, and both the British and Canadian Governments found themselves seriously handicapped, through lack of experience, in the problem of controlling and furnishing the shipping necessary to transport such Canadian produce to Europe at reasonable cost. In order to provide these Governments with the experts skilled in the highly technical work of chartering ships and handling such problems, the Canadian Pacific Railway lent the services of Mr. (now Sir) Arthur H. Harris, Special Traffic Representative and right-hand man to the Vice-President in

charge of Traffic, together with thirty other picked officers of the Company, to look after such charters and transport. These were given power to control shipments for export over all lines, and owing to their able administration millions of dollars were saved by economical chartering of ships, and by a distribution and direction of traffic which eliminated the possibility of congestion and enabled the shipments to be cleared the moment they arrived at the port to which they were consigned.

The great disturbance to Canadian industry caused by the outbreak of war naturally threw a large number of men out of work, and the question of unemployment became one of

the most serious which Canada had to face. At such a time it would only have been natural for the Canadian Pacific to reduce its staff; but, so far from doing this, the Company decided to find employment for 6,000 additional men in order to tide over the period of unemployment until industrial conditions should be adjusted. In selecting these 6,000 extra labourers, care was taken to see that relief was given only to those races which were fighting on the side of the Allies. Foreigners had to provide a consular certificate proving their country of origin.

So far, therefore,

as the Canadian Pacific employees were concerned, it was not fear of unemployment that induced them to enlist. Nevertheless, over 7,000 up to the end of 1917 had decided voluntarily to go into the firing line; of whom by March 1st, 1918, the casualty lists showed 592 killed and 1,326 wounded. In recognition of this patriotic spirit, the Canadian Pacific decided to allow six months' full pay to each employee enlisting and to let it be understood that on his return to Canada such employee would be taken back into the service. The presence of so many railwaymen in the ranks has proved of great service to the efficiency of the Canadian Army, owing to the part that light railways have played on the Western Front.

The general question of dealing with the returned soldiers has not been overlooked by the Canadian Pacific, and land has been set aside for 1,000 farms of 160 acres each, grouped in communities, so that the soldiers who take up these farms may begin work under expert supervision. A large number of these farms have already been prepared for occupation, so that when the great army of veterans returns, the preliminary work of building houses and fences, and giving the first necessary cultivation of the soil, will already have been completed. Under the plan, a soldier-settler will be given a comfortable house of four or five rooms, a barn large enough to house eight or ten head of stock, a well with a pump installed, wire fences stretched and in place, and land ready for cultivation.

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All these war-time activities have required large resources of capital; but, owing to careful provision, the Canadian Pacific was in an excellent financial position to care for the unprecedented calls made upon its purse. Since the war began, the Company had invested up to the end of 1917, in loans and guarantees in one form or another to the Allied nations, upwards of no less than \$80,000,000—probably the largest individual contribution made by any industrial enterprise in the British Empire in the financial support of this great war for democracy.



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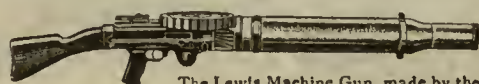
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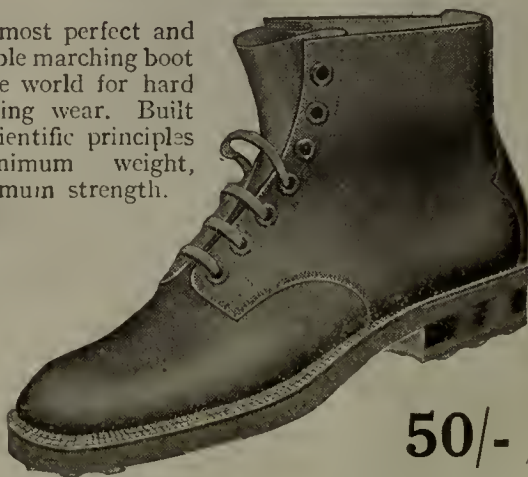
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# LAND & WATER

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## The Rising Sun

Russia's Awakening from the Trotsky-Lenin Nightmare

By Louis Raemaekers



# LAND & WATER

5 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2. Tel. Holborn 2828

THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1918

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## The Western Front

THE past week has been marked by comparatively small changes of ground upon the Western front, but by a very important addition to the process of exhausting the German reserves. The changes of ground include only two points, the first no more than a slight and very slow advance upon the eastern end of the Lassigny Hills, which advance though reaching the summit of that group at Attichy Far, and thereby putting all the heights into French hands, had not yet acquired full observation from the edge of the escarpment to the north over the Plains, and had not therefore produced any movement of retirement from the slight local salient of Lassigny. The second was the not unimportant though purely local advance upon Roye, a road junction which the enemy was still able to use at the beginning of the week, though it was under fire at between 6,000 and 7,000 yards, but which, at the end of the week the French completely dominated; their troops by the Sunday night having come to the high bare plateau called Cæsar's Camp, which immediately overlooks Roye, at a range of not more than one thousand yards. These operations, however, are no more than the last phases of the Somme Battle, which has now reached much the same situation as that of the Marne did a fortnight ago, when the enemy fell back to the Vesle. The enemy lines are straightened out without appreciable salient or re-entrant, save at Lassigny, and they have brought in very considerable forces to hold their present positions. We note at the same time the re-opening of those sharp local attacks on the Western line, which have been the mark of every interval between the great battles since Marshal Foch was put in supreme command of the Western forces, and which we now learn by experience to be the prelude of further action. As in the past, these local operations have evidently depended upon one combined plan.

## The Election Menace

A General Election is promised—or threatened—for the autumn. The *Sunday Times*, which is understood to know Mr. Lloyd George's mind, authoritatively states that he is going to the country for a mandate. The *Daily Express*, which is owned by the Minister for Information, and usually knows Mr. Bonar Law's mind, says that the obstacle to an election is the fact that Mr. George's Unionist colleagues (who represent the majority of his followers) require from him definite assurances about Tariff Reform, Preference, and Home Rule. They may get them; they may strike a bargain without them; the thing that disturbs us is that the question of whether or not Parliament should be dissolved at the

present time should be determined by party interests or party bargains. Two things, with the war at its height, would necessitate an election. One would be an inability on the part of the Government to "carry on" in the existing House of Commons. The other would be the growth in the country of dissensions over the war so serious as to make an election desirable as a test, a relief, and an instruction. Neither of these conditions exists. The House of Commons may be "moribund," but it is certainly not too obstructive. The country is by universal admission as united in its determination to win the war as it ever was. But, suppose we have an election, what will be the issue? There is no clear-cut difference of opinion between Mr. Lloyd George's heterogeneous supporters and his heterogeneous "opponents." A General Election on the lines of war bye-elections would be a General Election without issues at all, except for those introduced by "freak" candidates. If the Government party recognises that Mr. Asquith and his followers (the same may be said of the bulk of the Labour Party) are sound about the need for victory and a clean peace, the natural consequence would be hundreds of uncontested elections and little change in the composition of the House. If, on the other hand, a fight, and a thoroughly new House, are desired, they can only be secured by manufacturing an issue. Only one issue is possible, the issue suggested by the *Sunday Times*, which says that the electorate will be asked to vote "for or against the vigorous prosecution of the war, for or against Mr. Lloyd George as the protagonist of the Entente." We most profoundly hope that Mr. George's intentions are here misconstrued. To go to the country with such a cry, identifying the national cause with that of one person (whoever he might be) would be recklessly to invite the most terrible risks of disunion and strife. It may be most unlikely that Mr. Lloyd George would come an electoral cropper which would entail a belief on the part of our enemies and our allies that the country had given a mandate against the war. But the great and palpable danger is that, even if he won by a substantial majority, he would, by his frontal attack upon all who were not pledged to support himself personally, have cloven the country into cleanly divided halves, one of which would, and must, automatically tend (except for abnormally self-restrained individuals) to drift more and more into active and consistent opposition to the Government and to everything—including the war—for which the Government stands. An election under such conditions would lead to a polarisation of opinion far worse than the present confusion. And it is certain that the Navy and the Army will loathe it.

## The Tramwaywomen

Once more we have had a strike. Once more the first impulse of the journalists and the non-striking public has been to point out (with only too much truth) that no body of workers can strike now without adversely affecting the national cause. Once more it is necessary to remind ourselves (1) that the strikers (in this case, partly consisting of soldiers' wives) are fully aware of this, (2) that they do not want to strike, impede production, and lose their wages, and (3) that no power on earth will prevent them from using, when they get irritated, the only weapon they possess with which they can assert what they consider their rights. We should do our best, if we want to be of practical service, to understand the causes of "unrest," and to set about removing them. The case of the tramway-workers is a remarkably clear one. Women were taken on to do precisely the same fatiguing work as men, for precisely the same hours, at what (it was promised) were to be the same wages. Then one day, prices having risen, the men were given a 5s. bonus and the women were not. Seeing no other means of getting a favourable hearing, the women "came out." The men, partly out of genuine (and admirable) solidarity and sympathy, and partly out of fear that female cheap labour would end in lowering the general level of wages, came out also. A tramless day in the suburbs, a busless morning in the town, and the whole Press was denouncing the stupidity of the sex differentiation.



# THE WAR: BY HILAIRE BELLOC

## Recovery of the Initiative

### A Survey of the Two Offensives

**W**E approach the end of the second great step in the progress of the war since Foch recovered the initiative, and we await the third. The moment is suitable to a survey of the two great battles, and to some appreciation of the strategical situation they have created in our favour; and to this task I will apply myself in the present issue.

First, however, I must deal with the news of the week which concerns the now nearly stable front in the Santerre, a few miles west of the Upper Somme valley. Upon this front there are three names perpetually occurring in the *communiqués*: Chaulnes, Roye, and the Lassigny Hills. Of these three the latter alone has now any significance in the form of the battle. When we read of this or that approach to Chaulnes or to Roye we are no longer reading of an effect produced by the approach, for Chaulnes and Roye have long lost their local value upon this front. Both places are meeting points in the communications of the enemy, and one of them, Chaulnes, was the junction where the railway line feeding Montdidier branched off. But Chaulnes came under fire at quite short range upon the second day of the battle, and thenceforth ceased to be even of local importance. Nothing is passing through it. It is no longer a point of junction of roads in use. The same is true of Roye, but here there was for some time a different position. Roye is an even more

which I have frequently pointed out here—the value of giving observation over the plain to the north and therefore over the southern sections of the enemy's supply and relief. The French object is to attain all the observation posts along the northern edge of these hills. They have obtained them over the western end of the northern edge, but not along the eastern. They have reached the summit on the eastern side, but that is not enough. The summit here is an open clearing in the forest, with the farm called Attiche occupying it. One has to get forward about another thousand yards to a mile before one looks down clearly upon the roads of the valley below.

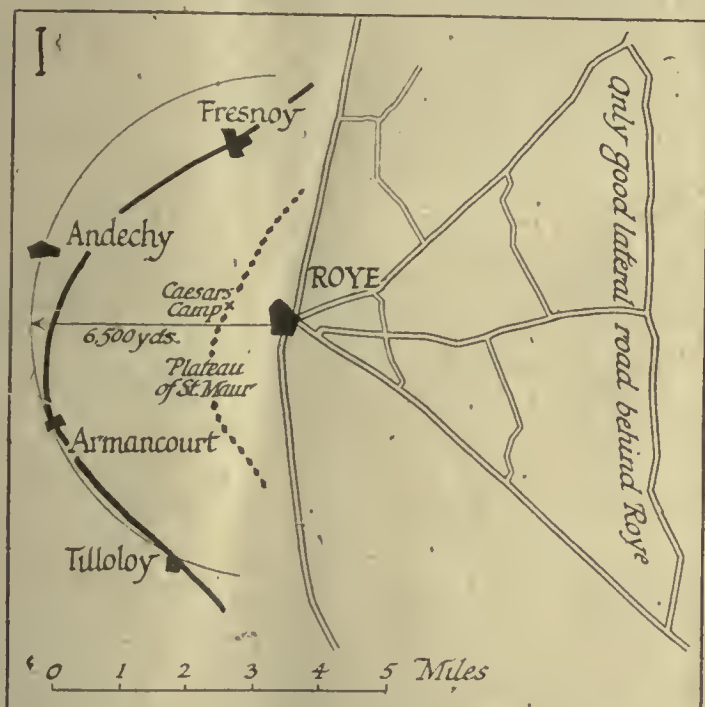
All these points are, of course, of purely local importance. Even our complete control of the Lassigny Hills would not do more than put the enemy in the dilemma between holding a local salient under observation and at considerable loss, and the giving up of another belt of ground to the south of his positions. It would in no way affect the general situation. It would only clinch the second battle, which, as we have said, is now drawing to its close.

#### THE FIRST ATTACK

From these special points of minor importance let us turn to a survey of the two battles. The first, as we know, opened by the counter-attack of the French near Soissons at daybreak upon Thursday, July 18th. By ten o'clock in the morning that counter-attack had proved a complete success, and from that moment the nature of the war in the west was transformed. There followed a great action between Soissons and Rheims which has been called the Second Battle of the Marne, and which lasted seventeen days. It is divided into three fairly definite sections; the first section comprising the first four days of the action, from Thursday, July 18th, to the Sunday, July 21st. This phase was marked by the enemy's change in policy from one of immediate retirement to one of resistance upon the most advanced line possible. This statement is based, of course, only upon conjecture, but the evidence for it is fairly clear though we have no documents to prove it. We find the enemy in the first shock of the surprise rapidly moving back, recrossing the Marne, and retiring also north of the Marne from in front of the mountain of Rheims. But he soon checks this movement, decides to throw in a number of reserve divisions, and to hold on to an advanced line. He covers Oulchy widely, and remains determinedly on the heights immediately above the Marne which overlook, and therefore put out of use the great main railway line uniting Paris and the eastern points, such as Châlons, Nancy, Verdun, and the rest.

The second phase of the action covers the last ten days of July, and consists in persuading the enemy that he cannot hope to hold this advance line, but that he will have to go back and sacrifice the great advantage he has had of putting the main railway out of use. This second phase of the battle is full of a number of heavily contested local actions, drawing on to this front more and more of the enemy's reserve divisions, until at last perhaps twelve have appeared over and above the original number holding the semicircle from Soissons to Rheims. At the end of this second phase, on the evening of Wednesday, July 31st, the enemy is holding firmly along a line of heights above the Ourcq Valley, which form the watershed between the basin of the Marne and the basin of the Aisne. The key-point on these heights is Hill 205, because from it you have wide observation beyond the watershed over all the western roads of the enemy's supply. If Hill 205 is taken, there must be a general retirement by the enemy to the heights of the Vesle, which will give him a straight line easy to hold, but at the same time confess his abandonment for good of all hope to dominate the eastern railway line, even at long range.

It is on Thursday, August 1st—the fifteenth day of the battle—that this key-point is taken by a French and a British division, which last, not without a considerable expense in men, masters the height and holds Hill 205 before the close of the day.



important road centre than Chaulnes. From the German side alone five great roads converged upon it, and whereas at Chaulnes there is a transverse road 4,000 yards behind, which can be used when Chaulnes itself is under close fire, at Roye you have not this advantage. When Roye can no longer be used the nearest good transverse road is 7,000 yards back. Therefore the enemy expended a great deal of his strength in preserving Roye, and for several days the French lines to the west of it were kept off in a sort of semicircle running through Tilloloy, Armancourt, Andechy, and Fresnoy. The radius of this semicircle was about 7,000 yards, and though that put the road junction near Roye and within Roye under heavy and close fire, it did not put them absolutely out of use. During the present week this German defence west of Roye has broken down, and Roye is now out of the German map of local communications. The French are on the hill called Caesar's Camp, immediately overlooking the town in the hollow below at less than 1,000 yards, and to the south of the Aves Valley they are only a few hundred yards further off on the plateau of St. Mard. Roye, therefore, has gone the way of Chaulnes.

The third point, the Lassigny Hills, have a local value



## THIRD BATTLE OF THE SOMME

The consequence of this success is the opening of the third phase in the battle, which is rapid and conclusive. There is an immediate retirement by the enemy all along the line to the Vesle, and across the Vesle to the heights beyond. These positions are reached and firmly held by the Saturday night and the Sunday, August 3rd and 4th, and upon those dates this great action may be said to terminate. During the brief interval of three days there was a good deal of foolish talk in the Press about the chances of the enemy's reacting elsewhere. Those who wrote thus did not appreciate what the drain had been upon his immediate reserves, nor what losses he had suffered, nor at what a rate the American contingents were coming in, nor the tactical value of those contingents. Least of all did they appreciate the greatest point of all, which was that Marshal Foch, having now vigorously seized the initiative, would quite certainly do everything he could to keep it. His way of keeping it was manifest at daybreak of Thursday, August 8th, when the second great battle, which has been called the Third Battle of the Somme, began against the northern salient.

This battle was opened by the British on the north, and the French on the south, upon a sector of rather less than twenty miles, stretching from the Lower Avre, at Moreuil, to Ville on the Ancre, the whole under the command of Sir Douglas Haig. Its object and method were precisely the same as those of the first blow upon July 18th. That is, it was a surprise blow delivered upon the left or north-western wing (the German right) of the great salient thrust into our lines with the object of compelling the enemy to fall back from that salient, capturing prisoners and material in great numbers during the operations, and, above all, of forcing him to draw rapidly upon his remaining reserves in order to save himself from disaster.

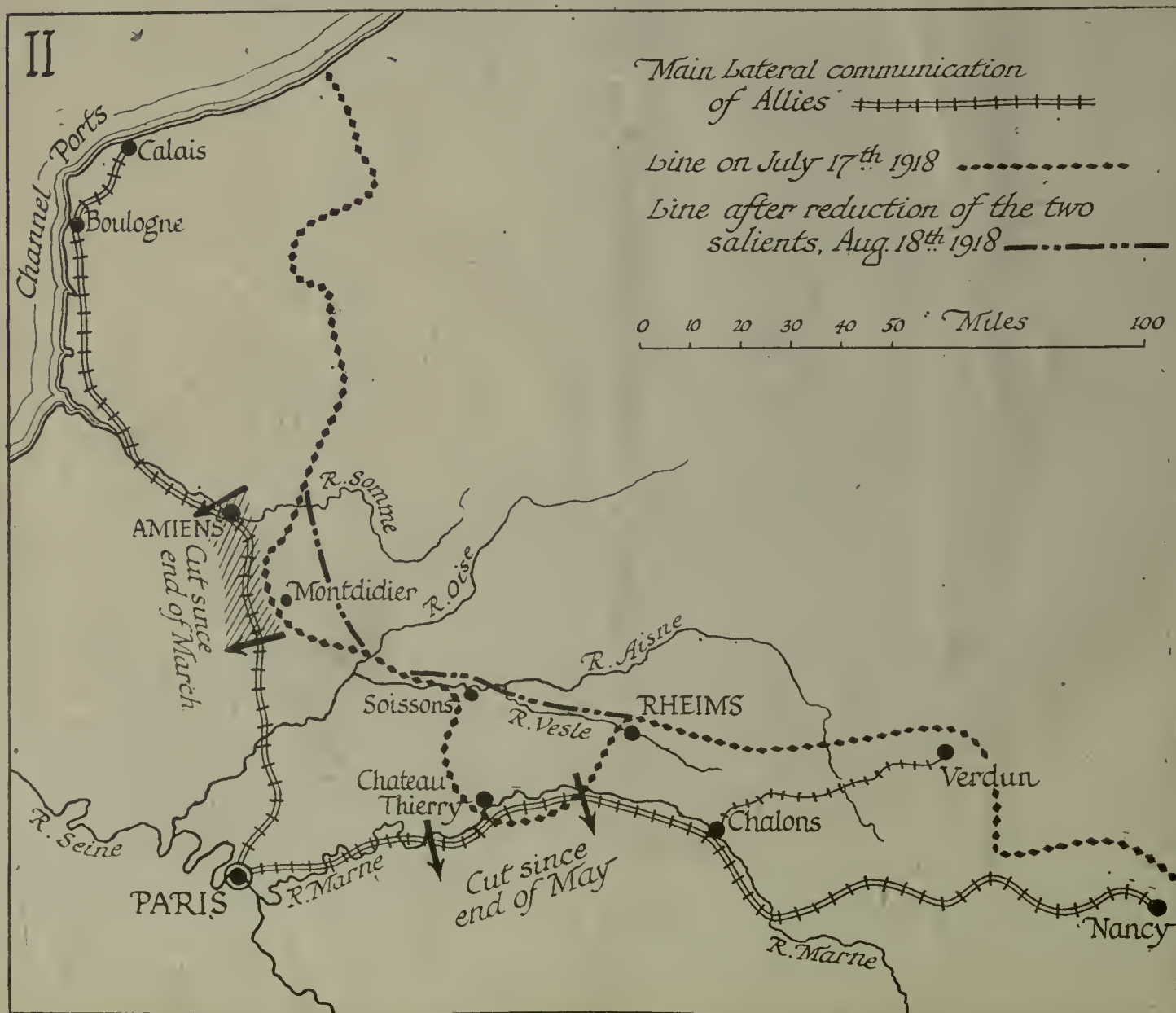
I have seen it suggested in an article published in the *Times* that the scheme and objects of the battle were other than this, and of greater scope; in other words, that much more might have been done than was done. I conceive that theory to be a demonstrable error—not a matter of opinion,

but a matter of evidence; and it seems to me deplorable that such a suggestion should be made at such a moment. An action launched with very distinct objectives and with the conception of finality or decision behind it, could not conceivably have been "mounted" on a front of less than twenty miles—in the first effort barely fifteen—and with a strictly limited concentration of men. The readers of the *Times* may rest assured that when the decisive action does come it will be on a very different scale from this.

That argument from scale is quite sufficient, but there are a host of others. For instance, the fact that the scheme of the battle included a *second* operation on the *other* flank on the second day. That means the reduction of a salient—not a final breach, which could only be effected in one stroke. Again, the sector chosen proves the same thing—that the reduction of a salient alone was intended; and again the refusal to draw on reserves. The thing is really self-evident.

Discussion of strategy is not the business of the journalist. He is there to explain and record, not to criticise the operations of the higher command; and it is surely a pity to present as a gift to the enemy public blame of the Army on the morrow of its greatest achievement.

The action has had three phases: In the first, which covered only the first day, Thursday, August 8th, the enemy was taken completely by surprise; the British advanced nine miles, and the French extended their small front towards Montdidier in the north. Unfortunately, the evening of this first day the Hill of Chipilly, commanding the main road eastward upon which the British advance depended, was retaken by the Germans. The second phase occupied the following days—Friday and Saturday. In the afternoon of the Friday, Chipilly Hill was retaken with the help of newly arrived American contingents, while the French, at the other end of the battle, threw in on this same Friday afternoon the remaining right wing of their first army south of Montdidier, and pressed it northward several miles before nightfall. They continued their advance during the night, arriving at dawn at Faverolles, and thus cutting the main road eastward out of Montdidier. Meanwhile the British advance had come on to the hill above





Chaulnes, and completely put out of use the railway junction there by which alone railway supply could reach Montdidier. The enemy thus found himself in Montdidier at the head of a very dangerously narrow salient, and was compelled to fall back, with extreme rapidity and great loss, sacrificing the garrison in Montdidier itself. By the Saturday night at the end of this second phase the line ran in front of Chaulnes; the Germans had made a large bulge round the important railway junction of Roye, and on their extreme left were reposing upon the Lassigny Hills. Upon the Sunday, August 11th, opened the last phase of the battle, which has lasted a week. The northern half of the line has been stabilised. On the southern half, yet another French army has come into play—the French Third Army. This has mastered the greater part of the Hill of Lassigny, while the French First Army has closed right in upon Roye. The line, therefore, at the moment of writing contains no prominent salient or re-entrant, and is nearly stabilised. There has been reached a situation not unlike that at the opening of the first battle. The salient to be reduced has been completely reduced. To save himself from disaster the enemy has had to put in very rapidly the greater part of his remaining reserves. His heavy losses have gone still further to change the numerical proportion between himself and his opponents.

#### RECOVERY OF THE RAILWAYS

Of the general strategic situation created by these two victorious actions—that is, their effect upon the respective

opportunities for further action on the two sides—I shall speak in a moment.

Meanwhile, we note that, apart from the recovery of ground, which is in itself no object, and apart from the heavy reduction in German numbers and in German fresh units—which is of high importance—the two battles have between them released the main lateral communications of the Allied armies, which, before the counter-offensive of July 18th, were both of them under German fire and out of use, greatly hampering the manœuvring of the Allies, and compelling them to the transport of troops back and forth by lengthy and roundabout railway communications further back. These two lateral communications, which are, of course, only one lateral communication in combination, are, first, the main railway from Paris to the East, passing through Epernay and Chalons; and, secondly, the main railway from the coast to Paris, passing through Abbeville and Amiens. The former was released—that is, was out of range of German effective fire—perhaps as early as July 28th, and certainly not later than the great attack on Hill 205 upon Thursday, August 1st. The second, the Amiens railway was relieved at once on the delivery of the first blow of the second battle, upon Thursday, August 8th.

These great lateral lines of communication had been cut, that of Amiens since the end of March, and that of Paris-Chalons since the end of May. For six weeks, therefore, all eastern communication had been somewhat diverted, and for three months all northern main communication. The restoration of these lines to use cannot but be of profound effect upon the future of the campaign.

## The Strategical Situation

THESE two great battles have left a certain strategical situation. What is that strategical situation? In our reply to that lies our understanding of the present phase of the war.

Such is the nature of the modern world, with its immense expansion in the detail of knowledge, that almost every branch of inquiry has acquired a mass of technical terms, and the students of even so simple a matter as military history tend to abuse those terms. I hope I am not doing so in using the phrase "strategical situation." It means no more than the profit and loss account at any particular stage of opposing armies. It is an estimate of how they stand in their actual and potential strength, and how, therefore, their future—from the merely military point of view—appears.

The strategical situation created by the two great victories of July 18th–31st and August 8th–20th is briefly the complete reversal of that which existed at the moment when the Germans made their last great attack upon Monday, July 15th, and which had existed perilously clear really since Caporetto last October, but apparent to all eyes since St. Quentin last March.

On the morning of Monday, July 15th, the enemy possessed the two great instruments of final victory: The initiative and the superiority of effective power. By the early afternoon of the day, though he had lost neither, he had clearly put both in peril through an initial failure.

The Allied armies delivered their surprise counter-attack at dawn of the next Thursday, July 18th. By about half-past ten in the morning of that day the initiative had passed from the enemy to us, and the superiority of effective power, though it was not yet ours, was a thing which could be immediately aimed at and rapidly attained. To-day it is attained.

#### THE MEANING OF THE INITIATIVE

Let me make clear the meaning of these terms which I have used, and which are fundamental to understanding the position. The initiative has been defined here over and over again; but I will repeat the definitions: That one of two opponents who can give the form to the conflict possesses the initiative. That one whose every move is the cause of his opponent's every move, and whose will and mind therefore precedes and leads those of his opponent, possesses the initiative. That one who is watched by his opponent in doubt, and to whose action the opponent must conform, possesses the initiative. That one who, therefore, determines on each successive step in the progress of an action or a campaign and makes each step of his opponent a mere consequence of his own, possesses the initiative.

It has been compared to "the move" in chess; but,

indeed, it is an element which you will discover in any form of competition or conflict. It is not the same as offensive action, though it is commonly accompanied by offensive action. It obviously is not the same as victory, though it is a necessary condition of victory. It can be lost by a bad blunder, even when one has a superiority of effective power, though a growing superiority of effective power makes it less and less easy even for a blunderer to lose it.

He that possesses the initiative has the invaluable advantage of acting with a free will, while his enemy acts with a constrained will. He can determine where and how each action shall take place. That does not mean necessary victory, but it means the power of choice in the conditions of victory. It is the difference between hope and doubt, between making and merely preserving.

This great asset, I say, passed before noon of Thursday, July 18th—exactly a month ago—from the hands of Ludendorff to the hands of Foch.

But there was something else which had to pass, and that something else was the superiority of effective power. The same national genius which had decided July 18th, 1918, had decided September 9th, 1914, when, in the First Battle of the Marne the initiative passed from Germany to the Franco-British Army. But superiority in effective power did not pass at the same time, nor shortly afterwards. Therefore, the First Battle of the Marne, though it gave its shape to the whole war, was not decisive.

Now, to-day not only has there been a recovery of the initiative, but a transference in the superiority of effective power. I will deal with that formula in its turn and define it.

Superiority in effective power consists (supposing tactical skill and value to be equal on the two sides) in two essential elements. The first is numerical superiority in men and material. That is the most obvious one, and that is the one which all appreciate and understand. The second one is of equal importance. It is superiority in the number of available units in reserve; and that is not the same thing as superiority in number, though at first sight it might be taken to be so.

At first sight one would say, "if one body of 100 men are fighting another body of the same size, the reserves left to either at the end of the fight will depend upon the actual losses, and can depend upon nothing else."

But this is not the case. Armies are not organised as a mass of individuals. They are organised as a mass of units, each unit containing many individuals, and built up of many sub-units. The great unit which gives its texture to these enormous modern armies is the division. The division is, so to speak, the cell of the organism. Now, if the effect of a battle is such that of an equal number of reserve divisions upon either side more reserve divisions are compelled to go into action on



the one side than on the other, the effect is that what may be called the organism of the reserve is more weakened on the one side than on the other, and this result is not exactly dependent upon the rate of individual loss.

#### EXHAUSTION OF RESERVES AND ITS EFFECTS

Let me give an example; it is an over simple example, and one that could not happen in practice, but it illustrates the point. Two commanders have each fifty divisions, of which they pit twenty each one against the other, each keeping thirty in reserve. Before any of these thirty is moved upon either side into the battle you have a situation in which each side has what may be called twenty wounded divisions and thirty unwounded or fresh ones. Let us suppose the individual losses in the wounded divisions on both sides to have been the same. The battle takes such a form that the first commander is compelled within the space of, say, four days to put in twenty of his thirty reserve divisions. Some of them do not suffer very heavily, but they have all been through the mill, and have lost, say, a quarter of their effectives. The first commander, however, has only had to put into the battle during the same space of time fifteen divisions. It is true that their aggregate loss is as great as his opponent's, because they have lost not a quarter, but a third of their effectives at the end of the period. Here you have a situation in which at the particular stage we are examining, losses have been equal on both sides as counted in individuals. But losses as counted in damaged divisions have been much heavier on the one side than on the other. For at the stage which we are examining the one commander has fifteen completely fresh divisions, the other only ten.

The same process continues. All the ten divisions remaining to the less fortunate commander are thrown into the battle in the course of, say, another three days, while his opponent is compelled to put in only eight. The rate of his opponent's losses are slightly higher, and therefore the total individual casualties on the two sides are equal. Here you have a phase of the battle in which the losses on the two sides are still equal, and yet the one party has seven complete divisions perfectly fresh which he can throw into the battle, and with which he can decide the issue, while the other has no fresh divisions left at all.

That is what one means by saying that reserves may be exhausted in a proportion higher than the proportion of total losses. And that is why men note not only total approximate casualties on both sides, but the rate at which divisions are used as well.

A division having been put into an action is withdrawn when it has suffered a certain proportion of loss; the proportion is determined by the judgment of the general commanding the whole group upon the way in which he should use his power. It may be withdrawn after comparatively slight loss, or only after very heavy loss. At any rate, when it is withdrawn it has to be rested, recruited, reorganised to some extent, and cannot appear in the field again until after an interval of time which varies; which has sometimes under extreme pressure (as during the last great German effort in March and April) been only a week or two, but which on the average must be much longer and in which a delay with the minimum measured in weeks and the maximum measured in months, is the decisive feature in the whole business. It is a process of rotation working within necessary limits. Some months ago I compared it in these columns (borrowing the metaphor from another writer) to the use of a number of tractors upon a road. One tractor has to go back for repairs after losing a comparatively small amount of its parts, another goes back after losing more. But once you get your tractor back out of use into the repairing shops it cannot be returned for some little time.

#### COMPARISON OF RESULTS

It is clear, then, that the exhaustion of enemy reserves, as measured in divisions and as compared with your own exhaustion on the same standard, is a capital element in the comparison of effective power, quite as important as the comparison of total numbers and their rate of loss.

Now, if we examine the results of these two great battles, the Second Battle of the Tardenois or of the Marne, and the recent Battle of Amiens or Third Battle of the Somme, which is not yet wholly concluded, we shall find that, apart from a recovery of the initiative there has been as the final effect of these two enormous and rapid actions, a reversal in the superiority of effective power.

When the enemy launched his great offensive, which was also to be his decisive offensive on Monday, July 15th, he still had superiority in numbers, and he probably had a

superiority in the numbers of his reserve divisions. After allowing for those which were to be put immediately into action and for those necessary to hold other parts of the line, there would seem to have been about sixty divisions fresh and yet marked as reserve divisions to be thrown in during the course of succeeding actions throughout the fighting season. Such a form was given to the battle between Soissons and Rheims after the Franco-American surprise on July 18th that the enemy's reserve divisions began to be sucked in at a perilously rapid rate. It was necessary to throw a great number in rapidly to avert disaster, but the pace was increased by the hesitating policy of the enemy, who could not make up his mind at first whether to retire at once or to hold to the furthest possible lines. By the end of that battle—that is, by the enemy retirement beyond the Vesle—he had certainly exhausted his original reserves more than had the Allies. Then came the second blow in front of Amiens on August 8th, and in a few days the process was repeated. The insufficient remainder of his reserve was rapidly drawn upon at a much more rapid rate than the large reserve of the Allies, and the process begun three weeks before was heavily accentuated. It was the estimate of a high authority—the highest authority we have in the matter in this country—that by Thursday, the 15th—at the end, that is, of the first week of the Third Battle of the Somme—all but three-quarters of the enemy's original reserve had been used. Of sixty divisions, sixteen at the most remained, and since then a certain number more must have been put in to replace and relieve divisions withdrawn. And the margin is getting extremely small. Nothing comparable to such an exhaustion has taken place upon the Allied side.

Now, if we turn from this side of exhaustion—the exhaustion of reserve divisions—and consider the other element, the actual losses and the actual recruitment, we come to a similar conclusion.

When the enemy launched his great and (for him) disastrous offensive upon Monday, July 15th, he still had a clear numerical preponderance. The Americans were coming in at a certain rate, but if he had succeeded and inflicted upon us—as his success would have done—far greater losses than we inflicted upon him, his numerical preponderance would have increased rapidly. As a fact, he failed, and with the recovery of the initiative by the Allies their first great captures of prisoners and material, coupled with the steady arrival of the American recruitment in the field, the tide began to turn. Whether numerical superiority was attained by the end of the Soissons-Rheims battle I do not know. It has certainly been attained to-day; and American recruitment comes in steadily at a rate which more than makes up for the actual rate of loss—apart from the fact that the enemy's rate of loss, allowing for the very light casualties at the beginning of the present action—must be far greater than ours.

#### ESTIMATE OF LOSSES

It is a rough but not an inaccurate estimate to put his total losses in the past month of defeat at more than 350,000 and less than 400,000. Of these the prisoners probably represent about one-fifth; more than 70,000, but less than 80,000; the guns he has lost, by the way, are over 1,700. Of the remaining four-fifths, two-fifths at least are either killed or are definitive losses, because they will not return to active service. The remaining two-fifths will come back after an average of about four months. These and past hospital cases with class 1920, which is about to appear in the field, and which numbers about 450,000 lads, are the whole of the recruitment he has in sight between this and the latter end of next year's fighting season. Another way of putting it is to say that his immediate losses in this last month alone are nearly equal to his recruitment in new men for the next nine or twelve months, and that his positive losses—that is, those who will never return—were in that one month at least half such recruitment.

Meanwhile, on the Allied side the whole of the French 1920 class is kept back until next year, and the American recruitment pours in at a rate which puts men of far better physique and far better military age into the field at a rate at least four times that of the enemy recruitment.

That is how the strategic situation now stands, and that is what we mean when we say that the Allied marshals have recovered the initiative at the beginning of these operations, and have since also recovered superiority of effective power in both its branches, total numbers, and numbers of fresh units in reserve. It is difficult to see how these advantages, now definitely obtained, can be lost through any military cause. They would seem to be final.



# The Turkish Conspiracy

By HENRY MORGENTHAU

## XIII—The Dardanelles Bombardment

**P**ROBABLY one thing that stimulated the German desire for peace was the situation at the Dardanelles. In early January, when Wangenheim persuaded me to write my letter to Washington, Constantinople was in a state of the utmost excitement. It was reported that the Allies had assembled a fleet of forty warships at the mouth of the Dardanelles and that they intended to attempt the forcing of the Strait. What made the situation particularly tense was the belief, which then generally prevailed in Constantinople, that such an attempt would succeed. Wangenheim shared this belief, and so, in a modified form, did von der Goltz, who probably knew as much about the Dardanelles defences as any other man, as he had for years been Turkey's military instructor. I find in my diary von der Goltz's precise opinion on this point, as reported to me by Wangenheim, and I quote it exactly as written at that time. "Although he thought it was almost impossible to force the Dardanelles, still, if England thought it an important move of the general war, they could, by sacrificing ten ships, force the entrance, and do it very fast, and be up in the Marmora within ten hours from the time they forced it."

The very day that Wangenheim gave me this expert opinion of von der Goltz, he asked me to store several cases of his valuables in the American Embassy. Evidently he was making preparations for his own departure.

Reading the Cromer report on the Dardanelles bom-

*The German Marshal von der Goltz, for some time the real ruler of Turkey, expressed the opinion that by the sacrifice of ten ships England could force the passage of the Dardanelles, and so certain were the Germans in Constantinople that the attempt would succeed that they actually made preparations for flight, while the situation in Constantinople became desperate when it was known that a bombardment had begun. In this part of his story Mr. Morgenthau tells of the state of affairs as he saw it in the Turkish capital.*

bardment, I find that Lord Fisher, then First Sea Lord, placed the price of success at twelve ships. Evidently von der Goltz and Fisher did not differ materially in their estimates.

The situation of Turkey, when these first rumours of an allied bombardment reached us, was fairly desperate. On all hands there were evidences of

fear and panic that had seized not only the populace, but the official classes. Calamities from all sides were apparently closing in on the country. Up to January 1st, 1915, Turkey had done nothing to justify her participation in the war; on the contrary, she had met defeat practically everywhere. Djemal, as already recorded, had left Constantinople as the prospective "Conqueror of Egypt," but his expedition had proved to be a bloody and humiliating failure. Enver's attempt to redeem the Caucasus from Russian rule had resulted in an even more frightful military disaster. He had ignored the advice of the Germans, which was to let the Russians advance to Sivas and make his stand there, and, instead, he had boldly attempted to gain Russian territory in the Caucasus. This army had been defeated at every point, but the military reverses did not end its sufferings. The Turks had a most inadequate medical or sanitary service; typhus and dysentery broke out in all the camps, the deaths from these diseases reaching 100,000 men. Dreadful stories were constantly coming in telling of the sufferings of these soldiers. That England was preparing an invasion of Mesopotamia was well known, and



Von der Goltz and Turkish Officers

The German Field Marshal (fourth from left) who served for many years as Turkey's military instructor. He probably knew more about the Dardanelles defences than any other living man. It was his opinion that the Allied fleet, by sacrificing ten ships, could take Constantinople.



no one at that time had any reason to believe that it would not succeed. Every day the Turks expected the news that the Bulgarians had declared war and were marching on Constantinople, and they knew that such an attack would necessarily bring in Rumania and Greece. It was no diplomatic secret that Italy was waiting only for the arrival of warm weather to join the Allies. At this moment the Russian Fleet was bombarding Trebizond, on the Black Sea, and was daily expected at the entrance to the Bosphorus. Meanwhile the domestic situation was deplorable; all over Turkey thousands of the populace were daily dying of starvation; practically all able-bodied men had been taken into the Army, so that only a few were left to till the fields; the criminal requisitions had almost destroyed all business; the Treasury was in a more exhausted state than normally, for the closing of the Dardanelles had stopped all imports and customs dues; and the increasing wrath of the people seemed likely any day to break out against Talaat and his associates. And now, surrounded by increasing troubles on every hand, the Turks learned that this mighty armada of England and her Allies was approaching, determined to destroy the defences and capture the city. At that time there was no force which the Turks feared so greatly as they feared the British Fleet. Its tradition of several centuries of uninterrupted victories had completely seized their imagination. It seemed to them superhuman—the one overwhelming power which it was hopeless to contest.

Wangenheim and nearly all the German military and naval forces not only regarded the forcing of the Dardanelles as possible, but they believed it to be inevitable. The possibility of British success was one of the most familiar topics of discussion, and the weight of opinion, both lay and professional, inclined in favour of the Allied Fleets. Talaat told me that an attempt to force the Strait would succeed—it only depended on England's willingness to sacrifice a few ships. The real reason why Turkey had sent a force against Egypt, Talaat added, was to divert England from making an attack on the Gallipoli Peninsula. The state of mind that existed is shown by the fact that, on January 1st, the Turkish Government had made preparations for two trains, one of which was to take the Sultan and his suite to Asia Minor, while the other was intended for Wangenheim, Pallavicini, and the rest of the diplomatic corps. On January 2nd, I had an illuminating talk with Pallavicini. He showed me a certificate given him by Bedri, the Prefect of Police, passing him and his secretaries



### Guns of the "Suffren" in Action against the Dardanelles

In March, 1915, the Allied fleet attempted to re-open the Dardanelles. Had this attempt succeeded the War would have been ended long ago in Germany's defeat. From a naval point of view there was apparently no reason why it should not have succeeded.

and servants on one of these emergency trains. He also had seat tickets for himself and all of his suite. He said that each train would have only three cars, so that it could make great speed; he had been told to have everything ready to start at an hour's notice. Wangenheim made little attempt to conceal his apprehensions. He told me that he had made all preparations to send his wife to Berlin, and he invited Mrs. Morgenthau to accompany her, so that she too could be removed from the danger zone. Wangenheim showed the fear, which was then the prevailing one, that a successful bombardment would lead to fires and massacres in Constantinople as well as in the rest of Turkey. In anticipation of such disturbances he made a characteristic suggestion. Should the Fleet pass the Dardanelles, he said, the life of no Englishman in Turkey would be safe—they would all be massacred. As it was so difficult to tell an Englishman from an American, he proposed that I should give the Americans a distinctive button to wear, which would protect them from Turkish violence. As I was convinced that Wangenheim's real purpose was to arrange some sure means of identifying the English and of so subjecting them to Turkish ill-treatment, I refused to act on this amiable suggestion.

Another incident illustrates the nervous tension which prevailed in those January days. As I noticed that some shutters at the British Embassy were open, Mrs. Morgenthau and I went up to investigate. In the early days we had sealed this building, which had been left in my charge, and this was the first time we had broken the seals to enter. About two hours after we returned from this tour of inspection, Wangenheim came into my office in one of his now familiar agitated moods. It had been reported, he said, that Mrs. Morgenthau and I had been up to the Embassy getting it ready for the British Admiral, who expected soon to take possession!

All this seems a little absurd now, for, in fact, the Allied Fleets made no attack at that time. At the very moment when the whole of Constantinople was feverishly awaiting the British dreadnoughts, the British Cabinet in London was merely considering the advisability of such an enterprise. The record shows that Petrograd, on January 2nd, telegraphed the British Government, asking that some kind of a demonstration be made against the Turks, who were pressing the Russians in the Caucasus. Though an encouraging reply was immediately sent to this request, it was not until January 28th that the British Cabinet definitely issued



### The Red Crescent

It here marks a landing place for aviators. The building is a Turkish field hospital.





### View of the Dardanelles

The closing of this Strait in 1914 isolated Russia from her allies, led to the defeat of the Russian armies in 1915, and ultimately caused the collapse of the Russian Empire and the strengthening of Germany on the Western front.

orders for an attack on the Dardanelles. It is no longer a secret that there was no unanimous confidence in the success of such an undertaking. Admiral Carden recorded his belief that the Strait "could not be rushed, but that extended operations with a large number of ships might succeed." The penalty of failure, he added, would be the great loss that England would suffer in prestige and influence in the East; how true this prophecy proved I shall have occasion to show. Up to this time one of the fundamental and generally accepted axioms of naval operations had been that warships should not attempt to attack fixed land fortifications. But the Germans had demonstrated the power of mobile guns against fortresses in their destruction of the emplacements at Liège and Namur, and there was a belief in some quarters in England that these events had modified this naval principle. Mr. Churchill, at that time at the head of the Admiralty, placed great confidence in the destructive power of a new super-dreadnought which had just been finished—the *Queen Elizabeth*—and which was then on its way to join the Mediterranean Fleet.

We in Constantinople knew nothing about these deliberations then, but the result became apparent in the latter part of February. On the afternoon of the nineteenth, Pallavicini, the Austrian Ambassador, came to me with important news. The Marquis was a man of great personal dignity, yet it was apparent that he was this day exceedingly nervous, and, indeed, he made no attempt to conceal his apprehension. The Allied Fleets, he said, had re-opened their attack on the Dardanelles, and this time their bombardment had been extremely ferocious. At that time things were going badly for the Austrians; the Russian Armies were advancing victoriously; Serbia had hurled the Austrians over the frontier, and the European Press was filled with prognostications of the break-up of the Austrian Empire. Pallavicini's attitude this afternoon was a perfect reflection of the dangers that were then encompassing his country. He was a sensitive and proud man; proud of his Emperor and proud of what he regarded as the great Austro-Hungarian Empire; and he now appeared to be overburdened by the fear that this extensive Hapsburg fabric, which had withstood the assaults of so many centuries, was rapidly being overwhelmed with ruin. Like most human beings, Pallavicini yearned for sympathy; he could obtain none from Wangenheim, who seldom took him into his confidence and consistently treated him as the representative of a

nation that was compelled to submit to the overlordship of Germany. Perhaps that was the reason why the Austrian Ambassador used to come so frequently and pour out his heart to me. And now this Allied bombardment of the Dardanelles came as the culmination of all his troubles. At this time the Central Powers believed that they had Russia bottled up; that, because they had sealed the Dardanelles, she could neither get her wheat to market nor import the munitions needed for carrying on the war. Germany and Austria thus had a stranglehold on their gigantic foe, and, if this condition could be maintained indefinitely, the collapse of Russia would be inevitable. At present, it is true, the Czar's forces were making a victorious campaign, and this in itself was sufficiently alarming to Austria; but

their present supplies of war materials would ultimately be exhausted and then their great superiority in men would help them little and they would inevitably go to pieces. But should Russia get Constantinople, with the control of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, she could obtain all the munitions needed for warfare on the largest scale, and the defeat of the Central Powers might immediately follow; and such a defeat, Pallavicini well understood, would be far more serious for Austria than for Germany.

Wangenheim's existence was made miserable by this same haunting conviction. The forcing of the Strait would mean more than the transformation of Russia into a permanent and powerful participant in the war; it meant—and this was by no means an unimportant consideration with Wangenheim—the undoing of his great personal achievement. Yet Wangenheim showed his apprehensions quite differently from Pallavicini. He would sit in my office, puffing forth mighty clouds of smoke from his black German cigars, and tell me all the terrible things which he proposed to do to his enemy. The thing that particularly preyed upon Wangenheim's mind was the exposed position of the German Embassy. It stood on a high hill, one of the most conspicuous buildings in the town, a perfect target for the enterprising English Admiral. Almost the first object the British Fleet would sight, as it entered the Bosphorus, would be this yellow monument of the Hohenzollerns and the temptation to shell it might prove irresistible.

"Let them dare destroy that Embassy!" Wangenheim said. "I'll get even with them! If they fire a single shot at it, we'll blow up the French and the English Embassies! Go, tell the Admiral that, won't you? Tell him also that we have the dynamite all ready to do it!"

(To be continued)



### Going into Action

Some of the naval guns that were asked to open the passage to Constantinople.



## The Enemy's Dilemma: By Arthur Pollen

SO swiftly has von Capelle followed von Holtzendorff, his chief, into retirement, that the world has got the impression that the German Higher Command is no longer quite content with its naval policy. It certainly looks as if the German people might be on the eve of learning that their faith in the U-boat has been misplaced. Once more, then, these unhappy dupes must repeat their painful pilgrimage of disillusion. It is, after all, such a very short time since they were told that the U-boat must and would win. It is indeed hardly a year since the facts fitted the theory. And so admirable was the effect that, for many critical months, the nation was buoyed with the hope that, whatever its privations, our own would very shortly be worse; and as every one took for granted that our power of endurance was negligible, famine would be followed, if not by surrender, at any rate by a spirit more pliant when the next eirenicon should come along. It was the era of the Reichstag Resolution and the Pope's proposals.

Unfortunately for the Higher Command, the effort to keep up the U-boat theory of victory was maintained too long. The practice of doubling our losses might work well enough for a time, but there was this disadvantage to it, that thinking Germans—if there are any—had ultimately to contemplate an extraordinary antinomy. Out of forty million tons of shipping available to the Allies, twenty millions had been sunk, only a trivial amount had been replaced, and yet food was plentiful in all the Allied countries! And, stranger yet, the American Army was coming over at the rate of a quarter of a million men a month! The discrepancy between, not only the official theory, but the official statements and the obvious facts of the situation must surely sooner or later have led to the fall of those ministerially responsible. And it may be that von Holtzendorff and von Capelle are only being sacrificed to propitiate the people's anger. It is only in brutal ways that the brutal truth can be conveyed.

On the other hand, the advent of Scheer may mean much more. Able journalists, both in France and in England, are boldly proclaiming that they see in this a change in naval policy not less startling than the change we have seen here. We may expect, they say, to find it is no longer the submarine, but the High Seas Fleet that is to be Germany's chief weapon of future sea attack. They contemplate nothing else than that Sir David Beatty will be challenged to battle. Now, my readers may remember that it is more than six months since I pointed out that, if the analogy of 1916 could be trusted, something of this sort might happen as soon as the failure of the pirate blockade became as obvious to the people of Germany as it already was to us. Two and a half years ago Germany's first attempt at ruthlessness was brought to a standstill by the American ultimatum. It was a painful political humiliation and unpleasantly derogatory to German naval prestige. Something had to be done to divert attention from the incident, and von Hipper and Scheer were sent out on the expedition that ended in the Battle of Jutland. But once ruthlessness became a policy, the main factors in keeping the High Seas Fleet in harbour were, first, that its integral existence cut us off from the only mining policy that might be almost perfectly effective in keeping the submarines at home, and, secondly, that so long as the submarine was able to do what the German Admiralty claimed for it, there was no reason for seeking any other form of naval success. For, after all, if our sea supplies could really be shut off from us, not only Great Britain, but the whole Alliance against the Central Powers would crumble up. But if the submarine failed in its work, if its depredations were brought below the point at which the Alliance could build, then a new situation would be created. The argument for keeping in the High Seas Fleet would have gone: the necessity to restore naval prestige would become acute.

But does it necessarily follow that an immediate sea-battle will be sought? One can say that the failure of one kind of sea war must tend to make the essaying of another extremely probable, and the parallel of 1916 would tempt one to say, further, that the effort must take the form of battle. But before we commit ourselves to any such theory as this, let us remember that the case against a battle is infinitely stronger than it was. Germany is faced by a situation very different from that of May, 1916.

In the course of the last eight months we have had repeatedly to note proof after proof that this change has been profound. Take the North and the Narrow Seas. The

winters of 1914-15, 1915-16, and 1916-17 were all of them marked by attacks either on our seaboard towns or on our coastal flotillas. Three of these attacks were made by units of the greatest size. Another was seemingly prevented only by Sir David Beatty's catching sight of von Hipper at daylight on January 24th, 1915. But Margate, Ramsgate, Deal, and other towns on the Kentish coast, Lowestoft and other places on either side of the mouth of the Thames, were regularly raided when the nights were long and the daylight weather unfavourable to long-range gunnery. These raids were all of them tip-and-run affairs. But some of them were costly in life; all of them were exasperating. They showed that the enemy held the initiative. But in the last eight months there have been but two enterprises of this character. There was the incident of the attack on the Lerwick convoy; there was the raid on the drifters lighting up the Channel barrages. This was the enemy's last effort. The convoys between our North-East Coast and Scandinavia have not been interfered with again. How they are protected we have not been told. Let it suffice for us that the protection has been deterrent. Definite deductions can be drawn from the fact that the forces sent thus so far afield have not been challenged. It means that British sea-power is not concentrated in a single anchorage, making perhaps occasional excursions, but normally quiescent. It must, at any rate, in part be under a constant mobilisation. It is, therefore, for the enemy to attack—if he likes to take the risk. There is, after all, a double purpose in convoy. In its primary conception it is protective. But it is also intended to be provocative. In past wars naval battles, and on the great scale, have followed from the necessity of one side or the other to protect its trade. It is significant that such convoying as we have been doing in the North Sea has not yet provoked the Germans to action.

### Recent Enterprise

This may perhaps be called only a negative evidence of the changed conditions. But positive evidence is far from lacking. We have not forgotten the raids on the Flemish ports, nor the very spirited action in which *Botha* and *Morris* distinguished themselves so signally, nor the many other incidents which showed that the change in the command at Dover marked an immensely important departure in naval policy. The reality of the change came home to us very quickly. The significance of the master strokes at Zeebrügge and Ostend was not that there was any new spirit in the fleet, but that the *libido pugnandi*, which had marked it from the first, was at last wedded to a kind of preparation and leadership that knew how to put it to account.

There have been no spectacular examples of this new initiative in the last two months. But we hear continually not only of constant enterprise, but of enterprise of a most original character. It was the logical development of previous events. The personnel of the Higher Command was so reconstituted that the school of thought that had dominated our policy for twelve years was excluded from control. Unity and sanity of command did their work. No one, for instance, can have failed to remark that July was signalised by a series of encounters between aircraft and seacraft to which previous experience affords no parallel. The seaplanes and airships, first systematically employed as anti-submarine scouts, are now being used by both sides for the direct attack, not on submarines only, but on destroyers, motor boats, and other craft. Between July 1st and July 7th, there were two series of engagements of this kind in which the surface and air forces of the opposed sides met in conflict off the Flemish coast. On July 6th a British submarine was heavily attacked by enemy planes, and one officer and five men were killed, and the submarine was so damaged that it had to be towed back to harbour. Between July 11th and 17th a new series of operations of the same character was begun by us. On the 19th a detachment of the Grand Fleet appeared off the Schleswig coast, and sent its aeroplanes to destroy the Tondern Zeppelin sheds. In the second week in August there was fresh activity off Friesland. British light forces and aircraft reconnoitring the coast fell in with very superior German air forces, and six of our motor boats were destroyed. Our own craft shot down a Zeppelin that fell in flames into the sea. Only last week a destroyer was sunk in an air attack on the Belgian coast. Such is a brief summary of the doings of the last few weeks published by the Admiralty.



If the reader will look at a chart of the North Sea, remembering that there is a lively traffic passing between the Scottish and Scandinavian harbours; that our plane-carrying ships, escorted in sufficient strength to make an attack on them by the German Fleet unlikely, appeared only a month ago within a hundred miles or so of Cuxhaven; and that the waters between Emden and Calais are under constant patrol of destroyers, light craft, and aircraft, he can create a picture indicative of the constant pressure, the constant threat, that British sea-power now holds over the enemy.

### A Decisive Change in Naval Policy

The German impatience with the present conditions, then, is not limited to the gradual weakening of the submarine effort, nor to apprehensions that the completion of our mining programme may at any time negative that whole effort quite suddenly. These are but one aspect of an initiative—as eager as it is skilful—that limits and annoys him at every point. All this makes it obvious enough that our forces at sea—anti-submarine, light craft, Grand Fleet, aircraft—are all working together with insistent energy and consistent success, that the enemy is cut off altogether from his old policy of raiding the East Coast towns with destroyers, and that our attacks and the frustration of his attacks are telling lamentably on the *moral* of the nation. Add to these that no person of sense in Germany believes in the submarine campaign now, and it will be realised that the enemy's Higher Command can certainly not lack motive for looking for a different, more vigorous, and a more sensational naval policy.

All this is, of course, undeniable. It is not only obvious, but has long been obvious. But before we conclude that the German Fleet is certain to come out and exchange a policy of quiescence for a strategy of action, let us not overlook the fact that the conditions which have made the sea situation intolerable for Germany are exactly those which make her chances of success in a strategy of action so slender as to be non-existent. When the changes took place in the command of the Grand Fleet and in the control of the Admiralty in November, 1916, I suggested at the time that the accession of Sir David Beatty to the leadership of our main sea forces was by far the more important event. This followed from the fact that the decisive element in sea war is the conduct of the main force, and nothing else. Now, the Germans know this as well as we do. When Scheer decided, on May 31st, to continue the action with Sir David Beatty's eight ships from a quarter to five till six, he must have known that it was on the cards that the Grand Fleet was out, and that it might come to Sir David Beatty's help. He continued the action because the German Staff of many years ago thought they had penetrated the British naval mind of that time, and had perceived that the doctrine of running no chances with the Grand Fleet was the foundation of our naval strategy. But he had, secondly, a more definite guidance. When, in January, 1915, Admiral Moore—who, after *Lion* had been disabled, succeeded to the command of the battle cruiser force—broke off action with von Hipper because of the presence of submarines, the Germans took this to mean not only that he was acting on an accepted British principle that capital ships are not to be jeopardised, but that here was a particular form of risk—namely, torpedo risk—which was in no circumstances to be faced. The incident was complacently alluded to by the First Lord of the Admiralty in Parliament; it must have appeared to the enemy that his judgment of our naval psychology was correct. Scheer, therefore, could contemplate the meeting with the Grand Fleet with an absolute confidence that his torpedoes could prevent the encounter developing into a defeat. The event justified his forecast, and the doctrine acted on was set out in the British Commander-in-Chief's dispatch, was trenchantly and indeed eloquently defended by his former civilian chief, and was categorically and unconditionally restated by Lord Jellicoe himself at the Fishmongers' banquet. The phrase in the dispatch was, as every one remembers, "the enemy opened the range under cover of torpedo attacks." Mr. Churchill put it more picturesquely: "to oppose the unprotected bellies of ships to the torpedo . . . is to seek paths to ruin." Lord Jellicoe's final statement of the creed was "the torpedo is effective up to 10,000 yards, and *this requires* that the ships shall keep beyond this distance to fight her guns." It was, observe, an unconditional doctrine.

But it is a doctrine that has gone the way of the other fallacies that were inherited from our peace-bred naval leadership. It is not the doctrine on which the present Commander-in-Chief acted either at Heligoland, or in his pursuit of von Hipper, or in any of the phases of the Jutland

action. It is not to be supposed that it could find any place in the battle orders with which the Grand Fleet is already familiar. What is perhaps more to our purpose is that the Germans know as well as we do that this particular form of mental aberration is now extinct not only in the British Fleet, but in the British Higher Command. It must, therefore, be clear to them that if they challenge a naval action they will find themselves involved in a mighty grim affair. In other words, the Germans know that the change which has been made in the submarine campaign and that the new strategy which we have initiated in the North and Narrow Seas indicate another change greater and more fundamental. Indeed, they probably realise the major revolution has not been caused by the lesser two already revealed to them, but that these, in fact, have been derived from it. Whatever the influences, then, that compel them to action, there is one consideration that must make them pause. A battle with the Grand Fleet will be their last action.

### Germany's Last Adventure?

Can the enemy embark on such an adventure until his situation is utterly beyond hope, so bad that even the destruction of his fleet can hardly make it worse? He has perhaps not realised this yet. But the failure of his "brilliant ally" on the Piave, the collapse of his own offensive, and then his defeats in the Chateau-Thierry salient, and in the battles of Amiens and Montdidier; the sudden resurrection of the Eastern peril—which Brest-Litovsk was to have laid for ever; the horrid reflection first, that the change on the Western front has come about without calling upon the American force for more than about a fifth, or even a tenth, of its numbers in France; and next, that before a year has passed there will be three million more Americans in the Western fighting line—put these things together, and it is possible that the German Higher Command may perceive that its distance from the desperation point is, at the best, measurable.

It is, then, anything but sound sense to ignore these plain elements of the situation. Circumstances are shaping themselves to make Germany desperate, and thus to make a sea action probable. If the opportunity offers, the issue will depend upon the character of the command and the completeness of the preparations carried through in the last two years. If all the fighting elements are really ready to fight, the issue will not be in doubt. We have the right to expect that a sea battle will now be final. It may not end the war instantly, but it will make its quick ending certain; for it must shatter the German *moral* altogether. Failure to win on land can be disguised as a mere postponement of ultimate victory. Each attack that fails, each retreat that avoids a decision—all these can be represented as master strokes of cunning, exercises in the greater attrition that only make a final victory more certain. But when the fleet is annihilated at sea it is not in the power of words to hide the finality of the disaster.

Now, if it is not sound sense to ignore these truths, it is neither just to the Fleet, nor to the great sailor that leads it, to ignore another truth. It is that victory will not be the fruit of numbers and mass, nor is it certain nor even likely to be purchased in a trivial cost in ships and men. When victory comes it will be the just reward of silent, but incessant, thought and action. It cannot come unless each squadron is led as the Fleet is led, with the higher courage that is not blind, but counts the cost and is willing to pay. It will be a very great triumph, but it may be a very tragic triumph. The price of Admiralty, the greatest of our assets, may indeed be proportional to its value.

These things are worth insisting on because I note with distress that the heavy lessons which the war has taught us are still being persistently misread. The old fallacies flourish, and in all their old vigour. How is it that a distinguished Canadian, who has been to the front and seen the Fleet, can be reported as saying, without correction, at a festive gathering, that "the Fleet stands, an impenetrable steel band, round these sacred islands to *guard them from attack*. . . . So long as that Fleet is intact, the British Empire is safe"? It is the old defensive theory. It is not the Fleet's business to force the enemy to fight by thwarting all his plans and keeping a constant pressure on him, and then crushing him at any cost if he finds that pressure intolerable; the Fleet is to wait until it is itself attacked. Again, in welcoming the Premier's tribute to the Navy, the *Nation* tells us that "it is not what the Fleet does; it is what it is that matters," as if by merely existing, it maintained the atmosphere at a certain pressure. When will these good people realise that the Fleet exists only to fight?



# "Old Hickory": By Cecil Chesterton

## The Foundations of Anglo-American Friendship

"WITH Great Britain alike distinguished in peace and war, we may look forward to years of peaceful, honourable, and elevated competition. Everything in the condition and history of the two nations is calculated to inspire sentiments of mutual respect and to carry conviction to the minds of both that it is their policy to preserve the most cordial relation."

These words, used by an American statesman to-day, would not perhaps surprise us; but their use in 1830 was something of a land-mark, if not a portent. The war of 1812 was not yet a score of years old, and some of the incidents of that war had bitterly affected the mind of America. Even to-day they are remembered there, though all but forgotten here. The burning of Washington in particular—one of those idiotic "strong" acts which cost nations so dear—had bitten deep into the American soul. I can testify personally that less than four years ago it was not forgotten, and an Englishman was apt to be reminded of it when he spoke of the brutalities and outrages of Prussia. To praise England in America at such a time required some courage; but courage was not wanting to the man whose words I have quoted. America had good cause to know this. So had England. For it so happens that the first American statesman to advocate a friendship with this country was also the last American captain to bear the sword against her.

The opening months of 1780 cover a dark hour in the history of the American Revolution. In the north, Arnold had betrayed the cause. On the south, Cornwallis had descended, and, backed by the local "Tories," under their able and ruthless leader Tarleton, had laid waste the Carolinas. Refugees from the ravaged land had swarmed into the narrow strip of mountain country to the northward, which alone afforded them shelter. From amongst this remnant the two great captains of horse Sumter and Davis managed to raise an irregular force of troopers which unexpectedly took the field, and on August 1st, 1780, fell upon and utterly defeated their oppressors at the Battle of Hanging Rock.

Among these improvised soldiers were two brothers, the younger of whom was barely thirteen. It was his first apprenticeship to arms; his name was Andrew Jackson.

Thirty-four years had passed, and again peril overshadowed the young republic. The war with Great Britain, undertaken light-heartedly enough two years earlier, had not prospered. Its first naval glories had grown dim, and were overcast by later disaster. The invasion of Canada had failed, and American territory was in its turn invaded. Once more there was defeat and once more there was treason. A British army camped among the ruins of the capital, while a Convention of the New England States summoned at Hartford was threatening secession and a separate peace. To crown all, the powerful native tribe of the Creek Indians, egged on by the fanaticism of native prophets and by British promises of support, descended upon the scattered settlements of the West, sweeping whole States with fire and steel. A British fleet had appeared in the Gulf of Mexico, preparing, as was believed, to land a well-trained army which would join hands with the Indian braves.

Andrew Jackson was in command of the militia of Tennessee. It was fortunate for the States that the hour found such a man in such a place. He had a thorough grasp of the conditions of Indian warfare, a complete insensibility to fear, and the devotion of his soldiers who worshipped him much as the Old Guard worshipped Napoleon. A series of bold and rapid strokes broke for ever the power of the Creeks, drove them into their fastnesses, and finally annihilated them in the famous "Hickory Patch," the holy place of their race and religion. When the British landed at Pensacola, in Spanish territory, they found the allies whom they had come to succour already destroyed.

But the final trial of strength was still to come. Expelled by Jackson from Pensacola, the British next menaced the great city of New Orleans. Jackson hurried to its defence, and the last great battle of the war began. A powerful British army landed near the mouth of the Mississippi with the intention of forcing the lines which Jackson had skilfully constructed for the defence of the city. The attack was made on both sides of the river, made and many times

renewed. For one moment on the west bank it broke through, but the energy of Jackson just repaired the disaster. Both sides stood heavy losses with magnificent valour, the conduct of the raw western militia, proving itself—not a little to the surprise of all parties—not inferior to that of the excellent professional army trained in the great battles of the Peninsular. The Englishmen themselves acknowledged that Jackson's soldiers seemed of another kind from the other Americans whom they had encountered. Victory remained with the defenders. The British Army withdrew to its ships, and New Orleans was saved.

This was the last battle ever fought between the two great English-speaking nations. By a tragic irony, all the heroism displayed on either side was, in fact, ineffectual. News travelled slowly in those days, and, long before the first shot was fired in Louisiana, peace had been signed at Ghent.

Yet another fifteen years, and the defender of New Orleans was President of the American Republic. The story of his election is as picturesque as is almost every aspect of the career of this extraordinary man. Nominated in the first instance by his own State of Tennessee, his nomination was at first the jest and later the terror of the politicians. They regarded him as an impossible person, a rude frontiersman, shaky in his spelling, given to a military habit of profanity, famous for his card-playing, his duelling, and his romantic and somewhat irregular marriage; but they soon discovered that he was the favourite of the people, and the people, despite the checks which the framers of the Constitution had endeavoured to impose, had already the election of the Chief Magistrate virtually in their own hands. The first attempt to elect him, indeed, failed, for the House of Representatives, into whose hands the choice passed, rejected him for the politician Adams. But the people were not to be balked. The ill-starred administration of Adams and Clay lived only long enough to give the popular enthusiasm for "Old Hickory"—to give him the name which the whole nation had picked up from his own soldiers—to gather strength. In 1828 an overwhelming majority placed him in the seat of Washington.

The Presidency of Andrew Jackson is one of the principal land-marks of American history. From it dates the full recognition of the right of the people to choose their own ruler. From it also dates the enormously enhanced power of that ruler, the vigorous and popular Elective Monarchy which we see acting so energetically to-day. Jackson will always be remembered as the first President to assert unreservedly the National Idea as against the particularist and separatist tendencies then rife in the States, and in his defiant toast "Our Union, it must be preserved!" to give the watchword which was to be the inspiration of 1861. He will be remembered as the first President to set all the politicians at defiance and to vindicate in their despite the cause of the poor and of clean government against the sinister "influence" of the United States Bank. But by us English he may also be remembered as one of the first friends that we found in the great republic since she slashed herself adrift.

At the beginning of this article I have quoted the words of his message to Congress. It may be well also to quote the tribute of an Englishman almost as national as himself. The strong sense of Palmerston soon perceived that in dealing with Jackson he was dealing with a man of his own kind, very patriotic, very firm in the maintenance of national interests, but strictly faithful to his engagements, and able to be a valuable friend as well as a dangerous enemy. "He said," writes Van Buren to Jackson, after a conversation with Palmerston, "that a very strong impression had been made here of the dangers which this country had to apprehend from your elevation, but that they had experienced better treatment at your hands than they had done from any of your predecessors."

It is more than a hundred years since Englishmen and Americans exchanged shots. To-day they are fighting side by side in defence of their common civilisation and of all that nationality means to each. In this hour I think it not unfitting that an Englishman should pay his tribute to that great American who was the last to fight England and the first to forgive her.



# The Caprice of D.O.R.A. : By J. Coudurier de Chassaigne

## A Plea for "Allied Aliens"

I AM an alien in this country, and I am proud of the fact, though I hate the hostile word, which, true to its Latin origin, means that I am considered in official England as being different in essence from, and antagonistic to, the surroundings in which it is my privilege to live.

In any case I would rather remain an alien to the end of my life than become a naturalised citizen anywhere, even with the qualification of British, for, in my opinion, a man who has two *patries* has none. Personally, I know of no Frenchmen naturalised in England, though there may be a few. But, as a rule, a real Frenchman born in France from good honest French stock remains French, and nothing else, until the day of his death.

If I am not mistaken the same may be said of Englishmen; anyway, I have never met in France a real Englishman, whatever his station in life, who pretended to be anything but a citizen of his native land, of which he was rightly proud. That is the spirit that maketh men.

Sometimes kind English friends, who want to be polite, insist on forgetting that I am a technical alien and call me an ally. The Home Office, the Foreign Office, and the police, however, quickly remind me of my real status, which is, for the present, the status of an *allied alien*, and though that last word grates on me, I should be quite content if my newly acquired position of *allied alien*, as distinct from neutral aliens and enemy aliens, were to ensure me, and my fellow allies, treatment worthy of such a flattering expression.

Now what is exactly the situation of a friendly alien, allied or neutral, living in this country? Take, for instance, my own experience.

I have carefully fulfilled all my obligations towards the English authorities from the very beginning of the war. I registered myself when I was required to do so, like everybody else, on the National Register; I registered again when required to do so at the police station of my district, and obtained there, for the modest sum of one shilling, a book of identity. Again, in 1916, I registered at another police centre, bringing with me all necessary papers from the French Consulate General in London, giving all information relating to my military position in France. A few months ago I again filled up forms and papers at my Consulate in order to comply with the requirements of the military law. All that is quite as it should be; but what has been given to me in exchange in the way of facilities, whenever I want to travel to any place outside London? Germans uninterned have to obtain permission from their police station when they go more than five miles from their domicile, and this favour is seldom refused by the police, whose behaviour in the majority of cases is perfectly courteous and considerate. But surely allies ought to be treated with even greater consideration than Germans, though they be aliens too. I have tried in vain, however, to discover in what respect my lot as a Frenchman differs from that of an enemy of this country. It is true that I can go out at night in the streets of London after 10 p.m. without breaking the law, but apart from this little concession, I am under the close supervision of the police. If I wish to leave my domicile for one night to go to a friend in a distant suburb, I can do so without informing the police of my intentions. But if I have to go outside London, be it only for a journey of half an hour, I am liable to a fine of £100 or six months prison unless I return to town within twenty-four hours. Thus, should I miss my last train from Beaconsfield after dining with an old political friend, I break the law of the land, and I can bless my stars if my escapade does not lead me before the magistrates.

If I want to go for the week-end to Oxford, the following are the precautions I must take in order to conform to the commands of D.O.R.A. I have to go on the previous Friday to my police station to inform the officer in charge of my desire to go to see an old University friend. Being good-natured the sergeant makes no objection, and indicates in my book of identity the place I want to visit, adding a big rubber stamp-mark as a proof of my good faith. The moment I arrive at Oxford on the Saturday I have to go, as quickly as I can, to the police station there. More stamping takes place, after which I am free to spend my week-end in that delightful seat of learning. But on the Monday, before departing, I have to call again at the police station, when the date of my departure is inscribed in everlasting characters in my book of identity. If I am not mistaken

I have to call again on the Tuesday, if not on the Monday evening, at the police station of my district in London. Then all is well; a dangerous ally has come back safely to his official abode, and England is safe.

I must own up that these visits to the police stations have little charm for a man and far less for a woman. There is nothing pleasant in the feeling that your mother or your wife is obliged to mix with the enemy aliens, or the doubtful people, which, at certain hours, crowd the police stations of great cities. The same indignities are inflicted on English-born ladies who have had the misfortune to marry an ally. I know of some cases which make one's blood boil. Never shall I forget the indignation of one of my most distinguished colleagues, a French journalist, who, before leaving England on an official mission for the British Government, wired to his wife, an English-born lady, asking her to return immediately from the country where she was staying. He was going on a long and dangerous expedition. She hurried back to say good-bye to him and, forgetting that she was no longer English, did not fulfil some formalities, with the result that she got into very hot water with the police officials—who, after all, were only carrying out the law.

### Present Concessions

It is true that foreign journalists who belong to allied countries have been granted, at the request of Lord Burnham, acting as President of the Empire Press Union, special permits from the War Office which dispense them from registering when travelling on duty. But even then one is never quite certain as to the meaning of this authorisation, and these facilities being strictly individual do not prevent the wife of a Frenchman or of an Italian, when travelling with her husband, being subjected to all the vexations referred to above.

Nor are Americans exempt from this harsh treatment in spite of their cousinship to the English people. I can vouch for the truth of the following case. It happened to an American lady, a woman of position, related to a member of the Government, who has done great work for the Allies and for England in the hospitals. She was staying for the week-end with an English official of some importance, and his wife, also an American, somewhere on the South Coast. She arrived on the Saturday evening, and at midnight, after the whole party had retired, the police called at the house, insisted on the lady coming downstairs, told her that being an alien she had broken the law, and ordered her to pack her things and leave the house at once. After a long argument she was allowed to remain till the morning, but then she had to go. Evidently, the law is the law. She had forgotten to notify her movements to her police station, and she was punished accordingly.

All this may seem to my readers of little importance. We are at war, and, of course, precautions are taken by every country against aliens of all description. It is quite possible that in France there have also been many mistakes made by officials in their dealings with foreigners, but in any case the French Government would have one good excuse for such severity; our territory is invaded by the enemy and spies have little difficulty in crossing any of our land frontiers.

Even if it were proved that foreigners have a hard time in France, which is not the case, it would be no excuse for the treatment inflicted on them in England. Let me hasten to say that the law is administered in this country with the utmost tact and kindness by high officials of the War Office, of the Home Office, and of Scotland Yard. In spite of that, undue hardship is inflicted sometimes, though in the cases I have alluded to, police officers and magistrates did no more than simply apply the letter, if not the spirit, of the Defence of the Realm Act.

But what the Allies living in England beg from the Government is that the letter, not the spirit, of the law should be altered, and as quickly as possible. Things cannot remain in the fifth year of the war as they were during the two first years. It is high time that a legal distinction should be drawn for the duration of the war between the foreigners and the enemy aliens. Already the Ministry of National Service has adopted the word of "foreigners" to describe allies and neutrals as distinct from the real aliens, our enemies. Another distinction might well be made between the allies and the neutrals, and some special facilities granted



to the former by the responsible authorities: the Foreign Office, Home Office, War Office. Far be it from me to ask for dangerous favours to be granted to all foreigners for the simple reasons that they are foreigners and guests of this hospitable country. On the contrary, I am strongly of opinion that special cards or passes making things easier for the allies in England should be issued, only at the request and under the responsibility of the Embassy or of the Legation of each allied country. Even then the English authorities ought to retain the right to concede or refuse the facilities asked for. But there can be no doubt as to the unfairness of the actual system of registration, which only worries honest people and which the undesirable aliens manage to

escape for months and years, till they are discovered by chance, maybe when it is too late.

In one word, all we ask for Allies of guaranteed trustworthiness is that they should enjoy the same privileges and suffer the same restrictions, and only those, which are the common lot of all British subjects. Space forbids me to cite further cases in support of this plea on behalf of England's faithful Allies. As a resident in this country for more than twenty years, as a friend of Great Britain long before the Entente and the Alliance, I claim the privilege of appealing to that sense of fairness which is so essentially characteristic both of the English people and their Government, knowing well that one never asks fair play from either in vain.

## Dining Out: A Naval Sketch by Etienne

From LIEUTENANT FITZ PRICE, *H.M.S. Amiens*.

To LIEUTENANT JOHNSTON, *H.M.S. Hardy*.

"EXCUSE short notice! Will you dine with me to-night?"

Such is a typical signal to receive at about the hour of 4 p.m. Always supposing Fitz Price is a friend whom one wishes to cultivate, one can, and personally I often do, counter the signal by replying: "Very sorry, can't get off. Please dine with me."

It is dangerous to go into details, such as "Very sorry, can't get a boat," or something like that, as should the Commander see the signal, he, knowing you haven't asked him for a boat, will take it as reflecting personally on himself, and also there is a slight danger that Lieutenant Fitz Price will reply: "We will fetch you."

It may happen that owing to some grave event, such as the supply of mess port giving out, you are not adverse to making the necessary effort and dining out.

Under these circumstances it is as well to ascertain:

(a) The probable state of the weather.

(b) The distance the *Amiens* is anchored from the *Hardy*.

If the weather looks well, and the *Amiens* is within the two mile radius, one would probably commit oneself to the great adventure, and send back a signal "W.M.P.", which, being interpreted, tells Fitz Price that you accept his invitation "with much pleasure."

I will now endeavour to describe, as accurately as possible, my own experience the other day, after sending the above signal to my particular Fitz Price.

At 5 p.m. I interviewed the Commander in *re* boats.

"What do you want," said he. "I'm dining in the *Amiens*, and I'd like a boat, sir," said I.

"All right—send you over in the skiff—find your own way back—that suit you?"

"Well, sir, the *Amiens* is six ships down the line, and there'll be an ebb tide against me, so . . ."

"Oh, I suppose you'll have to have the picket boat—well, you must be back by 11.15. What time do you want her?"

Drawing a bow at a venture, I said 7.20, as I imagined they dined at 6.30 in the *Amiens*. I was mistaken, for when I arrived there at 7.25 Fitz Price met me at the top of the gangway, and greeted me with the remark:

"Cheer-oh, old bird, I'd given you up—you're 25 minutes late—didn't you know we were feeding at 7 Pip Emma, as the Grabbies\* say?"

I replied in the negative, and pointed out that wireless telepathy was still in the experimental stage.

George (no one calls Fitz Price by his surname) relieved the tension by announcing that, "Well, it doesn't matter a damn. I've only got as far as the fish, and I'd like to start again."

As we were walking across the quarter-deck, he paused, and turning to me said, "Oh, I say, how are you going to get back?"

"Well, I've got a perfectly good steam boat, and I've arranged for it to come and fetch me between now and dawn," I replied.

"You see," he continued, "it's a bit awkward . . ."

"What's a bit awkward," I inquired, for knowing George since Osborne days, my suspicions were instantly aroused.

"Well, as a matter of fact," he said, "we got a signal at 6 p.m., putting us at half an hour's notice for steam, and there's a buzz floating round that we're slipping off at 8 p.m."

"The devil you did, and what the deuce do you suppose I'd do, if you do shove off?"

"Oh, well, it will be all right," he answered in soothing

tones. "Tommy was dining with me last week and we shoved off unexpected like, and we had to leave him on the buoy when we slipped. We gave him a bottle of sloe gin and a box of matches, and as we went down harbour we signalled to his packet, 'Lieutenant Thompson is on number eight buoy, striking matches.' You'll be all right."

Words failed me—George is irresistible, and I meekly followed him down to the ward room.

"Excuse me, Mr. President, and my guest, who's come at last," said George.

"Certainly," said the President. "Waiter, Mr. Fitz Price has already had fish, so in the interests of national economy he will start at beef."

George protested volubly, and, as I expected, with entire success.

I need not enlarge on the subsequent entertainments, which consisted of a sing-song, followed up by a "rough house," in which a certain amount of furniture was broken.

At 11 p.m. the *Amiens* showed no signs of going to sea, which was good, but my boat showed no sign of turning up, which was bad. Conversation with George languished, and I was not surprised to discover in the course of conversation with the sub. that George had the morning watch. A guest after 11.30 becomes a nuisance, if one is obliged to get up at 3.45 a.m. It was not until after 11.45 that my boat arrived. On going on deck, I found it was raining and blowing, and that the picket boat had been obliged to take an urgent letter to the *Didon*, at the extreme end of the line—hence the delay. On entering the boat, a playful wave covered the bottom step of the ladder whilst I was on it. I called out to the coxswain, as a matter of form:

"Back to the ship, please."

A dripping figure in oilskins came aft:

"Please, sir, I've got to go to the *Quinten Castle* first to fetch the Engineer Commander, who went over at 9 p.m."

I groaned, and retreating into the cabin sat down in a pool of water.

A series of crashes, bumps, and hoarse shouts of:

"Give them the grass line."

"Why the devil don't you make fast forrard."

"Put your helm to port, coxswain."

"Look out for our blinkin' ladder."

apprised me that we were in the vicinity of the *Quinten Castle*. Groping my way out into the stern sheets, I requested the officer of the watch, who loomed high above us, the centre of a constellation of lanterns, to inform the Engineer Commander that his boat was waiting. Five minutes had elapsed when a voice from above sung out:

"I say. That officer in the boat—will you come down to the mess, please."

"No, thanks," I replied. "Did you tell our Chief I was in the boat?"

"Yes, and our Commander said I was to bring you down."

I foresaw half an hour's wait, and as the motion alongside was decidedly unpleasant, I wearily clambered up the ladder, and was taken below. A tremendous party was in full swing, the centre of attraction being our Chief, who was performing to the accompaniment of slow music his famous impersonation of a match seller in Piccadilly Circus. It appeared that their chaplain had that day taken unto himself a wife, hence these festivities—the reverend gentleman was at the moment on his honeymoon, so the connection seemed obscure, but such was the explanation given to me.

At 12.30 our Engineer Commander thought we'd really better go, and at 1 a.m. I got to bed, swearing I would never dine out again. And yet I know that if I got a signal from George to-morrow night, I should go and dine with him—George is irresistible.

\*Grabbies—Soldiers.



## How Will They Rebuild?: By H. Belloc

**M**ANY things are doubtful in the future that shall succeed the war, but one thing is certain and that is the rebuilding of the destroyed villages and towns.

Let it be supposed that there be no more destruction or little more than has already taken place, there will certainly have to be rebuilt some hundreds of villages in their entirety, and thousands upon thousands of hamlets, isolated farms, and country houses. There are a score of great towns which must be restored, and two or three which must be almost wholly renewed: Rheims, for instance, and certainly Ypres. It will be a matter of great consequence to the world how this is done—as to its style and outer aspect, that is. For what men look upon is not only an expression of the time in which the work was done. It is also a background colouring all our present lives and a function of continuity with the past. And all the world is influenced by France.

No area in the world, not even any that you might select from those parts of Italy most packed with the past, had evidences of such continuity or such effect upon the beholder as the area of Picardy and Champagne and upon the marches of the Isle de France which have been devastated, especially in the later phases of this war.

The war has bitten into the fringe of that centre (stretching from Chartres to Rethel and from Chalons to Rouen) in which the great transformation of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when the modern nations were founded, first arrived at an outward expression and produced the Gothic.

Suger was the first to build in that new style; his tower still stands at St. Denis, the monument of the great change. Then came the Apse of Notre Dame in Paris, designed for the round arch of the Dark Ages, and having already the thick, strong pillars standing, when the happy accident of a fire permitted the rebuilding, and the earliest of the great Gothic structures in Europe arose. There spread outward in a ring from Paris the effect of this. You had not only the principal examples of Chartres, of Rheims, of Bourges, of Beauvais, of Rouen, of Amiens, but a transformation everywhere of that form in building which is the external clothing of human life.

When they rebuild what will they do? They cannot restore the Gothic in the towns and villages that have gone.

Fortunately, the French have a powerful school of architecture directly continuous with the past, and noble in character. It derives principally from Mansard.

As is commonly true of the arts its originators in the seventeenth century gave the greatest and the best examples. But there has been no great degeneration. The framework has stood firm, and the whole nation is so accustomed to the type that it can be reproduced everywhere with reasonable success. This method of building, which might almost be called "official" and which has produced the solid and dignified public buildings of the last 200 years, will be that employed in the rebuilding if the French are wise. We must remember that the main building material of the invaded districts (save in the northern part of Picardy), is stone, and that, therefore, whatever is done will be done permanently and cannot be undone.

The tradition of Mansard does not lend itself to the reconstruction of the churches. Some of Mansard's own best work—the Dome of the Invalides, for instance—is seen in great churches, but the village church cannot be built upon this model, and here (though it sounds a contradiction of what has just been written above) the best chance of avoiding error is surely to return to the simplicity of the round arch, and to the tradition which is called in this country Norman, upon the Continent, "Roman," which last, of course, is the less provincial and truer term.

Perhaps the most astonishing piece of modern work in the way of perpetuating the spirit of antiquity is the Basilica of St. Martin of Tours, small and admirable: you walk there into the fifth century. The Champagne country, especially, retains that tradition: and though the great model of St. Remy has been partially destroyed, the whole province is familiar with examples upon every side.

Underneath the whole matter, of course, lies the question of finance. It is already a fixed principle in the public opinion of the Allied nations that the Central Empires which were wholly and solely guilty of this terrible crime should be compelled, within the measure of what is possible, to pay the bill for the damage they have caused. In the case of the Germans

this damage, for a great part of it, has been deliberate and wanton. The Belgian town of Dinant, for instance, unique in character as it hung to its rocky ledge over the river, was brutally destroyed in a sort of drunken orgy, distinguished by the massacre of little children and their mothers. The partial destruction of the Cathedral of Rheims was just as wanton, the proof being that the German commanders—surprised by the universal horror they had excited—checked the zeal of their subordinates early in the process, and left the shell of the building standing.

We must compel the enemy to pay, that is, to work, for the reparation of the damage he has done.

### Rebuilding in the East

There will be two other fields of rebuilding (always supposing that there is not much greater destruction between this and the conclusion of peace), the one in Eastern Europe, over the field which is for the most part Poland, the other in Italy.

The Italian district has suffered little save upon the two belts of fighting, the first on the Isonzo, the second on the Piave lines. Certain towns have been hurt by bombing from the air, notably Padua, and to a much less extent, Venice; but the mass of the Italian buildings in the Friuli are intact.

An exception must, unfortunately, be made in the matter of the churches. Those graceful, tall, square bell-towers, which mark all the Venetian Plain, and of which many, raised but recently by the piety of the villagers, showed how little the native taste of Italy had been affected by modern degradation, have fallen in great numbers. It was inevitable, for they were observation posts which neither party to the struggle could leave standing (though here, as everywhere else, the responsibility for their destruction ultimately falls, and falls directly and without question, upon the Powers that desired and launched the war, Austria and Germany). Restoration will, however, be both practicable and rapid. The style of building is upon one type and thoroughly familiar to all local workmen and the materials are ready to hand.

The worst destruction has been on the little, known and isolated Asiago Plateau. Here all the habitations of men must be rebuilt. Its desolation resembles the worst of the landscapes to be seen in the invaded part of France. But the area is restricted, and restriction should not present any lengthy difficulties.

There remains the enormous eastern belt over which the armies have passed and repassed until it has been ground as in a mill. What shall be the fate of rebuilding there?

The common impression that nothing east of the Elbe counts in Europe in the way of art has a sound foundation. North Germany is negligible, especially since the absurd insufficiency of Prussia has afflicted it like a blight; there is nothing in modern Berlin which ought not to disappear, and the destruction of such offences as the Earls Court monstrosity which the Hohenzollerns have built for their residence at Posen is almost a duty. Unfortunately North Germany has not suffered any appreciable invasion or the loss of any of its deplorable monuments. But there is a large exception to the general poverty of architecture beyond the Elbe, which exception is the Church and Castle architecture of Poland. Cracow, with its magnificent Citadel, and the Cathedral wherein are aligned the tombs of all the Polish heroes, has happily been spared. Warsaw has suffered only from occasional air bombing and its monuments are (we are told) intact.

Apart from the main cities which have upon the whole been spared, there are a certain number of centres in which the essentially Western civilisation of Poland produced considerable monuments, and these, where they have been damaged, must be restored. The task should be simple enough, for we have no reason to believe that any of these have been destroyed. The main work in Poland will be the reconstruction of mere habitation. But we shall have to impose upon the enemy after victory his full proportion of payment in material, labour, or money for this work. Nowhere has his action been more savage and nowhere does he owe more reparation. Just as the reconstruction of Poland politically will be the test of Allied success, or the failure to restore that State the proof of Allied defeat, so will be the material reconstruction of Polish homes at once a duty and a political necessity imposed upon the civilised Powers.



# Life and Letters by J. C. Squire

## Humane Education

IT is evident that we are in for a struggle about education after the war. Everybody is agreed—except the dwindling minority who have a sentimental preference for illiterate and deferential simpletons—that the quality and quantity of our education must be improved after the war. But there is a violent divergence of opinion as to what “improvement” is, what sort of things we are increasingly to teach. Strong sections of industrials who still imagine that men can be mere machines and are at their best as machines if they are mere machines are already menacing what they call “useless” education. They deride the classics, and they are mildly contemptuous of history, philosophy, and English. They want our educational institutions, from the oldest University to the youngest elementary school, to concentrate on business or the things that are patently useful in business. Technical instruction is to be provided for adolescent artisans; book-keeping and shorthand for prospective clerks; and the cleverest we are to set to “business methods,” to modern languages (which can be used in correspondence with foreign firms), and to science (which can be applied to industry). French and German are the languages, not of Montaigne and Goethe, but of Schmitt Brothers of Elberfeld and Dupont et Cie, of Lyons. Chemistry and physics are not explorations into the physical constitution of the universe, but sources of new dyes, new electric light filaments, new means of making things which can be sold cheap and fast to the Nigerian and the Chinese. For Latin there is a limited field so long as the druggists insist on retaining it in their prescriptions. Greek has no apparent use at all, unless it be as a source of syllables for the hybrid names of patent medicines and metal polishes. The soul of man, the spiritual basis of civilisation—what gibberish is that?

It is against blind and ruinous bigotry of that kind that Professor Gilbert Murray has written his *Religio Grammatici* (Allen & Unwin, rs. net). Professor Murray is a Professor of Greek. He has spent most of his life studying Greek, and is openly unrepentant. Lest it be supposed that he is merely—a thing frequently suggested of those who support the ancient tongues—defending his own vested interests, it may be added that were Greek forbidden by a Defence of the Realm Act regulation produced by some Business Government of the future, he would be equally competent as a Professor of English. At all events, his present plea is not a plea for Greek and Latin exclusively. He argues, with reason, that we are mainly what we are and know most of what we know because the Greeks and Latins, pagan and Christian, lived before us. With them we find the origins of our religious and political institutions, of our literature, to a great extent of our language, of our mathematics, mechanics, law, and morals. Whatever the percentage of Jute and Angle blood in us, we are not the children of the Jutes. The Germans themselves, who have far more Teutonic blood in them, do not draw from Teutonic sources such things as they have in common with civilised Europe, and when the Kaiser exhorts the youths of Germany to be “little Germans, not little Greeks and Romans,” he is asking them to cut away the ground they stand on. In Aristophanes and Horace we find (with local differences) ourselves; in *Beowulf* we find something remote and savage, much more alien from ourselves, thinking and feeling in strange categories, and talking in language most remarkably strange.

Professor Murray, however, in urging the retention of the classics as an element in education, does not make the mistake (made often by their supporters and always by their opponents) of treating them as a separate and peculiar thing. He regards them as part—though a very large part—of our past, as Europeans, and of the past of the human race as a whole. As such, they have—and the advantages they offer are shared, in varying degree, by all literary and historical studies—great advantages to offer. They offer to the individual what is at lowest a continual source of enjoyment and entertainment, and at highest much more. Professor Murray says that pure science offers “an escape from the world about him, an escape from the noisy present into a region of facts which are as they are, and not as foolish human beings want them to be; an escape from the com-

monness of daily happenings into the remote world of high and severely trained imagination; an escape from mortality in the service of a growing and durable purpose, the progressive discovery of truth.” That is the literary man’s tribute to a mode of intellectual discovery which is not his; of the mode which is his he speaks thus:

The Philistine, the vulgarian, the Great Sophist, the passer of base coin for true, he is all about us and, worse, he has his outposts inside us, persecuting our peace, spoiling our sight, confusing our values, making a man’s self seem greater than the race and the present thing more important than the eternal. From him and his influence we find our escape by means of the Grammata into that calm world of theirs, where stridency and clamour are forgotten in the ancient stillness, where the strong iron is long since rusted and the rocks of granite broken into dust, but the great things of the human spirit still shine like stars pointing Man’s way onward to the great triumph or the great tragedy, and even the little things, the beloved and tender and funny and familiar things, beckon across gulfs of death and change with a magic poignancy, the old things that our dead leaders and forefathers loved, *viva adhuc et desiderio pulciora* (“Living still and more beautiful because of our longing”).

But let us be more “practical.” Literary records being in the main the records of conspicuous men and conspicuous races their study offers the spiritual and intellectual examples which are a perpetual source of new effort. The virtues, without which great new enterprise (even commercial enterprise) cannot be carried through, are not so common all round us that we can spare the contemplation of the great achievements of the dead. As Professor Murray suggests, progress in historical times has consisted, as far as we can tell, in the accumulation of knowledge and material objects; we cannot afford to neglect Pericles and St. Francis merely because (unlike Hindenburg, Mr. Dudley Docker and myself) they never used a telephone. Sir Philip Sidney—scarcely the type of the spectacled and ineffective recluse—said that he never heard the old Ballad of Chevy Chase, but his heart was stirred as it were by a trumpet. Take the humblest of examples: Bruce and the Spider, which has been set before scores of millions of British children. It had its uses, though it taught the “pedestrian virtue of pertinacity.” It may be that the Great Film, or the Man who Saved the Empire, will be deemed in the future adequate substitute for that anecdote; but even that is historical education, literary education, education which (whatever utility it may have to others) cannot be supposed to increase the ability of those who see it to earn their own living save in so far as it gives them not technical, but moral, assistance. And, finally, if you are to think about the future, your “conjectures will not be much good unless you have in some way studied other places and other ages.” All literature is, in a sense, social science; we learn from it what men are, what can be done with them, where they have failed, where, and under what conditions they have succeeded.

All this is trite, and has been said (though not so well as by Professor Murray) ten thousand times. Nevertheless, in Mr. Chesterton’s old image, the wall will go black if you don’t keep on whitewashing it. The world at this moment contains a great many people who think—or, rather, think they think, or, rather, talk as they thought they thought—that man exists for the two only purposes of producing goods, and more men to eat and wear them; and who talk also as though our little life were not rounded by a sleep, with something beyond it. They will be on the ramp when reconstruction comes; the dons (who feel very solitary and timid and unsupported) may not realise how much backing they can command if they only begin to fight; and some supporters of the humanities ridiculously and disastrously argue as if Greek and Latin were the only indispensables and the endowment of scientific research somehow incompatible with them. They would be better advised to yield a little as to compulsory classics, and to endeavour to secure that if Greek and Latin be not compulsorily studied, then the literature and history of England should be. We should never have had half the uproar about the classics if their more pedantic and conventional champions had not so systematically ignored the claims of English, which is, after all, even more important for us than Latin and Greek. It is a good thing to know Homer, but it is preposterous for an Englishman to know Homer and never to have opened Chaucer. If the humanities are to be saved, the ground of defence will have to be shifted a little.





## The War in the Air

By C. R. W. Nevinson

This picture has been painted by Mr. Nevinson for the Canadian War Memorials Fund, and is one of a large number of pictures destined to form a Memorial to those Canadians who have made the great sacrifice.



# The Reader's Diary

## Recent Novels

IT would be rather unfair, perhaps, to say that Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins (or should one still refer to Mr. "Anthony Hope"?) has lived all this time on the reputation of two books, *The Dolly Dialogues* and *The Prisoner of Zenda*. But it would be just to say that these were the grappling irons with which he fastened his public inalienably to him; and he has done little since—that has been successful—that has not been markedly like one of them and frequently a little like both. His new book, *Captain Dieppe* (Skeffington, 5s. net) appeared some years ago in a periodical, and is described by the publishers as "a story of *The Prisoner of Zenda* period"; and so Sir Anthony's admirers know what to expect, that is to say, a first-class imbroglio, a lovely lady in distress, and a good deal of very urbane swashbucklery. Captain Dieppe is a political adventurer who has intrigued with might and main in both the Old World and the New. As the story opens he is characteristically crossing a frontier in great haste, with papers of an explosive type in his breast-pocket, and observing to himself, in the wind and rain, "Mark this, it is to very few that there comes a life so interesting as mine." And when the Count of Fieramondi offers him shelter from the weather, and when he observes that "the Count lived in solitude; half his house—and that the other half—was brilliantly lighted; and he left his bedroom because of a cat," the reader knows that the story is up and can settle himself for a breathless business in which the intrigue, however breathless, will always be polished, and in which heroes and villains alike will possess a certain allowance of wit. It would be unfair, perhaps, to disclose the story. It includes a blackmailer, a police-agent, endless misunderstandings, mystifications and gallantries, a desperate hand-to-hand struggle, a river in flood, the reconciliation of a wedded couple, and the betrothal of Captain Dieppe; and it does not take very long to read.

Mr. Morley Roberts is one of the best writers of magazine stories that we have; and I still cherish with affection the memory of a tale by him about a mad hatter, which appeared in some magazine a few years ago and which riveted my attention long enough for me to read it three times in the bar of a country inn. His new collection, *The Madonna of the Beech Wood* (Mills & Boon, 6s. net) contains nothing quite so good as that masterpiece of lunacy; but it has two exercises in the same style of unbridled farce, *The Acting Duchess* and *The Ace of Hearts*, and these are quite good enough to go on with. Good farce is so rare, rarer in books than on the stage, where a chair suddenly removed or light-hearted play with a soda-water syphon makes an immediate appeal that is not so easily conveyed in print. And when Mr. Roberts really takes the bit between his teeth, conventions cease to exist and one moves in a world where almost anything may—and most things frequently do—happen. I cannot say that his sentimental stories make the same appeal to me, for though they do move the reader by their sentiment, they do not completely wash out his mind with pity and they leave him feeling rather resentful that his feelings have been so easily played on by the man horribly disfigured in the war, who married a beautiful blind girl, or the broken minister in the Far West, suddenly called on to baptise the child of the wife who had broken him by running away with another man. But these tales prosper in the magazines; and Mr. Roberts turns them out with a deftness that is almost inhuman.

Miss Mary Johnston breaks new ground for her in *The Wanderers* (Constable, 7s. 6d. net). This book—a large book—consists of a series of sketches or short stories illustrating stages in the development of humanity from the first deliberate use of fire to the French Revolution. But it expresses something more or something less than this ambitious scheme. It is, in effect, a feminist pamphlet, and sees the evolution of the race crystallised in the increasing subjection of women to men, a process for which, according to Miss Johnston, both sexes must bear an equal responsibility. The tendency of the book rather cramps its qualities as a work of imagination; but perhaps the author would sooner have it judged as a pamphlet than as a romance. But pamphleteering and romancing do not mix very well anywhere; and Miss Johnston's book might have been more vivid if it had been less tendentious.

## Life in a Barge

*A Floating Home* (Chatto & Windus, 12s. 6d. net) is the story of how Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Ionides contrived to solve the problem of living without paying rent or rates; and it is told by Mr. Ionides and Mr. J. B. Atkins, and illustrated by reproductions of water-colours by Mr. Arnold Bennett. As for the water-colours, there is a remark attributed to Dr. Johnson about a dog dancing on its hind legs, which rises to the mind immediately, before one has looked at them. It was not the dancing that one found interesting, said Dr. Johnson, but the fact that the dog could dance; and I suppose if Mr. Bennett announced that he proposed to give a pianoforte recital at the Wigmore Hall, or an exhibition of step-dancing at the Hippodrome, one would take tickets at once without considering whether the performance would be good or not. But the comparison is really unfair to Mr. Bennett, whose water-colours are surprisingly pleasant to look at and who has captured very charmingly the atmosphere and colours of the east coast rivers. The book itself is also surprisingly good. The story is told throughout in the first person by Mr. Ionides, but responsibility for it is divided in some quite obscure way between him and Mr. Atkins. It relates, in the first place, how the great idea of a floating home, always a dream with him as with many other persons, suddenly presented itself in a practical shape; and how eventually the *Will Arding* was bought, renamed the *Ark Royal*, refitted (and incidentally disinfected) and transformed into "an up-to-date and commodious residence," which could be moored near a railway station, whence the skipper could proceed to his office in town every morning. This process, and the financial details therewith connected, are set out in a practical manner and supplemented by a statement of expenditure and a plan of the remodelled barge. In the second place, the book gives less practical impressions of life afloat and the peculiarities and beauties of the Essex coast and rivers and those who inhabit them. The bargemen of Essex, to whose fellowship Mr. and Mrs. Ionides found themselves thus admitted, are an altogether admirable class, the realities of whom Mr. W. W. Jacobs' barge skippers are, according to Mr. Atkins, the abstractions. They lead a healthy, various, and independent life, calculated entirely according to the tides, and they speak a vigorous, strong-flavoured dialect which the authors have studied with care and with good results. The book is to be recommended, not only as a guide to this sort of adventure for those who wish to undertake it, but also as an entertainment for those who prefer to experience the pleasures and perils of the sea within the covers of books.

## Other Volumes

Among other books of interest which I have received I may mention the second volume of *The Crime*, by the author of *J'Accuse* (Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d. net). This continues the German author's indictment of Germany's case and examines, in great detail, the theory that our enemies began a "preventive" war to avoid being crushed by an aggressive coalition at some later date. It is useful, no doubt, to have all these facts clearly stated and restated; but it cannot be said that the author's rejection of the theory does much more than add another voice to the witnesses who have already testified. *Alsace-Lorraine; Past, Present, and Future*, by Mr. Coleman Phillipson (Fisher Unwin, 25s. net), is a contribution to the discussion of peace terms by an international lawyer of great reputation, whose book on *Termination of War and Treaties of Peace* is already recognised as a work of considerable value. The question of Alsace-Lorraine depends on a number of considerations, many of which are imperfectly known in this country; and Mr. Phillipson resolves the matter into its elements with lucidity and impartiality. He leans towards the solution of an autonomous State, or even possibly an independent State within the German Empire; but he sets out the factors of the problem clearly enough for any reader to judge for himself. *Musings in Macedonia*, by J. V. Seligman (Allen and Unwin, 5s. net), is an amusing account of the experiences of a Supply Officer with the Salonica Force. It bears evidence of having been compiled from letters home, the reception of which provoked, perhaps, the compilation. The author is young—he was just leaving his public school when the war began—and he is inclined to spread his wit a little thin; but his high spirits and reflective humour may serve to pass an idle hour or two.

PETER BELL.



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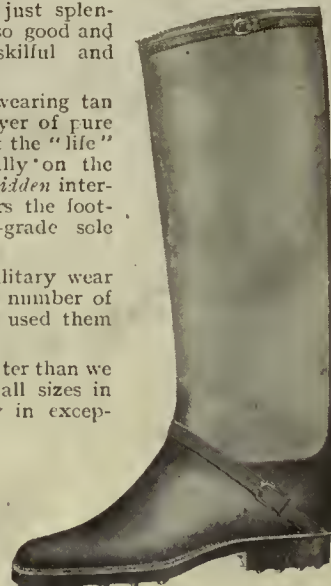
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# LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1918

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## THE SERENADERS

"Peace, perfect peace . . ."



# LAND & WATER

5 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2. Tel. Holborn 2828

THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1918

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## Marshal Foch's Success

THE past week has shown the fruits of Marshal Foch's policy. The inauguration of that policy is, as we all know, much older; it dates from the spring of this year and from the wise creation of a united command. The first opportunity of its exercise came between five and six weeks ago with a surprise counter-offensive against Soissons and the consequent ruin of the enemy's offensive plan. But it is perhaps only in this last week that public opinion here has appreciated the fullness of it. The conditions under which the Allied Higher Command in the West has been acting since July 18th are unique in the history of war. It had before it an unbroken line of men, two millions upon the actual front, three millions in total numbers, secured upon both flanks (the Swiss mountains and the North Sea); it recovered the initiative before it had recovered its superiority in numbers. It was certain of an increasing stream of reinforcements. It was essential to retain the initiative, and yet a superiority in fighting power (without which the initiative could not be fully used), was still lacking, and could only slowly come. What was to be done? The Allied Higher Command supplied the answer to that question. Attack after attack was delivered, each upon a narrow front, each with a strikingly limited number of men, each with strictly limited objectives, each gradually extending the front of action. Because the attacks were delivered upon narrow fronts they were each individually highly economical in the number of divisions used. Because the objectives were limited, they were highly economical in the number of individual casualties. Because they were sprung upon the enemy, now here, now there, up and down a vastly extended line, they compelled him to a continued anxiety and to a ceaseless draining of his reserves. Meanwhile, the American contingents were perpetually coming in, though they were used sparingly in actual attacks and mainly kept back for future action. To all this must be added the supreme tactical value of the new tanks, which we owe to the mechanical genius of this country. These novel weapons in their present form, coupled with the strategical plan of the Marshal in command, have changed the face of the war.

## War Aims

It is good to have our beliefs, and even our conventions, doubted; for if these are challenged, we are compelled to examine the basis and nature of our faith. Even Lord Lansdowne, therefore, has his uses. By asking us what we were going on for he has made us ask ourselves what we were going on for. One result of his latest explosion (the word is a little strong for the cautious exploits of that temperate man) is that certain of Lord Hugh Cecil's Oxford

constituents have sought from their member light on the present situation. Their member has given it to them. He points out that were mere material interests at stake this might be a proper time for bargaining. But the character, opinions, and objects of the enemy put a totally different complexion on the matter:

From the time of the burning of Louvain it began to be seen that we were not merely fighting in redemption of a promise nor to bring a conflict of national interests to the decision of the ordeal by battle, but to preserve the well-being of the civilised world from a monstrous evil. . . . That the citizens of a nation can know no higher object than to advance the interests of that nation, and for that object may commit any cruelty and any perfidy, is a doctrine which civilisation must either destroy or else itself perish. The war is now a crusade. "Moloch," says Lord Hugh, "must be humiliated in the sight of all his votaries, if they are to accept a purer faith." It is evident, therefore, that in demanding the liberation of Alsace-Lorraine, Prussian Poland, and the subject nations of Austria-Hungary, we are killing several birds with one stone. We are not only securing that justice should be done, we are not only removing the potential causes of future wars, but we are teaching the oppressors and the aggressors that oppression and aggression do not pay. We are happy to see that Senator Lodge, one of the ablest and most respected of American political leaders, takes precisely the same view. Senator Lodge properly disavows any idea of annihilating Germany or the German people. But he declares that the peace "cannot be a peace of bargain, or give-and-take and arrangement." Why? Partly because it is our business to cure the Germans of their disease, and partly because the things we require from them—and rightly and morally require—are things that they will never give up until they are beaten and will never yield except under dictation. His programme and ours is one which it would be infamous cowardice to whittle down, but one which a Germany infected with the lust for predominance could never concede unless the Allied troops were, if not in Berlin, at any rate *in a position to get there*. When the game is obviously in our hands the Germans will give way; and not before.

## Rabbits

Ever since the food shortage began dignitaries of all kinds have encouraged citizens to keep and breed rabbits. The argument has been (1) that rabbits could eat virtually anything, i.e., grass and rank greens of all sorts; (2) that they multiply like rabbits, and (3) that they make excellent food, and that, with all other sorts of meat very scarce, they, and they alone, can supply "a long-felt want," and fill a long-felt vacuum. Parts of this argument are unexceptionable. It is true that rabbits will eat almost anything green. Readers have written to us complaining that they will even eat young dahlias and young chrysanthemums, if given half a chance. It is also true that they will multiply beyond the dreams of avarice. Hundreds of thousands of British householders have realised during the past two years how it was that the introduction of a few pairs of rabbits in Australia resulted in the conversion of Australia into a continent of burrows. The breakdown occurs in the last argument. That rabbits can be eaten cannot be disputed; that they are excellent eating is also beyond question; that they were, as food, unjustly despised before the war is now admitted by all. But the grand difficulty is that the ordinary Briton, being a creature of sentiment, and not a slave of logic, cannot bring himself to slay and devour his pets. At this moment all over England there are millions of Belgian hares and less distinguished rodents which nibble greens all day long, and which can live in the comfortable assurance of dying a natural death. The simple reason is that the children have given them names like Peter, Marguerite, and Ann Veronica, that the whole household has been accustomed to feed them by hand, and that when it comes to the point of killing them for food people can no more bring themselves to it than they could bring themselves to the point of assassinating the domestic cat. We have come up against the primary affections of mankind; and we must recognise that it is highly fortunate that sheep and bullocks are not, and cannot be, reared in suburban gardens and by the domestic hearth.



# THE WAR: BY HILAIRE BELLOC

## The Club and the Sword

### Four Phases of the Allied Offensive

**W**HAT is happening?

We all know that things have taken a turn—but they need explanation. We all know that the initiative was recovered upon Thursday, July 18th. We all know that from July 18th onwards a running fire of active engagements has been lit by the Allied Higher Command at its own pleasure, and against the will of our opponents. We all know that it has extended day by day until it now comprises the whole vast distance between Arras and Rheims—150 miles, the distance from London to Exeter. We all know that each successive increase in this great action has arrived by regular steps, none of them sensational in scope or result. We all know that each of them has registered some advance, of 3, 9, 15, or 20 miles. We all know that in the process the great salients originally thrust forward by the German offensive have been reduced and that the enemy retirement continues. But what does it mean? What is it leading to?

To answer that question accurately is of immediate practical importance. Upon our answer will our view of the war's future, and therefore of our present civilian policy, turn. If we answer the question wrongly, if we misunderstand the situation, we shall be in danger of a false public opinion and therefore of a false policy.

The German answer to this question is as follows:—"Marshal Foch, and the Allied forces under his command, are perpetually trying to break our line and perpetually failing."

That answer has the merit of simplicity and therefore of appealing to the least instructed minds of those to whom it is addressed. It has had its echo here in London, and it is of the highest importance that this falsehood should be exposed.

#### FOCH ON THE ART OF WAR

If you will turn to those "Lectures upon the Art of War" delivered to the French Staff College by Marshal Foch when he was instructing there as a colonel, and if you will look up page 305 of the volume in which these lectures are collected (an edition in English will appear this autumn—I here refer to the present French fourth edition of 1917) you will find a very remarkable passage.

The author is speaking of Napoleon's method in war, and quoting a certain set of orders issued by the Prussian General Staff after their study of Napoleon's methods and during the interval between that general's retreat from Moscow and his defeat at Leipsic. These orders are drawn directly from a study of Napoleon's methods and are but a reflection of those methods: Hence their value. Now the very first of these orders, which the lecturer quotes as the capital one of the series, concludes with these words:—

"We therefore lay down this principle: *economise forces while keeping the combat nourished, right up to the moment when we shall pass from such a preparation to the main attack.*"

It would have been well for the Prussians if, in spite of their amazing victories of a generation ago (victories won in a few days and absolutely decisive against two great powers, their rivals) they had had the humility, that is, the good sense, to remember the lesson they had learnt sixty years before at the hands of their great master and conqueror.

This principle, "to economise men but nourish the battle up to the hour of decision," laid down by the Prussian Staff in 1813, was abandoned after the tremendous successes of 1866 and 1870. After those facile but stupendous achievements the Prussians were, to tell the truth, turned into gamblers: gamblers who thought they held loaded dice, no doubt, but still gamblers. They abandoned caution which they had once possessed; humour, its cousin, they had never known. They changed their theory of war from a lesson learnt to a new theory of necessary success. The victories of 1864–70 were certainly enough to turn anyone's head with pride, and the Prussian's head is weak to that cheap intoxicant. At any rate they did abandon the sound principle of self-distrust, and from now and henceforward they will pay the price.

#### THE RIVAL THEORIES

The complete and rapid triumphs of a generation ago produced in the Prussian Staff a certain doctrine of war the very opposite of that which Napoleon taught (or rather practised), the opposite of that out of which this sentence which I have just quoted, "nourish the battle while economising men and waiting the harvest," came.

From 1866 onwards, and quite apparent after 1871, two military theories faced each other in Europe. They may be called the theory of the Club, and the theory of the Sword.

The first was that of modern Prussia. The second was that of the continuous tradition (with Napoleon as its fountain head), which the French conceived and which inspired them throughout all the strain of this mortal campaign, until that great date five weeks ago, when the war changed its face.

The contrasting roots of those opposing theories are, in the one case, that of Prussia, a *preconceived superiority* in men, in material, in rapidity, in moral, in every element of fighting power. Such superiority being taken for granted, the enemy's plan, or supposed plan, is neglected. The whole weight of the superior instrument bears down upon his victim. The effect is immediate; the consequences of the blow rapid and irrecoverable. There is no alternative in case of temporary inferiority, except a brute and sullen defensive. If the club does not completely down its victim, the user of the club knows of no method but a wall or thicket behind which to recover: A space of time in which he can lift the club again to swing it. He takes a long time, he strikes again. If he fails again, again he pauses, and recuperates at length. It is a method excellent if, though the stupider, you can be sure of always being the stronger. It is a method fatal to you in a struggle with one who, though weaker, has better intelligence, and may at last become stronger as well.

If you follow this war in the West, you will find that such a conception underlies all that Prussia has done. She has struck enormous blows as heavily and as suddenly as possible, with little concern for what an inferior opponent might have in mind. Her generals were not greatly concerned to penetrate the plan of those against them, for that plan—they said—would cease to exist once the staggering blow had got home—that is, in a few hours after the launching of a great offensive.

Did the blow fail? Well, then, there was nothing for it but to stand strictly upon the mere defensive, again not worrying over-much about the opponent's mind. They were still superior. They had but to recover time and opportunity in which to create a superiority in force, to lift the club again for a crushing blow. Every single act upon their side in the drama of the last four years on the West has been of that nature: Charleroi, Ypres, Verdun, Caporetto, St. Quentin, The Chemin des Dames, and this last hopeless breakdown before Rheims.

Now the opposing theory of the French General Staff is almost exactly the converse. It precedes from the preconception that your enemy *may* be stronger than yourself. Not that he *is* stronger, still less that he will *always* be stronger; but that unless you have designed for the phase in which he *may* be stronger, you are not possessed of the art of war at all.

The Napoleonic tradition is based upon the idea that whereas anybody ought to succeed with a crushing superiority, art consists in coming out to handle the affair whilst still inferior, and especially in knowing how to pass that difficult bridge between defence and offence, which is the critical turning point of every conflict. It has two chapters: How to pass from mere defence to a cautious offence in the first crisis of the change; how to pass from partial offence to main offence in the last and decisive crisis of the change. From this tradition, which I have called the tradition of the sword as opposed to the tradition of the club, and which is (it would seem) the tradition of civilisation as opposed to the tradition of the barbarian—the tradition of manoeuvre in all ages as opposed to the tradition of rush—there arise many principles and rules of conduct in war.



The first principle is a perpetual study of your opponent's mind, and a continued effort to mould that mind to your own: to make it conform to your will (sooner or later) by process and by degree.

There is again the very fruitful principle of the double reserve; a smaller reserve for nourishing the front, and a larger reserve for delivering the final blow.

Now at a certain stage (tactical in an action, strategical in a campaign), there will arise, from the very nature of this school of war, the principle which we have just quoted from the lectures of Foch, and which the Prussians would have done so well to remember, but have forgotten. There is a phase in which—whether because you have not sufficient strength, or because the enemy is not yet sufficiently exhausted, or because you have not yet reached the dispositions of ground on which your last action can be successfully engaged—there is a moment, I say, of such a sort that, although you are in the ascendant, although you are possessed of the initiative (and already perhaps of superior forces), you are still only preparing your decisive stroke.

Throughout such a phase it is that you are governed by the great principle quoted above: *"While economising your forces, keep the battle nourished until the moment when you shall pass to the principal attack."*

That, in detail as in general plan, has been the whole text of the Allied movements since the 18th of July.

#### FOUR PHASES OF THE ATTACK

With the initiative fully possessed, with the enemy compelled to conform to the movements of this opponent, and to that opponent's will, that opponent has made no effort anywhere to reach a decision. The Allied Higher Command has nowhere attempted a rupture of the line; it has nowhere risked those great bodies which must be risked when the final throw is made; *it has attacked methodically, deliberately, and continuously, with limited objectives, with limited forces, upon limited fronts.* It has never taken more than twenty miles of front for any one effort; rarely more than twenty divisions. In the case of each action it has developed that action step by step in successive days, slowly (but regularly and fatally) extending the line engaged. The Allied Higher Command has "nourished the battle." With what success, an examination of these five weeks will show; with what fruits the future will determine.

I print upon the opposite page the successive phases into which the front of the Allied attack has been set "on fire" all the way from Rheims to Arras. I think that anyone following those successive phases will agree with me that they not only show one united plan, but that this plan has passed from success to success, and that its development is regularly proceeding.

There have been four steps. In the old days when actions were limited, each might have been given its local name. As it is we will call them, for convenience, (1) The second Battle of the Marne (July 18th–August 5th), (2) the Third Battle of the Somme (August 8th–17th) (3) Mangin's Battle of the Lower Aisne (August 17th–20th), and (4) the Battle of the Ancre (August 21st—). We are about to see how each supplemented the last, until the whole line between Arras and Rheims was engaged.

#### 1.—SECOND BATTLE OF THE MARNE

The first step in the Second Battle of the Marne began upon July 18th, and ended in the first days of August. It consisted in reducing the great salient which ran from in front of Rheims round through Dormans and Chateau-Thierry to Soissons. This great action drew from the enemy's reserve of perhaps sixty divisions (thirty of which lay immediately to his north) at least twenty. It fully occupied his energies while it was in progress. He saved himself from disaster by the calling in of twenty of those reserve divisions. He was completely unable, during such a turmoil to reorganise his forces, and the talk one heard of another offensive of his being still possible elsewhere was mere folly.

The Marne salient, I say, was reduced by the early days of August, and this was the end of the first step.

The numbers engaged upon the Allied side in this operation had not been excessive. The total number of divisions—French, English, American, Italian—had been less than the enemies'. There had been no attempt anywhere at breaking a line. Limited objectives were set even in the first day of surprise. Though the operation yielded many hundreds of guns and many thousands of prisoners, the enemy could, if he chose, represent the whole of it as an orderly retreat upon his part, and as the saving of his army from a moment of great peril, due to being caught unawares.

So could the enemy represent it, or his admirers. But if we want to understand what was in the mind of the Allied Higher Command, let us see what followed.

Any great risking of men, any too violent effort in this early stage (let alone any attempt at a rupture of the line, which was never attempted or thought of) would, after the withdrawal of the enemy to Vesle, and the straightening out of the Marne salient, have left the Allied command unable to resume the attack until after a long pause. So it had been after the German exhaustion on the Lys—a pause of a month between that and the attack on the Chemin des Dames. So it had been after the German check on the Matz—a pause of a month between that and the great fifty-mile attack east and west of Rheims.

Instead of such a pause, you get, after an interval of three days, the launching of the second attack or step in the Allied counter-attack. Its gradual process is extremely significant.

The front of the first successful step, after the enemy had been driven back to the heights of the Vesle, was one of rather more than 25 miles. Its western extremity lay before Soissons. More than 50 miles away as the crow flies, between 60 and 70 along the sinuous front, north of Montdidier, the village of Braches marked the left centre of the French 1st Army. Three miles further on the British 4th Army took up the line, which, for the purposes of this action, we need not follow further than the village of Ville on the Ancre, south of Albert.

#### 2.—THIRD BATTLE OF THE SOMME

At daybreak upon August 8th—only three days after the line on the Vesle had been stabilised for the moment—this British Fourth Army and this portion of the French 1st Army, both under the command of Sir Douglas Haig, opened the first phase of the second step.

The British effected a complete surprise. The French, with less rapidity, carried on the extension of the line; and by the end of that first day, Thursday, August 8th, the whole front was so far advanced that Amiens was out of enemy range, and in places the British troops had gone forward nine miles. But note that the whole thing was on a severely defined scale; the sector short, the numbers of attack limited, the objectives strictly defined to a comparatively narrow belt of country. There was none of that extended front and simultaneous movement of very large bodies which would be necessary for an attempted rupture of the German line.

The next day—Friday, August 9th—the second phase was opened by the bringing in of the whole French 1st Army, the surrounding of Montdidier, and the extension of the new front from 20 to nearer 35 miles.

The third phase of this second step opened on Saturday, August 10th, and continued for a full week following. It saw the entry of the French 3rd Army on the right of the 1st and the attack now well alight for 40 miles—all the way from in front of Ribecourt to Ville upon the Ancre.

Note how the front regularly extends; how sector after sector is deliberately involved; how each attack is successive to the last in a particular order; how there is an absence of any movement upon that largest scale, and in that immediate manner which denotes final action and the attempt at a decision.

At the end of this third phase in the second step—that is, round about August 17th—after what may be called the Third Battle of the Somme had lasted nine or ten days, you again have the appearance of stabilisation. The enemy once more begins to talk of our failure, as though the Allied Higher Command had made a great throw and fallen back—or, rather, stood to arms—exhausted. But it was only the second step which had ended "according to plan." There was more to come—much more.

Between the right of the French 3rd Army, thus apparently held upon the Lassigny Hills, and the left of the Allied front by Soissons opposed to the line of the Vesle which the Germans had taken up after their retreat from the Marne, there was a distance of from 16 to 20 miles.

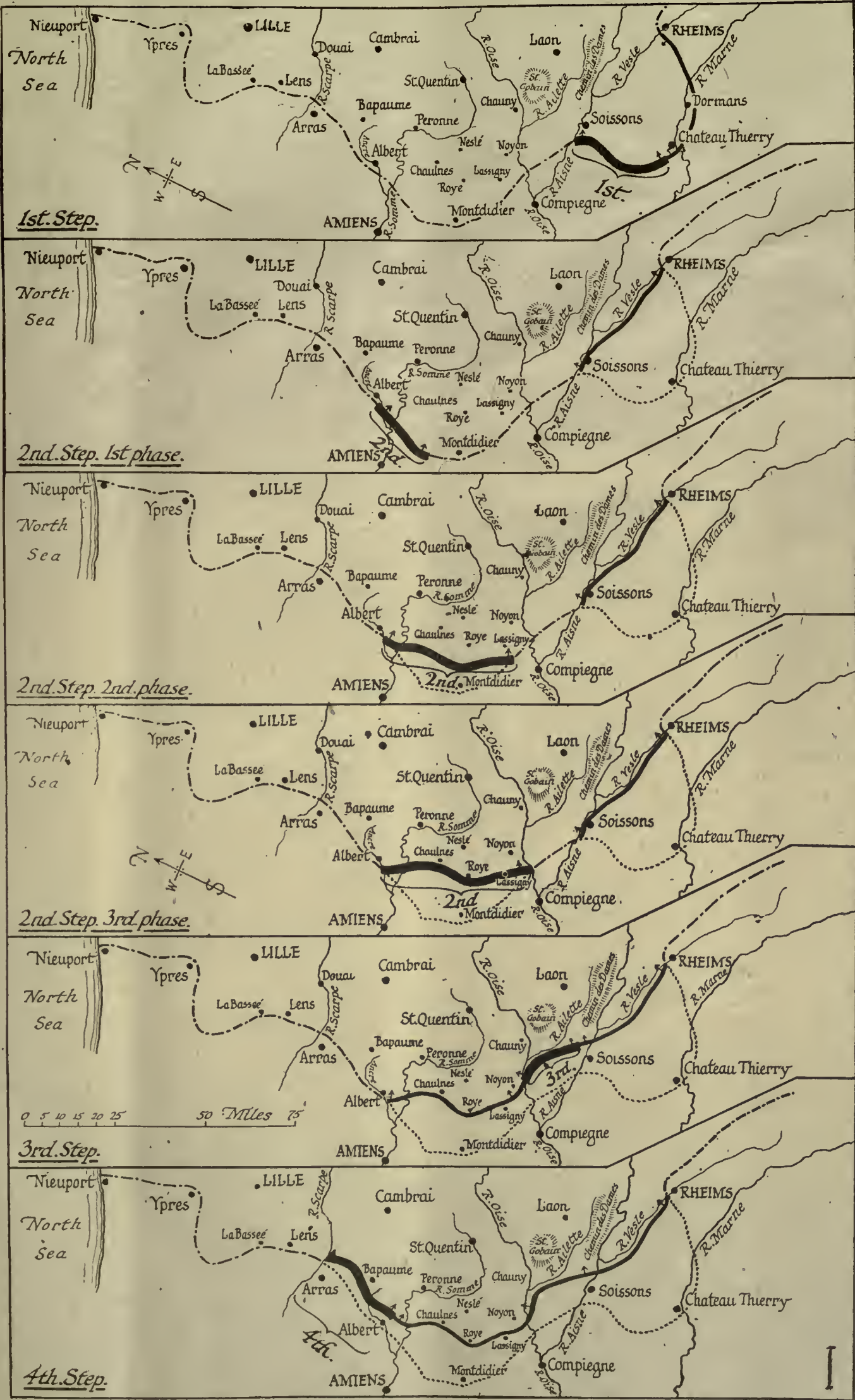
In this gap lay, hitherto quiescent, the 10th French Army, under General Mangin.

#### 3.—MANGIN'S BATTLE OF THE AISNE

The third step opened with Mangin's deliberately choosing two very short sectors for attack, and (upon August 17th and 18th) advancing on these no more than a mile, and taking no more than 2,000 prisoners and a few guns.

The enemy had his choice whether he would reinforce this now openly threatened new sector or not. But the line he was actively defending was already grievously extended,





THE SUCCESSIVE PHASES OF THE OFFENSIVE



and the request of the general opposite Mangin for reinforcement was at first refused. Upon August 19th Mangin and his 16th Army went forward along the whole line of 16 miles, and picked up some 8,000 prisoners and 200 guns. The enemy had already taken 44 divisions from his reserve of 60 to try to stop the gaps, first on the Marne salient, and then on the Somme. He was, too late, reluctantly spared another three\* to try to stop Mangin, but he failed to do so. On August 20th Mangin reached the Ailette, and was posted upon that Hill of Cuts from which he overlooked the whole of the Oise Valley, could shell the road supplying Noyon at short range, and compelled the enemy to fall back from Lassigny behind the Divette. The 3rd French Army on Mangin's left was now fighting, with its right well in contact with Mangin, and when this third step in the counter-offensive came to an end (upon the evening of Tuesday, August 20th), you had the whole line now engaged from Rheims to Ville on the Ancre, a distance of well over 110 miles. For the third time the enemy might have imagined that these efforts had reached their term; but he was yet to learn the meaning of that first phrase in that formula: he had himself abandoned "economy in men." "Economy in men while you nourish the battle, and await the chance of the final blow."

Mangin, I say, upon the Ailette, in front of Noyon, came to a halt upon the evening of Tuesday, August 20th.

#### 4.—THE BATTLE OF THE ANCRE

Upon the morning of Wednesday, the 21st, Byng, with the British 3rd Army, 50 miles away to the North of the nearest point of Mangin's movement, struck—again upon a limited sector and, again with limited objectives—in front of Bapaume.

This fourth blow was developed precisely as the others had been. Byng's attack at dawn involved only 7 miles of front. It was only later in the day extended to 10. It covered on the first day only some 2 or 3 miles of advance; it counted but very few guns and less than 3,000 prisoners.

In spite of their experience of now more than a month the enemy still spoke of this initial movement in the fourth step as a reverse for the Allies, because they had gone no further

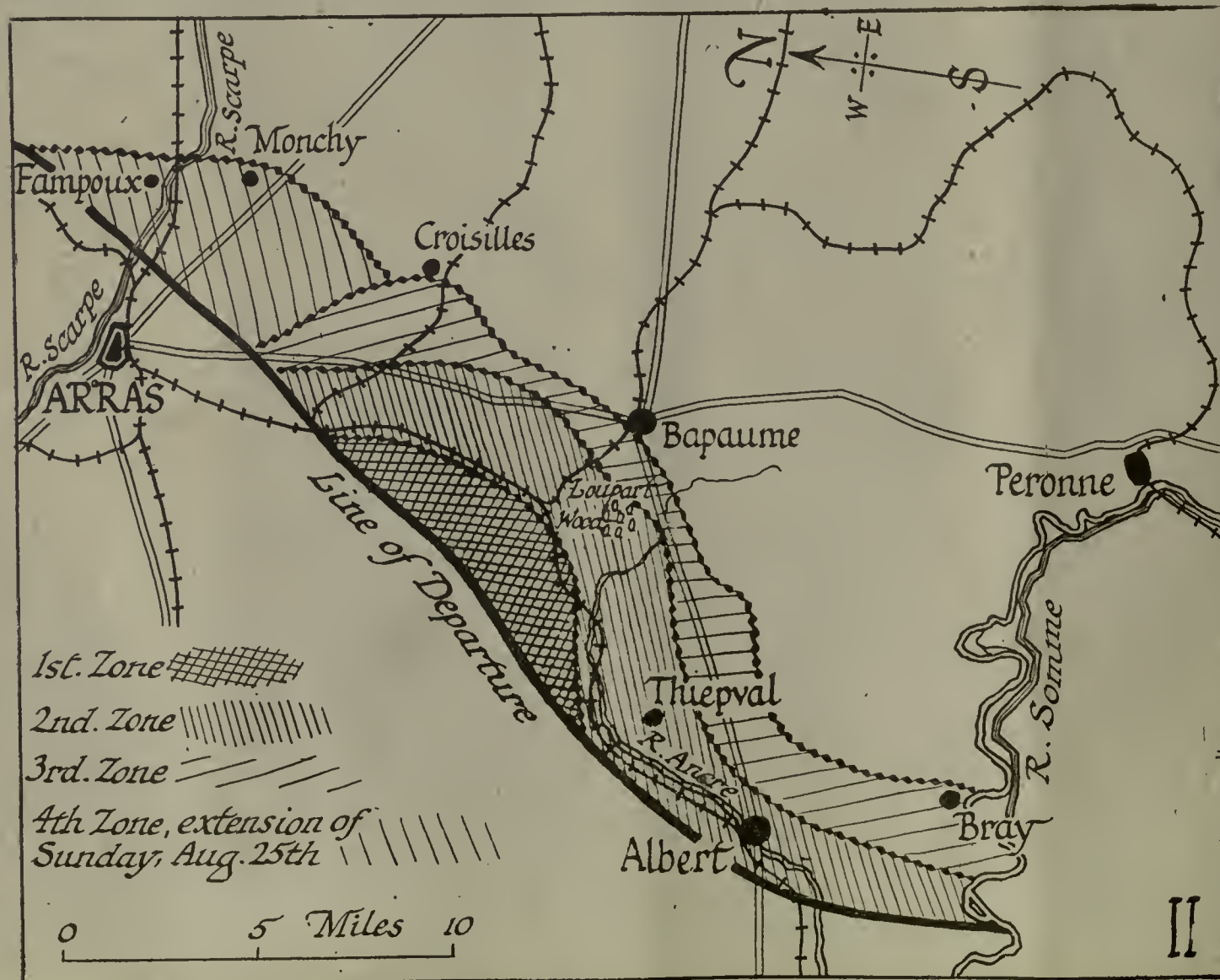
and had taken no more. "They had aimed at Bapaume and failed." *The Times* repeated that folly. But the next day and the next and the day after, the lesson both Prussia and *The Times* should already have thoroughly learnt was rubbed in. On the night of Wednesday, August 21st, there still remained on this long front between Arras and Rheims one quiescent sector, that of Albert. On Thursday, 22nd, and Friday, the 23rd, General Byng's right, the right that is of the British 3rd Army, extended the sector of fighting southward. On Saturday there was a movement forward everywhere right down to the Somme, and by that night the development of the fourth step in the great Allied counter-offensive found the British immediately outside the ruins of Bapaume; to the north of that town and east of it, as far forward as Croisilles; in possession of Albert in the south west; and counting 14,000 prisoners in the three days.

At this point the dispatches of Sunday come to an end, but they are sufficient. The plan is still proceeding; the area of battle and of advance continues to increase.

#### THE NET RESULTS

Between 110,000 and 120,000 prisoners remain in Allied hands, to represent the operations for five weeks; just on 2,000 guns similarly mark their success. The guns can be replaced, and prisoners, even so numerous, represent but 5 per cent. of the total infantry opposed to us between the Alps and the sea. Far more significant is the fact that in so short a time we have drawn all the enemy's available reserves—that is, fresh divisions—into the fight; that the whole has been conducted with a carefully regulated limit in the numbers engaged, and that step after step and phase after phase the enemy has been compelled to *our* form of battle, and to see *us* retain the initiative. We can use it in future as we will.

Nor is this all. Look at these sketches, and note how the line in its largest extent at the conclusion of last Sunday, when all the right of the 3rd Army was engaged, and when, from the very neighbourhood of Arras to the very neighbourhood of Rheims, all the 150 miles of front were alive, there still remained those two quiescent but menacing flanks from Rheims to the Argonne, from Arras to Ypres and to the marshes of the Yser.



THE BRITISH ADVANCE BETWEEN THE SCARPE AND THE SOMME



# The Baffled Pirates: By Arthur Pollen

A Review of the Submarine War, and the Changes in the German Admiralty

THE loss of ships in the month of July was greater by over 30,000 tons than in the month of June. The increase in the British loss is about 11,000 tons, and in the allied and neutral loss nearly 20,000. These results have been given to the public as "somewhat" or "very" disappointing. But is this quite just to those who are running the anti-submarine campaign? The figures certainly have not disappointed me, for the circumstances being what they are, the losses are very considerably less than I expected. These circumstances may be grouped under six headings.

1. British losses are up 11,000 tons; allied and neutral nearly 20,000. But the losses include the *Justicia*, whose gross tonnage exceeds the total increase both for British and for neutral and Allied shipping. Had *Justicia* been of the average displacement of the ships sunk in 1917, which was less than 4,000 tons, British losses would be 18,000 tons less than the June losses, and total losses within 4,000 tons of that month. If we are to regard the tonnage lost as a measure of the efficiency of our defensive campaign, then we must distinguish when a ship of exceptional tonnage is included. If the measure were not tonnage, but the number of successful attacks, there probably would be nothing to choose between July and June.

2. Three weeks ago I warned the readers of this journal that one of the German replies to the offensive that Marshal Foch had then just begun would have to be a greater effort at sea. It was, therefore, fully to be expected that the enemy would push his submarine activity to the utmost, and that commanders and crews would have every inducement held out to them to face greater risks and, at any cost, to get better results. I did not know at the time of another factor not less powerful that was making for an increased submarine activity. It was precisely in July that the agitation against Holtzendorff was coming to a head. He had, therefore, every motive for doing his utmost to justify the policy of which for two and a half years he had been the protagonist. Viewing the position, then, from the point of view both of the enemy's general necessity and of the embarrassments of the Admiralty Staff, at least half of the period under review was one likely to see the enemy's maximum offensive effort.

But to this it must be added that July was also a period of our minimum effort. The public is familiar with the fact that the March offensive incited our gallant allies in America to send men over both to this country and France in such numbers as have never before been contemplated. We know that month after month an average of over a quarter of a million men left the American ports and landed safely in British and French ports. We also know that more than 60 per cent. of these were brought in British ships, and that 80 per cent. of all the ships bringing troops were convoyed and protected by the Royal Navy. Now, the convoying and protective forces—cruisers, sloops, and destroyers—suffer from the same disadvantage as the lamented Sir Boyle Roche. They cannot be in two places at the same time; and though aircraft are more like birds than anything that eloquent Hibernian had ever dreamed of, they, too, are subject to a similar limitation. Now, it is obvious that the American troops, their transports and their supplies, are a first charge on our defensive organisation. The marvel is this: That this organisation had greatly expanded we all took for granted. But now it seems to have found itself equal to quadrupling the shepherding of the army that is to win the war, while maintaining to the full the care of our own, the neutral and the Allied vessels that are engaged in the general business of supply. Note that the period has not been marked by the loss of a single troop-laden transport. Those that have suffered, such as the *Justicia* herself, have been returning empty for more troops. The convoying, then, has been thoroughly done—without our merchant shipping having been correspondingly exposed! The submarines have during the last three months, and especially during July, had a better field than at any time throughout the year. It is surprising that they have not made better use of it.

3. To the foregoing must be added another circumstance, and it is this. July was a period of the longest daylight—and of the most luminous daylight—of any period of the year except June; and, except for brief intervals, it was marked by continuous fine weather, the two combining to make very favourable conditions for submarine work.

4. It has been said—and no doubt with justice—that the toll we have taken, principally by mine and depth charge, of German submarines has told upon the *morale* and resolution of their crews. But we should be deceiving ourselves altogether if we supposed that that *morale*, in spite of so adverse an influence, was not still exceedingly high. Everything combines to show us, indeed, that, whatever the difficulty the enemy may have in finding crews still eager for the work, that he is nevertheless still finding them. And we should bear in mind also that whatever he may lose, whatever weakness he may feel from the crew difficulty, may be more than compensated by a growth of the skill and experience of his U-boat captains. It has often been pointed out that losses by submarine have seldom been proportional to the number of submarines engaged. But it has never been in doubt that the results got by each submarine are proportional to the skill, the nerve, and the resource with which it is handled. By this time the general character of our defensive measures is probably very thoroughly understood by all the pirate leaders; and, heavy as is the toll we take of them, it stands to reason that we are more likely to get the less skilful than the more skilful, because the evasion of risk is, after all, the first condition of submarine success. Until, then, the career of the U-boat is summarily stopped by such physical obstacles as mines, which no ingenuity can overcome or circumvent, it is to be expected that the reduction in numbers of U-boats may be balanced by a growth in the skill with which the survivors are handled, and this, despite the fact that the difficulty of finding crews of sufficient resolution to start in the business at all, may be considerable.

This advance in skill and resource of submarine captains—if, as I suppose, it really is a necessary factor in the case—would show itself principally in getting ships out of convoys, in defiance of the convoys' protective forces. In the first six months after the convoy principle was adopted only 1½ per cent. of ships so protected were sunk. It would be interesting to know what the figure is now. For what it is worth, the Germans claim it has altered in their favour.

5. Another material point that has to be borne in mind is that in the month of July 7,718,898 gross tons of shipping entered or cleared our ports, from and to ports over sea. This is by much the highest tonnage recorded, except in the month of May, when the British loss was more than 50,000 tons greater than in July and the Allied loss only 4,000 tons less. It is not unscientific to measure the success of our defensive by the number of targets exposed to attack. On this test the July returns are certainly satisfactory.

6. Finally, we have to remember that the defensive campaign does not take the form of protecting each ship from its start till it enters into port. The policy is one, partly of protecting ships, partly of protecting areas. The application of this will become very apparent if we look back to page 14 of the issue of LAND & WATER of August 8th, whereon will be found an outline map in Mr. Whitaker's article, showing the sinkings round these islands in the month of April last year. It will be observed that the two main areas are south-west of Ireland and, diagonally opposite to it another between, let us say, Aberdeen and the mouth of the Humber. The area south of Ireland covers the western ends of the Atlantic lanes; the northern area the centring points of the North Sea trade. When the American destroyers came to this side they were stationed, as all the world now knows, at Queenstown, and it was their particular function to defend ships coming in from the Atlantic into European waters. Here, in co-operation with a large number of British craft, they very soon effected a marked change in the position. Almost simultaneously there grew up French bases also, a very necessary precaution in view not only of the overwhelming importance of the Atlantic trade, but the transportation services of the American Army. The measures taken in this area have met with a high degree of success. Speaking from memory, only one transport with men on board has been sunk, and the improved conditions of the Atlantic trade can be gathered from the fall in the rate of underwriting. As we have seen above, the effect of the recent quadrupling of the importation of American Army units has been to bring about a proportionate increase in the number of protective craft in this area. The effect of this is not only to make each transport safer than it would otherwise have been, it has made the whole area safer.

The tendency, then, of the events of the last three months



would be towards driving the submarines to another field; and this would, in all probability, mean to their other main field, namely, the area off our north-eastern ports. Whether this has been so or not, only accurate information could confirm, but the tendency must be that way, and a change in the venue of the attack would necessitate a change in the organisation of the defence. This would involve not merely a new bringing together of material, but the alteration and extension of the commands, now more deeply involved than they formerly were. Experience shows that it is exactly changes such as these that are the slowest to materialise. It would seem probable, then, that the enormous American military development has tended very largely to change the character of the submarine war, that this in turn has called for a regrouping of our commands with all the changes and developments and extensions and staff and personnel necessitated by it, and that these things in turn take time before they can be brought into efficient working order.

These six considerations tend, it seems to me, to put a very different complexion to the July returns than the bare figures themselves convey. To dwell only on the increase in losses without giving due weight to these matters, is to misrepresent the situation altogether.

Finally, the following figures might profitably be borne in mind. The average monthly British loss in the first quarter of the year was 232,500 tons. In the second quarter it was 208,000 tons. In July the actual loss was 176,000 tons. But for the *Justicia*, it would have been, let us say, 160,000 tons—practically only 60 per cent. of the average of four months ago. This is not a showing for which those who are responsible need apologise.

I make no apology for returning to the subject of the enemy's sea dilemma, which I discussed last week. The discussion arose out of the supercession of von Holtzendorff by Admiral Scheer, and the inference drawn by British naval writers that the latter's policy would be one of fleet initiative. We saw that the factor favourable to such a policy was the double failure of the submarine. First, it has not come up to the expectations which Grand Admiral von Tirpitz and von Holtzendorff himself had so confidently predicted both in 1916—when the wise caution of Bethmann-Hollweg led to the American ultimatum being respected—and in 1917, when the German Government decided to adopt ruthlessness, even at the cost of America coming in—the old policy of damning the consequences. Secondly, it had been unable, by sinking the transports, to stand the Americans off, once they had been provoked to fight. The factors against the fleet coming out to fight were, first, the faint probability of surviving a sea battle; next, the collapse of the submarine war, which its total destruction would involve.

Since last week I have had an opportunity of more fully perusing the German Press controversies occasioned by the Admiralty changes. One gets the impression that the position is extraordinarily involved. At first sight it looks as if the same forces that had hunted Kühlmann out of public life, because he was for moderation, had now chased off von Holtzendorff, not for his want of moderation, but for the very moderate success of his excesses. Reventlow and company dance remorselessly on his prostrate body, because in 1916 he, who had taken Tirpitz's place and actually began the execution of the Tirpitz policy, surrendered to Bethmann Hollweg, who has never succeeded in living down his unfortunate speech about Belgium, and is now beyond the pale of forgiveness for warning his Emperor and countrymen against bringing the American peril upon the Fatherland. But if we look at the thing closer, we find that there is a considerable background of alarm behind all this unseemly triumph over the fallen admiral. Unfortunately for himself, Holtzendorff had not only promised that England would be starved in six months: he had also sworn that the U-boat, which would put England out of the business of war, would keep America out of the same business. It is attributed to his inspiration that Stresemann, a leading intellectual of the Reichstag, misled that eminent body by his boast that every ship at sea "was actually under German control," and that the self-confident Hegt announced, amidst general approval, that "the great army over the water cannot swim across the water, neither can it fly; it will not be able to get to Europe."

From all of which it appears that, just at the time that British critics are announcing the July losses somewhat reproachfully as being unexpectedly high, German spirits are falling exceedingly low over the submarine two-fold failure. Persius, the most level-headed writer of the lot, sticks to his old task and tries to discount the extravagant hopes of those who thought the submarine could do everything, and to reassure those who, now that it has neither starved England nor kept America out, think that it has done nothing. He is, poor man, sick to death of the official

exaggerations and the wild hopes these exaggerations have caused. A sailor himself, he is hot for the honour of his brothers of the craft. What does it matter, he cries, whether they have sunk 600,000 tons a month (which is what the Germans claim) or 300,000 only (which is more than the English Admiralty allow); theirs are deeds achieved in face of superhuman difficulties and dangers, and are all of them heroic. Germany ought to be grateful, not critical. Persius is under no illusion in the matter of the High Seas Fleet taking the place of the under-sea boat. The latter, he maintains, is still Germany's "most potent" sea weapon. Holtzendorff himself seems, on the eve of his fall, to have seen the danger of too sharp a reaction of sentiment from one form of sea initiative to another. It was a last despairing appeal to the figures which he has repeated so often that now one supposes he must believe them. For the first six months of this year, he says, the enemy world has been losing 630,000 tons of shipping a month, and not replacing half of it. At the worst, the Allies, thanks to the submarine, are every month poorer in shipping to the tune of 330,000 tons. We may look forward, he says, to the future with confidence. "The sacrifice and devotion of our U-boat crews is to continue and"—note the context—"so also will the untiring successful work of our High Seas Fleet, *as only it can guarantee the carrying out of the U-boat war in the necessary manner*, IT ONLY can safeguard our points of support and *keep the free routes to the sea open to the submarines*." Read this in conjunction with what Persius says about "the most potent weapon," and we have at least two voices in Germany warning the Government against any gamble which might lose the Fatherland not only the fleet, but the submarine war as well.

The dilemma is indeed a serious one. We know, of course, that von Holtzendorff's figures are preposterous. Allied shipping has been on the upward grade for nearly two months, and before the year is out our combined resources should be equal to replacing the total existing net loss in a very few months' time. But while this is so, it does not at all follow that the U-boat campaign has lost *all* value. If it does nothing else, it postpones the date at which our shipping resources will be so great as to relieve us, not from anxiety, which is gone already, but from inconvenience and serious loss and embarrassment, which may continue for many months to come. Sober reflection will probably convince Scheer, just as it did Holtzendorff, that to throw the High Seas Fleet into action now would be to precipitate Germany's complete helplessness on the water. It is a condition which is doubtless bound to arise. And the great sea battle is a development which is also probably bound to come when Germany's land position is desperate.

Meantime, the question before Scheer is this. Is it possible for him to deal with the menace of the continual inflow of Americans into France without necessarily risking the entire destruction of the German Fleet in a great sea battle? The Americans are reported to be coming in at a rate exceeding a quarter of a million a month. As a means of preventing an ultimate American invasion of Germany, the U-boat has failed altogether. Can anything else be tried? It will be remembered that when von Hipper and Scheer came out on May 31st and got involved in the battle of Jutland, one of the favourite subjects of naval speculation was whether they had not some ultimate object other than an engagement with Sir David Beatty. Were they trying to cover the exit of fast and stoutly armed raiders which, under the protection of the fleets, could pass up the Norwegian coast and gain the Atlantic without interference? Were they trying to get their fast units into the neighbourhood of the Murman coast, there perhaps to seize a Russian port, and, at any rate, to cut off all communication between Great Britain and Archangel, thus completing the isolation of Russia, then a formidable unit in the war?

Well, it is obvious that to-day Germany has a far stronger motive for trying to get fast, well-armed units into the open sea than she has ever had since she committed the extraordinary blunder of declining to risk any of her ships to prevent Lord French's forces landing in France in the early days of the war. That want of courage perhaps cost Germany her first defeat on the River Marne. The uninterrupted free passage of the sea, which the American Army has enjoyed up to now, has contributed directly to her second defeat on the same historic river. It is already common knowledge that an army of very formidable dimensions, hitherto entirely unemployed, is now available to Marshal Foch for a blow, the direction of which the enemy cannot guess. So much the Americans have done already. By this time next year their force in France will be at least five times as large. If for a comparatively small stake the Germans were willing to take chances with their fleet in 1916—well, it is obvious that the stake is of infinitely higher value to-day.



# The Turkish Conspiracy

By HENRY MORGENTHAU

## The Opening of the Dardanelles Adventure

*THERE was no knowledge in this country, at the time of the Dardanelles adventure, of the state of feeling inside Turkey at the time, but Mr. Morgenthau, in Constantinople, was able to see the confusion and fear into which the country, and especially the capital, Constantinople, were thrown by the certainty that the Allied fleet would succeed in forcing the Strait. The state of mind induced among the Turks and their German mentors is admirably pictured in this article.*

**W**ANGENHEIM showed great anxiety over the proposed removal of the Government to Eski-Shehr. In early January, when every one was expecting the arrival of the Allied Fleet, preparations had been made for moving the Government to Asia Minor; and now again, at the first rumbling of the British and French guns, the special trains were prepared once more. Wangenheim and Pallavicini both told me of their unwillingness to accompany the Sultan and the Government to Asia Minor. Should the Allies capture Constantinople, the Ambassadors of the Central Powers would find themselves cut off from their home countries and completely in the hands of the Turks. "The Turks could then hold us as hostages," said Wangenheim. They urged Talaat to establish the emergency Government at Adrianople, from which town they could motor in and out of Constantinople, and then, in case the city were captured, they could make their escape home. The Turks, on the other hand, refused to adopt this suggestion because they feared an attack from Bulgaria. Wangenheim and Pallavicini now found themselves between two fires. If they stayed in Constantinople, they would, naturally, become prisoners of the English and French; if they went to Eski-Shehr, it was not unlikely that they would become prisoners of the Turks.

It all seems so strange now, this conviction that was uppermost in the minds of everybody then—that the success of the Allied Fleets against the Dardanelles was inevitable and that the capture of Constantinople was a matter of only a few days. I recall an animated discussion that took place at the American Embassy on the afternoon of February 24th. Practically all were on hand this afternoon. The first great bombardment of the Dardanelles had taken place five days before;

this had practically destroyed the fortifications at the mouth of the Strait. There was naturally only one subject of discussion: Would the Allied Fleets get through? What would happen if they did? Everybody expressed an opinion—Wangenheim, Pallavicini, Garroni, the Italian Ambassador, D'Anckarsvard, the Swedish Minister, Koloucheff, the Bulgarian Minister, Kühlmann, and Scharfenberg, First Secretary of the German Embassy, and it was the unanimous opinion that the Allied attack would succeed. I particularly remember Kühlmann's attitude. He discussed the capture of Constantinople almost as though it was something which had taken place already. The Persian Ambassador showed great anxiety; his Embassy stood not far from the Sublime Porte; he told me that he feared that the latter building would be bombarded and that a few stray shots might easily set fire to his own residence, and he asked if he might move his archives to the American Embassy. The wildest rumours were afloat; we were told that the Standard Oil Agent at the Dardanelles had counted seventeen transports loaded with troops; that the warships had already fired 800 shots and had levelled all the hills at the entrance; and that Talaat's bodyguard had been shot—the implication being that the bullet had missed its intended victim. It was said that the whole Turkish populace was aflame with the fear that the English and the French, when they reached the city, would celebrate the event by a wholesale attack on Turkish women. The latter reports were, of course, absurd; they were merely characteristic rumours set afloat by the Germans and their Turkish associates.

And in all this excitement there was one lonely and despondent figure—this was Talaat. Whenever I saw him in those critical days, he was the picture of desolation and



ENVER AT HIS DESK IN THE MINISTRY OF WAR

He was the only person of importance who believed that the Turks could keep the Allied Fleet from passing the Dardanelles



defeat. The Turks, like most primitive peoples, wear their emotions on the surface, and with them the transition from exultation to despair is a short one. The thunder of the British guns at the Strait apparently spelled doom to Talaat. The letter carrier of Adrianople seemed to have reached the end of his career. As soon as the guns began to fire, placards appeared on the hoardings, denouncing Talaat and his associates as responsible for all the woes that had come to Turkey.

In the midst of all this excitement, there was one person who was apparently not at all disturbed. Though ambas-

sadors, generals, and politicians might anticipate the worst calamities, Enver's voice was reassuring and quiet. The man's coolness and really courageous spirit never shone to better advantage. In late December and January, when the city had its first fright over the bombardment, Enver was fighting the Russians in the Caucasus. His experiences in this campaign, as already described, had been far from glorious. Enver had left Constantinople in November to join his army an expectant conqueror; he returned in the latter part of January, the commander of a thoroughly beaten and demoralised force. Such a disastrous experience would have utterly ruined almost any other military leader, and that Enver felt his reverses keenly was evident from the way in which he kept himself from public view. I had my first glimpse of him after his return at a concert given for the benefit of the Red Crescent. At this affair Enver sat far back in a box, as though he intended to keep as much as possible out of sight; it was quite apparent that he was uncertain as to the cordiality of his reception by the public. A few days afterwards he discussed the situation with me. He was much astonished, he said, at the fear that so generally prevailed, and he was disgusted at the preparations that had been made to send away the Sultan and the Government and practically leave the city a prey to the English. He did not believe that the Allied Fleets could force the Dardanelles; he had recently inspected all the fortifications and he had every confidence in their ability to resist successfully.

Yet Enver's assurance did not satisfy his associates. They had made all their arrangements for the British Fleet. If, in spite of the most heroic resistance the Turkish Armies could make, it still seemed likely that the Allies were about to capture the city, the ruling powers had their final plans all prepared. They proposed to do to this great capital precisely what the Russians did to Moscow, when Napoleon appeared before it.

"They will never capture an existing city," they told me, "only a heap of ashes." As a matter of fact, this was no idle threat. I was told that cans of petroleum had been already secreted in all the police stations and other places, ready to fire the town at a moment's notice. The Turks had particularly marked for dynamiting the Mosque of Santa Sophia. This building, which had been a Christian church centuries before it became a Mohammedan mosque, is one of the most magnificent structures of the vanished Byzantine Empire. Naturally, the suggestion of such an act of vandalism aroused us all, and I made a plea to Talaat that Santa Sophia should be spared. He treated the proposed destruction lightly. "There are not six men in the Committee of Union and Progress," he told me, "who care for anything that is old. We all like new things!"



THE CROWN PRINCE OF TURKEY

The Prince was fully in sympathy with the Allies and opposed to the Germans. This probably accounts for his tragic

death. The officer on the left is Colonel Djavid Bey, and on the right of the Crown Prince is Captain Nourey Bey.

three of us sat down and decided on a course of action. We took a map of Constantinople and marked the districts which, under the existing rules of warfare, we agreed that the Allied Fleet would have the right to bombard. Thus, we decided that the War Office, Marine Office, telegraph offices, railroad stations and all public buildings could quite legitimately be made the targets for their guns. Then we marked out certain zones which we should insist on regarding as immune. The main residential section, and the part where all the Embassies are located, is Pera, the district on the north shore of the Golden Horn. This we marked as not subject to attack. We also delimited certain residential areas of Stamboul and Galata, the Turkish sections. I telegraphed to Washington, asking the State Department to obtain a ratification of these plans and an agreement to respect these zones of safety from the British and French Governments. I received a reply endorsing my action.

All preparations had thus been made. At the station stood trains which were to take the Sultan and the Government and the Ambassadors to Asia Minor. They had steam up, ready to move at a minute's notice. We were all awaiting the triumphant arrival of the Allied Fleet.

(To be continued)

Next week we shall publish Mr. Morgenthau's dramatic account of what he describes as the greatest blunder in history—the failure of the Allied Ships to force the passage of the Dardanelles.

Talaat had referred as liking 'old things.' Bedri came to arrange the details of my departure. As Ambassador I was personally accredited to the Sultan, and it would, obviously, be my duty, said Bedri, to go wherever the Sultan went. To this proposal I entered a flat refusal. I informed Bedri that I thought that my responsibilities made it necessary for me to remain in Constantinople.

Both Bedri and Djambolat were much younger and less experienced men than I, and I therefore told them that they needed a man of maturer years to advise them in an international crisis of this kind. I was not only interested in protecting foreigners and American institutions, but I was also interested, on general humanitarian grounds, in safeguarding the Turkish population from the excesses that were generally expected. The several nationalities, many of them containing elements which were given to pillage and massacre, were causing great anxiety. I therefore proposed to Bedri and Djambolat that the three of us form a kind of a committee to take control in the approaching crisis. They consented, and the



# In Hun Hands in East Africa: By Effendi

**A**T the outbreak of war in East Africa the Germans completely lost their heads, and the generally expressed opinion was that within a few months the Union Jack would be flying over the German bomas or forts. Consequently the British civilians who were in the Protectorate, and who had been taken prisoners, were quite decently treated; although even then countless official promises were broken.

The month of November, 1914, was a most unfortunate one for East Africa in many ways. Then an Indian Expeditionary Force suffered a severe defeat at Tanga, an event of far-reaching effect. Hitherto the natives had had the greatest respect for everything English, and the German askari—many of them discharged men of the K.A.Rs.—were by no means anxious to try conclusions with the much-feared enemy. After the Tanga disaster, however, there was a marked difference all round. The German troops, both Europeans and blacks, became confident instead of depressed; pessimists became optimists, and optimists became unbalanced idiots who predicted the imminent occupation of British East Africa and proclaimed from the house-tops their conviction that Britain could now never send a force large enough to conquer their colony.

It will thus be seen that the Germans felt that they had the upper hand. True to their nature, they *immediately* began a policy of oppression. It is important to remember that the unnecessary hardships and cruelties to which British prisoners were subjected were not gradually evolved on account of unavoidable circumstances, but that a deliberate policy of maltreatment was embarked upon by the German authorities as soon as their unexpected victory at Tanga led them to believe that they could ill-use with impunity the enemy subjects in their power.

## At Kilimatinde

At this time the writer was confined at Kilimatinde, almost in the centre of German East Africa. The land is—or was then—literally flowing with milk and honey; large herds of cattle grazed in the immediate vicinity of the station, while fowls and eggs were plentiful and cheap. At first the food was splendid, but before Christmas, 1914, it had become almost uneatable. The so-called bread was a fearsome concoction of sour native meal; the rice was gritty, only half-decorticated, and half-cooked; the meat was what could not be sold in the native market; and beans which we often got, were invariably weevil-eaten and burnt.

But food was a secondary matter. What was far worse was that there was no pretence of executing justice. Prisoners were confined to dirty, ill-smelling, vermin-infested native cells some 7 feet square and 6 feet high, without any trial for slight, if any, offences. A planter, also sentenced without a chance to defend himself, contracted severe malaria whilst undergoing punishment; but, in spite of repeated requests to the commandant, was refused quinine, blankets, or even drinking water. Finally, he was compelled to drink the soapy water in which he had washed.

In March, 1915, we were deprived of servants, and ordered to do all our own washing, cleaning, waiting at table, and other menial duties. This again was a deliberate attempt to degrade us in the eyes of the natives, for under ordinary conditions the European keeps at least two servants in his employ.

At the end of April nine of us were transferred to another camp, called Kiboriani. On the journey thence we were given no food for twenty-four hours.

There we were, in the charge of two Germans of the worst possible character—two privates, whose actions were not controlled in any manner. They treated the forty ladies and men under them in the most arbitrary manner; the native askari were allowed almost unrestrained action, even so far as to abuse the ladies and insult the men. The food was worse even than at Kilimatinde, and every one suffered from chronic diarrhoea.

On one occasion a local English mission sent two boxes of pomegranates for the prisoners; but, rather than let us eat them, they were locked in a store-room and allowed to rot. We calculated that we were costing not more than 5d. per head per day to feed, and that that estimate was liberal!

The cell was a leaky grass hut that had previously been a donkey-shed. Although the altitude was 6,000 feet, the unfortunate prisoner was allowed only one blanket, and was fed on cold water and uneatable bread.

## At Tabora

Accustomed as we thought we had become to every conceivable kind of insult and hardships, the camp at Tabora was to provide us with many an unwelcome proof of the Hun's devilish ingenuity in inventing trials for those in his power. This camp contained most of the military and naval prisoners, in addition to a number of civilians.

Our arrival was scarcely propitious. Our escort, a mild-mannered nervous mission brother, had given us no food for twenty-four hours, informing us that the I.G.C. had given him strict orders to that effect. On entering the camp, he told the guard in charge, mentioning that we should probably complain. The answer, in a loud bullying tone, for our benefit, was: "Good God, we'll soon teach them to complain; they'll soon get used to going without food!"

At 6 a.m. we rose, washed, dressed, made our beds, and swept the rooms. At 6.20 we were sent down to a well, some 400 yards off, each with two buckets, to get water. At 6.45 roll-call; then breakfast. Often, if the guard felt ill-humoured, we were called away from table before anyone had finished; sometimes even before many people had had their plates passed to them. Then until 11 o'clock we were kept carrying water for the camp, for native masons, for a tannery, for trees whose roots were in water, and for the guard's garden. Each trip we were carrying 60 lb. to 70 lb., and to do this hour after hour in the heat of the African sun was a great strain. Our journeys were timed, and if we were a minute or two longer than seemed good to the guard we were kept at it till 11.30 or 12 o'clock, at which hour we lunched. The meal over and roll-call taken, we were free until 2 or 2.30, according to our gaoler's mood. Then more water-carrying until 4 or later gave us barely time to change and bath before 6 o'clock fall-in. After dinner we could sit and chat until 9 o'clock, when we had a final roll-call, and were locked in the dormitories—long, corrugated iron sheds.

At first, most men were engaged in water-carrying; but other duties included cleaning our own and native latrines, stamping cement floors, road-making, weeding, gathering bark in the bush and carrying sacks of it back to camp and beating it for tanning purposes, and pulling through the streets lorries of cement and other goods before the eyes of jeering natives. Many of the service men were scarcely decently clothed, and when we were sent through the marketplace with loads, the blacks enjoyed the edifying and previously unknown spectacle of laughing at a crowd of barefooted Europeans whose shirts were "nothing much before and rather less than half of that behind," and whose trousers were but in few cases intact. The German governor, who resided within a stone's throw of the camp for months, yet never once visited it, actually gave orders that people in such a disgraceful state of clothing were not to offend his taste by marching past the end of his garden; yet they could be halted in the main street for the edification of untutored savages. Fever was widespread, but no consideration was shown the invalids.

Streams of the most disgusting abuse were poured over us individually and collectively at roll-call and at other times by the guards, simply because they were top-dog, and meant to let us know it.

One of the standing rules of the camp was that complaints were not allowed. Men were struck, kicked, and threatened, yet redress was impossible.

The arbitrary high-handedness to which we were subjected may be gathered from the fact that roughly half of the prisoners were placed in cells, missionaries not being spared, and one old archdeacon, who was in the country before the Germans, i.e., over forty years ago, being threatened most rudely with incarceration. There was never any semblance of a trial, and frequently no charge was made.

After the taking of Moshi, in March, 1916, things improved greatly. Native prisoners cleaned the latrines, Indians hauled water, and most of the jobs on which we had been employed were discontinued. The Governor intimated his desire always to treat the prisoners with every consideration, asked what "concessions" we requested, and hinted that we might be permitted to live free in the town if we chose.

Guards who had blustered and abused now smiled and addressed us as Mr. —. In short, the Hun, realising that his days were numbered, began to creep and crawl, and smirk and smile, as he alone can. Cowardly at heart, he had not the nerve to continue to treat us as dogs.

The Hun is more despicable when lenient than when brutal.



# An Old Book Read Again : By L. P. Jacks

**W**HEN I was a boy at school I was given, as a prize for "proficiency" in something or another, a calf-bound copy of Prescott's *History of the Conquest of Mexico*. In those days my interest in the New World hardly extended beyond the fact that it was the abode of the Red Indian; and I remember to this hour my indignation and disgust on discovering that this book of "history" had been assigned me as a holiday task. However, I read it—or "did" it, as we used to say—and duly wrote the "essay" upon it expected by my preceptors at the termination of the holidays.

Needless to say, I conceived a hatred towards the book which has lingered with me into riper years, and in consequence of which I have never opened it since, until the other day. Yet, somehow, that calf-bound volume has clung to me tenaciously; has followed me about in my wanderings through life; has been packed and unpacked in I know not how many changes of residence; and has always managed to occupy a prominent place in my library. I have lost many of my books; many have been borrowed and never returned; I have been somewhat careless in looking after them; but this book has remained immune alike from my own carelessness and from the dishonesty of my friends. Often I have had difficulty in finding other books I wanted to read; but this one, which I never wanted to read, has always been the first to stare me in the face whenever I went to my library shelves. That circumstance, I think, has deepened my hatred of it. Perhaps the reader has a book which has played him the same trick and become the object of the same emotions.

It is probable that my aversion to the *History of the Conquest of Mexico* would never have been overcome had it not been for the salutary influence of the Great War. It came about in this way. The war had set me thinking—as it has set many people thinking—about "conquest" in general, and about some conquests in particular. I had been pondering the part which conquest has played in building up all the great nations of the world—my own included. I had been reflecting on the way in which habits of conquest and traditions of conquest had become embedded in the structure of these great States and in the character of the peoples who inhabit them; and especially I had been wondering what the little nations would say if the great ones, which have conquered so much, were to forbid them to conquer anything. Then, too, I had been trying to reckon up some of the benefits that I enjoyed from day to day as a legacy from the conquering deeds of the British race; of how, for example, the very sugar I put in my coffee—or used to put—owed something of its presence on my table to the buccaneers of Central America and to the old raiders on the Spanish main. Insensibly my thoughts were drawn nearer and nearer to the equator; until, chancing one day to look up from my library chair, the word "Mexico," printed in tarnished gilt on the back of the calf-bound volume, suddenly caught my eye. "After all," I said to myself, "that book may be worth reading again. In Mexico, *per se*, I am not much interested. But the conquest of Mexico is another matter. From the little I remember of the book, it was a very thorough-going, genuine, out-and-out kind of conquest—a conquest that did not pretend to be anything but a conquest—as due, for example, to a fit of absence of mind. Here, then, I may find the typical article undiluted by the after-thoughts of historians. Moreover, the book may help me to understand how the New World first became the property of the Old World—an interesting question in view of the American pronouncements in favour of a League of Peace, which is to put a stop to conquest in the future proceedings of the great States. The Conquest of Mexico was, if I remember rightly, the first step in the process." And with that thought there suddenly rose before my mind a distinct vision of the portrait of Hernando Cortes, the conqueror of Mexico, prefixed to my old volume, which I had not opened for more than a generation: a man with the neck of a bull and the face of a mystic. I had the book down in a twinkling. And that night I did not go to bed.

It is a terrible story. The author says it is an epic, and from the literary point of view that, I dare say, is the proper name. But in the human sense it is a tragedy—one of the greatest and the most inexplicable. I am not ashamed to confess that I wept over it a dozen times and gnashed my teeth almost as often. Prescott's sympathies are with the Spaniards; mine are with the Aztecs. Here was a flourishing

civilisation, not yet developed, it is true, but full of promise. In fewer centuries than most civilised races have taken to advance as far, the Aztecs had risen from savagery and chaos into an orderly, happy, progressive human society. They were lovers of beauty and they were lovers of order. They had their literature, their science, their arts. They were skilled agriculturists and notable builders. They had a religion which philosophers to this day find not unworthy of study, and which seems to have provided them with what they needed in that kind. True, there were human sacrifices: "bloody" enough, no doubt, but not "bloodier"

than those perpetrated by the Spanish Inquisition, then in full swing.

Their king or emperor was Montezuma, who, as I read the narrative, seems to have been far more of a Christian gentleman than the bull-necked mystic who did him to death. He was a gentle, forgiving, liberal-handed soul; utterly incapable of understanding the gold-hunting, cross-bearing, rapacious buccaneers who had so suddenly and strangely dropped from the skies into the midst of his smiling realms. If they asked for a



**MONTEZUMA**  
King of the Aztecs

thing, he gave it them. When he found that they wanted gold, he sent it in baskets full. Nothing could excel his politeness to Cortes, nor his hospitality, nor his general good manners. Under the severest trials he was never untrue to his word; never undignified, violent, or spiteful. Moreover, he seems to have had a capacity for loving his enemies, for a parallel to which I look in vain among the records of Christian monarchy. He conceived a sort of dog-like affection for Cortes which no cruelty, no perfidy could impair. Prescott leaves the impression that he was weak and vacillating in his dealings with the Spaniards. The truth is that he could not make them out and had not the remotest notion how to handle them. He had shown himself strong enough in dealing with his own people and his own conditions, for he had united all Mexico under his prosperous and enlightened rule. He had done for Mexico what Ferdinand and Isabella had done for Spain, and I see no reason to doubt that if things had been allowed to take their course, Mexican civilisation would have advanced rapidly to yet higher levels. It was only when this unknown element was launched into his life, and he was suddenly called to cope with a sort of human nature that lay beyond his ken, that he lost his bearings and suffered himself to become the sport of circumstances. The minds of these Spaniards, their motives, and their characters were as impenetrable to his understanding as their bodies, clothed in armour of proof, were impenetrable to the arrows of his troops. I do not believe that Montezuma was a weak man. But I am sure he was a gentleman. He offered the Spaniards courteous speech, hospitable actions, generous gifts. They waved the cross in his face and answered him with firebrands, musket balls, and Toledo steel.

It wrings the heart to read of this good man and his people, deserted by the Heavens, and with none on earth to champion their cause or to avenge their wrongs. Of course, their own gods left them in the lurch, though one of them, at all events, seems to have been quite a respectable deity, even if judged by modern standards of what a god ought to be. But—and this is perhaps a little more surprising—other people's gods seem to have been equally indifferent to their fate. It was unquestionably a cruel fate, and, so far as I can see, undeserved. In five years their empire was shattered to pieces, their chief cities burnt to the ground, their religion overthrown, their arts and literature scattered to the winds.



their lands torn from them by greedy strangers, their bodies enslaved to their conquerors. Hardly a voice was raised in protest. The Aztec race sank into the silence, leaving little behind them save the memory of their wrongs. And that a memory which is only preserved in the records of the men by whom the wrongs were committed, and which has now become a mere ghost.

At the same time, it is impossible to withhold one's admiration from the Spaniards, especially from Cortes. They were a tough lot, indomitable, pertinacious, and with the courage of lions. At no time during the conquest were more than seven or eight hundred actually engaged, and it was only by reviving old feuds among the Aztecs and playing off one party against another that the trick was done which added a new world to the dominions of Spain. Cortes, who may be taken as a type of them all, was unquestionably a mighty man, and I wonder he never focussed the attention of Carlyle. He ranks head and shoulders above that sordid bandit Frederick the Great. With a very little change—and yet a little that counts for much—one could speak of Cortes as one of the greatest men of history. His deeds may be read in two lights, as deeds of violence or as deeds of religion. Had it not been for his bull-neck the deeds would never have been done; had it not been for his mystic face, they would have been merely brutal and abominable. As it is, they present that most bewildering and mysterious spectacle of actions which spring at once from the highest and lowest motives of human nature. Of course, we have to read these things in the light of history, considering the times in which Cortes lived, the ideals then prevalent, and so on. But, even so, it is a queer puzzle. In all ages of the world such men are "a portent and an astonishment."

The Aztec civilisation was neither the first nor the last to be wiped out by another not superior to itself; for I cannot persuade myself, on a broad view of the facts, that the Spaniards had any claim to stand on a higher level than their victims. In many instances, notably in that of Greece, the spiritual essentials of the destroyed civilisation have survived the overthrow of its outward form, escaping like a liberated soul from the ruined body. But how different the history of the world would have been if Greece had been wiped out in the nascent stage of her culture! Such was the fate of the Aztecs. Their civilisation was nipped in the bud: a wind passed over it, and it was gone—body and soul. I cannot but believe that they had it in them to do great things. But they were never given a chance. How fortunate it is for our theories of "progress" that murdered civilisations, like murdered men, tell no tales! If only we could have a *History of Lost Causes* written by the losers! But it is the winner who tells the story, and he tells it to suit himself. There is a flaw in the history of the world at this point.

The reader who cares for historical parallels will find much in this narrative of plunder, butchery, and oppression to remind him of the Germans in our own day. And the parallel becomes still closer when we pass from the Conquest of Mexico to the Conquest of Peru, which followed a few years later. In the career of Cortes there is a redeeming tinge of romance and knighterrantry. But there was none of this in Pizarro, the Conqueror of Peru, as there is none in the Germans. Pizarro was an imitator of Cortes, as the Kaiser is an imitator of Napoleon, and in both cases the imitation has all the vices of a bad copy. Pizarro was an apostle of *schrecklichkeit* pursued to its logical conclusion, a sordid, perfidious ruffian, whom his own age, which was cruel enough, could not refrain from detesting. Nothing meaner or more brutal is recorded of man than his treatment of the Peruvian Inca. The Spaniards in Peru and the Germans in Belgium may be justly classed together as brothers in arms—for the same cause and with the same motives. The cause is plunder and the motives are greed. Even the religion—for there is something that calls itself by that name in both cases—is one, with a difference in the ritual and the phraseology.

Such is conquest, whether the scene be laid in Mexico or Belgium, in Lima or in Brest-Litovsk, in the sixteenth century or the twentieth. We do well to study it in forms such as these, where its nature stands forth naked and unashamed. In other forms, and with motives either similar or different, conquest has been going on for untold ages and in every quarter of the globe. It has provided, not indeed the whole body of human history, but the framework or skeleton on which the body has been built up. It has absorbed more human energy than any other pursuit or interest of mankind. Its results are engrained in the characters, traditions, aims, ambitions, and ideals of all nations, and even of all individuals, none excepted. We are all the children of conquerors: their blood flows in the veins of every man—

yes, and of every woman. There is no slave and no pacifist the wide world over but counts a conqueror among his ancestors. All day long we use, breathe, eat, drink, and enjoy the fruits of conquest—or lament that we have been deprived of them.

And now there is to be a League of Peace, and conquest is to be no more. I do not say that this is impossible. Nothing within reason is impossible to man. Nor do I hold a brief for conquest or proclaim it necessary to the evolution of the race. Let it be judged by its fruits—which is the world as we see it to-day, a somewhat mixed affair! But I do say that its elimination from the business of the nations will prove a difficult undertaking. Conquest is not the name for



**HERNANDO CORTES**  
Conqueror of Mexico

an occasional debauch in the life of great States. It is the name of a permanent habit; of a master-current in human history; of a radical, fundamental, all-pervasive thing. What is involved in curing the world of this habit of conquest may be faintly imagined by thinking of men who are required to give up the habits of a lifetime at a moment's notice—as if all the confirmed drunkards of the world were to meet in congress and bind themselves by a common resolution to forswear the bottle for ever. I do not press the comparison, but it is enough to suggest what I have in mind. By ceasing to conquer, the nations would not become less than conquerors, but more. For they would have to begin by conquering themselves, by turning their backs on that which has made them what they are, by cutting a breach wide and deep between their past and their future. They will not succeed in an undertaking of this magnitude unless they realise from the outset how big and how difficult it is. I doubt if our idealists have sufficiently considered the matter from this point of view. They are so intent upon the future that they seem to have forgotten the past, especially that part of the past which lives on in themselves.

To them I would venture to make the suggestion that they should read this old book again; not because I suppose them to be deeply interested in Mexico, but because the conquest of that unhappy country will give them a characteristic sample of the force, or vice, or habit, or tendency in nations and men—call it which you will—whose action they now propose to arrest. They will learn incidentally how the New World became the property of the Old. And this will prove the more instructive in view of the fact that the New World, having paid off its conquerors in their own coin, is now foremost in demanding that conquest shall be no more.



# Life and Letters by J.C. Squire

## Small Talk

**L**AST Saturday, whilst walking in my suburb, I came across a cricket match, for the first time since the war. The field was a secluded one, surrounded by trees, and with very few houses in sight. I went in, and sat on an empty bench opposite the pavilion. Except for two or three people in the pavilion, there were no other spectators. Who the players were I do not know. They may have been the local Unfit—although they did not look it; they may have been wounded soldiers; they may have been munition workers. But, whatever their occupation or condition of health, it could not be discerned from outside the ring. As I saw them, they were simply cricketers. All was as of old. The players were in faultless white; the turf was flat and green; a roller stood in the background. The game consisted mainly of fruitless bowling to cautious batsmen, of crossing to and fro as the overs finished. Now and again, in a moment of madness, some batsman let out and hit a four, thus enabling one of the cramped fieldsmen to get a little running exercise. At longer intervals a wicket fell. The event produced a little burst—if the word be not too strong—of that languid clapping which is peculiar to the game of cricket. A long rest followed, during which nine men lay about on the ground, and two more threw the ball to each other. Just as I was thinking of going away, a newcomer at last emerged from the pavilion. Nothing had changed. One forgot the war; it was as though the war had never taken place; the experience was the most refreshing I have had for months. The last time I felt anything like those sensations was when I saw some of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas at the Hammer-smith Theatre. But there the experience of transportation into the past was not complete. For one thing, the audience was largely composed of soldiers. For another, there was naturally absent from those hilarious performances that atmosphere of leisure which completes the illusion. The experience has now been repeated—this time through the medium of a book.

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Since the war began very few books have appeared which are free from the war's influence. Even where novelists do not mention the war, it is in the background. And those who write books which are not novels are equally subject to the influence of the dominant event. Nobody will be able to say this of *Small Talk at Wreyland*, by Mr. Cecil Torr, which has just been published by the Cambridge University Press (7s. 6d. net). Mr. Torr does mention the war. He mentions it once or twice. But he mentions it in such a way as only to accentuate his prevailing remoteness from the war. By this one does not mean that he himself takes no interest in the war. But as a writer, he is forty or fifty years distant from it. He lives in a Devonshire house in a small village, where his ancestors have lived for a long time before him. He is a scholar, an antiquary; he has lived for years in one small place; the books and men he knows, he knows very well. He is versed in natural history, in dialect, and in folk-lore; he has family papers to draw upon, his memories of old travel, the customs and outlook of his poorer neighbours, and a half a century of history looked at from the outside through the eyes of a quiet and curious observer. He has an inexhaustible store of anecdotes and odd learning; and it suddenly occurred to him that he ought to make use of it:

Down here, when any of the older natives die, I hear people lamenting that so much local knowledge has died with them, and saying that they should have written things down. Fearing that this might soon be said of me, I got a book last Christmas—1916—and began to write things down. I meant to keep to local matters, but have gone much further than I meant.

This is his first paragraph. His second begins: "My memory is perhaps a little above the average; but my brother had a memory that was quite abnormal, and sometimes rather inconvenient. One day, in talking to a lady . . ." That shows his method. He goes from story to story, from oddment to oddment, wasting no time in generalisations or connecting platitudes. The result is an extraordinary medley that might almost (save only for a few dates) have been written fifty years ago, or fifty years hence, by a man of Mr. Torr's knowledge, habits, and temperament, and that could have been read with as much pleasure by a man of

George I.'s reign as it probably will be by people who accidentally run across it in the reign of George XII.—that nebulous but interesting monarch whose story I may leave to a later occasion.

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A book of this kind one can describe only by free quotation. (Reviewers, I may add, are prejudiced at first sight in favour of books which can only be described by free quotation.) Many of his stories relate to religious beliefs and superstitions. There is one concerning a father who endeavoured to cure his child's rupture by splitting an ash tree, wedging the split with chunks of oak, and passing the child three times through the hole at dawn. The tree was then bandaged, and its recovery was supposed to run parallel with that of the child. Asked if he thought it did any good, the father, with a typically rustic mingling of scepticism and superstitious mysticism, replied: "Well, as much good as sloppin' water over'n in church." The two most unpopular characters at Wreyland appear to be the Devil and the Pope—who are also bracketed together in Ulster. An old woman, hearing that Mr. Torr had been to see the Pope, said: "Well, now, maister, whiat be he like? I reckon he be a proper tiger to fight." Her husband

always felt that a great chance had been missed, when the Devil came into Widdicombe Church on Sunday, 21st October, 1638. My grandfather pressed him as to what he would have done; and his reply was: "Dock 'n, maister, dock 'n—cut the tail of 'n off." I imagine that the Devil's tail at Widdicombe would have drawn more pilgrims than all the relics of the saints at other places.

That is indisputable. Mr. Torr has other stories about relics. There was a saint's arm in Sweden which turned out to be a seal's fin. But what has he not got stories about? Anything he sees or hears in the street, any odd book or picture that he finds or remembers, can set him off. His mind is like an old curiosity shop full of furniture and objects of art, scraps of mediæval writing, pipes smoked by the Duke of Clarence, bronzes, porcelain, plate, and faded photograph albums.

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In towns and newspapers change seems rapid. In the countryside whence the towns recruit their population, change seems slow and unimportant. The landscape remains; the buildings remain; surnames and customs and speech largely remain; and such changes as occur do not obscure the permanent elements in human nature, and the great facts that men must work, rear and support their families and die—for death itself, like the relations between life and the products of the soil, were before the war half-ignored by urban civilisation. The changes that have occurred at Wreyland are not favoured by Mr. Torr; he takes immense pleasure in recording the fact that fifty years of education have not prevented his neighbours from clinging to idioms like "us didn't love He, 'twas Him loved we." Sixty years ago Mr. Torr's father was also deploring change. "The old barn-door or dung-hill cock appears to be extinct. . . . The sort they have now are so hoarse and dull in their crowing that there is nothing to attract attention, nothing agreeable in their sound, and not loud enough to be heard by one another, so that there is no answering each other. In my boyhood the whole valley would ring with them." But what is this? A small matter. He catalogues among his wonders the fact that his father took him

to call upon an old Mr. Woodin; and from him I had an account of the Fire of London, as he heard it from a great-aunt of his; and she heard it from an old lady, who was about ten years old at the time of the fire. But it was only a child's account, dwelling on the raisins and such things that she ate, while they were being salvaged.

That was 1666. In 1916 Mr. Torr was talking to one of the oldest inhabitants about the war. The sage said: "It be a terrible thing, this war; proper terrible it be. I never knowed bacon such a price." Taken together, the two stories illustrate the tenacity of human characteristics, the obstinate habit that most men have of thinking and feeling most about the small things nearest at hand, and the way in which our greatest cataclysms when they are over—as when they are distant—fall into perspective. "Small talk," after all, fills the greater part of our lives, and in time everything turns into small talk.



# The Reader's Diary

## Recent Novels

**R**OMANCES about the future are very nearly the most dangerous form of literature that any man can take up—more particularly if he attempts a delineation of the sort of future he would like to live in. There are few things more self-revealing than a Utopia, few things more bleak and depressing than some one else's Utopia; and the mechanical difficulties of getting your imaginary state of affairs explained to the reader are so great that only one really effective device for it has yet been discovered. This is by some invention, no matter how fantastic, to introduce into your story a stranger so completely ignorant of the world you wish to describe that things have to be made plain to him in the plainest way; and it is a great pity that Mr. Oliver Onions has not seen fit to adopt this method in his romance of reconstruction, *The New Moon* (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s. net). He has chosen, instead, to make his hero—the lens, as it were, through which the reader looks at the new world—a soldier who fought through the war and took part in the process of reconstruction. Nevertheless, he makes his soldier, and the reconstructed young woman who serves as heroine, so ignorant that many things have to be explained to them, not in the clipped, allusive way, in which to-day one man might explain the working of trade unionism to another, not as an elaboration of common knowledge, but as a historian would set down all the facts for the benefit of posterity. But it should not be necessary, for example, for anyone to explain to the heroine that domestic servants have been largely superseded by trained and certificated “domestic managers” whose professional status is recognised and respected by their employers. She would have heard something about this, even though she did live in the country. Apart from this mechanical defect, the book is clever and interesting, as Mr. Onions' work always has been. He exhibits a regenerated state in which many mistakes are rectified, and all—save a few vulgar munitions millionaires and such—are concerned to serve the common interest by increasing the productive power of the country and paying off the National Debt as rapidly as possible. Mr. Onions' mind has always been a little hard; but it is still something of a shock to find him so devoted to efficiency, to output, as he appears here. His vision of an England in which everything—except certainly quality—is subordinated to quantity of production is not particularly alluring.

Mr. Guy Thorne's *Lucky Mr. Loder* (Ward, Lock, 5s. net) may usefully serve to point the moral that no reader ought to examine a “shocker” too closely. If it be read lightly, in the spirit in which it is written, it rattles gaily along with plenty of interest, enough deaths, and just the right amount of incident. But if the reader is so foolish as to allow his critical spirit to be roused, he begins to ask why Mr. Loder's assistance was so necessary in the great enterprise of restoring the rightful emperor of China to his throne that Molly Brandon had to masquerade at Oxford as a barmaid in order to select him for the business. It is true that he conveyed a corpse from London to Exeter by way of preparing for Constantine Brandon's escape from prison. But surely Brandon's friends, who were so resourceful that they communicated with him by bursts of machine-gun fire in code, and so thorough that they provided his refuge on the moor with a telephone and periscope—surely they could have found an assistant in some other way, and surely they would have extended him a little further when they had found him. But this is hyper-criticism; and it ought not to occur to any reader who takes the book on a long railway journey.

*A Romance of the Western Front*, by Gabrielle Vassal (Heinemann, 6s. net), is slightly puzzling, because it has all the air of being a French novel, though there is no sign of its having been translated. But I doubt whether this tale of the English wife of an American whose intrigue with a French soldier takes her constantly into the war-zone would be much more interesting in French. The characters are not sympathetic, and the story lacks point.

## Mr. Squire's Poems

In the preface to his *Poems: First Series* (Secker, 6s. net), Mr. Squire remarks that “under Providence, other (and, let us hope, superior) collections will follow”; and the fact that the volume contains a number of new and very good pieces which have not previously been published in book form lends a certain weight to the anticipation. It is possible, therefore, to regard the book without too much finality, and to attempt an estimate of its value without being discouraged if we cannot satisfactorily explain what the author has, perhaps, not yet fully revealed. The total impression that the collection makes is that of a poet whose principal instrument for conveying emotion is that of rhythm. I do not mean that these poems make merely a pleasant or an interesting noise in the ear; but I do mean that they appeal first by their cadences, and that rhythm is the cutting edge behind which the bulk of what Mr. Squire has to say enters the mind. And it is therefore of importance to find that in his latest work he is capable of the delicate melody of the exquisite *Song*, of which one verse may be quoted:

Eyes like flowers and falling hair  
Seldom seen, nor ever long,  
Then I did not know you were  
Destined subject for a song:  
Sharing your unconsciousness  
Of your double loveliness,  
Unaware how fair you were,  
Peaceful eyes and shadowy hair.

That is at once sweeter, more supple, and more normal than anything which Mr. Squire has previously achieved. He writes usually in a rather distant and austere spirit, and his earlier rhythmical successes were of the kind that is exhibited in *The Ship*:

There was no song nor shout of joy  
Nor beam of moon or sun,  
When she came back from the voyage  
Long ago begun;  
But twilight on the waters  
Was quiet and grey,  
And she glided steady, steady and pensive,  
Over the open bay.

Here, as in the mysterious and fantastic *Lily of Malud*, a poem already well known, and in *The Stronghold*:

Quieter than any twilight  
Shed over earth's last deserts,  
Quiet and vast and shadowless  
Is that unfounded keep,  
Higher than the roof of the night's high chamber,  
Deep as the shaft of sleep.

the strange rhythm suits itself to a mood which is outside normal experience. The *Song* indicates that, to his more difficult adventures in distant and austere regions of the spirit, Mr. Squire has added a capacity for interpreting normal things. This impression is strengthened by *Rivers* a piece which appeared in these pages, where a procession of extraordinarily vivid pictures is conveyed by a subtle rhythmical mould, capable of almost infinite variation and adaptation, from

Rivers I have seen which were beautiful,  
Slow rivers winding in the flat fens,  
With bands of reeds like thronged green swords  
Guarding the mirrored sky;  
And streams down-tumbling from the chalk hills  
To valleys of meadows and watercress-beds,  
And bridges whereunder, dark weed-coloured shadows,  
Trout flit or lie.

to the tropical rivers, where

. . . The land bows in the darkness,  
Utterly lost and defenceless,  
Smitten and blinded and overwhelmed  
By the crashing rods of rain.

It is impossible, of course, in so short a space to give a complete or exact impression of twelve years' work by a poet who is so varied, who has developed and experimented so much. And yet this collection, as I have suggested, does give a picture of a temperament broadening its range, taking in now the usual with the unusual, and expressing always the effect which the world has on it primarily through the instrument of rhythm.

PETER BELL.



# The Theatre: By W. J. Turner

## New Theatre : The Chinese Puzzle

**M**Y love for Chinamen, those celestial beings of my boyhood, made my eyes stop, as they ran down the amusements column of my morning paper, at "The Chinese Puzzle." In spite of the persistence with which authors of travel books on China refer to smells, no one takes any notice; we all go on dreaming of willows and peach-blossom hanging in bizarre and dreamy landscapes, variegated by grave Chinese faces with charming pigtails. In a moment one of those placid, smiling faces may grin with frightful and incomprehensible ferocity; before you can believe your eyes, that face is as smooth and expressionless as water. This experience of Chinamen is universal; we all look for it; babies taken to the theatre for the first time expect it; and when Mr. Leon M. Lion, as the Marquis Chi Lung, silently entered the salon of Sir Roger de la Haye's country house in the first act, it made my mouth involuntarily open, and rustled the paper in the stalls. Though the Marquis's appearance would strike terror to the stoutest hearts, he is only there to arrange a loan to the Chinese Government through Mr. Paul Marketel, a millionaire, working under the auspices of the British Foreign Office. Sir Roger, who is in the Foreign Office, is the son of Chi Lung's oldest friend; the agreement which is completed during the afternoon is locked by him in a secret drawer in a room adjoining the salon; but that evening, when the London papers arrive, they contain the full agreement, in spite of its having been written in Chinese characters, which no European in the house, except Sir Roger, could read, and of its never having left its hiding place.

This is not the Chinese puzzle; it is merely d——d annoying, as it was on the historic occasion when the Attaché threw the dispatch-bag into the sea to avoid capture, and it floated. The audience know the culprit, who is neither Sir Roger nor the Marquis. The Chinese puzzle is Chi Lung, who is addicted to producing a peculiar buzzing "sss" at odd moments, especially when introduced to ladies. He produces this noise most frequently when talking to the young lady who is going to be Sir Roger's wife. Naomi Melsham is just the girl for a Foreign Office official's wife, as she and her mother have been living for years on their wits; but now Naomi has fallen in love with Sir Roger, and wishes to break completely with her old life, when, on this unusual afternoon, her mother undulates gracefully into the salon, and by various quaint gestures, mingled with a terrible threat, induces Naomi to consent to obtain the contents of the agreement for Strumm, the celebrated German who supplies Mrs. Melsham with hats. Of course, this is putting it crudely, without the finesse that the authors display; briefly, Strumm will provide the cash to prevent the financial collapse of the Melshams.

How the contents of the agreement are obtained I shall not reveal. I shall only say that it is done by Naomi, with the help—quite unwittingly—of a young Frenchman, Armand de Rochecorbon, a friend of Sir Roger's, who springs about the salon in such a chronic state of excitement that we feel that something simply must happen. It does; and Mrs. Melsham floats away with her hats, and dies somewhere between the first and third acts, leaving her daughter to face the increasing "sss" of Chi Lung. Naomi has not foreseen that Sir Roger will be suspected of having sold the contents of the agreement, failing some other explanation of the affair, and it is a terrible shock when Sir Aylmer Brent, of the Foreign Office, arrives to take Sir Roger's resignation, and she realises that his career is ruined. Sir Aylmer, following the invariable tradition of high officials of the Foreign Office, comes down the terrace with his hat in his hand, with a slow, deliberate tread, and without a smile. It is a shocking moment for the poor mother, whom I have not yet mentioned, but who makes the frightful mistake of forgetting to ask Sir Aylmer to have a drink. Even with a drink, however, nothing could have been done; the resignation must be proffered, and Sir Aylmer goes away with it, leaving Sir Roger's mother imploring the Marquis Chi Lung as her husband's friend to help them. Chi Lung makes a number of polite remarks about women, and thoroughly scares Naomi, whom he alone suspects, by producing a buzz louder than ordinary.

Sir Roger, feeling absolutely broken, now wishes to release Naomi; but she will not have it, and hopes by her love to make up for his ruined career. In a touching scene she tells him how they will go away together and forget all about

it. She has had a distressing night, and has forgotten to powder her nose. This is Chi Lung's opportunity; he makes an extraordinarily big buzz, and says cruelly, but with a most attractive manner: "The peach-blossom has lost its bloom this morning." He is not the man for week-end parties!

In the third act we are in the Chinese room at Sir Roger's house. The marriage has been a failure. Naomi has discovered that love cannot make up to Sir Roger for his lost honour. All his friends have cut him, and he thinks of nothing, day and night, but his chart, which is an elaborate record he is compiling of the actions of all his guests and household every minute of that eventful day ten months ago. He imagines he is on the verge of finding the guilty person. The chart is almost complete, and all the guests are to reassemble this very afternoon. For some reason inscrutable to him and his mother, Chi Lung has been opposed to his continuing his investigations; however, he is expected to appear. By this time the continuous strain has brought Naomi almost to the point of collapse, and she looks forward with terror to meeting Chi-Lung. Chi Lung arrives; and there is a really exciting scene between them, leading to his presenting her with a piece of paper which he bids her open. With trembling fingers she reads the name "Strumm," and her pent-up fear escapes in a shriek. It was an excellent shriek that Ethel Irving gave, quite worth while rushing out of the bar for, if one had fortunately been there. From now on is the soundest part of the play. The guests have all arrived; and the cross-examination begins. Everybody accounts satisfactorily for every minute of his time, except Armand de Rochecorbon, who makes a revelation which leads straight to Naomi. The scent is getting hot, and Sir Roger—poor fellow—wholly unsuspecting where it will take him, excitedly cross-examines Naomi. The wretched girl is nearly distraught; discovery is inevitable when, suddenly Chi Lung intervenes with the startling confession that he is the guilty person.

We have come now to the Chinese puzzle: Why does Chi Lung save Naomi, whom he despises? And we find that it is to repay the debt of gratitude to his old friend, Sir Roger's father. This is in character; unlike the buzz, it is truly Chinese; perhaps Chi Lung has remembered the old Chinese poet who, about the year 100 B.C. said:

The dead are gone and with them we cannot converse.  
The living are here and ought to have our love.

In the last act Naomi comes to Chi Lung's house and tells him she must confess, that she cannot bear it any longer. Chi Lung points out to her that now that he has taken the responsibility, Sir Roger is cleared, and will be reinstated. If she confesses then, in this foolish country of Western barbarians, where a man's honour is inextricably mixed up with his wife's, Sir Roger will once more be ruined; if she loves Sir Roger most, she will keep silent; but if she loves herself most, she will confess. Naomi sees the force of this argument, and at the crucial moment, when Chi Lung has to substantiate his confession by proofs, keeps silent. The play ends with Chi Lung saluting the photograph of his dead friend, having repaid his indebtedness by his sacrifice.

It is a pity the authors did not take more trouble with Chi Lung, who in the first half of the play acts and talks with a rudeness and violence thoroughly foreign to his race—whose urbanity is such that their irony, for instance, is usually so flat and low-pitched as to be imperceptible to us. In spite of an excellent make-up, Mr. Leon M. Lion was not impressive; he was not dignified enough, and his gestures were exaggerated. As part author, Mr. Lion was also responsible for Chi Lung's impoliteness. It is true that a Chinese poet has written:

How sad it is to be a woman!  
Nothing on earth is held so cheap.

but that is poetic licence; no Chinaman would walk about at a garden party or at a country house week-end, dropping waspish remarks on the weakness of women. Mr. Lion also made the mistake of saying these things with an air not of infinite regret, but of thorough enjoyment. Of the others, Miss Ellen O'Malley looked subtle and provocative, but passed blamelessly across the background. Miss Lilian Braithwaite, as Sir Roger's mother, was excellent. Best of all were some Chinese curtains which, though extremely bizarre, hung with great restraint.



# The New Village: By Jason

**I**N his famous invocation in the Georgics, Virgil speaks of Italy as the mother of fruits and the mother of men.

When our ancestors gave the rein to the enclosure movement in the eighteenth century they ceased to think of England as the mother of men and thought only of the maximum production of which the land was capable. As it happened, and as it often happens when men accept the standards of the moment without criticism, the methods that destroyed the old village as a living community were not in the long run the most favourable to production. But the consequences of that mistake lasted through the nineteenth century, and the modern English village is the result.

Most people probably know of villages where the people of the place have no proper supply of water or milk, not to speak of decent cottages and gardens. Under the old agriculture there was not this unequal distribution of the necessities of life because as contemporary writers pointed out labourers kept cows and pigs, and produced a certain amount of food for themselves. On the face of it, there is something anomalous in a solution which condemns the producers of food to have less than their share of the food they produce.

The war has shaken the nation out of this dangerous apathy, for it has given a new value to human life.

We can get some impression of the change of temper produced by the war from the report just published by the Ministry of Reconstruction of the Agricultural Policy Subcommittee. For this Report recommends among other things a drastic and revolutionary reorganisation of the village.

The Report proposes that any Parish Council should have power to call for an inquiry, and that the Board of Agriculture, in such application, should appoint a valuer to make a thorough report on the parish, showing how it might be improved on business lines in respect of small occupying ownerships, gardens, allotments, small holdings, cottages, cow commons, horse commons, and recreation grounds. A local inquiry would then be held and an inspector would draw up a scheme for the Board of Agriculture. The Agricultural Committee of the county would be responsible for carrying out the scheme, and the Parish Council for its subsequent administration, subject to the supervision of the Committee. An alternative plan would be to allow the creation of a Public Utility Society to carry out the scheme.

Whether this is in detail the best way of setting about the reorganisation of the village is a matter for discussion. It has been suggested in these pages that the War Agricultural Committees, reconstituted on a broader basis, will be most useful bodies for stimulating and guiding village development, but it is, of course, essential that they should be representative of village society and not merely of the farmers. The various Unions that include agricultural labourers, such as the Workers' Union and the Agricultural Labourers' Union, must take part in these Committees, and room must be found for representatives of the local authorities. Clearly what is wanted is a Town-planning Scheme for rural districts, conceived in a large spirit by men of imagination who understand what are the needs of a democratic society.

## Soldiers and Land Settlement

We may expect that under some such scheme as this opportunities will be found for the development of agriculture on the lines that will give an opening to the returning soldier. Mr. Prothero had to make the shameful confession in the House of Commons the other day that five soldiers had been settled on the land. The scheme adopted by the Board of Agriculture is, of course, ludicrously inadequate, and no scheme will serve short of the drastic reorganisation of rural life. For this purpose the development of electric power will be of the greatest importance.

The use of electricity in agriculture is only just beginning; in some applications it is still in the experimental stage. But its value for all the routine operations of agriculture is unquestionable. A most instructive chapter on this subject is printed in the "Proceedings of the Incorporated Municipal Electrical Association," in 1916. It contains a paper read by Mr. Kerr, the engineer to the City of Hereford, who set to work some years ago to bring cheap power within reach of the farmer, and the report of the discussion that followed.

A leading Herefordshire farmer, Councillor Langford, gave

a description of the help electric power had given him. "He was driving a milking machine for milking about seventy or eighty cows, and also a chaff cutter which, in addition to cutting the food for his milking cows in winter, was also cutting the chaff for 150 bullocks and a flock of about 600 sheep. He also pulped the mangolds and swedes and crushed the cakes and corn for feeding the animals, and lastly, he put in a small motor for the purpose of pumping water from a deep well, while during the season that had just passed Mr. Kew had adapted for him some sheep-shearing apparatus in conjunction with a portable motor. In addition, he was lighting the whole of the farm buildings and also a yard known as 'The Fold' outside the farm buildings by electricity. He was also crushing apples and pressing the juice from them for making cider. Before he adopted electricity for filtering, he used to have to draw the cider from various long distances in the cellars in the yard to the fixed engine before it could be put through the filter. Now, however, he was able to take the portable pump and motor wherever he required it for filtering the cider. When once you have an installation on your farm, you can do almost any work with it anywhere by means of a portable motor and cable." Mr. Langford looks forward to the use of electricity for ploughing, reaping, bringing home the corn, and getting water from the brook in dry weather to irrigate the land.

## Electric or Steam Power

This new power will serve the small-holder, or the colony of soldier settlers, or the community of co-operative peasants as readily as it serves the large farmer and the large landowner. The use of machinery seems in some circumstances to give an overwhelming advantage to the large business. If you have to get up steam for your machinery it is a very expensive matter to use the machinery for small operations, or for a comparatively short time. But if your machinery is worked by electricity there is no waste for it is worked by a power of which you use just as much as you want for a particular operation. The same machine requires greater power to drive it for one purpose than for another, and it is, therefore, an immense boon to be able to adapt your consumption exactly to your needs.

If, therefore, we are setting out to give the returned soldier a career on the land, by introducing small-holdings, larger farms co-operatively managed, settlements, and in general such a variety of opportunities as are needed to re-establish a free and happy society on the soil, we shall be able to give to him the industrial power which has hitherto been the luxury of the large organisations. This applies to the operations on his farm. It applies also to the transport and marketing of his products. For one of the features of any reconstruction scheme will be a system of railless traction in the village so that peasants and farmers of all kinds—and not peasants and farmers only—can send and receive without all the trouble and expense of transport in the country at present. The organisation of co-operative buying and selling will be a simple problem under these conditions.

But this programme depends on our taking the right course in the development of our electrical power. The whole question has been considered by a Committee set up by the Board of Trade and the report of this Committee has just been published. It is an important and interesting document recommending the establishment of Electricity Commissions with district Boards, but it contains a few disquieting passages. Thus, in one part of the Report it is suggested that provision must first be made for the great industrial districts. "It will not be necessary in the first instance," the Report proceeds, "to delimit districts in portions of the country where no important electrical development can immediately be anticipated." This language gives the impression that the country is going to have to wait. But why should the country wait? Is there any reason why the prosecution of a national policy of electrical development should not be undertaken on the same lines as the Post Office? We have discovered a new power; we have discovered that under proper conditions this power can be produced cheaply; we realise that the use of this power may make all the difference between success and failure, not in one industry, but in all our industrial life. Why should we refuse this power to any of our industries; and why above all to agriculture, which is recognised as second to none in importance and would moreover be benefited particularly by the fertilisers that are extracted from coal at a generating station?



# London's Chief Special Constable: By James Milne

**T**HE mission of the special constable is to come in when things are at a "push," and see them through in a law and orderly way. He is the collective citizen "on his own," looking after the townhold, when the other constable is otherwise engaged. He is democracy on duty, a rather fine example, when you think him out, of our British system of governing ourselves by ourselves. Once—long years ago—he wore a tall hat, as the old prints tell; and then, perhaps, he was something of a joke. To-day he makes his London beat in a uniform which says "Business is business," and we salute him. He was—he is!

Now, it may be chance, or it may be Providence, but this figure of the special constable is curiously present in the life, labours, and personality of his chief in London, Sir Edward Ward. Talk with him for an hour at Scotland House, on the Thames Embankment, the headquarters of the London "Specials," and such is the strongest impression you carry away. Quiet of words, using few, and those simple, to tell much, humorous of eye, yet reflective every minute, and so the resulting man of character, big, mentally and physically, is this putter-through of things, including the organisation of our extra-mural "bobbies"—not at all an easy affair.

One might almost say that Sir Edward Ward was born with the spirit of the perfect "Special," no matter what duty that "Special" happened to be called on for. He has flair, which means imagination; he has quick judgment, which is power of organisation; he has patience—oh, much patience!—until he decides that he is up against dead-sea fruit; and, above all, he has that touch of humanity which provides easy-going for whatever ship of venture he may be piloting. He knows that the real work of life, its real drama, hides behind the stage; that in the prompter's box there dwells the secrets of what will be. A natural modesty—in truth, bashfulness—is the test of any good company of that royal box; therefore, not many are chosen, but Sir Edward Ward has the quality. No doubt its possession stands between him and the everyman's-land of the forward foot-lights, only that would be unkindred country, and there is ever the amusing thought, "Wouldn't it be fun to switch off the current?"

Actually, Sir Edward's effort, all the twenty-four hours of day and night, is to keep that current strong, driving the various war organisations of which he is the presiding genius. He is Director-General of Voluntary Organisations, the bodies which supply our soldiers and sailors with "comforts" got together by half a million British women in all ranks of life. The "Pool" is the name, for short, because the trust refuses nothing; and, because it gives everything, it is another "Pool" in the biblical sense of healing.

Then Sir Edward is chairman of the Camps Library—the great organisation which collects and sends literature to all our fighting men, wherever they may be. He is also president, as well as the originator, of the Union Jack Club, which is one of the proudest possessions of the Army and Navy. There, in their thousands, our warriors can sleep and find rest, knowing they are beholden to no man's benevolence. Every sailor in the Navy, every soldier in the Army, has a right to use the club and call it his own, by virtue of the service he gives his country on sea and land. The King's uniform is his badge of membership.

Sir Edward Ward is likewise the founder and chairman of the Union Jack Hostel, an annexe of the club, where the wives and children of the married soldier or sailor may stay and meet husbands and fathers back from foreign parts. The activities of this great, unpaid war-worker are, indeed, without end, and to them he brings all his training and experience of other years, as in the running of the once familiar and beloved Military Tournament or—a sharp contrast—in the feeding of Ladysmith during the siege and the filling of the stomach on which Earl Roberts's army marched to Pretoria.

At that time he saw much of Kitchener, although he had met him earlier in Egypt. When Armageddon is over,

"K. of K." is one of the figures who will rise durably from its embers, because he had the dowry of character, because he thought in the nation's welfare—not, selfishly, in his own. So, what manner of man did Sir Edward know in the tall, grim, six feet and more of Kitchener? An excellent man to work with, one who knew what he wanted, and when he got it; a sympathetic man—nay, even a charming man towards whoever did a job efficiently, strenuously. But if anybody shirked or was inefficient, possibly there was another Kitchener which Sir Edward had never met. Certainly the abiding air of severity attributed to Kitchener was apocryphal—did not exist. He was shy, like the "Iron Duke," he had little small talk; but he was entirely human, and he was a great administrative soldier.

It is a workable philosophy of life to hold that there are upperlings and underlings, and that both will find their right

places. Vision, reticence, tact, a simple generosity towards others, the ability to get every ounce out of your human material and improve it all the time—those are the things which make for the high seats of creation and command. Frame them in a camouflage of laughter, inspire them with brain-waves begotten, possibly, over a drowsy pipe, and you have the atmosphere in which events are born at Scotland House.

"Good chaps," is Sir Edward's tribute to the special constables under his headship; and, mind you, they count, all told, some 32,000 of them. Of these, 21,000 are in uniform, and 8,000 have received the star which betokens service since 1914—the year the Great War began. When the special constables came into existence there was no organisation whatever for their governance and work. Everything had to be found except the armlet, the baton, and the whistle, which Scotland Yard was able to supply out of its stores.

Sir Edward Ward at once got democracy into stride with authority. How, he does not know; but he is a magic blender. He will mention to you, under his breath, humorously swearing you to secrecy, a section of the London Special Constabulary, where the local barber is in command and two baronets are in the ranks. It is an actual case of the Haymarket play "General Post," and there are other instances. It needs—what does it need?—flair to brigade the man of Mile End with the man in St. James's Square, to the contentment of both.

But Sir Edward Ward does the difficult things, the big things, easily; and he likes to do them, just for themselves. He is a man to whom the country already owes much, and from whom it may confidently demand more in these complex and confused days of Armageddon.



COLONEL SIR EDWARD WARD, K.C.B.

Vandyk



# LAND & WATER

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FERDINAND LEAVING FOR A REST CURE IN GERMANY

By Louis Raemaekers



# LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1918

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## The Advance

**D**URING the past week the Allied advance has continued along a large part of the Western Front. Bapaume has fallen; Peronne has fallen; the French are eating their way in the south-west corner; and in the north the Germans have evacuated Mount Kemmel and are being, as we write, steadily driven out of the Lys salient. We have recovered more than half the ground lost in the spring. We are occupying ground we have never occupied since 1914, and the "Switch Line" has been broken. Three points may be made. The first point is that the German retirement has been in part voluntary; that, in fact, the newspapers are misleading when they represent every gain of ground as a gain wrested by sheer force from an enemy who bitterly contests every foot of ground. The second point is that the German retirement was anticipated. Since July 18th we have captured nearly 150,000 men, and nearly 1,500 guns, and the wildest of German generals did not deliberately contemplate that. The third point is that to some extent our old conceptions of the relative value of certain positions—Hindenburg line and so on—have been to a large extent invalidated. The primary instrument in our recent victories has been the tank, the small tank employed in large numbers. The weapon against which the Germans have, in the first instance, to be prepared is also the tank. The obstacle, the great obstacle, to tanks is water: marshes, rivers, and canals have been given an increasing value. We must expect the Germans to determine their next main line of resistance in accordance with this, and the marks in the map to which we should direct our attention are not so much old trench lines as permanent water lines from the Lys River to the Crozat Canal. Six weeks fighting has enormously improved our position. Failing a miracle we are now, with the aid of the Americans, bound to win the necessary decisive victory. But the war is still a long way from being finished, and both journalists and the public would do well not to allow the enumeration of prisoners and retaken villages to induce them to throw their hats in the air.

## The Police Strike

The sequence of strikes which began with that at Coventry and was continued by that of the tramway and tube employees, reached its climax with the police strike. When they heard that the London police had struck many people felt as if "the end of all things" (in Lord Rosebery's ancient phrase), had come; in other words, that this capped everything. Here were the police, those remote, almost superhuman, guardians of public order, abandoning their posts as though they were ordinary miners or munitioners. Not only that,

but they were hooting supposed blacklegs, and even marching along the streets singing music-hall songs. It was as if a procession of bishops had sung music-hall songs: nobody supposed that policemen knew such things. Two facts were driven home to the public at once. One was that policemen are human, that they require food and clothes like other people, and that (like the Jew in Shakespeare's play), they laugh when they are tickled, and cry when they are hurt. The second is that the Police Union, after years of persecution and subterranean organising, has reached a point at which it commands the obedience of almost the whole London force. Its foundation dates from long before the war. In its early stages its members were, wherever it was possible, marked out and "victimised." As conditions worsened the Union grew stronger, until at last it was able to call out virtually the whole force, and compel the Government to grant its just demands. The Government, without hesitation, has caved in. It has conceded substantial increases in pay (before the men took the extremest course open to them, even an inspector got less money than the conductress of a tram), it has agreed to reinstate a "victimised" constable, and it has consented (whilst not recognizing the Union), to set up some machinery whereby representatives of the men can discuss matters of interest to the force with the authorities. This means—we need not blink the matter—that the Union will be recognized save in name. The usual objection to recognising Unions is that they organise strikes; this one has organised a strike without recognition; to recognise it will mean (from the authorities' point of view) a possible gain and no possible loss. The concessions were coupled with the announcement that Sir Nevil Macready was to succeed Sir E. Henry as Commissioner. We have nothing to say against Sir Nevil, who is a tactful and sympathetic man. But we are certain that the old system of appointing retired soldiers and Indian civilians to this post cannot go on for ever, and that the police will not be really satisfied until the ordinary constable (so to speak), carries a Commissioner's truncheon in his knapsack.

## Baseball

It appears that an "Anglo-American Baseball League" is in existence; that it has a secretary; and that its object is to propagate the cult of baseball in this country at the expense of cricket. There is no reason to suppose that financial interests are behind this propaganda, though even a new game (if discreetly handled), may mean money to those who push it. The motives of those who are endeavouring to spread baseball are no doubt thoroughly impersonal. They think, in fact, that cricket is a slow game, and that baseball is more exciting. In fact, they say as much. That said, however, all has not been said. Why sacrifice everything to excitement? And why, merely in order to gratify the passion of spectators (i.e., gate-money) for continuous liveliness, abandon in favour of a new-fangled importation a game which, much in its present form, has been the national game of England for a century and a half, and which derives from a game much older than that? If the arguments of the innovators are admitted as valid, all the world will soon be playing baseball—until something even more rapid turns up. How monotonous that uniformity would be! We sincerely hope that this country will resist the innovation tooth and nail. Cricket is a fine flower of our civilisation; it is also part of our history; even where it bores the spectators it amuses the players, and we ought not to lose sight of the fact that games are games, primarily existing for the sake of those who play them, and not for the sake of a lot of lazy, gambling, excitement-craving corpulent people who watch them as they watch a horse-race, or an exhibition of juggling at the Alhambra. It has yet to be demonstrated that baseball excels cricket in respect of its effects upon character and physique, of the discipline it enforces or the muscles it develops: and as far as the mere beauty of movement and setting is concerned, cricket can certainly give it points. We wish the length of matches could be reduced and some means devised of putting a premium on quicker scoring.



# THE WAR: BY HILAIRE BELLOC

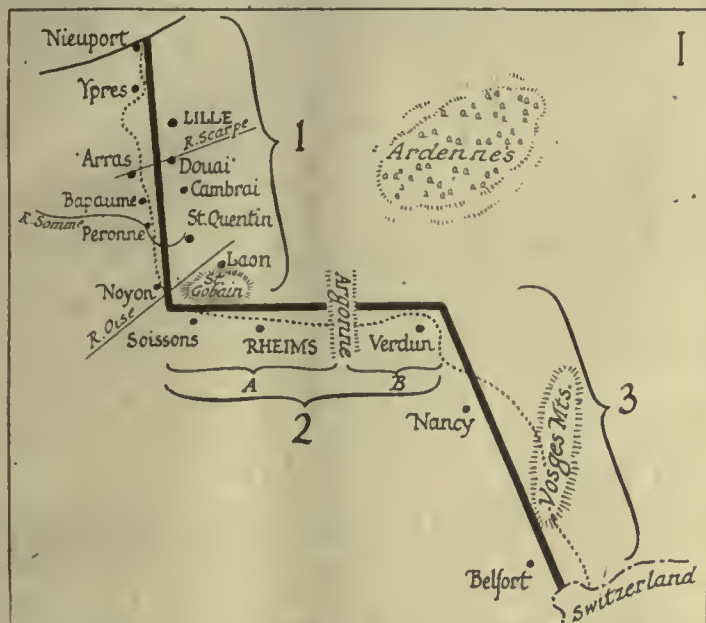
## The Paradox of Retreat

### The Enemy's Water Line of Defence

**I**N order to understand the present position upon the Western front (which is the front decisive of the war) the first thing to be done is to consider (1) the shape of the present line, (2) its characteristics in the way of the ground, and (3) (above all) the density of the enemy's concentration upon it in the north; his lack of men in the south.

First, as to the present shape of the line:

Now that the Allied Higher Command has suppressed the two great salients formed by the enemy's advance in the spring and early summer (the salient of the Somme up to Montdidier and that of the Marne up to Chateau-Thierry), the line, as a whole, takes the form expressed in the accompanying sketch. It resembles a crank, such as the starting-handle of a motor car. The elements of that form are essentially three sectors at right angles: a perpendicular from



north to south, a horizontal from east to west, and then another perpendicular from north to south. In other words, the main elements are those of the strongly marked straight lines on Sketch I., which reduce to their simplest expression the sinuosities of the front as it now stands.

For convenience in following the analysis of the situation, we will call the first perpendicular line from north to south, Sector 1; the horizontal from east to west, Sector 2; the last perpendicular from north to south, Sector 3. Further, as we shall see in a moment, it is convenient to separate Sector 2 into two parts—A to the east of the Argonne Forest and B west of it; because Argonne marks the separation between the congested area of the enemy and the area thinly held by him. Sector 1 runs from the north, at Nieuport, to the neighbourhood of Noyon, southwards. Sector 2 runs somewhat south of east, from the neighbourhood of Noyon to the region of Verdun; Sector 3 runs somewhat east of south from the neighbourhood of Verdun to the Swiss frontier. The Argonne Forest divides the whole of this long line into two nearly equal parts.

As to ground, this tripartite line has an exceedingly strong obstacle at its first angle behind Noyon and Soissons, in the St. Gobain Hill and Forest, and the Laon heights. These tempt the enemy to hold on here, to stand on the line Arras-Noyon, and therefore to leave his southern flank Soissons-Verdun exposed.

There remains number:

Now, the essential characteristic of this line at the present moment in respect of numbers is the fact that the enemy's strength is concentrated to an overwhelming extent upon the northern half, and over 45 per cent. of it is crowded between Rheims and Arras; over 70 per cent. of it between Argonne and the sea.

The whole strategy of the days through which we are

passing is, upon the Allied side, an hitherto successful attempt to compel the enemy to continue his ill-balanced concentration in the north; upon the enemy's side an effort to escape this fate and to redistribute his troops in time to protect himself against threatened adverse developments upon the southern half beyond Argonne.

That is the thesis of the war as things now stand. To develop that thesis in detail is to understand what is happening.

Let us first look in detail at the numbers.

The enemy had on July 15th, the moment when he launched his last great offensive (which failed so disastrously for him), 205 divisions in the West. We must grasp and keep in the forefront of all our pictures the capital fact that just as he launched this offensive upon Monday, July 15th (forty-five days ago at the moment of writing), three-quarters of its whole strength lay north and west of the Forest of Argonne. Of those 205 divisions, at least 150—probably a few more—were to be found between the Argonne and the North Sea only the remaining 50—and those not of the best quality—were left to hold what had so long been the quiescent parts of the line—Section B of Sector 2, and the whole of Sector 3. That is the salient characteristic of the whole affair.

Since the breakdown of his offensive, the enemy has not been able materially to alter what was, while he was still attacking, a concentration in his favour, but what has become, since the resumption of the initiative by the Allies, a situation heavily to his disadvantage.

The enemy concentrated thus upon the northern half of the line because it was here that his success would have had the greatest result. As he could only envisage that success in terms of what I have called "the club"—that is by the action of one great blow delivered with all his available strength upon one spot—he rightly chose the northern half of his line for the efforts he was about to make. Here lay first the point of junction between the British and the French armies in front of St. Quentin which he tried to break March 22nd to April 4th. Next, having failed in this, the opportunity which unexpectedly offered itself on April 9th was also in the north in front of Lille. Next, a blow upon the western end of Sector 2, between Soissons and Rheims, upon May 27th, which carried him to the Marne, was also in the north. Next came an attempt upon the Matz Valley—that is, the point nearest Paris, also in the north, upon June 9th. Lastly, he staged an operation on the very largest scale on either side of Rheims—that is, along the whole of Section A in Sector 2—which he hoped would decide the war, upon July 15th; and this was northern, too. All his great massing for attack had necessarily packed his army for three months north of Argonne.

As we know, this last effort broke down. In the midst of its breakdown he allowed himself to be surprised at Soissons on July 18th. From that day to this his great massing in the north has been turned from an offensive strength into a defensive weakness. He now desires above everything to redistribute his strength, to hold in the north with no more than normal strength, and to reinforce the south between Argonne and the Swiss frontier. He has not been allowed to do so. Attack after attack has compelled him to concentrate his strength even more to the north than it was before, and to remain in permanent anxiety with regard to the menace against him in the south.

The extent and nature of the concentration are not only to be appreciated by the figures three-quarters on the one-half and only one quarter on the other. Nor is it even sufficient to remark that the insufficient one-quarter which is holding the whole southern half of the line is of poorer material than the three-quarters which are holding the other half. We must go into more particulars.

The 205 divisions which the enemy had on the West upon July 15th would have numbered in infantry alone at full establishment between 1,800,000 and 1,900,000 men; the present infantry establishment of a German division being about 9,000 bayonets (three regiments of three battalions each). The great losses of the present fighting season have certainly reduced the number to less than this. Even if,



after the very heavy casualty lists of the great attacks between March and July, the enemy was able to keep up his full establishment by drafts from depots, he has not been able to do so since the counter-offensive began upon July 18th. That is certain. We know, in point of fact, that he has recently reduced the number of divisions by eight. That is, he has had to break up eight divisions in order to form drafts for the remainder. And although he has summoned two Austrian divisions to his aid, he now has only 198 divisions upon the West. But these divisions cannot be at full strength. He has lost in prisoners alone, since the surprise at Soissons, at least 130,000 men. In the normal proportion this would mean that his total casualties in the last forty-five days had come to the tremendous total of over 600,000, for to reckon the total casualties as five times the number of prisoners is a normal calculation. His real losses have not been nearly so high, for the proportion of prisoners taken has been abnormal. Most of these prisoners have been captured during the early period of each blow of the counter-offensive, when a belt of the enemy defences, varying from eight miles to two, has been overrun. These blows have been successful. Those of July 18th, between Soissons and Chateau-Thierry, of August 8th in front of Amiens, of August 21st north of the Somme, and of August 26th upon the Scarpe. In each case the number of prisoners taken on the first day has largely exceeded those taken in the remainder of the battle, with the exception of the third blow, that of August 21st, when the first day had very limited objectives, giving only 3,000 prisoners, while the next five days gave almost as many prisoners each day as the first. But although the number of prisoners is here no exact guide to the total casualties, it is difficult to believe that those total casualties are much less than 6,400. There are only two sources from which such losses can be recruited. The first is the hospital returns, the second is the incorporation of class 1920—that is, of the boys just under or just over 18 years of age—who were born in 1900, and who have been under training during the last few months. The total number of the latter before the end of the year will probably come to about 450,000; but they can only gradually be incorporated, for the quality is necessarily poor, and the proportion which you can allow in each unit therefore necessarily restricted. The hospital returns are calculated upon an average of four months. There has not yet been time, therefore, for any considerable number to have come back to reinforce the German line.

We may sum up and say that we have on front of us probably less than 1,400,000 bayonets—certainly not more than 1½ millions—and *of these less than half a million are at the present moment south and east of the Argonne Forest.* The remainder are held in the desperate fighting between Rheims and Arras, or are holding the line between Arras and the sea or the trenches of Champagne between Rheims and Argonne: the two wings upon either side of the great action which have hitherto not come into play.

As against this curiously ill-distributed line, the Allies have now—quite apart from a tactical superiority, of which I will speak in a moment—a definite superiority in numbers, which is due, of course, to the continued advent of fresh American troops trained and ready for the line. This superiority is not yet very great, but it is already apparent and it is rapidly growing.

The possession of the initiative enables this superiority to be used in such a fashion that the congestion of the enemy between Arras and Rheims is maintained without a corresponding congestion upon the Allied side. The enemy is "held"—that is, compelled to stand and concentrate—between Arras and Rheims by forces which are not superior in number to his total force in the region, and meanwhile Allied strength is released for action elsewhere.

The reason that the Allied Higher Command can thus compel the enemy to concentrate on one section of his line (which is, as the crow flies, less than 100 miles in length out of a total of between 400 and 500), and that without any undue counter concentration of the Allies against him—is due to two reasons. First, the fact that the enemy is here not only on the defensive, but anxiously trying to retreat in order to redistribute his strength to shorten his line in the north (thereby saving men), and to reinforce the south. Secondly, the possession by the Allies of two new tactical instruments which the enemy cannot rival: the new tanks and the American contingents—such small proportion of them as have been summoned to this northern battle, for the growing mass of them are elsewhere.

As to the first of these conditions adverse to the enemy—the fact that he is trying to retreat—nay, that he must retreat if he is to have any hope of redistributing his strength and relieving the congestion in the north:

We must appreciate why this necessity of retreat is adverse

to him, and why, under present conditions, it compels him to continued congestion upon the sector where the retreat is taking place.

When armies act independently in a war of movement—move, that is, as great isolated units—a retreat is an operation which, short of bad blundering or of very bad obstacles upon its route, can usually be conducted without great loss and with dispatch. The retiring force, however closely watched by the pursuing force, has the advantage of knowing the moment when it chooses to move; it can move first under cover of darkness, it can cover its movement with a screen of men—that is, with rearguards; and though it is true that observation from the air has weakened the power to retreat unobserved, yet it must be remembered that observation from the air is not possible every day, that it fails at night, and that another modern condition has increased the facility of retreat, which is the value of the machine gun on the defensive. The rearguard screen armed with machine guns can check the pursuing force after a fashion that the old infantry could not. An army in movement, thus isolated, is one organism in the midst of considerable territory; falling back upon its own line of communications perpendicular to its front, it can normally retreat with success—that is, upon its own plan and without great loss. It creates obstacles behind it as it goes, blowing up bridges and cross roads, damming streams, and so forth.

### PROBLEMS OF RETREAT

But the retreat of an army under what may be called siege conditions—the retirement, that is, of a section which has continuous flanks upon either side—is another matter.

In any retreat the mass of your force is, during the process of retreat, out of action. They are in column streaming back along the roads. If upon either flank of the sector from which retreat is taking place attacks are developed against you, you must meet them. You must concentrate men to stop them, or you will be turned. If the enemy gets through either flank and comes down behind you on your lines of retreat, your army is ruined. With each such development on the flanks you must halt your retreat, for you have to send men up to meet the pressure. The moment you halt your retreat, your pursuer attacks violently not only on the wings on which he has just engaged, but upon your centre, too. And you must meet him there also. In general, this attempt to retire a portion of a fixed line is a much more difficult business than the retirement of an independent army, and a vigorous action against it on the part of the pursuer can always throw out its plans. Vigorous pressure maintained by the pursuer has a paradoxical effect: it detains a would-be fugitive. Its object is one of actually checking withdrawals, of preventing the retreat from going as quickly as the retreating commander would desire; for when a retreat is checked against its will, the losses involved by it are increased. This is exactly what has been going on against the German retirement since August 17th or 18th.

It was about then that the German Higher Command determined to retire between the Somme and the Oise. Hardly had they made that decision when Mangin, on the southern of the retreating sector, attacked with great vigour. We know how the seven German divisions in front of him appealed for help to the centre, and how the centre sent back word that no help could be given for the moment. Mangin got right up to Ailette, and the retirement of the Germans between the Somme and the Oise was correspondingly hampered and expensive. But that was not all. In the second step of that retirement another blow was given on the other wing, to the north, and the British Third Army struck upon August 21st. Once more the process of retirement was halted. German divisions had to be rushed up northward; for if the Third British Army had advanced a few miles more the whole German retirement would have been jeopardised by their getting round and behind it. These German divisions having been rushed up northward, they contained the British pressure at great expense to themselves. Once more the retreat was organised, and began a fresh step, when, upon the 26th, the remainder of the British Third Army and the right of the British First Army struck again, still more to the northward, upon the valley of the Scarpe. Here three German divisions—not of the best—had suddenly to be reinforced, and once more, therefore, the process of retreat was checked. At the moment of writing, the pressure is still so vigorously maintained that the retreat may be said to crawl even where it exists, and to be halted altogether elsewhere.

The total effect is that the enemy not only cannot retire as he wills, but, above all, cannot retire at the pace he would have chosen. He is condemned to continue a heavy expenditure in men in order even to prepare each step in his retire-



ment, let alone to effect it. And this adverse condition is increased by the second factor, of which I have spoken—the new tactical instruments.

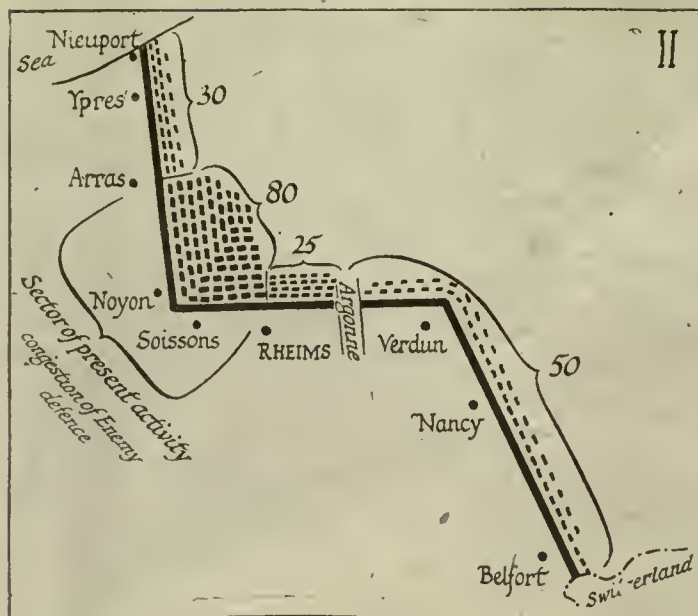
The new type of tank which the Allies now have at their disposal is a reply—and an effective reply—to the machine-gun. It reduces very greatly the power the machine-gun had hitherto of maintaining a defensive with a weak screen of men, and that new tactical instrument the enemy cannot copy for a long time. It is essentially a surprise. The Germans themselves talk of nothing else, and draw what mournful consolation they can from the consideration that the Allied superiority here is one not of manhood, but of machinery. Seeing that throughout all the earlier part of the war that was our own situation, especially in the matter of heavy artillery, we can understand their frame of mind, and we may be allowed to rejoice over it. The effect of the new tanks is essentially to compel the enemy to use more men than he would otherwise have used to cover a retirement, and this necessity of using more men further checks retirement.

I have called the second factor, the American contingents (or such as have been called up to this northern part), a *new tactical instrument* also for reasons with which my readers are familiar. Their vigour, their selected age, their freshness, all give them that character. And here again it is something which the enemy cannot copy. Not only can he not copy it in useful time: he cannot copy it at all. He has no such fresh human material upon which to draw.

We may sum the whole thing up, therefore, and say that the essential of the Allies' strategy at this moment is the maintenance of enemy congestion between Arras and Rheims, with a corresponding depletion of his strength between Rheims and especially beyond Argonne to the Swiss frontier. In the light of that conclusion, we arrive at a judgment very different from that which the mere watching of the map might lead to. So far from measuring our success by the advance of each day by the villages occupied and by the eastward movement of the line as a whole, we must measure it the other way about. The longer the enemy stands, the more he is constrained to defend himself, the more he is checked from achieving his plans of retirement, the better is the Allied cause served. For the test will not be here, between Arras and Rheims. We are not pushing the enemy back: we are holding him. It is he that desires to go back, and the Allies that upset such a plan.

In the accompanying Sketch II., where I have attempted by an over simple scheme to suggest to the eye this congestion of the enemy's forces upon one fraction of the line, I must perforce leave blank everything upon the Allied side of that line; but the situation explains itself.

The great knee, or bend, of which Verdun is the corner, and upon which nothing has come into play from Rheims on the extreme left to Belfort on the extreme right, *that is the menace* which the enemy knows just as well as we do, and which it is well that public and civilian opinion among the Allies should know, too; within that great bend we may strike at will northward or eastward as we choose, feinting to the north to strike on the east, or feinting to the east to strike on the north. All the enemy Press has already seized the point which the enemy Higher Command has been considering with the greatest anxiety for now a full four weeks. If, by some misfortune, we heard one morning of a general enemy retirement, of our triumphant entry with very few prisoners into Douai, Cambrai, and the rest, it would be not matter for elation. It would mean that the enemy was eliminating that great salient to the south and had achieved a retirement to a shorter line. The matter for



congratulation is the pinning of him to the heaviest actions and the retarding of his withdrawal.

In connection with this there are one or two particular points worth noting, and the most important is the possession of the St. Gobain obstacle. The big confused lump of hills which includes the St. Gobain Forest and the Chemin des Dames and the Ailette ridge beyond, the whole district of which Laon, on its isolated height, is the capital, is, and has been for four years, the great pivot of the enemy's defensive position in the West. He is to-day in a dilemma with regard to it. For he wants to hold it, quite obviously. It is of enormous strength. There is no open country through which a double army can strike against him between the St. Gobain Forest and the Oise Valley. There is, at the narrowest sector, one road squeezed between the hills and the woods and the valley. On the other side, the avenue leading between the St. Gobain Forest and the Ailette and Chemin des Dames ridges to Laon there is almost an equally narrow gate. Both these gates can be closed indefinitely against any Allied pressure. But, on the other hand, if the enemy decides to continue this hold upon the St. Gobain obstacle, as I have called it, that prevents his retirement to the north from being carried very far. So long as he holds that obstacle and makes it an essential of his plan, so long he must leave a great flank open in Champagne, and so long must he submit to the menace of attack in the south, which may come from either of two directions which it may be he cannot possibly guess beforehand.

It is true that on this southern half of the line there is one great obstacle—the Vosges mountains and forests. But the strength of this district, though considerable, is not what some critics in this country have suggested. The communications are numerous. The front a long one. The formation, so far from being confused, extremely simple, a rise to the ridge and a descent upon the further side. Further, it is an obstacle with a considerable open flank upon the south and a very large one upon the north. It could hardly conceivably be the main theatre of action; but it is a front upon which any operations in strength would at once necessarily concentrate a great body of men for the defence, and it is one leaving an opportunity for alternative threats to the north and to the south, which would keep that defence in perpetual anxiety.

## The Water Line of Defence

THE week has been full of violent action upon every point of the line, from the extreme right under Mangin, which is exercising the fullest pressure towards Laon and to the extreme left under Horne, where the British First Army is exercising the fullest pressure towards Douai. At both these points the enemy has been compelled to mass more and more men lest the whole line should be compromised by the turning of the wings. Even in the centre no rapid retirement has been possible. The enemy has had to hold the line of high ground from the Tortille to the Oise, and has found his resistance heavily shaken. He lost the hill of St. Quentin, north and a little behind the position of Peronne. He has lost bridgeheads to the French across the canal to the south; he has maintained himself upon the hills just east of Noyon.

Perhaps the most interesting of the points of resistance here has been that upon the extreme north covering Douai.

The ground here merits particular attention as an example of the way in which the enemy meets the novel tactical effect of the tanks.

If the reader will turn to Sketch III he will see that north of the Scarpe there is no natural obstacle. Here the enemy has had to meet the pressure against him with a sheer weight of men, and he has brought men to hold the main railway, and the main road to Douai, and bars the approach to that town all the way from Plouvain to a point west of Oppy. To the south of the Scarpe he has natural advantages. There is here a whole line which is of particular value against the new instruments. For he can here use water as a defence.

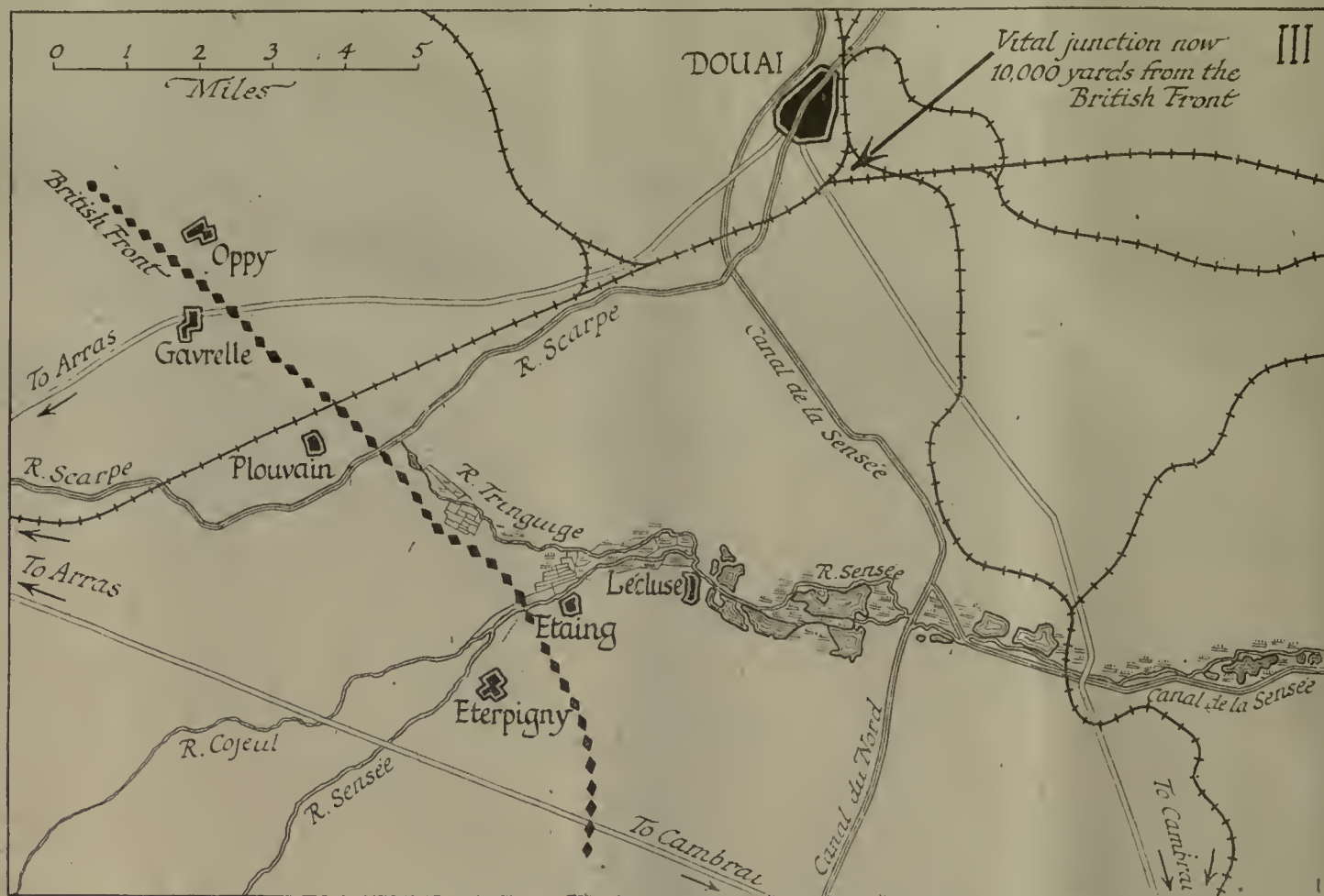


As we know, British forces are in Eterpigny, and their line along the falling slopes from this point to Plouvain is well established. Immediately in front of them the enemy has this strong defence from Biache on the Scarpe to Etaing; just in front of Eterpigny upon the Sensee there runs a perfectly flat depression, and all the way along it there is water. The fields north of Etaing are a mass of small canals draining marshes; thence to Biache runs the little brook called Tringuige, with similarly dyked marshes on its upper part at Hamblain and a point just before you come to Biache and the Scarpe. The whole of these three miles between the course of the Somme and that of the Scarpe is a most difficult obstacle for the new methods to tackle. And, unfortunately, is continued on eastward from the Sansée. There is a mass of marsh up to Lecluse, and beyond that eastward for five miles of the way to Aubigny there is a chain of shallow meres and marshes drained by innumerable ditches which form a most formidable obstacle. Douai with its vital railway junction is thus covered by the best defensive position on

of the Schelt, wherein Douai and Cambrai are the two capitals. has lesser heights in front of it, and is much further back. But Dury Hill stands forward above the flat and rolling ground quite unmasked and dominating its water level by something like 100 feet. From this rise of land you sweep a large horizon, clearly distinguish the towers of Douai, seven miles off to the left, and I think those of Cambrai ten miles off to the right.

Great as has been the success, and, let us hope, the introduction to better things still, we must not neglect the serious obstacle which still lies in front of any advance in this region. That obstacle is the line of water and marsh spoken of above.

The tactical instrument which has secured this victory is the tank. Now, the obstacle to the tank is not so much the old type of organised trench defence as water and marsh. I have already shown how a line of water and marsh covers Douai, and it is noteworthy that Monday's advance, where it was up against this line of water, made no progress. The troops apparently did not cross the marshy depression



the whole of this front, and that at an average range of 10,000 yards.

If the enemy loses that water-line he will lose something of more defensive value to him than any trench system not so supported. He has prepared, of course, for the conditions of last year an artificial defensive line far in front of this, running from Drocourt to Queant. That line has been entered at Eterpigny, and may be fully passed. But I do not believe that under the present conditions—that is, with the use of tanks—he put his chief reliance upon the old prepared line in this sector. I think he puts his ultimate reliance upon the line of marsh which I have indicated, and which is continued for miles on before Cambrai by the Sensee Canal.

## The Quéant-Drocourt Line

Since writing the above, news has reached London of the breach in the Quéant-Drocourt line effected by English and Canadian troops upon the front of Eterpigny.

The breach of two thousand yards which appears in the defensive system through the attack of Monday is complete. The first rupture was one of about two miles; it was immediately enlarged to a width of six miles. Pending counter-attacks, we may say that the Quéant-Drocourt line has gone. There is a secondary point connected with this success which is the possession, as a result of it, of Dury Hill. The observation from this point is of high value. It is more important, really, than the Hill of Monchy, though the Hill of Monchy is higher; for Monchy, though it overlooks the great plain

between Biache and Lecluse. All the progress was made further east and south beyond Etaing, where there is no water obstacle. But the obstacle of water and marsh still lies here a few thousand yards in front of the point reached by the English and Canadians last Monday. Further, this line of water is continued a long way down to the south by the valley of the Agache River and its canal. This stream does not cover Cambrai, but at Marquion it crosses the main road between Arras and Cambrai, and unfortunately is further continued towards the south by the canal bed which forms a serious water obstacle all the way in front of Cambrai; after a gap of five miles another canal goes all the way down to St. Quentin.

One must always allow the enemy the fullest possible knowledge of his opportunities and the fullest possible and most intelligent use of those opportunities. It is the Napoleonic maxim: always expect the worst.

It is, of course, possible that the enemy has committed the error of standing upon the artificial defences of the old Quéant-Drocourt line, and has nothing prepared behind it to utilise the great opportunity given him by this long line of water. But it is unlikely. It is far more probable that he has seized the novel value of the Agache line, and will use it to the utmost.

I am unfortunately unable to illustrate my meaning by a map, as these lines are written on Tuesday morning, and there is no time for a block to be made before going to press. But if the reader will consult any good map of the district he will see what I mean. A year ago, before the new type of tank and its tactics had appeared, the line of the Agache and its continuation by canal was not essential. To-day it is, and there is little hope of the enemy's failing to use it.



# The American Spirit: By Arthur Pollen

THE worst of conventional politeness is that the words and phrases that express praise, congratulation, and regret, seem woefully hackneyed and inadequate when our sentiments are profoundly stirred and we would wish to express them with force and sincerity. Here, for example, we are somewhat stunned by hearing that Mr. Page is going. We are floored to say how great his loss to us really is. In a sense, no doubt his work is so well done that another can take the place in which he has worn himself out in the service, not of his own country only, but of us all. He has been rightly called a "Great Ambassador." Yet no man, I am sure, ever came to this country with less expectation that his mission would make him famous. Mr. Page had remarkable gifts for a task none too easy in normal times—clear insight into complex problems, a well-balanced judgment, made keen by a wide business experience, an imperturbable urbanity, a command of vigorous and often beautiful and eloquent language. But these gifts had not made him one of the very conspicuous public men of America, nor would they have taken him to the highest place here had he not—in a strange and unexpected crisis—been seized from the first by a true and sympathetic vision of the Allies' aim, an unwavering confidence in the great mission of his nation and, above all, a most courageous patience. Not in all the world was there a happier man nor one more greatly rewarded than he when, eighteen months ago, America went to war. Like the great majority of his countrymen, his posture as a neutral was his only insincerity. More than any Minister from America, he has been the Ambassador of the people, from the people, to the people. The United States Government has no means of rewarding its greatest servants. It gives neither pensions nor honours. But we know here, and I think his countrymen as well, that in the last four years the world has had few better or more useful citizens. Mr. Page has seen the beginnings of the American victory in Europe, and the end of a quarrel that for a century and a half has kept the great twin families of the British race apart. Both are to a great extent his work. He is, at least, assured of the gratitude of those who know the value of these things. Mr. Page has triumphed by sheer sincerity, deep faith, simple directness of method. He has made himself as great a European as he is a great American, and we can all be at one with the poet,

"Our pictured story boasts no nobler Page."

Perhaps the best comment on the Ambassador's work is the attitude of his countrymen towards the war. Readers of this journal will remember that, from the day when the *Lusitania* was sunk until Mr. Wilson made his last effort to bring the belligerents to the discussion of peace, it has never here been doubted, first, that the Americans would come into the war, and, next, that, once in, it would be impossible to get them out again until the Allied victory was complete. During the last few days we have had many and striking confirmations that the second of these forecasts was as accurate as the first. Mr. Gompers—a very welcome guest—speaks with no uncertainty as to the attitude of American labour. Senator Lewis, a very influential democrat—a visitor no less welcome—hesitates in this respect just as little as Mr. Gompers, or, indeed, Mr. Wilson himself. Cabot Lodge, the veteran leader of the Republican Senators, has set out terms of settlement that are quite uncompromising. From all over America there come reports that the leaders are, after all, only expressing the sentiments of the people. As for the spirit of the American Army and the American Fleet—the deeds of the fighting men speak more eloquently than any words.

There are two observations which these new revelations of the American spirit make apposite. First, they should be of exceptional value in awakening Europe to the realities of the position. Next, that this chorus of encouragement coincides with so startling a change in the fortunes of war, should give new faith to the doubting and new courage to those who never lost their faith.

## Resolute from the First

But let us not forget that, while these new proofs of the American spirit come to us at the same hour as the tale of our new successes in the field, this spirit is not the offspring of these successes. I was in America a year ago, and was constantly struck by the fact that, apart from a narrow group of somewhat over-precious thinkers, all America

was unanimous that victory must be attained, whatever the sacrifice and whatever the difficulties. To my mind there was throughout the summer of 1917 but one cause of uncertainty. Until the submarine menace was broken the American Army could not take the field. By the fourth week of September it seemed clear that this menace had been broken; and in an article to the *New York Tribune*, after alluding to the immense value of the convoy principle in making this change, I went on to say that now, for the first time, there was a reasonable hope that Allied shipping would prove equal to bringing over the Allied army, and hence that military victory was assured. In other words, that we had reached the turning point of the war.

This turning point had come just when the Germans were despairing of victory. The Reichstag was passing its no annexation resolutions; all the world was wondering whether anything would follow from the Vatican's suggestion for negotiation. The war news at the moment was good, but the peace news was better. Their message was identical, and while one did not mean that victory was near, nor did the other mean that peace might come soon. For peace could take but one form—surrender. Either the surrender of the German Army in the field or the surrender to humanity of the German people. A correspondent retorted that my alternative was preposterous. It might be possible to beat Germany, but peace surely—and a sufficient peace—could be got at a far less cost than this. My reply, written in October, 1917, reflected the sentiment of those I was with.

"When Mr. Asquith said that Great Britain's sword had not been lightly drawn, nor would it be sheathed again till the military power of Prussia was broken, he said almost the first and certainly the last words that need be said about the ending of the war. The horror of a felonious outrage was fresh in all our consciences when these words were spoken. Prussia had struck because she believed she had the power to strike successfully. She had adopted the creed of force because she supposed that overwhelming force was hers. Might was right, because she possessed the might."

"The Prussian failure can be turned to defeat now that America can take the field. If the German people do not anticipate this, and voluntarily offer restitution and reparation, it means that the German people share the Prussian heresy, or are unable to combat it. If, after the war, the world is once more to become a community of nations, it cannot allow within that community a nation with beliefs like this. Germany, then, must be expelled from civilisation, just as assassins and cheats are expelled from society, or the German people must be cured. There is only one cure for the belief in force. The cure is a dose of the medicine they have brewed for us."

"Their military defeat must be followed by unconditional surrender. That is by disarmament. If our judgment of the Germans, while stern and just, is yet impartial, we shall help them to regain their self-respect, and so make them good neighbours, by forcing them, so far as material contributions can effect it, to undo the cruel wrongs they have committed. They cannot give us back the dead. They cannot replace priceless treasures of art and learning they have destroyed. But they can pension the wounded, compensate the bereft, rebuild, and restore. They are a hard-working and thrifty people, and could, I imagine, when saved the expense of an army, navy, and Imperial family, contribute four or five hundred million pounds sterling a year to effect these objects. And whether they are to pay for 50 years or for 100, depends upon how soon they see that pay ultimately they must."

"These ideas seem fantastic to many now, because they simply do not believe that victory is possible. But those who are confident of victory need only to remember that conquerors do not negotiate and confer. They impose their will, and if at the end our will remains, as it was in the beginning, to break the military power of Prussia, there is but one way of doing it. The stages in the process are victory—disarmament—and then the long and painful process of restitution."

"The crimes of Germany are the outcome of 50 years of materialist thinking, of military success, of absolutist tyranny. The occupation of a disarmed Germany by the Allied armies for a much shorter period than this would cure the people of that country of their mental and spiritual illusions. We can cure their minds. It is for themselves to change their hearts."

ARTHUR POLLEN.



# The Turkish Conspiracy

By HENRY MORGENTHAU

## A Detailed Account of the Dardanelles Defences

*THIS is the first authentic account yet published of the nature of the Dardanelles fortifications at the time of the Allied naval attack on the Straits. Mr. Morgenthau, in company with a party of Turkish notables, visited and inspected the defences of the Dardanelles.*

**W**HEN the situation had reached

this exciting stage, Enver asked me to visit the Dardanelles. He still insisted that the fortifications were impregnable, and he could not understand, he said, the panic which was then raging in Constantinople. He had visited the Dardanelles himself, had inspected every gun and every emplacement, and was entirely confident that his soldiers could hold off the Allied Fleet indefinitely. He had taken Talaat down, and by doing so he had considerably eased the statesman's fears. It was Enver's conviction that if I could visit the fortifications I would be persuaded that the fleets could never get through, and that I would thus be able to give such assurances to the people that the prevailing excitement would subside. I disregarded certain natural doubts as to whether an Ambassador should expose himself to the dangers of such a situation—the ships were bombarding nearly every day—and promptly accepted Enver's invitation.

On the morning of the 15th, we left Constantinople on the *Yuruk*. Enver himself accompanied us as far as Panderma, an Asiatic town on the Sea of Marmora. The party included several other notables: Ibrahim Bey, the Minister of Justice, Husni Pasha, the general who had commanded the army which had deposed Abdul Hamid in the Young Turk revolution, and Senator Cherif Djafer Pasha, an Arab and a direct descendant of the Prophet. A particularly congenial companion was Fuad Pasha, an old field-marshal, who had led an adventurous career; despite his age, he had an immense capacity for enjoyment, was a huge feeder and a capacious drinker, and had as many stories to tell of exile, battle, and hair-breadth escapes as Othello. All of these men were much older than Enver, and all of them were descended of far more distinguished lineage, yet they treated this stripling with the utmost deference.

Enver seemed particularly glad of this opportunity to discuss the situation. Immediately after breakfast, he took me aside, and together we went up to the deck. The day was a beautiful sunny one, and the sky in the Marmora was that deep blue which we find only in this part of the world. What most impressed me was the intense quiet, the almost desolate inactivity of these silent waters. Our ship was almost the only one in sight, and this inland sea, which in ordinary times was one of the world's greatest commercial highways, was now practically a primeval waste. The whole scene was merely a reflection of the great triumph which German diplomacy had accomplished in the Near East. For nearly six months not a Russian merchant ship had passed through the Straits. All the commerce of Rumania and Bulgaria, which had normally found its way to Europe across this inland sea, had long since disappeared. The ultimate significance of all this desolation was that Russia was blockaded and completely isolated from her allies. How much that one fact has meant in the history of the world for the last three years! And how England and France were seeking to overcome this disadvantage; to link up their own military resources with those of their great Eastern



SEDD-UL-BAHR FORTIFICATION

This was located at the tip of the Gallipoli peninsula, and, with Kum Kale on the Asiatic side, guarded the entrance to the Dardanelles.

The Allied fleets completely demolished these batteries in late February and early March, 1915, and so gained an entrance to the Straits.

ally, and to restore to the Dardanelles and the Marmora the thousands of ships that meant Russia's existence as a military and economic, and even, as subsequent events have shown, as a political power. We were approaching the scene of one of the great crises of the war.

Would England and her allies succeed in this enterprise? Would their ships at the Dardanelles smash the fortifications, break through, and again make Russia a permanent force in the war? That was the main subject which Enver and I discussed, as for nearly three hours we

walked up and down the deck. Enver again referred to the "silly panic" that had seized nearly all classes in the capital. "Even though Bulgaria and Greece both turn against us," he said, "we shall defend Constantinople to the end. We have plenty of guns, plenty of ammunition, and we have these on terra firma, whereas the English and French batteries are floating ones. And the natural advantages of the Straits are so great that the warships can make little progress against them. I do not care what other people may think. I have studied this problem more thoroughly than any of them, and I feel that I am right. As long as I am at the head of the War Department, we shall not give up. Indeed, I do not know just what these English and French battleships are driving at. Suppose that they rush the Dardanelles, get here into the Marmora, and reach Constantinople; what good will that do them? They can bombard and destroy the city, I admit; but they cannot capture it, as they have no troops to land. Unless they do bring a large army, they will really be caught in a trap. They can perhaps stay here for two or three weeks until their food and supplies are all exhausted, and then they will have to go back—rush the Straits again, and again run the risk of annihilation. In the meantime, we would have repaired the forts, brought in troops, and made ourselves ready for them. It seems to me to be a very foolish enterprise."

I have already told how Enver had taken Napoleon as his model, and in this Dardanelles expedition he now apparently saw a Napoleonic opportunity. As we were pacing the deck, he stopped a moment, looked at me earnestly, and said:

"I shall go down in history as the man who demonstrated the vulnerability of England and her Fleet. I shall show that her Navy is not invincible. I was in England a few years before the war, and discussed England's position with many of her leading men, such as Asquith, Churchill, Haldane. I told them that their course was wrong. Winston Churchill declared that England could defend herself with her Navy alone, and that she needed no large army. I told Churchill that no great empire could last that did not have both an army and a navy. I found that Churchill's opinion was the one that prevailed everywhere in England. There was only one man I met who agreed with me; that was Lord Roberts. Well, Churchill has now sent his fleet down here—perhaps to show me that his navy can do all that he said it could do. Now we'll see." Enver seemed to regard this naval expedition as a personal challenge from Mr. Churchill to himself—almost like a continuation of their argument in London.



We reached Panderna about two o'clock. Here Enver and his auto were put ashore, and our party started again,

In the morning we started again. We now had fairly arrived in the Dardanelles, and from Gallipoli we had a sail of nearly twenty-five miles to Tchanak Kalé. For the most part, this section of the Strait is uninteresting, and, from a military point of view, it is unimportant. The stream is about two miles wide, both sides are low-lying and marshy, and only a few scrambling villages show any signs of life. I was told that there were a few ancient fortifications, their rusty guns pointing toward the Marmora, the emplacements having been erected there in the early part of the nineteenth century for the purpose of preventing hostile ships entering from the north. These fortifications, however, were so inconspicuous that I could not see them; my hosts informed me that they had no fighting power, and that, indeed, there



March 19 the Germans and Turks were prepared to retreat to Anatolia and leave Constantinople at the mercy of the British. The Allies abandoned the attack at the precise moment when complete victory was in their grasp.



was nothing in the northern part of the Straits, from Point Nagara to the Marmora, that could offer resistance to any modern fleet. The chief interest which I found in this part of the Dardanelles was purely historic and legendary. The ancient town of Lampsacus appeared in the modern Lapsaki; just across from Gallipoli, and Nagara Point is the site of the ancient Abydos, from which village Leander used to swim nightly across the Hellespont to Hero—a feat which was repeated about one hundred years ago by Lord Byron. Here also Xerxes crossed from Asia to Greece on a bridge of boats, embarking on that famous expedition which was to make him master of the world. The tribe of Xerxes, I thought, as I passed the scene of his exploit, is not yet entirely extinct!

The Germans and Turks had found a less romantic use for this, the narrowest part of the Dardanelles, for here they had stretched a cable and anti-submarine barrage of mines and nets—a device which, as I shall describe, did not keep the English and French underwater boats out of the Marmora and the Bosphorus. It was not until we rounded this historic point of Nagara that the dull monotony of flat shores gave place to a more diversified landscape. On the European side

the cliffs now began to descend precipitously to the water, reminding me of our own Palisades along the Hudson, and I obtained glimpses of the hills and mountain ridges that afterwards proved such tragical stumbling blocks to the valiant Allied armies. The configuration of the land south of Nagara, with its many hills and ridges, made it plain why the military engineers had selected this stretch of the Dardanelles as the section best adapted to defence. Our boat was now approaching what was perhaps the most commanding point in the whole strait—the city of Tchanak, or, to give it its modern European name, of Dardanelles. In normal times this was a thriving port of 16,000 people, its houses built of wood, the headquarters of a considerable trade in wool and other products, and for centuries it has been an important military station. Now, excepting for the soldiers, it was deserted, the large civilian population having been moved into Anatolia. The British Fleet, we were told, had bombarded this city; yet this statement seemed hardly probable, for I saw only a single house that had been hit, evidently by a stray shell which had been aimed at the near-by fortifications.

Djevad Pasha, the Turkish Commander-in-Chief at the Dardanelles, met us, and escorted our party to headquarters. Djevad was a man of culture and of pleasing and cordial manners; as he spoke excellent German, I had no need of an interpreter. I was much impressed by the deference with which the German officers treated him; that he was the Commander-in-Chief in this theatre of war and that the generals of the Kaiser were his subordinates was made plainly apparent. As we passed into his office, Djevad stopped in front of a piece of a torpedo, mounted in the middle of the hall, evidently as a souvenir.

"There is the great criminal!" he said, calling my attention to the relic.

About this time the newspapers were hailing the exploit of an English submarine, which had sailed from England to the Dardanelles, passed under the mine-field, and torpedoed the Turkish warship *Mesudié*.

"That's the torpedo that did it!" said Djevad. "You'll see the wreck of the ship when you go down."

The first fortification I visited was that of Anadolu Hamidié (that is, Asiatic Hamidié), located on the water's edge just outside of Tchanak. My first impression was that I was in Germany. The officers were practically all Germans,

and everywhere Germans were building up buttresses with sacks of sand, and in other ways strengthening the emplacements. Here German—not Turkish—was the language heard on every side. Oberst Wehrle, who conducted me over these batteries, took the greatest delight in showing them. He had the simple pride of the artist in his work, and told me of the happiness that had come into his days when Germany had at last found herself at war. All his life, he said, he had spent in military practices, and, like most Germans, he had become tired of manoeuvres, sham battles, and other forms of mimic hostilities. Yet he was approaching fifty, he had become a colonel, and he was fearful that his career would close without actual military experience—and

then the splendid thing had happened, and here he was, fighting a real English enemy, firing real guns and shells! There was nothing brutal about Wehrle's manners; he was a "gemütlich" gentleman from Baden, and thoroughly likeable; yet he was all aglow with the spirit of "Der Tag." His attitude was simply that of a man who had spent his lifetime learning a trade and who now rejoiced at the chance of exercising it. But he furnished an illuminating light on the German military character

and the forces that had really caused the war. Feeling myself so completely in German country, I asked Colonel Wehrle why there were so few Turks on this side of the Straits. "You won't ask me that question this afternoon," he said, smiling, "when you go over to the other side."

The location of Anadolu Hamidié seemed ideal. It stands right at the water's edge, and consists—or it did then—of ten guns, every one completely sweeping the Dardanelles. Walking upon the parapet, I had a clear view of the Strait, Kum Kalé, at the entrance, about fifteen miles away, standing out conspicuously. No warship could enter these waters without immediately coming within complete sight of her gunners. Yet the fortress itself, to an unprofessional eye like my own, was not particularly impressive. The parapet and traverses were merely mounds of earth, and stand to-day practically as they were finished by their French constructors in 1837. There is a general belief that the Germans had completely modernised the Dardanelles defences, but this was not true at that time. The guns defending Fort Anadolu Hamidié were more than thirty years old, all being the Krupp model of 1885, and the rusted exteriors of some of them gave evidences of their age. Their extreme range was only about nine miles, while the range of the battleships opposing them was about ten miles, and that of the *Queen Elizabeth* was not far from eleven. Nor did the fortifications contain very considerable stores of ammunition. A small number of "red heads"—that is, non-armour-piercing projectiles useful only for fighting landing parties—had been brought from Adrianople, and were reposing in Hamidié at the time of my visit; but these were small in quantity, and of no value in fighting ships. I lay this stress upon Hamidié because this was the most important fortification in the Dardanelles. Throughout the whole bombardment it attracted more of the Allied fire than any other position, and it inflicted at least 60 per cent. of all the damage that was done to the attacking ships. It was Anadolu Hamidié which, in the great bombardment of March 18th, sank the *Bowet*, the French battleship, and which in the course of the whole attack had disabled several other units. All its officers were Germans, and 85 per cent. of the men on duty came from the crews of the *Goeben* and the *Breslau*.

(To be continued)



TCHEMENLIK AND FORT ANADOLU HAMIDIÉ

The latter, the works in the background, was the chief fortification on the Asiatic side. It inflicted the most damage on the Allied fleet and was

the chief object of the fleet's attack. It was almost entirely manned by German officers and men at the time of Mr. Morgenthau's visit.



# The Bernhardi of Commerce.—II

HOW GERMANY PLANS TO ENSLAVE LABOUR AND SCIENCE

By Ralph W. Page

**I**F there is anything to be gained by being honest, let us be honest; if it is necessary to deceive, let us deceive. Thus wrote Frederick the Great in the middle of the eighteenth century—the man who laid the foundation of Pan-Germanism, which this world war was expected to achieve. Not content with dominion by force of arms, we find

Germany plotting for commercial supremacy, with that insolent disregard of the rights of others and that resort to deception that has characterised all her policies since Frederick the Great's reign.

"For forty years the Germans have been plotting to realise their dream of Pan-Germanism—eventual world conquest and dominion. For two generations they have been thinking in terms unknown or little understood by an innocent and unsuspecting world. The Prussian philosophy that might makes right, that the State is supreme, has completely possessed the ruling and upper classes of Germany, both military and commercial, until deception and fraud form the background of their most important international relations and undertakings. They have made Germany an inherently dishonest nation.

"Their military plans were successfully concealed for years, and when their dreams of conquest did out-crop occasionally, there were few with an intimate enough knowledge of the complete premeditated and systematic degeneration of the German official character to read the handwriting on the wall.

"German rule means the breakdown of all order, the exchange of personal liberty and national freedom for force, of right for might, of justice for the mailed fist.

"The world should have been forewarned. Books were written, maps constructed, by well-known German authorities for the enlightenment of the German people, and these books reached the outside world; but civilisation, accustomed to the pursuits of peace, turned a deaf ear, and is now paying the penalty for refusing to see and hear.

"Now another conception comes out of the heart of Germany that threatens the commercial interests of unsuspecting nations—carefully thought out, with characteristic German thoroughness, openly advocating the breaking down of all business ethics, relying upon trickery and circumvention to gain their end. This promises to stop at nothing, from national dumping of goods to crush competition to false labels and disguise of the origin and the breaking of contracts that prove disadvantageous to the German.

"Let the manufacturing and banking interests, and the labouring and professional classes of all nations, be warned in time to devise antidotes and counter-attacks to the Machiavellian devices of a class gone mad with lust of conquest, deliberately plotting to fatten itself upon the life blood of other peoples even after the war. Let us consider, in making peace, what protection we can give to the commercial existence of the free nations."

*From the Preface to the American Edition.*

That the Kaiser plans to seize the cream of the world's business upon his own terms is by no means the most startling of the Herzog propositions. There are preliminary conquests which he frankly admits will have to be made.

The first of these is the complete subjugation of labour. He intends to take unquestioned command of the time and the lives, and the movements and the thoughts, of all the workmen, artisans, and mechanics of his own dominion—previous to dictating the conduct of workers throughout the world. Once committed to the conduct of a war of economic extinction, organising a *disciplined* army is an inevitable prelude. This Herzog points out with laudable frankness.

"The export trade," he says, "because it is a measuring

*"Imperial State Ownership of the Individual" would be a more appropriate title for this exposure of German designs on the world's trade. The original work was written by an eminent German engineer and economist, and published during the second year of the war. It fell into the hands of Mr. H. C. Hoover, the U.S. Food Controller, who considered it of such moment that he arranged for its translation and publication in book form. The book presents ingenious plans for securing commercial victories at the expense of other nations.*

of strength, domestic and foreign, is a battle. . . . To wage it successfully, the combatant must remain free from irritation and dissension within.

He goes on to say that "all financial support is useless if production is interrupted by causes lying in labour conditions—strikes and lock-outs impairing the work of industries must under all circumstances be avoided—

such cases are unthinkable in times of war."

Having concluded that, properly speaking, all times are war times, his way of avoiding them is simple. He remarks that "a command is sufficient." He elaborates:

"Long investigations about causes would injure industrial development and, therewith, the export trade. As in times of war, so here, the procedure must be cut short—by the mandate of the State."

Hence he decrees that all employees of important industries "must be entered in special lists," and that "these persons, whether they are directors, operating or scientific officers, or labourers, must be subject to State organisation similar to that of the army."

"Protection might without a doubt be had against this danger (insubordination) by placing the labour under State supervision in the same way that this was done in certain industries during the war, with success and to the general satisfaction. . . . This form of militarising invaluable industries can scarcely be avoided in spite of the opposition it will be exposed to in times of peace."

In order to make sure that there is no possible mistake about the intentions, it is added that:

"In so doing, the legal freedom of the private individual, of science, and of property, although eventually guaranteed and safeguarded, is liable to be compromised, as is likewise the right of capital and trade to move about at will."

By these means all vexing questions between capital and labour are finally and easily settled. Not only for Germany, either, if this scheme works. For the single and sole purpose of establishing this system of peonage and military control of labour in Berlin is to force it upon the rest of civilisation.

## State Ownership of Workmen

For the very heart of the plan is the conquest of American and Allied commerce and business. And, of course, business and commerce are inextricably bound up with the lives and welfare and daily actions of every individual on the Continent. Our whole conception of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" is fundamentally based upon our emancipation from any arbitrary control of our earnings, our working hours, and our freedom of personal action.

The wedge by which the German flatly proposes to introduce his "efficient" processes into the life of the world is through the industries and mines owned outside Germany and operated under the management and laws of Potsdam. This was set forth in my first article.

But this actual physical forcing of peonage upon our labour by force on our own shores is not the most immediate probable danger.

We abhor great standing armies. Ordinarily we would not stand the arbitrary and often secret State management of all business, the compulsory limitation of private wills and actions, the uniform discipline imposed on every man. Yet to-day, at this very moment we are not only submitting to exactly that, but every right-minded man in the republic knows that it is necessary for self-preservation, and hence that objection by any one smacks very clearly of treason.

Whether we liked it or not—abhor it as we might—we were forced to adopt this process because Germany adopted



it. We were *compelled* to fight fire with fire. The only way we could have prevented this catastrophe from befalling us would have been by preventing Germany's developing such an organisation and philosophy, if such a thing had been possible.

## The Conscription of Capital

Precisely the same danger threatens us in the trade war. If ever we allow the Germans to organise a feudal, subservient trade army and to launch their programme against us, whether they succeed or not, we shall find ourselves *compelled* to adopt their diabolical methods to meet them. They will force upon us the discipline of all labour, as well as capital and trade, just as, for the time being, they have forced us to adopt a military government.

The answer is, that if it takes forty years we will stay with this war game until we have for ever wiped out not only the possibility, but the very desire for, and dream of, such a procedure.

The conscription and discipline of capital by the Kaiser is a second conquest necessarily antecedent to the launching of the great commercial offensive. This does not mean capital with a capital C—which is the surplus of the financiers. It means the earnings and wealth of the people—the deposits in the savings banks and investments in all manufacturing concerns. Herr Herzog puts it this way:

"Constraint must likewise be put upon capital, if it shows itself stubborn," and "then, too, we must always reckon with short-sighted and narrow-hearted capital. . . . In such cases the State must step in without fear or favour; the right of expropriation (seizure) must be established by law for this purpose. If there is danger that the refractory individuals may find themselves relieved of their entire capital, then there will scarcely be damaging resistance from the capitalist side."

"To be sure," he blandly admits, "that is an infringement of guaranteed commercial liberties; yet it is necessary when the State meets opposition in exercising its duty to protect exports."

To the average citizen it would appear that in forestalling this plot we would in fact be rendering the German people no less service than emancipating them from slavery. For an examination of the action contemplated by the State in "exercising its duties to protect exports" we discover that they involve:

1. The complete elimination of the small manufacturer from the face of the earth. Little independent units have no place in a great army. They are to combine or perish. The overwhelming concentration of all wealth in gigantic enterprises under the thumb of the State is the first principle of this proposition.

2. The second is like unto it. All bankers and investors are to put their money where the State—i.e., the Kaiser—commands. And he will command that it support his monstrous monopolies, and under no circumstances wander beyond the Rhine, or into "irrelevant and incompetent" channels.

As in the case of the military mobilisation of labour, so in the case of the military mobilisation of the people's money, it behoves us to take care that the German does not execute his intentions, lest in the ensuing contest he shall compel us to take the same fatal action, in imperative self-defence.

In these preparations the Prussians are not content with harnessing all persons and property to their chariot wheels. As a final touch, they contemplate the exclusive ownership and direction of the arts and the sciences—I mean of the sciences. Presumably there is to be no art, unless destruction be an art. The minds and means and the very thoughts of all inventive genius are to be under the same rigid military supervision—and directed toward the one single goal of conquest. Away with the old vision of the fraternity of intellect! Away with the international participation in the fruits of human progress and civilisation!

Herzog makes the idea clear enough. But he believes it a mistake to allow us to find it out. So, in concluding the details of the plan, he says:

"The idea should not *get about* that a Chinese wall is being thrown around German inventions and improvements, although the experiences of the war have taught us that too great scientific familiarity with foreign countries was rewarded by ingratitude and injury." So "if all inventions and improvements are accessible to a central office, a suitable organisation will make it possible to keep these inventions and improvements out of the reach of foreign countries. . . .

As for the discoveries and inventions made in Allied countries—well, Germany will have complete lists and use of these. For the plan of campaign includes a special bureau

and a world-wide network of spies and agents for just exactly this purpose. As of yore, if you are an experimental chemist, your confidential secretary is to be from Essen.

## Commercial Camouflage

"Peace will come," says Herzog, "yet hate will remain in the hearts of those who have conjured up this bloody struggle, and who are inferior therein, morally, physically, and economically"—meaning you and me and our allies.

Yet this sentence reveals the first disturbing glimmer of doubt that has clouded the bright visions of the German contemplation of "Might" as a talisman to universal supremacy. They have discovered and admit that it breeds hatred. And, further, they recognise the mighty forces it raises in the primrose path of conquest.

But their answer is not for the forsaking of the creed of compulsion. They will meet this proposition with its twin corollaries—treachery and deceit—reinforced with still more arbitrary power. It is all very well for the National Security League to circulate pledges not to purchase German goods after the war. It is all very well for the Allied Trade Councils to consider co-operation to that end, and for the clever French artists vividly to paint the obvious fact that the coming Düsseldorf drummer with his line of incandescent lamps is the same identical blonde beast that ravished the hamlet of Sermaize. The German General Staff will take care of that. Here is Herr Herzog's diagnosis and the remedy:

"German exporters must expect that for a long time after the end of the war German manufacturers will be outlawed among our present enemies. It would be idle to live in the opinion that peace will banish hatred at once. The latter must be reckoned with in German industry.

"The German 'make-up' is to be avoided. . . . The intrinsic quality of exported German goods must be typically German; their external garb, for better or for worse, will have to be *anonymous*—neutral. The make-up, by which term not only the packing, but also often the style is to be understood, must for the present adapt itself exclusively to the taste of the customer, even if a thorough-going change in the manufacturing process is thereby involved. *Disavowal* under such circumstances is required.

"'Camouflage' in war is an important strategic method; when opportunely and ingeniously applied, it increases the effectiveness of weapons. The application of this precept for the commercial struggle is as clear as day. . . . Away, then, with the German trade mark. . . . Away with it where it brings loss instead of gain.

I will leave to the cross-roads merchants and the metropolitan department stores the problem of meeting such commercial "camouflage" as selling "anonymous" goods. But I shall recommend a remedy of my own for Herzog's further method of preserving this invaluable alibi.

His method is succinctly contained in this paragraph:

"If the German manufacturer with great self-effacement makes every requisite effort to banish sources of irritation, he, for his own part, has a right to insist that the government of the hostile country does not work against him. Officers of foreign States, whether they be railroad or customs officials, can under no circumstances be permitted to label goods so as to disclose the place of origin. Nor can they be allowed to do this after laying down rules under a pretence of impartiality, to the effect that all imports are to be labelled in this way without regard to the particular country from which they come. It is clear that the indication of origin from a formerly Allied country represents an official recommendation for the product in question, and that a rule requiring such a label in all cases has only the purpose of making German goods especially recognisable—to their disadvantage. It is, however, not sufficient for the German manufacturer to gain his point, namely, that the goods coming from him need not be thus indicated. He must be inexorable in demanding that no recognisable mark of origin may be used at all on the goods without regard to the country from which they come.

"For the non-marking of German goods, as a right of exception granted them, while other foreign goods are labelled, amounts in actual practice to giving away their origin. The path to foreign trade must not be beset with ambushes of this sort. . . . Secret malicious weapons must be destroyed before their use—by force—if there is no other way."

Curiously enough, the only effective antidote for this poisonous suggestion is precisely like the suggestion—that it be destroyed before its use—by keeping every cantonment in America filled to its utmost capacity, and shipping another three million soldiers to France somewhat faster than anybody believes it can be done.



# The Veteran: By Charles Hodson

**H**E was old when I first knew him; and that was a dozen or more years ago. His beard was snow-white and his eyes were dim, and he was well past the allotted span of three-score years and ten. He was a Norfolk man—that county of splendid centenarians—and it was in a Norfolk village where I first ran across him. He was standing outside his cottage, shading his eyes with his hand. It was a Sunday morning in August. I can see him raise his stick again in greeting as I passed. I stopped, and got into conversation with him. There was something in his appearance which interested me vastly. It was one of the most curious I had ever seen. He wore a long black velvet swallow-tail, of ample cut and proportions, which was buttoned up to his neck. His trousers were of the same material. His garb was completed by an ancient top hat, pressed firmly down on to his head. The effect under the broiling sun must have been stifling; but I learnt afterwards that he always went about like that, summer or winter.

He was friendly disposed and more than respectful. He was shy rather than talkative; but he was no fool, and I gleaned a good deal from him of local interest. By and by he took me into his cottage, and introduced me to his poor old bed-ridden wife; and from that day a friendship sprang up between us. I never failed to visit the cottage when in those parts.

What always struck me about him was his upright bearing. He held himself straight and erect, like an old soldier. He carried a stout stick, but never used it to support himself. He kept his head up and his shoulders square. Change his black coat for a red one, and he was a typical Chelsea pensioner. Soldier was written all over him. When he spoke, you expected to hear of India or the Crimea. He could have been full of tales of the horrors of the Mutiny. He might have been one of the six hundred.

But he was no retired soldier. The Army had never known him. He knew no country but his own, no county save that which had given him birth. All his life he had spent in the seclusion of his native countryside. Norwich or King's Lynn had been the limit of his peregrinations. For sixty years he had toiled in the ploughed fields and amongst the ripened corn. Now he was past work, and waiting until the brown earth, from which he had wrung his living, should take him to its breast.

It was not long before I found out the secret of his military bearing. Though not a soldier himself, he came of a family of soldiers. His old father had been a Peninsular veteran. There were a few ancient relics of that campaign to be found in the cottage, which were his greatest pride. The century-old French musket was more than a god to him. He had tried to enlist several times, but they had refused him each time. There was something wrong with his heart. He had never been strong in his youth. When a child, his mother had despaired of ever raising him. Yet here he was; and he had outlived many a man whom, in his youth, he had envied for his health and strength.

The last time I paid him a visit was in the year before the war. His wife had died, and he was carrying on in the cottage by himself. He was beginning to show signs of breaking up. His spare figure was not so erect as of yore, and he leaned on his stick. His gait was slower, and his white head shook a little. They had tried to persuade him to leave the cottage, and go and live with his married daughter, but he had refused. He preferred to stay on. As long as he could keep body and soul together, he would not give up his independence. There was always a touch of obstinacy in his nature.

And then came the war. Like many another English village, it filtered slowly, very slowly, through to his. A few young men went—then more. At odd intervals they came home on leave to the village, and the novel spectacle of khaki became familiar. Later on they appeared, some limping, some on crutches, and told stories of what they had seen of battle, and wounds, and death. Mourning began to appear in the village. Pale women, clad in black, went about silently. But still the war was a long way off, and the sleepy life of the village went on as usual. Months—years!—passed before it was brought home to the inhabitants that the even tenor of their existence was to change to bustle and activity.

He went about as usual from the first like the others, and did not appear to be interested. He had neither sons nor grandsons to send. No ties of relationship bound him to those who went from the village. Outwardly, he was not

affected. But he never missed a chance of a talk with any of the wounded soldiers in the village or from the Hall, which was now a hospital. He would entertain them in the cottage. Often he would be seen seated with three or four of them before his door. He seemed to understand them and they him. It was not long before he discovered that they did not care to talk of the war. As for himself, it never occurred to him to boast what he would have done had he been younger. But, then, he was never a talkative man.

There was a road which led from the village over some rising ground, a mile away. It was there that some one, during one quiet evening, heard a faint sound—a very distant rumble which seemed to come and go with the wind. Soon it was found out to be the guns in Flanders which caused it. The villagers would go on quiet evenings, when the wind was in the right direction, and listen to the low vibrating sound. He would go, too, for his ear was quick to catch anything. Long after it had ceased to be an attraction, he would still go there and listen, by himself, for hours. Yet he did not seem to do it idly. There seemed to be a set purpose with him.

Changes began to appear in the village. The older men began to go. Women came to work on the farms and on the land. Strange faces made their appearance. Food began to get scarce. The farmers grumbled at the shortage of labour. The village postman was called up, and the old vicar delivered the letters.

But on Sundays the vicar was busy all day, and could not take round the mail that came in by the afternoon train. It was usual for the letters to remain over until the Monday; until he volunteered to deliver them. Thus it was that he came to lend his hand. He made himself useful in many small ways. Sometimes he got a little confused, and mixed up his messages and parcels; but they were indulgent with him and grateful to him for his help. His bent figure was always to be seen now in the village, moving slowly from door to door; or he would help the village milk-girl, an undersized child of twelve, to push her heavy cans along the road. But it was not until this present summer that his chance came.

The corn stood ripe in the fields; the sun shone brightly, and everywhere preparations began for getting in the harvest. Land-girls, old men and boys, women and children, came to help the farmers. Still there were not enough hands. The wounded, in their hospital blue, joined the harvesters in the fields. But the work progressed slowly, for there were not enough workers. Then one day he came and offered himself. The farmer gazed at him; thinking he was mad. But he was in earnest. He was good for a day's work yet, he said. The farmer did not laugh. There was something in his earnestness which commanded respect. He humoured him; and very soon his old figure had mixed with the rest.

He was slow at first, but he worked hard and with a will. When he was tired he leaned on his stick and watched the others. The sun was high in the heavens. The shouts of the workers sounded merrily over the fields. And so he worked on all through the day until the sun went down.

The field where he worked was close to the spot where the distant guns could be heard. When the reapers had finished for the day, he did not go home, like the rest. He said he would wait a bit. With the help of his stick, he climbed to the top of the hill, and stood there, listening.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was not until the next afternoon that his absence from the cottage was discovered. It was a Sunday—the day that he took round the letters. As he did not appear at the post office as usual, suspicions were aroused. They visited the cottage, and found it empty. A search was made for him. Every one in the village by and by joined in it; and towards evening they found him.

He was lying face downwards among the stubble. His hat was off, but he grasped his stick firmly in his hand. He lay just where he had fallen, and his white beard was stained with earth. His face bore a peaceful expression. It resembled that of a departed warrior. He had evidently been dead many hours.

They brought him in, and laid him in his cottage; and there was a hush over all the village. A few days later they buried him, and his dust was put to mingle with his native soil. No flag covered him, no salvo was fired over him, no bugle sounded the "Last Post." But he had fallen in harness with his face to the East, listening to the guns. It was his wish.



# Life and Letters by J. C. Squire

## Initials

**W**Henever a journalist wants to write something, and lacks a peg, he invents a correspondent who (he states) "writes to" ask, point out, confirm, contradict, qualify, complain about, suggest or urge something or other. I have done it myself. On this occasion, however, the correspondent is a real one. He is real, and I have very great respect for him, although I have never seen him. And although the question he asks, the fact he points out, the practice he complains about, and the change he suggests or urges, have in the first instance a purely personal relation to myself, I feel justified in mentioning it because it opens up larger issues.

\* \* \* \* \*

The correspondent says, in his mild and diffident way, "Why the hell do you sign your articles with initials?" Initials, he argues, do not "get over the footlights"; they do not suggest a personality; they are not rememberable. "Surely your initials *stand for* something. They did not christen you with initials. What does this 'J' represent?" A part of this contention I will admit frankly and without hesitation. The custom of christening people with initials—although, I believe, long prevalent in the United States, where X, Q, P, and Z commonly do duty for a second name—has never caught hold in this country. "J" does stand for something. What is it?

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, it may be Jabez. It may be Joseph, James, Jonah, Jeremiah, Josiah, Jehu, Jeroboam, Jedediah, Jasper, Joshua, Jenkin, Joab, Jehoianim, Jehoahash, Jehosaphat, or Jerubabel. If it were Jerubabel, I cannot deny that "Jerubabel C. Squire" would "get over the footlights." It would be remembered by every man who had seen it, even casually on a bookstall, for one second; it might even hoist me into universal fame. On the other hand, if it *were* Jerubabel, my motives for suppressing it would be obvious, and even universal fame and an enormous fortune may be purchased too dearly. But before we investigate its actual nature further, let us examine more closely this gentleman's general contentions.

\* \* \* \* \*

That you do get used to a name is certainly true, and the familiar name is as much a part of an author's "publicity outfit" as is the trade name of a brand of sardines or stove-polish. A new play by Geo. B. Shaw would take some time fighting its way unless there were elaborate explanations (which there certainly would be if the change were made) by Mr. Bernard Shaw that this was his new style of address. "G. Keith Chesterton" might stand a chance; the author's surname is long and uncommon. But H. George Wells or Herbert G. Wells would be asking for neglect, and the name of Sir Thos. Caine on a new novel would be greeted by the public with stares of apathetic non-comprehension. But let it be observed that there is almost every sort of variety in the signatures by which these eminent men have already become known. Mr. Shaw customarily writes both his Christian names in full, or begins with an initial and writes the second name at length. Sir Hall Caine suppresses his first name and displays his second. And the other two confine themselves to initials. Yet I do not think it can fairly be said that Mr. Chesterton is obscure behind the "G. K." or that Mr. Wells has hid his light under bushels of "H. Gs."

\* \* \* \* \*

I think the truth of it is that initials stick just as well as names, but they take longer to stick. They take longer to stick because they have no intrinsic interest. They have no flavour. There are exceptions. Mr. Chesterton has turned the series "G. K. C." into a kind of word, with a tone of its own like any other word; and if an author arose who signed his name "G. K. Chatterton" or "G. K. Chipps," we should have prepossessions about him, expect certain things from him, and retain a memory of him if only with the result of confusing him with his initial-sake. Again, there are series of initials which have a wholly accidental individuality which makes them fix themselves at once. If a man's initials are "P. I. G." or "F. O. O. L.," we neither forget it,

nor allow him to forget it; if the name at the head of this article were "A. S. Squire," I think it would get over the footlights all right. Its bray would be ringing in the reader's ears long after he had laid down the paper. But leaving exceptional cases out of account, initials, becoming pseudo-words by familiarity, differ among themselves in value and beauty just as words do. A mass of associations cling around them, and they have sound-sequences which affect us (we unconscious) just as the vowels and consonants in ordinary words do. Without knowing it, we probably dislike innocent initials which have been borne by people whom we have detested; without knowing it, we are enchanted with certain initials because they come trailing clouds of glory from the past or because they have a pleasant rippling sound. Here we get on to the influence of sounds. It is a difficult matter. All we can say is that *other things being equal* some words are more beautiful than others: all writers know this. But it is equally true that sound will not go all the way: that good associations may make ugly syllables seem beautiful and bad ones may make beautiful, open vowels sound ugly. It is hard to detach the word from the object. We have only to look at the word "Keats" to realise how horrible we should think it had Keats been a vulgar writer; and even the word "moon" would seem ugly if it connoted something red and writhing in the entrails of a fish. You may test the truth of this by experimenting with a word which can be used in two very different senses. Such a word is "lights." To my ear it is not a pleasant-sounding word, merely as a word. But it can seem one thing and the other. Think of it in connection with all the beautiful lights in the world—the stars, candles in a great old chamber, the lights of a city seen from a great distance, the lights of cottages in a forest, or of dawn over the sea—and it seems a beautiful, soft, lingering word fit to be rhymed (as it always is) with "nights." Think of it as the name of those vague atrocities which are hawked in mean streets as "catsmeat,"—and it becomes a vile spluttering word fit only for that base use. But I wander.

\* \* \* \* \*

So let us return whence we started. There was one name that I omitted from that engaging list of designations beginning "J." There are no doubt others; but I haven't my Old Testament with me. The name I refer to is John. It has been borne by many illustrious men and an innumerable multitude of the obscure. It was made glorious by John Milton, John Keats, John Donne, John Ford; and at various times it has renewed its lustre in John Ketch, King John, twenty-two Pope Johns, John Galsworthy, John Masefield, John Peel, John Corlett, John Smith, John Jones, John Robinson, and John Barleycorn. There was also Friar John, Brother John of the Funnel, doughtiest, thirstiest, and, very likely, most learned of all. There is no name like it. Fashions in other names come and go. Thomas and William slump and boom. Geraldts, Lucians, Marmadukes, Susans, Peggys, Margarets, Marjories, are the rage of a generation, and then become sickening to the palate. A countess digs up the name Gladys for her daughter; in ten years it covers the country; in another fifty it sinks into disrepute; and then it goes on flourishing in dark byways until some new explorer produces it once more as a fresh and radiant thing. But John goes on. From the ages when it was spelt Jehan to the present day the proportion of Johns to the total population has probably never fluctuated beyond one or two per cent. It is as fixed as the English landscape and the procession of the seasons. And, like sun, moon, and stars, roses and oaks, the yearly renewing miracle of the woods and the cornfields, it never becomes wearisome or tarnished. Time does not make stale its infinite sameness; the most fickle slaves in Fashion's retinue cannot contract a positive distaste for it; in its dignity, solidity, greenness and grave mystery, it defies the weakness of those who tire of all things. Nothing affects it; nothing can bring it into contempt; it stands like a rock amid the turbulent waves of human history, as fine and noble a thing now as it was when it first took shape on human lips. It is a name to live up to; but if one who bears it sinks into disrepute it falls not with him, but rather stays in the firmament above him shining down upon him like a reproachful star.

\* \* \* \* \*

But I'm shot if I see why I should say what my own name is if I don't want to.



# The Reader's Diary

## Recent Novels

THE rambling diary-novel, a form of composition worked to its fullest extent by the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*, gives in a few hands opportunities for writing of a very pleasant and agreeable sort. The essence of it is that the author should have a strong sense of humour, and should not be ambitious; and both these conditions are fulfilled by Miss Marjorie Grant, whose *Verdun Days in Paris* (Collins, 6s. net) revolves round the life of a French canteen. Miss Grant essays no plot, unless the diarist's own love-affair with an English officer or the marriage of her intellectual cousin Clara to a French *réformé*, who take up the profession of taxi-driving, can be counted in that category. But a plot in the proper sense would be only detrimental to the amiable and ambling progress of a diary in which the more pleasant side of Paris in war-time is reflected. The canteen and its habitués—the *serveuses*, the *distributrices*, the soldiers, the refugees—are described with a quite charming touch; and the Russian hospital on the Riviera, run by princesses, and the *Hôpital-Hôtel des Palmiers et des Roses*, with its amateur masseuse, make a pleasing interlude of satirical comedy. But in this book, as in others of its kind, success depends not on the intrinsic interest of what the diarist describes, but on her power of turning all the world around her into friendly ridicule; and this Miss Grant performs with a reasonably delicate touch. Her Milburn family, who “look at you, pallid and wispy and emotionless, and declare that they have had recent halcyon moments on an exhaustive walking tour, or sleeping all night at Stonehenge, or doing research work of some sort, or preparing lantern-slides of early Christian art,” are none the less enjoyable because one recognises them easily. It is easily possible, even in these days of restricted publishers' lists, to do worse than spend an hour or two over Miss Grant's gentle and humorous diary.

I seem to have read, before Mr. Cyril Russell's *IVren's Wife* (Collins, 6s. net), novels in which a young lady, passed over the hoiest, humble narrator of the story, married a drunkard, suffered in her life with him and was set free at last for the marriage which she would have made at first, if only she could, as we can, have turned to the last chapters at once instead of going through them one by one. I seem also to remember that the honest, humble narrator was insulted by the drunken husband, and put up with it for the lady's sake, and that also, in contradiction of his manifest interests, he made efforts to persuade the drunkard to reform. And, frankly, I do not think that Mr. Russell ever had any chance of doing anything much with these well-worn elements of a story. I do not mean every novelist ought to invent a fine new plot for each of his new novels. Any such necessity would circumscribe the industry to an unbearable degree. But if he has nothing new in his situation he ought to have something new in his characters; and I do not perceive in Mr. Russell any very striking ability in characterisation. It is true that he gets a slightly original twist at the end, when the perverse drunkard makes a bet with the narrator that he will disappear for six months, and so leaves all the persons of the story in doubt as to whether they can accept the scanty evidences of his suicide. But the narrator is the same old narrator, the drunkard the same old drunkard, and the wife the same old wife; and Mr. Russell, though he can write skilfully, does not succeed in making them very interesting.

In *Adventure of Bindle* (Jenkins, 6s. net), Mr. Herbert Jenkins presents us with a fresh set of episodes from the life of a personage who seems to have had already a pretty considerable run. The popularity of his previous appearances rather stifles criticism; and I almost hesitate to own, therefore, that I cannot enrol myself in the goodly company of those who rejoice uproariously over the adventures of Joseph Bindle, the Cockney furniture remover. To be honest, I find his humour a little thin, his escapades a little mechanical, and the whole atmosphere of the book more than a little dreary. But Bindle has been a success; and his admirers will find that in this book he maintains his usual level. He figures in turn as the foiler of a Suffragette raid, porter in a block of flats, waiter in a restaurant (where he warns the champagne with disastrous results), and benevolent protector of his niece Milly Hearty, whom he rescues from the designs of a snivelling Scotch minister, and bestows in marriage on the worthy Sergeant Dixon. Blessed be they all!

## The Title

The habit of reading plays apparently continues to grow; and Mr. Arnold Bennett's *The Title* (Chatto & Windus, 3s. 6d. net) is a very favourable specimen of the play in book form. It is a sort of war-time revue. The characters include Culver, the Controller of Accounts, his personal clerk, his daughter, who is a clerk in the Ministry of Food, and writes under a pseudonym polemical articles against the Government, and an independent newspaper proprietor, who is a nephew of the magnates who control the popular newspaper press. And the dialogue is highly topical. There is hardly a current joke provoked by the conditions of war among the civilian population that Mr. Bennett has not woven adroitly into it. John, Hildegard's schoolboy brother, remarks that when she had “spent all her dress allowance and got into debt besides, about a year and a half ago, she suddenly remembered she wasn't doing much to help the war, and so she went into the Food Ministry as a typist at thirty-five shillings a week. Next she learnt typing.” Tranto, the newspaper owner, accuses Mrs. Culver of “undergoing a course of Pelman with those sixty generals and forty admirals,” and confesses that “I've been boarded five times, and on the unimpeachable authority of various R.A.M.C. colonels I've been afflicted with valvular disease of the heart, incipient tuberculosis, rickets, varicose veins, diabetes—practically everything, except spotted fever and leprosy. And now flat feet are added to the rest.” And Culver complains: “Good Heavens, I haven't even spoken to any member of the War Cabinet yet. I've been trying to for about a year; but, in spite of powerful influences to help me, I've never been able to bring off a meeting with the mandarins.” All this means that, instead of essaying, whether from a comic or a tragic point of view, something serious and solid upon civilian England in war time, Mr. Bennett has written a fragile but vivacious entertainment round the slender question whether Culver shall accept a baronetcy in the unsavoury company of the usual members of the Honours List or alienate his wife and his personal clerk by refusing it. And, as usual, Mr. Bennett has done precisely what he set out to do. No man ever chose a target more carefully than he; and he shows here his habitual wisdom in leaving the further and the mistier mark for a future occasion. The play is said to have been performed to the great satisfaction of the audience. I can testify that it makes very agreeable reading; and there is one point in particular in its appearance as a book that appeals to me. Mr. Bennett has discarded superbly all that old-fashioned nonsense of elaborate stage-directions for the reader's benefit. Tranto is introduced with the terse and sufficient phrase, “Enter Tranto, back”; and if you want to know the colour of Tranto's hair or his manner of walking into a room, you must go to the theatre and find out for yourself.

## Other Volumes

*Dr. Muehlon's Diary* (Hodder & Stoughton, 5s. net) stands very appropriately by the side of Mr. C. Grant Robertson's *Bismarck* (Constable, 10s. 6d. net), a new volume in the series called “Makers of the Nineteenth Century.” Dr. Muehlon was a director of Krupp's at the outbreak of war, and condemned with all his heart the German plot of which he took very much the view that the Allies have consistently taken. And Bismarck, Mr. Robertson shows, was the man who made that plot possible, who forced again on a Europe which was beginning to outgrow it the doctrine that “reasons of state” necessarily outweigh all other considerations of justice or morality. It is true, as Mr. Robertson points out, that the policy of William II. is not the policy of Bismarck, who would hardly have willed the present situation; but it is equally true, as Mr. Robertson again insists, that it is a policy founded on the ideals which Bismarck made to prevail. How much this is so is proved by the disclosures of Dr. Muehlon, who finds his emperor guilty, though he believes him to have been led into an error of judgment by Austrian intrigues; but Dr. Muehlon also proves that not every thinking man in Germany is guided by the gospel according to Bismarck. His book is all the more valuable and more convincing because it deals some shrewd strokes at the Allies; and Mr. Robertson's brilliant analysis of Bismarck's career provides a remarkable historical introduction to it and to the situation in which we find ourselves to-day.

PETER BELL.



# The Theatre: By W. J. Turner

## The Royalty: *The Title*

**M**R. ARNOLD BENNETT is a wonderful man. He is a sort of genuine Bill Adams: a man who really would have won the battle of Waterloo—that is to say, he would have fired the cannon, led the bayonet charges, ridden at the head of the cavalry, harangued the troops, written a dispatch to the *Times*, and cooked the dinner after the battle.

There was, however, a boastful extravagance about Bill Adams, the impostor, which is missing from his genuine successor, who seems to be becoming more and more matter of fact. Mr. Bennett once wrote marvellously good shockers; I remember one was called *The Sinews of War* and another *The Gates of Wrath*. They were meant for train journeys, and were calculated to make you sweat at every pore and clutch the communication-cord if a fellow-traveller as much as moved on his seat. *The Sinews of War*, in particular, was an extraordinarily good yarn.\* I have often meant to ask Mr. Bennett how much he made out of it, for if it was not much, I should give up all idea of ever writing sensational novels for money. But there was a vitality in those shockers that is absent from this comedy, which is indeed very dry. Not that *The Title* is actually dull—Mr. Bennett is too good a journalist for that—but it is like a well-made piece of furniture produced without love or hate, and we retaliate by looking at it with indifference. A peculiar doom seems to await these extraordinarily efficient men and withers them up.

Mr. Bennett has thought to himself: "The public needs to be enlightened on titles, and I am the man to do it." The result as a pamphlet is excellent; as a play, it merely serves to keep one theatre in London from being occupied by something worse.

Titles are familiar to us all. As a boy, I remember, I was ambitious to become Sir Crowbar Smith. I recollect once at school, during a lesson on biblical history, writing out my full title—Sir Crowbar Smith, K.G., P.C., K.C.M.G., K.C.B., etc.—on a sheet of paper; and a few days later, when pulling out that same paper, I found that some idiot had scrawled, as the last title of all, A.S.S. That gives practically the whole history of titles in a nutshell. Men desire to be singled out from their fellows for honours; but when the honours are applied externally to their names or persons they feel immediately foolish. Foolish because their merit has by this means become detached from them and attached to their decoration; and they are now honoured by people incapable of telling whether they are rogues or good men. Strictly speaking, they are no longer men to be valued according to their worth, but bearers of labels to be valued as the colour of the label is green, yellow, blue, white, or whatever the shade may be. This aspect of titles has not been regarded by Mr. Bennett for the reason, perhaps, that it appeals only to honourable and remarkable men, who are thus not likely to appear very often in the honours lists. What Mr. Bennett is concerned with is the buying of titles, the notorious fact that titles are given abundantly to men whose only excuse is the possession, by any means that does not openly defy the law, of enormous sums of money. It would be very interesting to see a list of official prices for the various titles. It has frequently been stated in print that for a baronetage the sum required was about £30,000. This may seem a lot to pay for the privilege of calling yourself Sir Crowbar Smith, Bart.; but if you examine it with a cold financial eye, it is really not a bad investment. It is a hereditary title, and it ensures safety from starvation and the workhouse for all your descendants to come. The future Sir Crowbar Smith, Bart., might be penniless and a disgusting object; but Society could not afford to let him starve or eat the Board of Guardians' imitation turtle soup. It might not go so far as to provide real turtle soup for him—at least, not much of it—but it would disguise him to look as if he ate it. So, really, when one considers how, with wars and strikes, no investment is thoroughly safe, a man might well lay out his money to less advantage. I had hoped that Mr. Bennett would have given us a scene in which the millionaire contractor, introduced by various commission agents, finally unlocks the last door and completes the bargain. I was anxious to see exactly how it was done, and whether a large amount of tact was necessary, or whether the proceedings were blunt and to the point; but Mr. Bennett has not enlightened us; he is more interested in the general political principle than in the comic detail; that is why he has not

made the most of his subject. He shows us a family discussing the forthcoming honours list. Mr. Culver and a friend of his daughter, a young man named Tranto, explain how the Government find it necessary to insert a good name or two to gild the pill; so that the public, when reading down a list of people they have never heard of, will exclaim: "Oh, so and so; he's a splendid fellow; he deserves it!" and will thus get the idea that the list is not so bad. The Government, Culver asserts, is always at its wit's end to find a few decent men to put in as, in the first place, they never come into contact with them, and, in the second place, these men nearly always refuse. He maintains that it is the duty of all honourable men absolutely to decline titles, and his daughter supports him. Though it is not known to anybody but Tranto, she is the famous Sampson Straight, author of powerful articles in Tranto's weekly paper attacking the Government. Culver's wife is led to express her agreement with her husband on the subject. Later on it transpires that Culver has been in this way preparing the ground, as the Government (in order to keep their list respectable) has offered him a title, and he is determined to refuse it. Unfortunately the news leaks out, and later in the evening Mrs. Culver rushes in ecstatic with delight to announce the good news. Culver reminds her of all they had been saying, but this appears to her as mere talk beside the solid prestige of being called Lady Culver. The rest of the play is the fight between husband and wife, in which the children join on the father's side. In the first round Mrs. Culver knocks her husband absolutely out; he retires to bed to, figuratively, lick his wounds. Her success is partly gained by the assistance of his indispensable lady secretary, who threatens to resign instantly if Mr. Culver declines the title, and incidentally reveals that it has been her life-long ambition to be secretary to a baronet. In the next round the children come to Culver's rescue. His daughter threatens to leave home for good unless Mrs. Culver gives way. Mrs. Culver smiles, and says: "Very well, my dear, please yourself." Ignominious rout of the daughter! The boy—home from school—now joins in. He is a progressive lad, and says he is not going to have his democratic career ruined by a title; he threatens to join the Royal Air Force at once, and become a scout pilot, instead of going into the artillery. Abject capitulation of Mrs. Culver! Mr. Culver at once revives, and all is well; when in rushes Tranto with the terrible news that as the Government has heard that Culver was likely to refuse, they have in desperation decided, at the last moment, to insert in his place Sampson Straight. If the Government do this it is doomed; it could never survive the ridicule of making a woman a baronet, thinking she was a man; therefore, Culver must immediately accept. So Mrs. Culver becomes Lady Culver, after all.

The scenes between husband and wife are extremely good, but the rest of the dialogue is very poor; and the love scenes between Tranto and Miss Culver are, frankly, terrible. Mr. Bennett ought to blush to have written them. Tranto keeps talking (like the ancient Shavian boy) of some great force which is pushing him; he might as well talk about the great force which pushes him to eat; this pseudo-philosophical stuff is tedious and out of date. The charming personality of Miss Eva Moore intervenes between us and Mr. Arnold Bennett's Mrs. Culver; otherwise we should feel more annoyed with her. She is a silly sort of woman, and yet one's sympathies remain with her. The fact is Miss Moore made you feel as if it were not vanity but common sense that made Mrs. Culver fight for the title; as if, in short, Mrs. Culver thought: "If the world is so stupid as to admire titles, let it admire us!"—which is thoroughly feminine and sane. It is eminently a subject for thick-headed German professors to write about after the war, and twenty fat volumes will probably leave Mrs. Culver's position pretty sound. What the critics of the present system rightly object to is that, while nobody looks upon a title as a certificate of distinction, it is considered as a certificate of respectability; and just as we do not expect an R.A. to be a great artist—in fact, we are ready to believe that no R.A. can be a great artist—yet we do expect that he should be able to draw; so; while nobody expects to see any really great man figuring in the honours list, yet it is a shock—and a shock no Government should inflict upon its loyal citizens—to find among the men it has decided to make peers, baronets, or knights, tradesmen who would do you down for sixpence.



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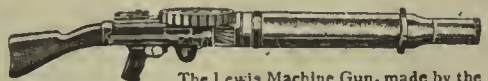
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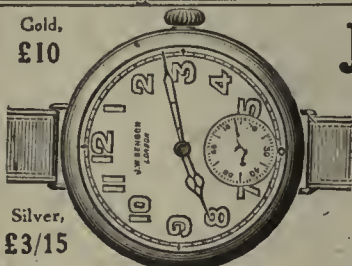
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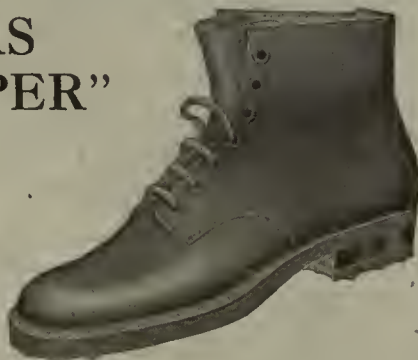
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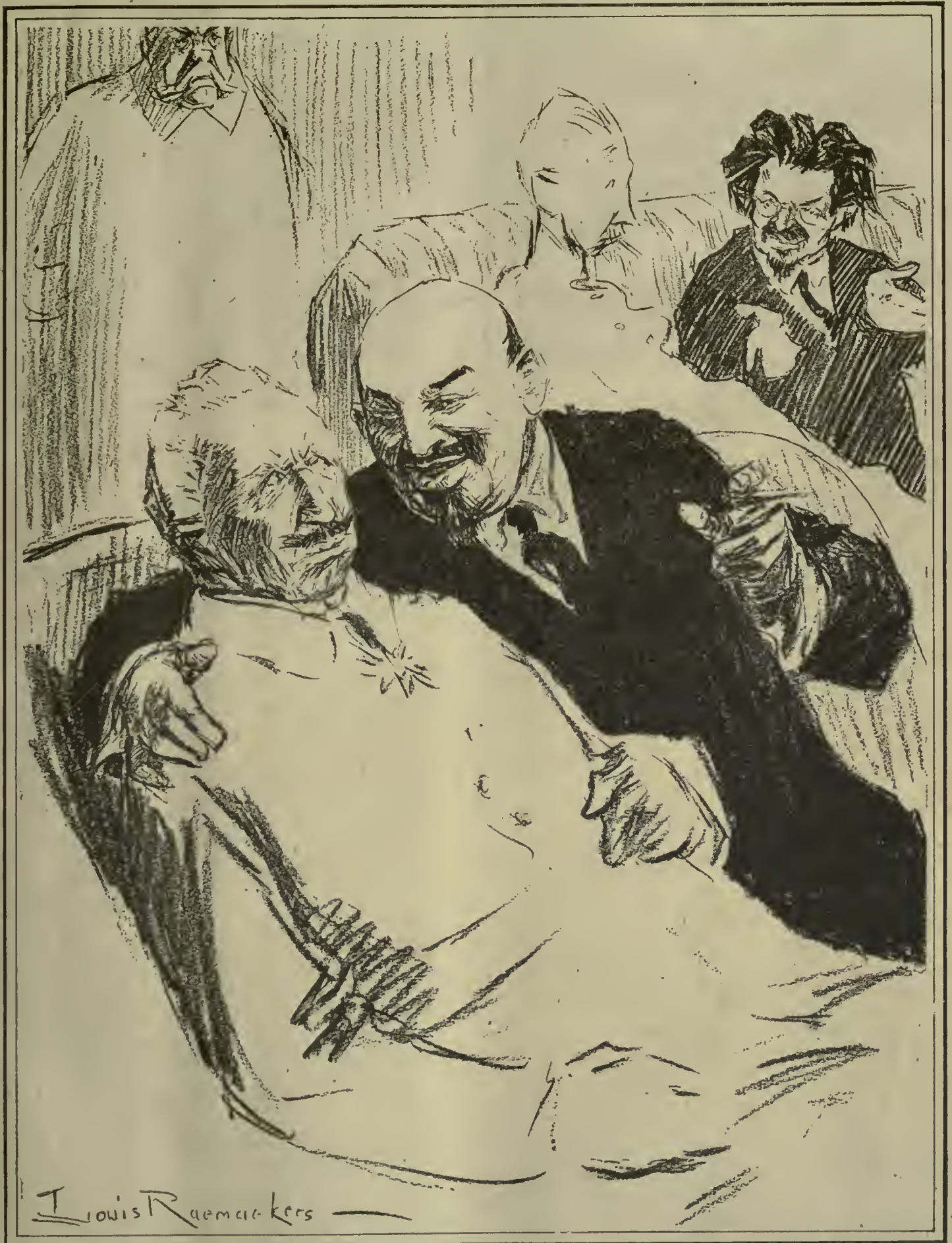
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# LAND & WATER

Vol. LXXI. No. 2940. [56TH YEAR] THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1918 [REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER] PUBLISHED WEEKLY PRICE ONE SHILLING



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"Our turn will come soon, I'm afraid, William ;  
but we can still shoot those who disapprove of us."



# LAND & WATER

5 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2. Tel. Holborn 2828

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1918

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## The Old Line under New Conditions

THE Allied advances have continued. On the whole front we are almost back on the old spring line, the line from which the Germans started the great rush towards Amiens. We have recovered all the ground we have lost this year except three narrow strips: a strip in Flanders (the conspicuous feature of which is the Messines ridge), a strip running southwards from Cambrai to the "corner" of the broad German wedge in France, and a small strip on the Aisne. West and north-west of Cambrai, where the breach was made in the "Hindenburg switch line," we hold Quéant, Inchy, and a belt of country which has never been in our possession since 1914; and we are there almost within a rifle-shot of Bourlon Wood. On the map, in fact, it is virtually "as you were." The Germans are emphasising this fact and (naturally) ignoring the infinitely more important facts that on balance they have lost far more heavily than we, that it is they who have had (if we regard the advance and the retreat as one long continuous action) to acknowledge defeat, and that the end of this stage in the war sees them more evidently incapable of a finally victorious stroke than ever before. At the week-end they announced bombastically that they had now everywhere reached their main defensive positions: in other words that they had not been attempting a thorough resistance before, and that they could confidently challenge us to a struggle along the old line. It was clear to every one with a grasp of the rudiments of the situation—some of our journalists were already talking as though the Germans were in rout, and there was no reason why they should make a stand in one place rather than in another—that they must attempt to hold us, if not on the old line, at any rate on a line approximating to it and modified to meet new tactical exigencies. As we write the pace of our progress has been arrested. Where the next development of the Allied attack will take place, whether or not the conditions for another and a greater blow have been reached, are things concerning which it cannot be useful, and might be dangerous to speculate. What, humanly speaking, is established is that our retention of the initiative is assured, and that the Germans, in view of the increasing relative inferiority of their numbers, resources, and moral, are on a downward slope that can lead them to only one end.

## The Russian Tangle

The Russian picture as presented to the public, is all foreground and no background. The foreground is tragically full. In a few days the Allies have made important moves on the Murman Coast and in Siberia, the Czecho-Slovaks

have continued their romantic successes, there has been an attempt on the life of Lenin, his colleague Uritsky has been assassinated, and the infuriated Red Guards (who absurdly attribute these outrages to the English and the French) have brutally murdered Captain Cromie, our Naval Attaché, a man who was admired and liked by every Russian who had had dealings with him. The British Government has vehemently protested against this outrage, and retaliated by arresting the Bolshevik Ambassador; the Bolsheviks, so far, have not replied. Beyond this all is rumour and speculation. We hear of wholesale massacres in Petrograd, of risings here and executions there, of the movements of independent armies, the actions of independent communities, of disorganisation, plague, famine, growing hopes and growing despairs. But the general public is certainly not in a position to judge either of the state of Russia or (what flows in part from it) of Allied policy. Almost all the news we get is indirect or (at least probably) tainted; and all we get is very little. Russia is a cauldron boiling behind a curtain; we can hear the hissing and bubbling but we cannot see what is in the pot. We do not—though we hope the Government is better informed—precisely know what is the strength of the Bolsheviks, what is their hold over the peasantry, how strong is the demand for vigorous Allied intervention, what elements we can rely upon to assist us and themselves as we advance, what measure of welcome or resentment is accorded to us by the population as a whole, to what extent conscious pro-German influences are in control, what chances there are of Russia being pulled together and pulled together in a way favourable to the Allied cause, and the limits which the Allies have set to their interference. All we are certain about is that owing to the Bolsheviks' mismanagement, weakness and treachery, the Germans threatened vital points, and we, with every justification, have taken steps to counter them. Beyond that we can do no more than trust the Allied Governments and wait for more light.

## More Train Discomfort

We are not going to complain about the reduction in the number of trains which is threatened. A year ago the railways had  $8\frac{1}{2}$  weeks supply of coal in hand; this year they have only  $4\frac{1}{2}$  weeks supply. "War traffic" certainly does not diminish; the ordinary commercial traffic of the country must go on; we are allowed much more coal for household purposes than are our continental allies; you cannot make half a ton of coal do the work of a ton. In other words if coal be as short as it is alleged to be, we are compelled to economise somewhere, and a reduction in the amount of space available for passengers on trains will probably (though we do not know what saving of coal in this direction is estimated to be feasible) cause less hardship than any other economical step. But we do not think that it is necessary or desirable to sugar the pill by talking about "fewer joy-rides." There are two reasons. The first is that what joy-riding is still done is mostly done by people who have plenty of money to spend and who (demonstrably) do not mind how uncomfortable their travelling may be so long as they arrive at their destinations, pier and band, trout-stream or golf-course. We shall not stop joy-riding unless we make it compulsory for every traveller to go through an examination and obtain a permit: a process the introduction of which would lead to a Ministry even larger than the Ministry of Munitions. And the second consideration is that the vast majority of civilian travellers now are not "joy-riders" at all but people who are on business, who are attending to urgent private affairs or who are snatching a brief holiday—generally at a very short distance from their homes. The journalists (most of whom live in Brixton) would make a great noise if anyone tried to stop their "joy-riding" on the District Railway; these rules do not strike most people's imaginations until they apply to themselves. We must face the facts: if fuel is cut down and trains are fewer we shall not so much diminish the amount of travelling done as still further overcrowd the trains which are already in a condition which even the fantastic pen of the *Daily Mirror's* great cartoonist can scarcely exaggerate. People who are bound to travel are going to travel in still greater discomfort: and they must face it.



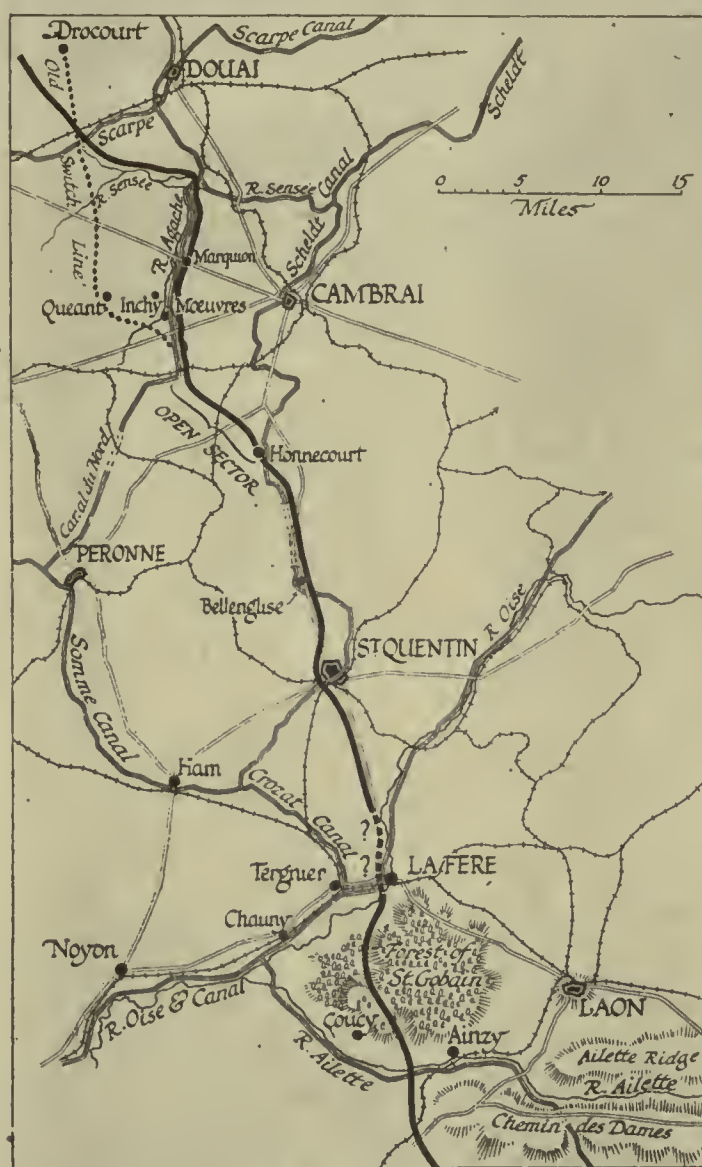
# THE WAR: BY HILAIRE BELLOC

## The Operations Progress of the Offensive

THE operations of the week have consisted of little more than the following up of the enemy's retirement to the permanent line which he intends to hold throughout the winter, against which he expects to tire out all the attacks of the Allies, and from behind the protection of which he undoubtedly intends to spare men for the reinforcement of his line to east and south of the Argonne, and especially in Lorraine. It was pointed out in these columns that the victory of Monday, September 2nd, when the Queant switch was broken by the British in front of Eterpigny, though of considerable effect (accounting first and last for nearly 20,000 prisoners and many guns), had not the full character ascribed to it in some quarters, and this because there lay immediately behind the protection of a water-line which afforded a better defence against tanks than the old artificial works of the permanent line built by the Germans in the winter of 1916 and 1917, when the tactics of the attack were very different. To that water-line the enemy has retired, and he stands behind it everywhere from the Scarpe to Marquion, where the upper stream of the little River Agache and the ditch of the Canal du Nord cross the main Arras-Cambrai road. The obstacle of water is continued less perfectly down the line of the canal to the neighbourhood Marquion and Inchy, the broad and deep ditch of the canal here lies at a height where it is difficult to flood out completely; but, unless the rather meagre reports which have reached us at home mislead us, the enemy has found it possible partially to flood these last two miles of his water system in the north. It is in the parish of Inchy that the Agache river rises, and, if I am not mistaken, the second brook which comes in from Moeuvres can be used for putting water into the canal bed here. As we consider the line to the south of Moeuvres through the wood of Havrincourt, and so on, to the other canal (that of the Scheldt) by Honnecourt, we come upon the most interesting part of the line, at least in that northern part of it which faces the British. Here the enemy defences cover Cambrai junction at a range of about twelve thousand yards; the British heavy artillery will not effectively shell that extremely important point in the enemy's communication under such a range as fourteen or fifteen thousand yards at the least. Cambrai is therefore thoroughly covered so long as the Hindenberg defences stand. It may very well be, however, that the Allied command will refuse to make a direct attack upon this critical sector of the line between Honnecourt and Moeuvres. It is a distance of only six or seven miles; not enough for the deployment of a true front of attack, and easily reinforced by the enemy, who can draw forces from behind his water-line to the north and south in support of it. South of this critical and important sector the enemy's line again reposes upon water. It follows the canal uniting the Scheldt with the Oise; but there is not a water-line the whole way. There is one sector where the canal goes under ground, and where the enemy's defence runs over it through open country, depending entirely upon its trench system. In the neighbourhood of St. Quentin it again runs through open country so as to cover the town; the last few miles running southwards through the Oise, near La Fere, also depend upon trenches running throughout on ground without a water-line. It seemed possible at one moment that the enemy intended to stand along water in this neighbourhood everywhere and to hold the Crozat Canal. But, as we know, he has abandoned this obstacle, which the French have crossed. Everything which can be said about the present plan of the Germans to stand from the Oise to the Scarpe upon their old defences of two years ago has been said; and, indeed, the comment is fairly obvious. If he can hold this line he makes the Allies pass the winter upon what he calls the Somme Desert—that is, the devastated area for the destruction of which very probably, when he is defeated, he will have to pay a higher price than for any of his other acts during the last four years. He has excellent communications behind that line, both lateral and main; he has a string of towns to use for billets, and for depots, and for quarters. The Allies, in front of him, will have none of those advan-

tages. All of this, I say, is obvious, and would be tedious to insist upon; but there are three conditions to-day which render his stand on this line a totally different thing from what it was when he first designed this system of trenches. These three things are: first, the change in tactics; secondly, the condition of the enemy's mind both in command and through the army as a whole; and, thirdly, the necessary and steady growth of the Allied forces which are already numerically superior and will be overwhelmingly superior before the spring.

The new tactics depend principally upon the use of improved tanks, which are supported by a vastly increased air force, and have proved capable of breaking the most fully developed



trench system. Nothing has yet appeared on the side of the defensive to check-mate these attacks. Water, especially marshy water, where it is available, is the only full reply, so far, to this instrument of war; but a continuous line of water, which shall at the same time be fairly straight, shall extend over such a considerable front as fifty miles, and be properly served by communications behind it and along it, is not to be discovered. Therefore the enemy is compelled to depend upon the remains of a former defence which he knows to be vulnerable. To the new tactics he makes a new defence, especially trained men with special instruments, such as a new heavy rifle on a rest which fires projectiles capable of piercing the armour of a tank. By the use of such defensive measures he has produced a fluctuating defence as one does by any new device to meet new forms of attack. But these new forms of defence are not



and cannot be in their present state of development a complete reply to the tanks as the elaborate trench system was a reply to bombardment and infantry work a year ago.

The second new element, the state of the enemy's mind, both in the rank and file of his army, touches upon the subject which I shall discuss later, and which is the chief interest of the moment; that is, the complete change in the German attitude towards the war which has appeared in the last few days. This element is not measurable, and each man will judge it according to his knowledge of the German Empire and his reading of the somewhat scanty evidence presented to us. But if we cannot estimate it exactly, we know certain things about it which are of value; for instance, there is not a soldier asked to stand under bombardment for weeks between the Scarpe and the Oise who can look forward to a further offensive and the defeat of the Allies. The German Army is being asked to play a passive rôle in the face of a rapidly increasing enemy. That is a totally different state of affairs from the conditions which gave the Germans their moral of 1917.

## The Change in the Enemy's Mind

**T**HERE has happened in the last week something which, after the actual operations in the field, is perhaps of greater significance to the issue of the war than anything which has taken place since the battle of the Marne; and that is a complete revolution in the enemy's mind—in his attitude towards the struggle.

Why such a change should have been so long delayed, and why, when it came, it should have come so suddenly, are questions not easy to answer, and questions which will be answered differently according to each man's experience of national psychology. We all know from our own experience the curious way in which the great body of opinion will move. Some question which passionately interested the public for years in this country, and on which all political debates turned, will suddenly drop out at an unexpected moment and then, with astonishing rapidity, lose all its vitality.

Again we have all had experience of reversals of opinion upon public matters taking place, also without sufficient apparent causes, and with equal suddenness. Those who know the modern Prussianised German Empire best are inclined to believe that the curious and startling phenomenon of the last few days is wholly due to official suggestion. It looks as if some one, or some group of men at the head of affairs had at last come to a conclusion long doubtful, and had determined to provoke general opinion towards a new attitude upon the war; but this could not have been done without there existing in the mass of the public a state of mind prepared to receive such an impression. Many of my readers will, I think, dispute such a judgment, and will tell me that the process has been more gradual than I say. This criticism would be just if one were only speaking of the difference between exaltation and depression. Since July 18th the enemy has obviously been more and more depressed, the retreat, let alone the enormous losses in prisoners and guns, and the breakdown of hitherto victorious offensives amply accounts for that. Indeed, if anything, the last few days have shown a slight reaction in Germany towards less depression; for the retreat has been successfully conducted, and these five days past there have been no heavy losses in men. Moreover the masses always judge from exact repetition of old experiences, and now that the army is back on the Hindenburg line, the mere name of that line helps to revive the feelings with which it was connected eighteen months ago.

But I do not mean by the revolution of which I speak a change from exaltation to depression, I mean something much more specific and definable. I mean that in the last few days the authorities governing Prussia and her dependent States have for the first time made up their minds that a victory is impossible, and, what is more, have for the first time adopted the policy of saying so openly to their people, and of risking the very bad effect of which such announcements always have upon an army.

### TWO EXAMPLES

The proofs and examples of this certain change in the attitude of the official Germans, and therefore of the people whom they govern, have not been numerous, but they have been

The third new element of the situation—the increase in the Allied forces—does not so much threaten to pierce the Hindenberg line as to turn it: and the threat, of course, will be met by the enemy saving as many men as possible from behind the strong defences, and sending them down to hold the southern weak and open parts of the line between Argonne and the Vosges. For the rest, until the next stroke is delivered, we can only wait and watch what is for the moment (Monday, September 9th) a stabilised situation. General Mangin's action on the immediate flank of the Hindenburg line against the great pivot and stronghold of St. Gobain Forest is not intended to turn it. It might do so by an accident; the pressure is very strong, and the enemy's defensive here might conceivably collapse; but it is most unlikely, and it is certainly not being calculated upon.

There is no room to pass on the left between the great hill forest and the marshy Oise Valley; while the narrow Anizy Valley leading up to Laon between the formidable heights of the upper Ailette and the forest is far too narrow for an advance upon that side, and it is morally certain that the whole strong position will hold until it is turned.

remarkable. Two particularly have commanded the attention of this country. The first has been the lecture delivered by the deputy Chief of the Staff to a social club, a lecture which, although the occasion was private, was printed broadcast, and given special publicity apparently by the enemy's Government. In this lecture, an analysis of the operations upon the Western Front during the last two months was given with great ability, and upon the whole, with truth. The lecturer could not divest himself of his national failings; he could not divest himself of vanity and of excess; but his view of what has happened between the mounting of the great offensive in July and the present deplorable situation of the German armies was not unjust. The picture only became distorted towards the end, when he began to describe the carefully limited attacks upon the narrow sectors as attempts to break through. The characteristic of this lecture however was more than an analysis of known events. We have had plenty of these from many able students of the war, and they all more or less agree in the concluding phrase "We shall carry a defensive war to a victorious finish." Such words were clearly dictated not by the soldier, but by the civilian, and were put into the soldier's mouth. No soldier could use them, because they have no military sense whatever. To carry the defensive to a victorious conclusion without a later offensive means nothing. We have here a clear case of a text to which the soldier had to speak, or rather of a conclusion to which he had to lead up.

The other example in the same period is the statement of General von Ardenne. Ardenne is the best writer upon war in the German press at the present moment. What is more, he is, by repute at least, the writer most in touch with the authorities in his own country, and his verdict is of exactly the same sort as that just quoted. And Ardenne also is a soldier.

Both these men, the first in a very high official position, and the second especially entrusted with publicity, use the same phrase in each case, a phrase forbidden to be used in their profession—a phrase of set pattern mechanically repeated and hitherto never heard in a German mouth—one cannot avoid the judgment that each of these men was obeying an order. With so obvious a conclusion there are many other things which fit in. There is the extraordinary interview recently granted by the Crown Prince of Prussia to an Hungarian paper, and as is always the case with such documents, it was carefully written out by some permanent official, and as carefully corrected before it was allowed to be put in print. We shall probably have in the near future a corresponding announcement from the Emperor himself. The whole tone has been set to the singular declaration I have described. All hope of victory in the field must be abandoned, and a mere passive defensive, sitting to receive blows, will in some way save Germany if she can stand the blows long enough to tire out those who are delivering them!

Such is the official attitude suddenly adopted in the last week, and such is the change of policy it presumes.

Now, that change is a tremendous event, and we should do well to examine the causes of it and then to consider its possible effects.



## CAUSES OF THE CHANGE

Why did the German Government—and, it is to be presumed, the Higher Command—determine to adopt this policy now, in the first week of September, 1918? They had known for seven weeks that the initiative had passed to Marshal Foch, and that henceforward that initiative would be combined with a rapid increase in the numbers of their opponents. They had experienced five successive heavy defeats in the field followed by five successive confused, expensive, and involuntary retirements. One might have thought that the moment for acting as they have now acted would have come earlier. But upon a little consideration it would appear that the remarkable thing is rather that it has come as early as it has. The open season is not yet over, nor is there any reason why the continuation of the Allied attacks should cease with the ending of that season. The continuous increase in numbers, not only in men, but in aircraft and material, will not be checked by the advent of winter, nor is winter in Lorraine what it is in Flanders. Why has the enemy Government chosen such a moment? Why has its people generally expected the new policy at such a moment? So far as I can judge, the reason is that something had to be said in view of the rapid decline in enemy power and of the obvious breakdown of the enemy's military plan. What had been said for months (and it was only the sequel to things that had been said for years—ever since 1870, one may say) was a series of boastings. There has never been such an orgy of boasting on the part of any people in history as the successive pronouncements, academic, military, and, literary, which poured from Prussia throughout that period. They had got into a state of mind in which everything was necessarily a triumph; if they lost 150,000 men and 2,000 guns it was a strategical defeat for the Entente; if they provoked one great nation after another into joining the crusade, it was proof of their strength; if they sickened the world with some act of barbarism or some piece of stupidity the disgust of the world was regarded as a form of applause.

Now, this state of mind had come upon a certain phenomenon which it could no longer transform by illusion. Humanity does not go mad, only individuals. The craziest stupidity and the most comic vanity, save in the case of the madman, yield to a certain degree of external evidence. That degree of external evidence has been passed during the last few weeks in the case of Prussia and her dependent States. A number of perfectly definite things had been said which the public mind of the German Empire, and to a less extent of German-speaking Austria, had accepted as truth. An American Army could not cross the Atlantic; such small force as could cross could not be supplied; when it appeared in the field its fighting value would be small; the reserves created by Foch had all been used up before the date of July 15th; the reduction of tonnage would be sufficient to reduce the Allied effort upon the Continent before the summer of 1917. These are only a few of the perfectly definite spoken judgments given with authority upon which the public mind in Germany was formed. Now what has happened since July 18th has made all these statements and any number of others ridiculous. It is impossible for illusion to survive such shocks as the German vanity has suffered in these six or seven weeks. To have left the public mind in the German Empire free to express itself and open to spontaneous action would have meant a rapid loss of authority. Something new had to be said, and said at once, or there might have been a moral breakdown which would have been the ominous forerunner of a military breakdown, and what was said would have to correspond more or less to reality. Hence the date and the startling novelty of the present declaration. "A victory over the Western Powers is impossible. We will now take up a purely defensive war and in that prove ourselves invincible. We will so tire out the allies by our long and stubborn defence that they will accept a negotiated peace."

If such be the cause of this revolution in the enemy's attitude, what are the probable effects of the new policy?

The first thing that strikes one is that never before in history has any General told his soldiers that they were occupied in a purely defensive war. Politicians talk like that, but soldiers don't, for the very simple reason that the phrase has no military meaning. There is no such thing as a continued defensive: a defensive is undertaken with the object of turning to the offensive later on. Another way of putting it is to say that a permanent defensive is a confession of inevitable defeat, and if you are quite certain that you are going to be defeated it is obviously better to accept your defeat before further losses fall upon you.

Now the politician may answer with justice that he is not concerned with a purely military problem; that he sees

such forces at work that a mere defensive, continued for a certain time, will give him all he wants without further military effort. Still the effect upon the soldier's mind of being told that he is defeated—for that is what it comes to—is very great, and we must put the effect of the new policy upon the German army down as an asset upon our side. Whatever the result may be upon the civilians the result upon the fighting men will be bad. Next we must consider the effect upon the German opinion at home.

This will depend entirely upon the military results of the next few weeks. That is where I see a certain wisdom of the German authorities in this sudden declaration, which is so dangerous to the moral of their armies. If the enemy defensive manages to hold the Allied pressure even for a few weeks, the declaration which the German authorities have made will be treated not only as a true prophecy, but as a proof that those directing the fortunes of the German Empire have been acting according to a plan which has proved successful. Supposing for instance the Allied Higher Command had said, after the disaster of March 22nd last: "Things are looking bad no doubt, but you will see the retirement stop a little short of Amiens." That judgment would have sounded harsh in the ears of soldiers, so vast a loss of ground announced to them at such a moment would have badly weakened their moral, but it would undoubtedly have strengthened opinion at home when the retreat stopped at the point indicated. People would have said they were in the hands of Generals who, though their fortunes appear very bad for the moment, make a plan and carry it out successfully.

Of course, the Allied Command would never have said such a thing. I give it only as a parallel to the effect which will be produced in Germany if the prophecy just issued by the German authorities should be fulfilled even for a few weeks.

## THE EFFECT ON THE ALLIES

But there is a third effect which the enemy certainly had in view and to which I think he attached more importance than he did to the two others; I mean the effect the new declaration would probably have upon the public in the Allied countries.

On previous occasions in this war the enemy has used this method to affect his opponent's nerve. Often he has prophesied wrongly and thereby weakened himself morally in the struggle. The classic example of this was his prophecy about submarine warfare. But on other occasions he has gambled that success. For instance he boasted that the advance of April last year would never reach Douai from the British lines; or Laon from the French; he proved right; and the event which in itself tended to lower the Allied moral was enhanced in its effect by the impression that the enemy's judgment had proved superior to our own in his forecast.

The calculation is therefore something of this sort: "To proclaim a purely defensive war is as a military policy nonsense. Further it certainly weakens us on the military side to talk such nonsense; it is bad for our soldiers, and we know it. But it has this advantage upon the civilian side that if we can keep the defence up to, say, the beginning of the winter it will restore what we were rapidly losing, the confidence of our civilian population in their Government. More important by far than the bad effect upon the army, or the possible good effect upon our home people, will be the effect upon the civilians in France and England. They have a severe winter to pass with insufficient coal and perhaps reduced transport inflicting further restrictions and privations upon them, especially in the towns which are the centres of opinion and particularly in the two capitals. Now if as the winter begins they look back and remember that we prophesied a defensive war and that we have apparently successfully maintained it, though only for a few weeks, this will incline them to believe our general boast, that a defensive war can be perpetually maintained. The cry for surrender to negotiations will rise loudly. Politicians in England will be arranging a General Election just at the critical moment, when winter has begun, and if at that time we are successfully maintaining our defence, we shall see a fairly strong party in the British Parliament prepared for surrender. All this is supposing that the defensive line is successfully maintained and is neither broken nor turned. If it is not maintained, but broken or turned, then all is lost anyhow, and the fact that we prophesied wrongly will be nothing in the universal disaster."

That I think is a fair summary of what was passing in the minds of those—more probably civilians than military authorities—when they made the astonishing change in their attitude towards the war which I have here attempted to analyse.



# The Defeat of the Submarine: By A. Pollen

WHEN, in 1915, all the nation was wondering what the truth was about the state of our munition supply, and assertions and counter-assertions as to everything being as right or as wrong as possible were being made, the present Prime Minister, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, told us that a nation not fit to hear the truth was not fit to conduct the war. At last, after nearly four years, his government is beginning to act on the principle of candour. At any rate, so far as naval affairs are concerned, we actually learned more during the week end just passed than we have been told at any time in the last four years. It is worth tabulating the more important of matters thus directly, or indirectly, communicated to us.

1. The most sensational statement, namely, the list of the U-boat commanders dead, imprisoned, or interned, was really by far the least important, because no one doubted the Premier's statement that 150 submarines had been sunk, nor supposed that he could have been authorised to make it if the Admiralty had not conclusive evidence of its truth. The production of the evidence was then, so far as people in this country were concerned, a work of supererogation.

But that the thing was worth doing is proved to admiration by the puerile futility of the German Admiralty's retort. First, it tries to make out that the revelation is no revelation, because the relatives of the lamented and detained buccaneers have already been confidentially informed of their fate. Next, the list is quite unreliable, because in many instances the ranks are mis-stated. Lastly, the fate of the commander does not involve the fate of the boat, so that the numbers of submarines lost cannot be inferred from the list. This is truly amazing. The converse we know is true. A boat can be lost and the commander saved, but it would be startlingly interesting if the German Admiralty would explain to us the process by which a commander can be extracted from his submarine and either slaughtered or interned, while his boat goes merrily on its way.

I shall indeed be surprised if the fact that in no less than twenty-seven cases boats were destroyed without the commander being killed does not stimulate the German conscience in one not unimportant respect. All the non-German world, neutral as well as belligerent, has notoriously and from the first, looked upon the attempt to exercise the right of search and capture at sea by submarines as a wholly illegitimate use of sea-power. And it has looked upon ruthlessness, not as little better, but as far worse than organised murder. Is it not, then, rather a striking testimony to our humanity that we have not treated the U-boat captains either as common criminals or as sea pirates, but have rescued them, and presumably their crews, again and again, and often with considerable risk to those engaged in this work of mercy? Indeed, it is difficult to suppose that there can be a single instance where rescue was possible, in which, in fact, the men were not rescued, for it must be at least in four cases out of five that the destruction of a submarine is a submerged destruction. The boat either runs upon a mine; is burst in deep water by a depth-charge; is riddled by shell fire on the surface and sunk instantly; or is rammed when its hatches are closed, and no escape for one of the inmates is conceivable. That in all of the exceptional cases the British Navy should, often at great risk, have saved the very men who advocate the doctrine of *spurlos versenkt*, and have forfeited all right, to benefit by the traditions of chivalry at sea, is surely a thing too remarkable even for the German mind to miss.

It is evident that as an attack on the enemy's moral the publication of this list is an admirable move, and it is sincerely to be hoped that as we have reached a stage in the war in which his moral is becoming an increasingly important factor, the Admiralty will be encouraged to further departures of the same kind. But, as I have said, the list told us nothing of the state of the war at sea to-day that we did not know already.

2. For news we have to look to other sources. These are the excellent summaries of the position published at great length by the *Daily Chronicle* and some other morning papers, and Lord Pirrie's notes to the shipbuilding return. Dealing first with the second of these, let us observe that we are informed that the Admiralty expect a decreased demand for purely naval shipping, and therefore a marked and invaluable addition to be possible to the skilled labour force available for the construction of carrying ships.

3. It appears now to be quite certain that our attack on Zeebrügge and two attacks on Ostend, coupled with the

very altered state of things at Dover, have not only made the Flanders ports useless to the enemy, but have practically achieved what was set out in these columns as the purpose of Sir Roger Keyes' attacks, to wit, the setting back of the German sea bases by no less than 300 miles. If this is not literally true, it is true at least to this extent, that more than half of the submarines formerly based at Zeebrügge and those sent there since the attacks, have now been destroyed; and that since the January raid on the drifters illuminating the Channel barrage, no enemy surface ships have shown themselves west of Dunkirk.

4. The fight against the submarine campaign has gone through an interesting change since, after the German attack in March, it became necessary to concentrate on the problem of protecting the American transports. To do this has meant that for the last three months there has been to a very great extent a suspension of organised submarine hunting. This means that one and, in some respects, the most important of the offensive measures against the under-water enemy has had to be put on one side, so that an adequate defensive should be provided to ensure the safe arrival of the American Army. It follows from this that the rate of German submarine destruction has been slowed down, and as the period coincides with a maximum effort of German production, the number of submarines in the field against us has been for some weeks, and is now, increasing.

5. Several other points, such as the character of the Otranto Straits barrage and the continuous air and surface blockade maintained over the enemy's ports on the other side of the Bight, were brought to our notice. But of more immediate interest is the information that the North Sea mine barrage is in process of steady completion. The weakness of this barrage, of course, is that it cannot be taken right into territorial waters to the east, nor at present, at least, to the west either. Against a complete closure of the Norwegian Channel there is the obvious objection that if we set our mine-fields here we shall be violating Norwegian neutrality. The enemy's submarines, then, still have an open passage to the north, if they hug the Norwegian coast, and an unmined passage if they come over to within a certain distance of the British coast. But it must be remembered that the same argument that prevents our mining the Norwegian passage should also prevent the enemy from using this narrow strip of water as a sally-port for his submarines. It is, of course, not to be doubted that the Norwegian Government will do its duty in protecting the neutrality of these waters. As to the western passage, means, it is hoped, will be found to narrow this very considerably, even if it is found impossible to close it altogether. It should not be beyond the resources, both of seamanship and diplomacy, to devise a plan which will still keep the Scandinavian trade alive without extending its facility to the enemy's pirate fleet. What is entirely to the good is the news that the barrages—one in the Channel and one in the North Sea, and the mine-fields off the Flanders and Danish coasts—are being completed or added to to the tune of 10,000 mines a month. Thus, if the active offensive by the hunting flotillas has seen a period of temporary eclipse, there has been no diminution of energy in developing the static offensive, which either forbids the enemy's access to certain waters altogether, or makes his passage to his hunting ground increasingly perilous.

## Absolute Failure

Now, if we consider these various points together, two conclusions are, it would seem, forced upon our attention. The first is a thing often insisted on in these columns before, viz., that the reduction of the destructive power of the submarine by 60 per cent., while the most necessary, is by no means the only very important result of the revolution effected at Whitehall in the last seven months of last year. For to this must be added not only a complete reversal of the state of things in the Narrow Seas, but an increasingly active domination of the North Sea, and especially of the areas immediately outside of the German ports. Once the rate of submarine destruction was brought below the rate of the world's ship production, ruthless piracy was not only relatively a failure, in that it could not bring our reserve of shipping to the danger point, it was an absolute failure, because the world's stock of shipping became an increasing quantity. German sea-power, then, was robbed of its only effective offensive, and as this enormously important change was accompanied by a British seizure of the sea initiative in



every direction, there was effected at sea a double change of rôle. The most startling manifestation of this was, of course, Sir Roger Keyes' coup on the Flanders coast. And it is surely something more than a coincidence that this proof that the tide of sea war had ebbed for the enemy should have come just when his fortunes in the land war were at the flood.

For there is nothing at all obscure about the relations of sea force to land force in a war of the present character. Barely a year ago the British Army, having fought victoriously since the beginning of the Battle of the Somme, in July, 1916, began a special effort in the north which, so far certainly as the American Press was concerned, was hailed as the beginnings of a movement for driving the enemy from Flanders, with a special view to reducing the sea menace which the enemy's position at Ostend and Zeebrugge held over British supply. The scale and cost in lives of that terrible campaign is, of course, known to all. But it never did and never could come near achieving the purpose thus attributed to it. Had Ostend and Zeebrugge been made useless to the enemy in August or September a year ago, an entirely different direction might have been given to the British campaign. On the other hand, had those ports remained undamaged in the German possession in May and in June of this year, it is quite possible that the form that the enemy's offensive would have taken in France would have been altogether different. If to Ostend and Zeebrugge the enemy could have added Dunkirk, Calais, and Boulogne, not only the military but the naval situation might have been very seriously changed to our disadvantage.

As it is, the enemy's sea offensive has failed, the chances of an alternative sea offensive have been gravely jeopardised, the seaports of Belgium which he has seized have become both immediately and literally valueless. It is obvious, then, that the enemy has one powerful motive the less for maintaining his hold on Belgium, a factor we may see reflected in the peace offer which cannot now be long delayed.

Now, it is this which lends significance to the other facts of the naval position which I have summarised above. Just as the sudden necessity to expedite and enlarge the transport of American troops has taxed our powers of conveying our sea supplies and has temporarily absorbed our capacity to wage an active offensive against the submarine, so, too, the change in the military situation created by the German offensive of March to July has changed the whole position with regard to our capacity to replace the lost shipping. At the beginning of the year the First Lord of the Admiralty was able to speak hopefully of the possibility of building 1,800,000 tons this year and 3,000,000 tons next. But this was a forecast that depended entirely on the state of the labour market. Men were to be brought back from the fighting and labour units at the front; no further drafts were to be made on the skilled or unskilled labour necessary for shipbuilding. But the German successes not only made it impossible to send back men from France and to slacken the rate of withdrawal of men from civilian life to fill the depleted ranks of the Army. They, by overrunning so many of our stores, depots, and railway lines, threw a strain upon our munition, wagon, engine, and arms production, that made any diversion of labour from these fields to shipping impossible. In the result, so far from averaging the 165,000 tons a month we were all hoping for after February, our production has fallen lamentably short of this. But it does not necessarily follow that anyone is to blame. The significance of Lord Pirrie's notes to the August returns is just this: that we may shortly expect relief from another quarter.

### Naval and Merchant Building

The relief is to come by labour, skilled and unskilled, now devoted to naval shipbuilding, being released from this, and made available for the construction of standard and other ships. There is, of course, no possible ground for supposing that there is any less need than there was for naval shipbuilding. If there is less demand for the naval shipbuilding in Great Britain, it must be because there needs can be supplied from elsewhere. It is obvious that it is from America only that they can be supplied. We have during the last six months heard a vast deal of the amazing success of Mr. Schwab in getting the new American shipyards to work. Three hundred and thirty-four thousand tons, it is said, were commissioned for service in August alone. The Emergency Shipping Corporation, of which Mr. Hurley is the President and Mr. Schwab the managing head, came into existence immediately after America declared war. It was not until Mr. Schwab took over in December last that the immense and very unwieldy mechanism of the corporation was brought to that state of ready efficiency which we all

associate with American industrial undertakings. But two months before Mr. Schwab took this over, another and hardly less striking shipbuilding development had already taken place. And in this development Mr. Schwab's share was great.

The thing came about in this way. Early in the summer of 1917 Mr. Daniels, the Secretary of the Navy, got the authorisation of Congress for a building programme that ran to about £220,000,000 sterling. In this programme was included a very considerable number of destroyers. Six months before that a pre-war programme, in which again many destroyers were included, had been authorised; from the autumn of 1916, then, until the autumn of 1917 all the destroyer-building interests in America had not only been full of work, but contemplating the largest possible extension of their plants to deal with projected demands. In July and August what may be called an anti-submarine propaganda was exceedingly active. All those who had the least title to speak as naval experts joined forces in urging the suspension of every other form of naval building except that of destroyers, sloops, and submarine chasers. The movement came to a head at the end of September and early in October. The Navy Department, which was cordially with the agitators, came forward with a new programme, and asked Congress to authorise the expenditure of a further £70,000,000 on destroyers alone. Before the end of the year, contracts for between two and three hundred had been placed. The exertions made by certain firms were prodigious. The Fore River Company, of Quincy, Massachusetts, promptly took steps for the construction of forty-six; Risdon, of San Francisco, the owners of a derelict yard, laid down 16 slips. Mr. Schwab's own organisation, the Bethlehem Steel Works, went boldly for 150. The Electric Boat Company, of New London, and other firms, joined in, so that before the month of January was out it was officially stated that the first of the new boats would be delivered in less than nine months from the placing of the order, and that the whole number would be available in another nine months after that.

The effect of the three programmes would, it was said nine months ago, make America richer in destroyers than any country in the world. In nine months' time, then, she should possess probably 400. If all of these are thrown in to do the work which, as to more than 95 per cent., has hitherto been done by the British Navy, another revolutionary change will have been made in the situation at sea. For while it is true that Whitehall has commissioned nearly one trawler, destroyer, or sloop per day for the last seven or eight months, this does not mean a destroyer a day, or anything like it; and it is the destroyer that is by a long odds the submarine's worst enemy. Here, then, we have another point in which America's increasing share in the war promises to overweight the enemy beyond relief, and to mitigate the burden which this country has been bearing single-handed. It is, after all, our carrying ships that have suffered more than any others. It is our carrying ships which have done the lion's share of the Allies' work. It is our yards that have supplied the protective craft, while simultaneously repairing our own and our Allies' merchant and naval shipping. The result is that we have sacrificed our merchant marine at both ends to the common cause. There are many ways in which America can help, and we can count confidently on her taking them all.

ARTHUR H. POLLEN.

### The Garden by the Sea

By Lieut. W. R. Humpherson

I walked in a garden by the sea,  
The sun above shone with a warm glad light,  
A thrush—exultant—sang to its mate.  
I saw a deep red rose growing in the garden.  
I laughed in ecstasy for the very joy of life,  
And in my foolishness I said:  
This is heaven.

There was war.  
For an eternity I lived in the midst of death.  
Life became a thing so foul that a great loathing for it filled  
my soul,  
And the whole world became grey with the weariness and  
sorrow of it.

Years afterwards I came back to the garden,  
It seemed that the thrush sang a yet more wonderful song,  
And the rose was a lovelier red.  
Smiling for very joy,  
I lifted up my hands,  
And in my wisdom said:  
This is heaven.



# Kerensky: By J. Coudurier de Chassaigne

**T**HE first time I met Kerensky I was struck by the simplicity of his manners. He might have been one of those innumerable Russian students I used to see, in my youthful days, at the Sorbonne. But, in spite of his loosely fitting clothes, there was something in the way he entered the room which showed that the man had confidence in himself, and had been in possession of great power—that he was, in fact, somebody. His clean-shaven face, a little round, but not fat, with its close-cropped hair, as is the fashion in the Russian Army, had a very juvenile air. But the instant he looked at you he reminded you, somehow, of one of those veteran actors who, at a distance, seem to be boys, and when you get near them are old men. His nose—large, but not aquiline, broad at the top, and still broader at the base—falls over the mouth, as the nose in some of the portraits of Mirabeau. If Kerensky had adopted the French fashion of long hair *à la Gambetta*, one might call his nose leonine and admirably matched with an abundant mane. His scrutinising eyes, frequently screwed up as if they were very short-sighted, close and open so suddenly that I have not yet been able to discover what their colour is. But when he speaks with animation they throw out sombre flashes. His lips are rather thin, well curved, and the whole mouth is firmly set. On the forehead, a few deep lines. Above the eyes, slight protuberances. It is evident that the man has spent his life in hard and concentrated thinking, and the last two years have left their traces on the whole expression of that enigmatic face. Kerensky is of medium stature, well set up, though not in the least athletic. The hands are strong, but delicately shaped. His voice is deep, and even when speaking to friends round a dinner-table he cannot suppress the volume of sound which pours forth without any apparent effort from his powerful throat. At our different meetings we always spoke in French, but I found him very fluent and able to express every shade of his thought with the greatest facility. He is a clear thinker, and, as he knows what he wants, the words never fail him to construct his logical and well-balanced sentences. As is often the case with real orators, his gestures are few. The force of his oratory lies neither in magnetic power nor in physical fascination, but in his constant effort to grip your mind and to convert you to his point of view, through the mere strength of logic and common sense. Doubtless his ability in developing patriotic themes, and his consummate knowledge of human nature and of the few strings that must be pulled to call forth an immediate answer from an enthusiastic audience, must appeal to the masses. But certainly in intimate conversation Kerensky never tries to make an oratorical effect. Even when carried away by the intensity of his convictions, a deeper tone in his voice, underlined by an occasional gesture, is the only sign of emotion perceptible.

## A King in Exile

But all these externals throw little light on the real Kerensky who, for a short period, was the master of Russia, and who to-day is something of a king in exile. It is as yet too early to discuss the part he has played in the history of that country. We lack documents. We only know that he was called upon to assume a post of frightful responsibility in an hour of danger, and that he had to accept, at the call of duty, the heavy inheritance not only of his immediate predecessor, but also of the centuries of Tsardom, which were mainly responsible for the demoralisation of the Russian Army and for the fall of that once mighty Empire. It was not Kerensky who provoked the Revolution. He was only one of the many who had a share in it, and whose object was to stop the pro-German defection in the higher as well as in the lower circles of Russian society. When power came to him, he ought, if he had been a mere self-seeking politician, to have refused it, for the simple reason that no man has been yet found in the history of the world who could govern without a prison, without a policeman, without a hangman, and also without an army! Kerensky tried to rebuild Russia—or, rather, to stop its downfall—by the sole power of his persuasive eloquence, and by trying to convince the honest Russians of all parties that they must unite in order to reorganise their country before it was too late. I believe he sincerely tried to be impartial, and to favour neither the extremists of the left nor the reactionaries of the right wing. He worked night and day against time and against tide, betrayed in every quarter, and misunderstood by all. Even if he had learnt by experience that to realise his generous and idealistic schemes it was necessary to have not only nominal power, but also the brutal strength

indispensable to a dictatorship, he would have been unable to accomplish the miracle of finding guns and bayonets wherewith to impose his will on the people.

As for the Korniloff episode, too much has already been written about it without the necessary documentary evidence. We must await the publication in English of the reports already published in Russian of Kerensky's depositions before the Commission of Inquiry set up by himself to throw light on that painful incident. But there is every reason to believe that Kerensky played straight with Korniloff, knowing full well that his Government could not re-establish order in Russia without the co-operation of a disciplined army. It seems clear that Korniloff—an honest soldier, but a bad politician—prepared a trap which Kerensky could only avoid by ordering his arrest. Be that as it may, the result was that the Bolsheviks found therein an opportunity of rushing against the shadow of government which Kerensky was striving to preserve. What happened then is known to all of us.

To-day, Kerensky does not come to us as the head of a definite party. He is not like a dethroned sovereign asking the Allies to help him to reconquer his lost Empire. He is only here for a short time as the envoy of a group of patriotic citizens who have sent him to inform our Government of the real state of things in Russia. Even his bitterest enemies will not contest that he knows more about the present condition of affairs in his country than most of his countrymen, and certainly than any one outside it. His devotion to the Allies and to their cause is beyond doubt. We must never forget that it was he who successfully organised during his short premiership the offensive, such as it was, on the Russian front which resulted in the capture of over 50,000 prisoners and hundreds of guns, and obliged the Germans to send back to the Eastern front some of their best troops, which they were going to hurl in the direction of Paris. That alone ought to secure for Kerensky sympathy amongst us.

## The Future of Russia

But what we have to face now is the reconstruction and the regeneration of Russia. The Bolsheviks are nearing their end. The pro-German Monarchists are trying to seize power again with the help of our foes. Even assuming they are sincere patriots, they do not seem to understand that if Russia becomes prosperous under the tutelage of the enemy of liberty and humanity, such an alliance will inevitably lead to future wars and will compromise for another long period the peace of the world. Another Monarchist party exists which is favourable to the Allies, and whose members clearly realise the price that Germany will exact for her help. But if a monarchy is imposed on Russia by the Allies, are we quite certain that the more reactionary elements will not absorb the liberal wing of the Tsarists, whoever that Tsar may be? Would it not be better for us if the middle party could be strengthened, I mean the party which is made up of the Liberals, of the Socialists, and of all the elements which, though anti-Bolshevik, are opposed to the return of any autocratic régime? Thus would it be possible for the purely Russian provinces to remain in close contact with all the nationalities which form Greater Russia, and which would certainly refuse to submit once more to the possible tyranny of a new Imperial domination. That centre party is made up not only of intellectuals, of nobles, of merchants, and of industrials, but also of those innumerable provincial assemblies which are being reconstructed now in order to establish on a real democratic basis the Russia of to-morrow. These local organisations are the representatives of the peasant interest, which, however illiterate to-day, constitutes the foundation of any government which is to last in Russia.

The Allies have made many mistakes in their foreign policy. Another mistake in Russia might prove fatal, and, in any case, would prolong the war. It is quite clear that any interference from us in Russia, seeming to back one party more than another, would be resented by the whole population. Are we sure to-day that we are in touch with the right people? Is it not our first duty to help Russia to reorganise herself sufficiently to be able to elect a representative assembly which should be entrusted with the elaboration of a constitution? Upon such a body would devolve the duty to choose, in the name of the Russian people, the mode of government which the Russians themselves desire.

If Kerensky's sojourn in England and in France has contributed to help our Governments to realise more fully the actual state of Russia to-day, he will not have come in vain.



# The Rising Sun in Russia: By Gregory Mason

## Japan and the Siberian Rescue Expedition

**F**OR those who have recently been behind the scenes in the Far East there is a peculiarly dramatic interest in the spectacle of Japanese troops advancing to the aid of the detachments of armed Czecho-Slovaks in the interior of Russia. Within the past twelvemonth Japan has executed a remarkable right-about-face on this issue of intervention in Siberia. A year ago the Japanese Press was devoting columns a week to proving (to its own satisfaction) that it was impracticable to send Japanese troops out of the Empire to any theatre of this war.

Then came the Bolsheviki revolution. This interested the Japanese as much as any people, for if there is one thing which arouses fear and horror in the Japanese soul it is extreme social radicalism. There were also other events and influences to jar Japan out of her complacent enjoyment of war-born commercial prosperity, such as the disquieting hint that a result of British successes against Turkey might mean a transference of German ambitions from the Near East to the Far East.

But mainly it was the career of Bolshevism in Russia which aroused Japan to the realisation that the whole country, and not merely the Japanese Navy, was concerned in this war. Naturally the repudiation of Russia's debt, the blurted ways of Bolshevik diplomacy, and the hint of a world proletarian revolution to spring from the Lenin-Trotsky effort, more than moderately shocked the rather ultra-conservative type of statesman which still prevails in Japan. Then, last winter, come the reports (how well founded I cannot say) of Bolshevik outrages against the property and persons of Japanese in Russia.

There was a curious division of opinion in regard to the proposal to intervene in the territory of a still friendly ally. The Japanese Army tugged at its leash. (Like many large standing armies, it is not averse to occasional exercise.) Viscount Motono, the Foreign Minister, was no less eager for immediate and vigorous action. The two large political parties were both opposed to the Siberian scheme. Both feared that such a military venture would revive the then somewhat fading prestige of Count Terauchi, the soldier Premier, and extend the official life of "the Kitchener of Japan." Oddly enough, Terauchi was inclined against intervention out of fear that it would end in a fiasco to his discredit. (He was hesitating from wiser motives also.) The real rulers of Japan, the small group of Elder Statesmen, were opposed to intervention at that time from the commendable feeling that such a serious enterprise should not be begun except in the greatest extremity and after a most careful study of all conditions. The Japanese public was apathetic. There is seldom, if ever, any real public opinion in Japan, in the Western sense of that term. There is public emotion, but not public opinion.

The Premier felt more and more the force of the argument that intervention at that time might only drive the Russians (who still cherish anti-Japanese prejudices) into the arms of Germany, and make a bad situation worse. He feared that intervention might involve Japan in a much larger responsibility than her people would care to assume. The Japanese people are not of the aggressive temperament that starts offensive wars. But convince them that national interests or their homes are threatened by foreign aggression, and there are no braver warriors on earth. In consideration of all these facts, it did not seem to the Premier, six months ago, that Japan was warranted in moving until her allies unanimously requested it.

In this view of the affair the Premier was supported by his right-hand man, Baron Goto—at that time Minister of Home Affairs, and now Minister of Foreign Affairs. The tug-of-war between the Terauchi-Goto combination, on the one hand, and the Foreign Office-General Staff coalition, on the other, was a tremendous contest, and at times feeling became somewhat bitter. At first it did not seem that the Premier's forces could resist the sheer weight of the army; but this was resisted, and then the line began to haul the other way. The resignation of Viscount Motono and the succession of Baron Goto to the position of Foreign Minister marked the complete triumph of the Terauchi-Goto policy.

But mark this. Count Terauchi and Baron Goto were not holding out without qualification against intervention in Siberia, but were simply contending that the time was not yet ripe, that circumstances did not yet justify such an

extreme measure as the uninvited penetration of a still nominally friendly country. In this, these two wise statesmen were in accord with the position of President Wilson, and of the Liberals of Britain and America generally. And in this they were in harmony with the inarticulate feelings of the Japanese people, and with a certain great Japanese tradition, or fundamental political tenet. This is a tradition or policy which foreign statesmen sometimes forget, namely, that Japan's relations and aspirations toward China are the



**BARON SHIMPEI GOTO, JAPAN'S MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS**

This portrait of Baron Goto was given to Mr. Mason by the Japanese Minister for Foreign Affairs. The Japanese inscription, translated, reads at the right: "From Baron Shimpei Goto," at left, "To Mr. Gregory Mason."

foundation and buttresses of the whole structure of her foreign policy.

It is her peculiar rôle as guardian of the Far East which is always most dear to Japan. The following statement, made by Baron Goto in an interview which he gave me in March last, throws light on this characteristic position of Japanese statesmen. We were speaking of the effect of Japanese intervention in Siberia on Japan's relations with China.

"Intervention in Siberia would have a good effect on China," Baron Goto declared. "It would promote unity and good feeling between the north and the south of China, and between China and Japan. I will speak quite frankly. A few weeks ago Japanese intervention in Siberia seemed imminent. For several days, to the public, the decision seemed to be hanging in the balance. Then it seemed to the public that a decision had been made against intervention. But this was not so. Japan's decision was merely to solidify China first, and so have a secure foundation beneath and behind her in case intervention should later become necessary. Disorganisation and chaos is a danger to China, and it is just as much a danger to China's allies. China is as much threatened by Germany as Japan, but China fears that Japanese intervention in Russia will be used by Japan as a pretext for seizing rich plums in Man-





THE LINE OF COMMUNICATION BETWEEN JAPAN AND THE WEST

churia, such as the Chinese Eastern Railway. Therefore, Japan has decided to get Chinese troops to patrol all this region in case of intervention in Russia. Japanese troops would go in over the Chinese Eastern line and also over the Amur Railway; but, so far as is possible, Chinese troops would be used in Manchuria."

• Examined after more than five months have passed since they were uttered, do not these words throw light on the nature of some of the trials Japan has been forced to meet, and do they not reflect something of the intelligent spirit in which she has met them?

Such was the situation early in May last, when I left the Far East. Later, the sudden appearance of a Czecho-Slovak army shedding its blood for the Allied cause on Russian soil, against newly armed Austro-Germans from the war prisons, changed the aspect of affairs. It convinced President Wilson that the time had come to act, and the United States made the proposal for intervention, which Japan has accepted.

Until a few days ago the main Czecho-Slovak force in conflict with the Austro-Germans and Bolsheviki in the interior of Russia was in the position of a party of miners which had been cut off from the mine entrance by a fall of rock. Between it and the Allies outside was the barrier of hostile Bolsheviki. But now the Allies have cut through the barrier a hole at least large enough for breathing and for the passage in of supplies. A subsequent undertaking may be to help the Russians to establish a sound government at Moscow.

The main Czecho-Slovak force numbers from 60,000 to 110,000 men, including some friendly Russians—perhaps as many as 20,000. These Russians are Cossacks, considered good soldiers, and peasants of the Volga region, not so reliable. The Social Revolutionists, now governing the city of Omsk, are also friendly to the Czechs. The Social Revolutionists long ago declared Siberia autonomous, with Omsk as its capital. They were driven out of Omsk by the followers of Lenin and Trotsky, but it seems that they have won it back. The Social Revolutionists are now also nominally governing Vladivostok, but the power which maintains them is the forces of Czecho-Slovaks and Allies. (Archangel, by the way, in the far north of Russia, is also under the régime of the Social Revolutionists, whose programme seems to be the choice of the Russian people wherever they are liberated from the Bolsheviki). The Bolsheviki claim that they have ousted the Czechs from Samara and the neighbouring Volga region seems unfounded.

The Allied expedition is, of course, commanded by a Japanese officer, and is composed of several thousand Japanese, Americans, British, and French. Some Chinese also are co-operating. The Allies are advancing along two lines, roughly parallel—that is, over the main railroad from Vladivostok to the Russian interior, and over the side line which goes north from near Vladivostok to Khabarovsk, and then swings and runs parallel to the main road until it loops down to join it at Karimskaya, some 200 miles into Siberia from Manchuria. From that point, west, there is the one line to Irkutsk and beyond.

The Japanese have taken Nikolaevsk, near the mouth of the Amur River, in the north, and indicated by a circle on

the accompanying map, and have also taken Khabarovsk, indicated by a cross on the map. But this Amur region is still a Bolsheviki stronghold.

The main line of communication is now held by the Allies, however, from Vladivostok to the Volga.

Like every other factor in the situation, the size of the combined army of released German and Austrian prisoners and of Bolsheviki is hard to estimate closely. It may be between 50,000 and 100,000. These men are probably commanded in the main by German and Austrian officers liberated from Russia's war prisons, and they are not to be despised as a fighting power.

The Allied force, then, under its present tentative size limit, might seem to be inadequate to the task before it. Many authorities believe that such is the case. Others contend that, with its superior organisation, it is more than a match for the larger army of Teutons and Bolsheviki, particularly as these observers predict that the sympathies of the non-combatant natives will be with the Allies.

If, however, the expedition should be enlarged the reinforcements would be mainly Japanese. Fifty thousand men are all that would probably be required for some time from Japan to reinforce the expedition, but she would doubtless give ten times that number if so many were needed.

The Allies can afford to take off their hats to Japan. The Entente may be thankful now that the Eastern Empire declined the suggestion to send troops to the Western front. They can be glad that she did not rush blindly into Siberia six or eight months ago, since she goes in more smoothly now for the fact that the Russians have remarked her restraint and have felt grateful for it.

As for the future, Japan desires and confidently expects to see saved from the present chaos some sort of a "buffer Russian State between Japan and Germany," as Count Terauchi and Baron Goto expressed it to me. Her preference as to the future form of Russia's government is undoubtedly for a monarchy.

But there is good reason to believe that a monarchy will never do long for Russia. The Russian Revolution has not been in vain. Old traditions have been broken. Seed has been sown.

Is it not a mistake to advocate "a constitutional monarchy on the English plan" for Russia? Russian character is not inclined to moderate measures: it leans to extremes. Russia will probably have flat democracy or she will have downright autocracy. And such an autocracy in Russia would mean a hard-and-fast alliance between Russia and Germany.

Japan may be advised on this. The presence of her army in Siberia, advancing to liberate the oppressed Czecho-Slovaks, in column with British and American troops, means, in a sense, that Japanese statesmanship of the liberal "Anglo-Saxon school" (as they say in Japan) has won over that of the reactionary "Teutonic school."

Although her public men would still prefer an autocracy in Russia, Japan is now well committed to the war against reaction and political mediocrity. Her soldiers are marching through Russia toward the setting sun, but, even though it be yet weak, the Rising Sun of a new day is beginning to warm the hearts of her people.



# The Prisoners: By Effendi

**J**UST a year ago there was great joy in the hearts of the three civilian and three service prisoners still in the enemy's hands in the Mahenge district of German East Africa. The civilians had spent over three years each in durance vile (yes, very vile), and the others had had as long a time in Boche camps as they wanted. So their elation can be imagined on learning that they were to be sent over into the Belgian lines, on giving an undertaking not to disclose anything of military importance seen or heard, and not to make use of their knowledge of the country.

At this time the Mahenge command was vested in Hauptmann Tafel, and his columns to the north, west, and south were being severely handled by Belgian and British forces, composed for the most part of native troops. Porters were getting scarce, and those that remained were little better than skin and bones. Consistent underfeeding and overwork had sapped their vitality to a great degree; still, they were required to labour for their soulless taskmasters, who drove them around the country carrying loads until they literally dropped dead or dying on the side of the path. Even then pity was not wasted on them. They had ceased to be of material value to their lords, and were therefore left unheeded where they lay, discarded like cigarette ends.

So sorely were carriers needed that Hauptmann Tafel had decided that he could on no account afford to take with him on his imminent retreat the British prisoners, several of whom were seriously ill and would have to be carried. In order to rid himself of them and the trouble of feeding them longer, he made up his mind to send them out of his lines. He knew that he could in any case not hold them for more than another few weeks, so his apparent generosity was actually of little value.

## On Safari

At first he had demurred because he said that their envoys were being detained.

"Oh, that does not matter," chorussed the prisoners; "give us a safe conduct through your lines, and we will take our chance afterwards. We don't want a parlementaire."

And so it was arranged.

On the morning of August 25th the party left the boma at Mahenge. Just that very day a new lie was in circulation, the Germans asserting that their wireless apparatus had tapped a message, sent by the advanced Belgian field wireless at Mikumi, reading: "Have taken seven German *swine*." This rumour was communicated to the writer by the Mahenge postmaster as a positive fact; it proved, of course, to be a brazen falsehood.

The descent from the Mahenge plateau to the plains is very steep. As one gets lower, golden-leaved bamboo groves cast a grateful shade, most acceptable to perspiring Europeans and natives alike.

Six hours' steady marching brought the *safari* (caravan) to Kwa Fimbo, an important supply depot, at dusk. The European in charge—known to his brethren as an "Etappenschwein," i.e., Lines of Communication swine!—had been ordered to prepare food, and he put on a very good meal of rice, foods, and fruit. He even gave the prisoners two eggs apiece for the morrow's breakfast; and eggs were then much more of a luxury than matches are in England to-day. This same person had been in charge of that store some months before, when a party of British prisoners had been marched through. He had kept them waiting half the day for food, or even water. When he realised that his days were numbered, and that there was every probability of his being a prisoner within a couple of weeks—very, very few of the Huns allowed themselves to be killed, e.g., in two months' fighting in the autumn of 1917 we killed only 51 Europeans, as against over 1,150 taken prisoners!—he acted according to the invariable rule of his breed, and pampered to the best of his ability the enemies he would cheerfully have spat upon a short time previously.

The next day, was to be almost a record march, so *machilas*—hammocks swung on poles—were provided for the prisoners. They could scarcely understand the German desire to get rid of them so quickly, but it coincided with their own wishes. The sooner they were safely out of the Hun lines, the better.

With short halts in the forenoon and afternoon, the march was continued till about 9 p.m. Amongst the fugitives met en route was the Benedictine padre from the Ifakara Mission, who said his fruit garden was at the disposal of the prisoners. Towards 8 o'clock a halt was called, and each of the party

was tightly blindfolded and carried in his *machila*. Slowly and carefully the little column moved. Here newly burnt grass was to be smelt; then the path had been cleared for a distance; in a few minutes long, rank growth proclaimed itself by sweeping against the swaying canvas of the hammock. Soon the porters halted; the prisoners heard muttered orders in Swahili and the faint buzz of German conversation. Slowly and carefully the procession proceeded along what might have been the top of a trench, before going down a short, steep slope to the river, across which the party was ferried on a raft propelled by a wire rope. For another fifteen minutes the column moved on, and then the prisoners were permitted to remove their bandages. They had been blindfolded for three-quarters of an hour, which information permitted a fairly shrewd guess as to the depth of the enemy defences on either bank of the broad Kilombero.

The unimaginative, hide-bound routine of the Germans is well exemplified by their conduct on this occasion. The European prisoners, despite their oath of silence, were blindfolded, whereas the native porters were permitted to see all they could, doubtless under the entirely mistaken impression that they could convey little information of military value to the Belgians. As a matter of fact, one smart *boy* was able to describe in detail the enemy trenches, the number of maxims and small guns, and his knowledge of the companies holding them included even the names of most of the officers. This should be of interest to Commander Schoenfeld, who was responsible for the measures taken!

That night the party spent in the deserted mission house at Ifakara, accompanied by a German who was to conduct them on the morrow as a parlementaire—or, in plain English, as a spy. The determination to send him after Captain Tafel's remark showed quite plainly the reason.

On the morning of August 27th all was bustle. The Englishmen disposed of their remaining shreds of clothing that could possibly be spared at extraordinary prices. An old thin blanket was eagerly bought at £5, while purchasers fought over a well-worn pair of khaki-drill trousers at £4.

At 9 a.m. the party moved off in close column under the white flag, having been told by a German officer to expect to meet the first Belgian patrols some three or four hours to the north. They had been going barely twenty minutes when they bumped into the first patrol, which appeared suddenly from nowhere. The ten *askari* of which it was composed acted very smartly. They ordered every one to lie down, and then collected the white men in a circle on the ground, their rifles, with fixed bayonets, being ready to punish any tricks. The sergeant would not credit that his prisoners were Englishmen, and was disinclined to listen to explanations. His aloofness was overcome by the suggestion of one of the Swahili-speaking Europeans that he had better send a couple of men ahead to see that the enemy was not following in their wake. The advice seemed good, and was acted on, and thenceforward the captors seemed to believe, but with reservations, the story of their prisoners. The German envoy and his three escorting *askari* were marched off ahead, to be followed in a more leisurely manner by the main body under three guards. The sergeant went on towards the river with three men. Within ten minutes they were firing; within half an hour one was brought back wounded; and that same afternoon the reinforcements that had arrived had driven the Germans from the north bank.

The happy released Englishmen went on until they came to the camp of the 1st Belgian Battalion. Here the major in command and his staff were very good. There were in the act of breakfasting, but insisted on rising and making their allies eat. And how good white bread and bully beef and jam tasted!

The *Bulamatalari*, as the Belgians are called by the natives, earned a debt of gratitude in thus freeing by their amazingly rapid advance a few unfortunates. The Congolese troops exulted at the prospect of battle, and gathered with curiosity to see the *Wangereza* who had come into their lines. They congratulated us and wished us well. They even told us to fight in the knowledge that if the white men in Europe were killed, there were in Africa numbers "as the grass" who wanted nothing better than to be shipped across the seas to try conclusions with the hated Huns. The number of these short, thick-set, sturdy, native warriors is legion, and better fighting material exists nowhere in the continent than in the Congo forests. The sons of cannibals, their instincts are appealed to by the risks of battle, and bloodshed is a joy to their hearts. Success to them!



# The Dardanelles Bombardment

By HENRY MORGENTHAU

## The only authentic Narrative of the Turkish Defence

**W**E sped along the military road to Dardanos, passing on the way the wreck of the *Mesudié*. The Dardanos battery was as completely Turkish as the Hamidié was German. The guns at Dardanos were somewhat more modern than those at Hamidié—they were the Krupp model of 1905. Here also was stationed the only new battery which the Germans had established up to the time of my visit; it consisted of several guns which they had taken from the German and Turkish warships then lying in the Bosphorus. A few days before our inspection, the Allied Fleet had entered the Bay of Erenkeui, and had submitted Dardanos to a terrific bombardment, the evidences of which I saw on every hand. The land for nearly half a mile about seemed to have been completely churned up; it looked like photographs I had seen of the battle-fields in France. The strange thing was that, despite all this punishment, the batteries themselves remained intact; not a single gun, my guides told me, had been destroyed.

"After the war is over," said General Mertens, "we are going to establish a big tourist resort here, build a hotel, and sell relics to you Americans. We shall not have to do much excavating to find them—the British Fleet is doing that for us now."

This sounded like a passing joke; yet the statement was literally true. Dardanos, where this emplacement is located, was one of the famous cities of the ancient world; in Homeric times it was part of the principality of Priam. Fragments of capitals and columns are still visible. And the shells from the Allied Fleet were now ploughing up many relics which had been buried for thousands of years. One of my friends picked up a water-jug which had perhaps been used in the days of Troy. The effectiveness of modern gunfire in excavating these evidences of a long lost civilisation was striking—though unfortunately the relics did not always come to the surface intact.

The Turkish generals were extremely proud of the fight which this Dardanos battery had made against the British ships. They would lead me to the guns that had done particularly good service, and pat them affectionately. For my benefit, Djevad called out Lieutenant Hassan, the Turkish officer who had defended this position. He was a little fellow, with jet-black hair, black eyes, extremely modest and almost shrinking in the

*The incidents and accidents of the first Dardanelles bombardment, from the point of view of the Turks and their German mentors, have received little or no attention save in this narrative of Mr. Morgenthau. In this story the actual effects of the French and British naval gunnery are shown, and attention is drawn to a point which is characteristic of all modern naval warfare—the extreme difficulties attendant on long-range gunnery, and the enormous expenditure of ammunition that is needed to deal effectively with an apparently easy target, even when effective counter-work is impossible.*

presence of these great generals. Djevad patted Hassan on both cheeks, while another high Turkish officer stroked his hair; one would have thought that he was a faithful dog who had just performed some meritorious service.

"It is men like you of whom great heroes are made," said General Djevad. He asked Hassan to describe the attack and

the way it had been met. The embarrassed lieutenant quietly told his story, though he was moved almost to tears by the appreciation of his exalted chiefs.

"There is a great future for you in the army," said General Djevad, as we parted from this hero.

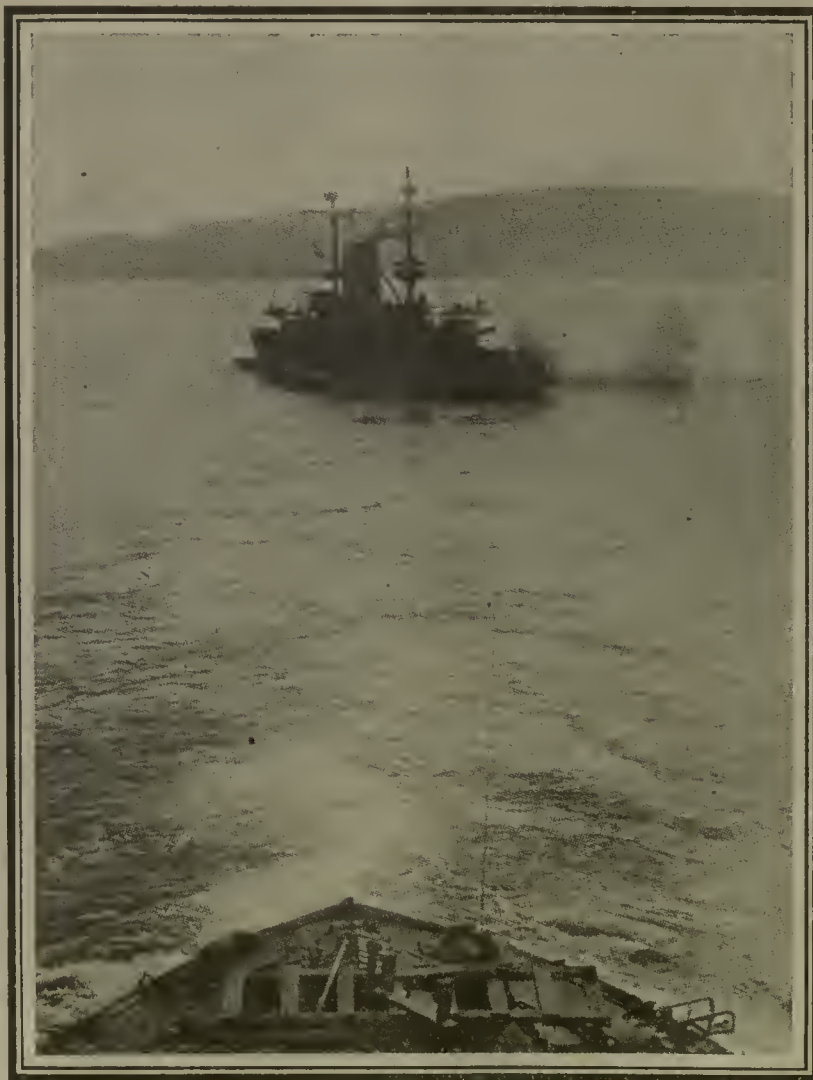
Poor Hassan's "future" came two days afterwards, when the Allied Fleet made its greatest attack. One of the shells struck his dug-out, which caved in, killing the boy. Yet his behaviour on the day I visited his battery showed that he regarded the praise of his general as sufficient compensation for all that he had suffered or all that he might suffer.

I was much puzzled by the fact that the Allied Fleet, despite its large expenditures of ammunition, had not been able to hit this Dardanos emplacement. I naturally thought at first that such a failure indicated poor marksmanship, but my German guides said that that was not the case. All this missfire merely illustrated once more the familiar fact that a rapidly manoeuvring battleship is under great disadvantage in shooting at a fixed fortification. But there

was another point involved in the Dardanos battery. My hosts called my attention to its location; it was perched on the top of the hill, in full view of the ships, forming itself a part of the skyline. Dardanos was merely five steel turrets, each with a gun, approached by a winding trench.

"That," they said, "is the most difficult thing in the world to hit. It is so distinct that it looks easy; but the whole thing is an illusion."

I do not understand completely the optics of the situation; but it seems that the skyline creates a kind of mirage, so that it is practically impossible to hit anything at that point, except by accident. The gunner might get what was apparently a perfect sight, yet his shell would go wide. The record of Dardanos had been little short of marvellous. Up to March 18th, the ships had fired at it about 4,000 shells. One turret had been hit by a splinter, which had also scratched the paint; another had been hit and slightly bent in; and another had been hit near the base, and a piece about the size



H.M.S. "ALBION" SHELLING THE FORTIFICATIONS OF THE INNER STRAIT

During his tour of inspection Mr. Morgenthau had telescopic views of the British and French fleet cleared for action.



of a man's hand had been knocked out. But not a single gun had been even slightly damaged. Eight men had been killed, including Lieutenant Hassan, and about forty had been wounded. That was the extent of the destruction.

"It was the optical illusion that saved Dardanos," one of the Germans remarked.

Again getting into the automobile, we rode along the shore, my host calling my attention to the mine-fields, which

stretched from Chanak southward about seven miles. In this area the Germans and Turks had scattered nearly 400 mines. They told me with a good deal of gusto that the Russians had furnished a considerable number of these destructive engines. Day after day Russian destroyers sowed mines at the Black Sea entrance to the Bosphorus, hoping that they would float down stream and fulfil their appointed task. Every morning Turkish and German minesweepers would go up, fish out these mines, and place them in the Dardanelles.

The battery at Erenkeui had also been subjected to a heavy bombardment, but it had suffered little. Unlike Dardanos, it was situated back of a hill, completely shut out from view. In order to fortify this spot, I was told, the Turks had been compelled practically to dismantle the fortifications of the Inner Straits — that section of the stream which extends from Chanak to Point Nagara. This was the reason why this latter part of the Dardanelles was now practically unfortified. The guns that had been moved for this purpose were old-style Krupp pieces of the model of 1885.

South of Erenkeui, on the hills bordering the road, the Germans had introduced an innovation. They had found several Krupp howitzers left over from the Bulgarian war and had installed them on concrete foundations. Each battery had four or five of these emplacements, so that, as I approached them, I found several substantial bases that apparently had no guns. I was mystified further at the sight of a herd of buffaloes—I think I counted sixteen engaged in the operation—hauling one of these howitzers from one emplacement to another. This, it seems, was part of the plan of defence. As soon as the dropping shells indicated that the fleet had obtained the range, the howitzer would be moved, with the aid of buffalo teams, to another concrete emplacement.

"We have even a better trick than that," remarked one of the officers. They called out a sergeant, and recounted his achievement. This soldier was the custodian of a contraption which, at a distance, looked like a real gun; but which, when I examined it near at hand, was apparently an elongated section of sewer pipe. Back of a hill, entirely hidden from the fleet, was placed the gun with which this sergeant had co-operated. The two were connected by telephone. When the command came to fire, the gunner in charge of the

howitzer would discharge his shell, while the man in charge of the sewer pipe would burn several pounds of black powder and send forth a conspicuous cloud of inky smoke. Not unnaturally, the Englishmen and Frenchmen on the ships would centre all their attention upon that spot. The space around this burlesque gun was pock-marked with shell holes; the sergeant in charge, I was told, had attracted more than 500 shots,

while the real artillery piece still remained intact and undetected.

From Erenkeui we motored back to General Djevad's headquarters, where we had lunch. Djevad took me up to an observation post, and there, before my eyes, I had the beautiful blue expanse of the Aegean. I could see the entrances to the Dardanelles, Sedd-ul-Bahr and Kum Kalé

standing like the guardians of a gateway, with the rippling sunny waters stretching between. Naturally this prospect brought to mind a thousand and historic and legendary associations, for there is probably no single spot in the world more crowded with poetry and romance. Evidently my Turkish escort, General Djevad, felt the spell, for he took a telescope and pointed at a bleak expanse.

"Those are the Plains of Troy," he said. "And the river that you see winding in and out," he added, "we Turks call it the Mendere, but Homer knew it as the Scamander. Back of us, only a few miles away, is Mount Ida."

Then he turned his glass out to sea, and again asked me to look at an indicated spot. I immediately brought within view a magnificent English warship, all stripped for battle, quietly steaming along like a man walking on patrol duty.

"That," said General Djevad, "is the *Agamemnon*!"

"Shall I fire a shot at her?" he asked me.

"Yes, if you'll promise me not to hit her," I answered.

(To be continued)



#### FORT DARDANOS

These guns date from 1905. It was not until Bulgaria entered the War and Serbia was overwhelmed that the Germans reinforced the Dardanelles. Now

this Strait is as completely fortified as Heligoland. Probably all the fleets of the world could not force the passage with its present-day fortifications.



#### THE BATTLESHIP "AGAMEMNON"

From Turkish headquarters Mr. Morgenthau could see the Plains of Troy, and, out at sea, the "Agamemnon."



# Life and Letters by J. C. Squire

## A Long War Poem

**M**R MAURICE HEWLETT'S career as a writer has been a very remarkable one. He made a vast popular success twenty years ago with *The Forest Lovers*, followed up by *Richard Yea and Nay* and *The Queen's Quair*. He then wrote possibly twenty novels, varying in quality, and several books of verse—mostly on classical subjects—which compelled respect, but, save in patches, not enthusiasm. Then, suddenly, at an age when most men begin to flag in energy and repeat their old stories rather tiresomely, he produced a long poem, *The Song of the Plow*, unique in kind and, in quality, higher than anything he had previously written. It was not a solitary flash; it was the first leap of a new fire. In *The Village Wife's Lament* (Secker, 3s. 6d. net) he has produced a poem shorter and in quite another category, which would have kept his name alive had he never written anything else.

The subject is a very ordinary and very obvious one; the same might be said of the subjects of most considerable poems with "stories" in them. As a modern poet (Mr. Gordon Bottomley) has said, we have no need to speculate as to what the epics of the lost Continent of Atlantis were about; they were about a man who gave himself for his fellows, a woman for whom men fought, a man who wandered for years and at last came home. The categories of tragedy are few: it is in form, in setting, in imaginative detail, in the creation of new characters for old experiences, that poets show their individuality. Love and grief are perpetual; new stories of love and grief we shall always have. Mr. Hewlett's story is that of a shepherd's wife whose man goes off to the war, leaving her with a child. The child dies; the man is killed; the woman is left alone, and tells her story. The event is common; the subject is not uncommon; but no one has told it so well before, and although the war and its results have produced many fine lyrics it has produced no long poem which compares with Mr. Hewlett's.

The story might be told baldly and unimaginatively; it might be told melodramatically, with an excessive piling up of terrible accessories and an over-stressing of "the pathetic fallacy." There are living poets who might between them have fallen into both these errors. Mr. Hewlett has taken the middle and the best path. He does not introduce an unrealistic and stagy violence, and he does not use the story as a mere hook on which to hang crimson flowers of extravagant language. On the other hand, he does not restrict himself to words that his village wife might have used and conceptions she might have grasped. "I have put," he says, "into the mouth of my village wife thoughts which she may never have formulated, but which, I am very sure, lie in her heart, too deep for any utterance but that of tears." In other words, he has used his imagination; formulated for his heroine things that she could not formulate, but only feel; endowed her with his own perceptions and language. It is the only reasonable thing to do; after all, neither a village wife nor anybody else talks in rhymed verse, and even the baldest poetry is, in a sense, artificial. The test is whether or not the reader is "pulled up."

It is not an easy poem from which to quote; the poet has been too centred upon his theme; too contemptuous of the merely decorative detail. All the elementary emotions of motherhood and wifedom are exposed, and truthfully; but at a length too great to admit of example here. I cannot bring myself to do less than quote several stanzas in succession; and these might be chosen from anywhere, from the scenes of girlhood, from the extraordinarily vivid sketch of domestic service in town and on a farm, or from the last outburst of the extreme abandonment of grief. I will take them from that section which shows the war invading the remote countryside; the men talking; the young men gradually, for motives nobler than they could say, going:

But as the tide crawls to his full  
Without your knowing,  
Invading rock and filling pool,  
Endlessly flowing;  
Lo, while you sit and look at it,  
Idle, little thinking,  
The flood is brimming at your feet,  
Lipping there and winking—

The very same the Great War grew;  
Like a flowing tide  
It spread its channels thro' and thro'  
The quiet countryside.  
One day you'd stop: a poster up,  
And Lord, how it glared!  
The next there'd be a very crop,  
And not a body stared.

And then the lorries flung along  
By ones and twos, and then  
In snaky line some twenty strong,  
Full of shouting men.  
They made me blench with noise and stench,  
But, more, I do believe,  
To know them gaining inch by inch  
The earth whereby we live.

So faded fast the painted past  
Beneath the mist of war;  
One could not think life had been cast  
In sweet lines before  
There was no list in that red mist  
For love or wholesome breath,  
But making rage our staple grist  
We ground the dust of death.

Our men held talk among themselves,  
But said little to we;  
And soon they went by tens and twelves  
Soldiers to be.  
I knew how 'twould be from the first,  
I think my heart could tell;  
I loved a man who never durst  
Not do well.

Now I have quoted it I feel I should have quoted something else, something to show the tensivity of the feeling, the beauty of the slight background, the proportion, and the frequent exquisite music of the poem. But the thing is a whole, and whatever had been quoted I should have felt the same dissatisfaction.

At the end, Mr. Hewlett appends a "Note," explaining that the poem is dramatic, and that he is not to be supposed answerable for all that it expresses. "My own convictions about aggressive war are very much those of my village wife. Of defensive war, of war to save the lives of our children, of war to save humanity itself, there cannot be two sane opinions: that is a pious duty forced upon us; but it becomes every day more inconceivable to me how men can engage in the other kind of war." "The village wife knows nothing of Germans, however, and her reproaches strike at the heart of mankind. . . . Let us learn to look war in the face, and while the blood is cold, so that we may know what we are meaning to do." Those to whom Mr. Hewlett's meaning is self-evident and those to whom his opinions were previously known, may think such a commentary on a dramatic work superfluous. But it is obvious why he has written it. There are, over and above the small minority of people who (usually from a distance) enjoy war and think it the only thing that makes life worth living, a great many who, from timidity or bad logic, suspect every man who emphasises the terrible side of the war whilst it is in process of deliberately sapping the national will to go on. They are afraid that if the truth is told the nation will collapse out of sheer horror. It is to them clear that we should pretend not to know the agony and filth of the battle-field, the broken lives at home. The effort at concealment at this stage is, of course, ridiculously futile; but even were it not, the attitude is surely a false one. Our resolution does not need to be supported by suppressions and lies; we do not need to forget what war is like to resist the spirit of war incarnate; and the greatest testimony to the justice of our cause is the fact that the war has been supported by a multitude of men and women who hated war, who knew what it was like, and who were aware of what it would bring to themselves and to their fellows. It is the worst of mistakes to leave those who would have given the Germans a walk-over a monopoly of pity, of sympathy, and, in this one regard, of truth. Whatever the war is like, whatever its origins and its rights, men are killed, and the simple wives of simple husbands must be overwhelmed by their losses, and revolt, even unreasoningly, against the bestial machinery that has ruined their lives. This Mr. Hewlett has seen.



# The Reader's Diary

## Recent Novels

THE hero of *Simpson of Snell's*, by Mr. William Hewlett (Skeffington, 6s. net), is an invoicing clerk, who is launched on a career by the purchase of a brilliant necktie, which either—it is obscure, even, to Simpson—expresses the temperament of its wearer or confers the gift of a temperament on him. In due course, Simpson becomes a ledger-clerk at two pounds a week, and the husband of a wife who is still attached to a former faithless lover, and bound to him by the child he has given her. Thus great events from little causes spring—even in Peckham and the City.

Mr. Hewlett is a novelist who handles well-worn situations in an unambitious but fresh and agreeable manner. It cannot be said that there is anything very new in Mr. Paradise, the elderly expansive actor, who aspires to play "Hamlet," in Otley, the rascally young man of good family, who is sent into Snell's office after expulsion from school, and seduces the typist, Nancy, or even in Simpson himself, simple, honest, ignorant, aspiring, and "a true gentleman" at bottom, who forsakes his own love for the chivalrous purpose of making Nancy an honest woman. The ingredients are not new, and the pudding is of a recognised type; but it passes the test of eating in a satisfactory manner. The author of this sort of novel can hardly help patronising his hero a little; and Simpson, in the misadventures of his search for temperament and "toniness," calls for humour and pity. The patronising tone in Miss Elizabeth Kirby's *Little Miss Muffet* (Duckworth, 6s. net) is rather more irritating. Miss Muffet was brought up in a country rectory, and was so unfortunate as to fall in with the works of the modern novelists, which drove her to seek Life and London and the Literary Career. So she dined with a stockbroker in a private room at the Café Rouge, and played at bears with Philip Hungerford, the elderly, famous, and emancipated author of *Emancipation*, in his flat. In the course of these adventures, she found that she could not behave like Hungerford's passionate heroines, and that no one made love to her in the way that these young ladies were entitled to expect. So she confessed to a bishop, and fell in love with a doctor, who had prescribed a rest-cure for her over-wrought nerves. Certainly Miss Muffet was silly enough to deserve all the patronising condescension which Miss Kirby bestows on her. But, after all, the works of the modern novelists, though frequently maudlin, are hardly as maudlin as Miss Kirby represents them to be; and their dupes cannot often be so childish as Miss Muffet. As a satire, the book is forcible-feeble; and it is written throughout with a playful superiority that grows very annoying.

The works of "Bartimeus" are too well known, perhaps, to call for any elaborate comment at this date; but their re-issue in a uniform edition is a welcome event, which must be noted. The three volumes, *Naval Occasions*, *A Tall Ship*, and *The Long Trick* (Cassell, 5s. net each) certainly make a series of naval pictures which stands out among those which have been produced in great plenty by the war. *Naval Occasions* was first published, happily enough, in August, 1914, and was taken up eagerly then by those who felt that it was with the Navy first that England wheeled into the line of battle. This volume deals with the Navy in time of peace, and the two succeeding volumes show, with the same knowledge, the same light and certain touch, the same power of getting an atmosphere, how the Navy adapted itself to war conditions, and remained the same service, the same body of men. Since "Bartimeus" became popular, we have had a great many volumes of sketches of both Army and Fleet. It is rarely, however, that we have had just this combination of long experience and a literary skill, which came into play naturally and was not matured in haste by an overwhelming popular demand. The sailors, whose jest and earnest make up two collections of sketches and one novel, are real men, known intimately over a long period. "Bartimeus" does not set down a superficial account of their qualities and peculiarities, as though they were some strange animals of whom he had made a hasty survey. Nor does he foist off mere types on his readers for the genuine thing. His Torps and the Indiarubber Man and the Young Doctor are real people, as are also their womenfolk; and their adventures, always varied, often exceedingly funny and sometimes touching, which end appropriately with the Battle of Jutland, are real adventures. In their new shape, they should add to their previous popularity.

## An Admiral's Memoirs

*Some Recollections*, by Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge (Murray, 12s. net), follows "Bartimeus" fitly. Sir Cyprian has had a long and distinguished career of public service which ranges from the blockade of Archangel in the Crimean War to the Mesopotamian Commission in 1916; and the Navy, when he first joined it, was organised in a manner very different from that which obtains to-day. Then, when a captain was given a ship, it was left to him to find his own crew; and as soon as he had hoisted his pendant, generally on a boat-hook, for the ship was most likely mastless, a lively private recruiting campaign followed, with posters and bargains with seamen as to the ratings in which they were to be employed. Sir Cyprian gives a specimen of the appeals which were employed:

Come, my lads, don't be silly,  
Pick up your bags and join the *Lily*.

a couplet not inferior to the inducements composed by more expert hands in recent days. Then, also, there was no general uniform for anyone under the rank of officer; and crews were dressed according to the fancy of each individual captain, who, in addition, provided the crew of his own gig with a special distinctive uniform—in one case, says Sir Cyprian, "a sort of kilt made of duck and reaching nearly to the knee like that worn by a stage pirate." Thirty-three years after he first joined, Sir Cyprian commanded the *Colossus*, the first ship in commission which was armed with 12-inch breech-loading guns; and his gunnery-lieutenant was Lord Jellicoe. Between these two points lies a store of varied and entertaining recollections, too many and too miscellaneous to be summarised here. Sir Cyprian had the good luck to be in San Francisco just after the Vigilance Committee organised a rising against the political boss, Casey, formed an army, took Casey out of gaol, where he had been, placed for safety, and hanged him out of hand. He was also privileged to be present when Prince Wellington, heir to King George Tubuo of Tonga, observed, on seeing a new mechanical device in the engine-room: "How small is the mind of man! How great are its works!" Indeed, his experience of the intelligence of royalty was fortunate, for he records also hearing from the Duke of Edinburgh, then commanding the Mediterranean station, "a short lecture on the equipment of lighthouses, lightships, and illuminated buoys," which he found "interesting and instructive"—perhaps illuminating, as well.

## Dora Sigerson

In a memoir prefixed to Dora Sigerson's (Mrs. Clement Shorter's) volume of posthumous poems, *The Sad Tears* (Constable, 5s. net), Miss Tynan says that Dora Sigerson attributed her breakdown in health to her distress at the events following Easter Week, 1916, in Dublin. Certain it is that these pieces betray a genuine and ungovernable emotion—an emotion not controlled by the verse in which it is partially expressed. Thus her summary of "the sad years":

Hands, hands, hands, tearing, grasping, slaying,  
Cold, stiff, still, soothing, strangling, praying,  
Feet, feet, feet, running, toiling, stamping,  
Crushing, killing, falling, stumbling, tramping.

is almost rather the raw material of poetry than poetry itself—but, still, a raw material of real value. And all Mrs. Shorter's work has, and always had, this quality of roughness, of an imperfect finish, which makes it not disappointing, but intensely, almost painfully, personal. Her metres jolt, her rhymes are faulty, her diction is sometimes awkward, sometimes very loosely fitted to the thought. Her poetry is like a smoky fire, through which sometimes, as if by chance, a flame strikes fine though imperfect. Such are the lines:

I saw children playing, dancing in a ring,  
Till a voice came calling, calling one away;  
With sad backward glances she went loitering,  
Hoping they would miss her and so cease to play.  
Pettishly and pouting, "'Tis not time to sleep."  
Sobbing and protesting, slowly she did go;  
But her merry comrades they all run and leap,  
Feeling not her absence, heeding not her woe.

The connoisseurs of well-turned verse will not care, perhaps, for this work, the jottings of a poet who never troubled to learn to write; but there is feeling in it, and feeling sometimes poignantly conveyed by its own intensity and even its own clumsiness.

PETER BELL.



# The Theatre: By W. J. Turner

## At a Music Hall

**F**EELING very ill from the effects of a spy play the night before, I determined yesterday to go to one of those music-halls that lie in the shady regions between the West End and the suburbs, and recover. Owing to some little delay in finding my meat-coupon at dinner, I did not arrive at the selected "palace" until the second house was already on the way. I asked for a stall, and, tendering a ten-shilling note I had taken a dislike to from the way the waiter had bitten it, I received eight and threepence change. I was told that there was not a stall vacant just then, but that there might be at any moment. Evidently, I thought, people come in here just to sit down for a few minutes, and the object is to drive them out again as quickly as possible. This was hardly a cheering idea; but I took the ticket and fought my way along a narrow passage, through some swing doors, and into the stalls. I say into the stalls, but that was mere assumption on my part, for all I could see was the backs of necks. Not being able to see the stage, and not having a paper, I took out my theatre-ticket to read; there was something printed on it, I could see; but it was impossible to make it out in that imitation light, so I managed to kill a few minutes borrowing a match. One or two of the people I asked seemed to resent being interrupted; but I got one at last, and, striking it, read: "Buy National War Bonds at once." Of course, I put it back, and resumed my steady stare into my neighbour's neck. Presently some old lady, remembering that she had left a pot on the gas at home, got up from her stall with a yell, and dived for the door. I at once leapt into the upholstered seat, and sat down.

I found a tortoiseshell comb on my lap; evidently I had gathered it in my gradual progression to my seat. Not knowing what to do with it, I stuck it into the hair of a lady in front of me, and gave my whole attention to the stage. It was number 9 on the bill, though the second house had not long begun; the show ended with number 1. I heard a man in the next row say that this is done to confuse German spies. Be that as it may, number 9 consisted of a girl at a piano in a pink frock and a man in evening dress. The girl was trying to smile bewitchingly at the man, and the man was trying to look funny; neither succeeded—at least, not while I was there. He then sang a comic song about the end of a perfect day, and showed his teeth. Nobody hooted him, so, greatly encouraged, he went on; ultimately he went off. I took this man to be a comedian; but it appears I did him an injustice, for, as the curtain was going down, I felt that my left ankle was wet. At first, I thought that my stall might be poised over some pond that had been forgotten when the theatre was built, but, looking up, I saw that tears were dropping from my neighbour's eyes. I can hardly think it was private domestic grief, for it ceased as soon as the next number started. It was very embarrassing while it lasted because, being naturally of an affectionate disposition, I wanted to comfort her. Luckily, there was no mistake about the next man, who was down on the bill as "The Frisky Lad." He was quite an amusing bird, in a mild sort of way, with long yellow hair, which he told us horses always mistook for straw. I laughed heartily at this; I do not know why. He carried the handle of a walking-stick; the rest of it, he said, he had lent to some one. After prancing about the stage, he sang the following song:

Mary had a little lamb who followed her all day,  
And everywhere that Mary went the lamb was sure to pay,  
And when she'd gathered all his wool she sent the lamb away,  
And now she's got another leg of mutton so they say.

This is the sort of song that everybody seems to understand. I looked at my neighbour to see whether she would laugh or cry; a tear came into one eye at the thought of the little lamb that was sent away, but, happily, the leg of mutton wiped away the tear. We came now to number 7, which was down on the bill as "Intermezzo." A fat man, a man with plenty of mezzos, crawled laboriously from out of a heap of music-stands in the orchestra, and painfully made his way to the conductor's seat. He had two hairs brushed carefully across the top of his head, and a black moustache. He waved one fat white-gloved hand expressively at a barmaid in a box, seized his baton, and placed his other hand, with a slight sigh, on his waist, and gave the beat. Perspiring, he chased the orchestra through the selection, got up with difficulty, bowed, and disappeared. The rest of the orchestra vanished as by magic. Music-hall orchestras are all the

same. They consist of one man, the first fiddle, in evening dress; one man, the drummer, in a dinner jacket and a pair of corduroy trousers; another man, generally the flute, in brown tweeds; and the others in dark serge. They always look frightfully depressed; I suppose it is the thought of the vast crowd that has paid to get in which depresses them.

After the Intermezzo came Miss Ethel Levey. Miss Levey has some of the qualities of a great music-hall star; but she is often very dull. She excels in character studies of a brutal Cockney type. One of her songs, "Me and My Girl," in which one of these fellows is describing in imagination his wedding-day, with the parson waiting for him and all the world a mere background for him, was extraordinarily good, and almost unbearably repulsive. It was far and away the best thing on the programme; but her second song—something about a message from the U.S.A.—was just sham patriotic blither. It might have even been made charming, sung in a dainty, naive manner, by a young English girl; but was merely dull and ridiculous in the heavy, Oriental style of Miss Levey. I suppose Miss Levey's difficulty is in getting good, suitable songs. That has always been the stumbling-block of the music-hall artist, and I do not think I am far wrong in saying that the really first-class music-hall star will almost of necessity be the writer of his own songs; if he has to rely on getting them written for him he may go years without getting a good one in his particular style. The subject of music-hall songs is an interesting one. I shall deal with it at length on some future occasion. All I wish to point out now is that many good songs have been wasted on good artists whose personality they did not suit, and that many a song that seemed nothing in itself has appeared quite remarkable when the right person has got hold of it; and it is not only a question of the right song and singer, but also of the right costume and surroundings.

I am reminded of a story I was told once by a music-hall manager of a girl who was engaged by them for a week from some provincial hall, and who was to make her first appearance with them on a Monday night. Late on the Monday afternoon she drove up to the office and explained in great distress that her luggage had failed to arrive, and with it the elaborate costume she always wore for her turn. She could not possibly, she said, go on without it. The manager told her she would have to appear, if it was only in boots. She went on that night in a plain black walking frock, and was a huge success; so great that they put her higher up in the bill. The next night, her luggage still not having arrived, she went on again in the same frock, and repeated her success. On the third night her luggage arrived, and she wore her usual elaborate costume; she was a dead failure. People who think that good music, wit, and intelligence are wasted on music-hall audiences might well reflect on that story, which proves that subtlety is not by any means lost in a music hall. What kills subtlety, and, in fact, all intelligence, is excessive size of building, which makes it impossible for any artist to do himself justice. Places like the Coliseum and the Albert Hall are only fit for spectacular shows. At their immense distances all faces look alike. Acting is impossible; you can only bellow and knock over chairs. At present, some of the best music-halls in the world are in France, at the front. Four years of war has done more to educate the British public in the Army, musically, than all the forty years that preceded it. No one who has not been there can imagine the extraordinary vogue of part-singing. The amount of talent is remarkable; and I was not astonished when I discovered that the next turn on my programme was provided by a concert party on leave from one of the divisions in France. Two men in tin hats, one a sentry, sang "Watchman, What of the Night!"; an old-fashioned but pretty duet; this was greatly applauded. At this moment my neighbour started weeping again. It gave me rather a shock, because some time before she had unwrapped from a pile of brown-paper about a pound of toffee, and I thought she had settled down for the night; however, there she was, with a lump of toffee sticking out of one cheek and tears streaming down the other. I stuck it as long as I could, but at last my native tenderness prevailed. Soothingly, I half stretched out my hand, and was about to murmur "My dear madam, is it the night or the watchman you are afraid of?" when, utterly mistaking my intention, she pushed a huge lump of sticky toffee into the palm of my hand. My heart almost stopped beating. Then, furtively, I went out.



# The Financial Front : By Hartley Withers

**H**UMAN nature being what it is, it was only to be expected that the continued story of Allied successes would produce an outburst of rather extravagant optimism in the City. As long as it produces the right results, optimism is among the very few things in which extravagance can nowadays be encouraged; but some of the wiser heads are beginning to wonder whether an outburst of cheery speculation in shipping and industrial ventures will be good, in the end, for those who have been indulging in it so heartily during the last few weeks. Speculation in the old-fashioned sense of the word, when people bought lines of stocks and shares that they could not afford to pay for, trusting to the usual facilities for carrying them over until they took their profit (or protected a loss) is not nowadays supposed to exist. All dealings are, ostensibly, for "cash"; but a liberal interpretation is often possible of the meaning of this phrase, and enthusiastic punters can find several days in which to produce their own or somebody else's money to make good their purchases. And those who enjoy good credit can sometimes get accommodation from bankers to enable them to take up securities that they are only buying in the hope of a rise, and not by way of permanent investment.

From the point of view of the austere moralist in finance, of course, it is everybody's duty to put every possible half-penny into National War Bonds, Treasury Bills, or War Savings Certificates, these being the only channels through which our money can go straight into the firing line in support of the men who are fighting so heroically for us. For anyone who has any doubt as to what to do with any surplus funds there can be no question that this is the right answer to his problem. At the same time, it is plausibly argued by stock-brokers that the speculator who buys with a view to a gambling profit, keeps a free market open, and lets out holders of the securities bought, and that in the absence of any other form of new issues on offer, any money that goes into Stock Exchange securities must ultimately find its way into War Bonds. This does not quite necessarily follow, since, in spite of all the restrictions imposed on personal luxury, there are still a good many ways in which extravagance can be indulged in; and it is rather noticeable that since we entered on the fifth year of the war, many people have let themselves go in the matter of holiday travel and other forms of relaxation. If they have earned it by earlier austerity, and if they are only letting go with a view to getting a second wind for the last lap, which may be a long one, well and good. But it will be a very great mistake if people imagine that because our soldiers are carrying all before them at the front, we have any justification for giving up any self-sacrifice, if any that we make at home can be so described when compared with what our fighters have to suffer. All through the war our finance, both public and private, has been vitiated by the delusion that the war could not last more than eight or nine months at the outside. Nowadays we seem to have learnt a little wisdom, and many of the most incorrigible optimists are confining themselves to the view that another year will see the end of it. Let us hope that they are right. But if we think that we are therefore entitled not to bother any more about the financial side of things, and take to spending our money just as we like (or can), we shall, literally and actually, help to retard the day of victory, and perhaps even jeopardise it. For it cannot be too often repeated that this question of war finance is not one of money, but of the goods that are behind the money and controlled by it—diverted by its power into the right or wrong channel. If we spend our money on War Bonds it goes into goods that the Army and Navy need; if we spend it on ourselves it goes into goods that we think we need, and thereby makes it more difficult for the Army and Navy to get the goods that they need, and must have for victory; because the supply of goods is at all times limited, and is more so than ever now, with so many millions of the flowers of our manhood in the fighting line or in training. Every time that we set anybody to work for us (which we do almost every, time we spend money on anything) we reduce the supply of labour that is available for the nation's needs. When we all go jaunting off from one end of the country to the other for change of air (though we could get quite enough of it within a fifty-mile radius of our doorsteps) we make demands on the country's coal stock, every ton of which will be wanted this winter for Army and Navy purposes, and for keeping us and our Allies warm enough to get through the work that has to be done. And so on all round the industrial circle. What-

ever we use up for ourselves, in goods or labour, there is less available for our purposes or for national purposes that are essential to the conduct of the war. It is easy to argue that whatever we do the Government will get what it needs for the war, and that even if we do not lend it money that it requires it will somehow or other produce it, with the help of the printing press, or by banking credits. This is quite true, up to a point, and a great deal of the money that has been spent on the war has in fact been produced by these methods. And one of the consequences is that instead of our handing over money, the Government makes new money, and so we and it are spending against one another in a limited market, and up go prices, causing a state of feeling which might have results most adverse to the rapid and successful carrying through of the war to the right end.

## The Urgency of War Bonds

This danger is all the greater every day that the splendid successes of the Allied armies make victory seem more certain, and encourage our natural human frailty (so pleasant at the right time and place) to think that the effort demanded from us at home is not quite as great as it was. "Conscious as we are of one another's failings," we express astonished horror at the bad time-keeping of some of the coal miners. What about the bad time-keeping of the well-to-do in the matter of subscriptions to War Bonds? The Chancellor of the Exchequer wants 25 millions a week, and even if he gets them he will not nearly cover his deficit, which will be some 2,000 millions for the financial year, but will have a big gap to fill by borrowing abroad and other objectionable devices. In many recent weeks he has been getting less than 20 millions. Those were holiday weeks, and it says much for the untiring effort of the War Savings Committee that the sales did not fall off more than they did. Nevertheless, it is high time to remember that this great war for liberty and justice was not invented in order to enrich civilians through high wages and high profits while their brothers are dying for the noblest cause that ever was fought for; and that though we certainly cannot secure victory by making ourselves miserable, we may help to save the lives of better men than ourselves by giving thought to our financial responsibility.

Our American cousins, fortunate, as usual, in having the mistakes of the Old World before them as a model of what to avoid, are conducting the operations of their financial front on sounder lines. They have throughout worked on the belief that they were entering on a long war, and have imbued their public with that conviction; and they are already, though only in the second year of it, raising a larger proportion of war cost by taxation than we are in our fifth, though we have done much better in that respect than any of the European Powers at war. This, as even the Germans are beginning to admit, is the real test of war finance, for the borrowing policy, though pleasanter in appearance while the war goes on, leaves awkward problems behind it. The German theory of war finance—borrowing during the war and repayment at the end of it through an indemnity imposed on defeated enemies—is quite nice if it works; but this time, when they will find themselves faced by a justly severe claim for "reparation" in Belgium and France and elsewhere, they will find that there is something very wrong with the system, especially in view of the wanton damage that they are doing in their retreat. And yet the Allied victories are said to be causing a boom on the Berlin and Vienna Bourses, because they are bringing peace nearer! But the Americans, according to a recent telegram from the Washington correspondent of the *Times*, are bringing in a Revenue Bill "framed to produce £1,600,000,000 or more—double that which was raised by taxation last year, and rather more than half of what it is planned to raise in war loans." Both we and America had a Peace Budget of about 200 millions. We, after nearly four years of war, had last April a War Budget (which some of us thought a tremendous achievement) framed to produce in revenue 842 millions—not nearly half the 2,130 millions left to be raised by borrowing during the present financial year. We have to remember, in justice to ourselves, that America began the war with a huge bonus in its pocket in the shape of profits made out of the belligerents during the first two and a half years of the contest. On the other hand, their distance from the field of battle makes it all the harder to bring home war's grim necessities, and makes their early readiness to meet so high a proportion of war cost out of revenue a wonderful financial achievement.



# Pelmanism

By Admiral Lord Beresford, G.C.B., G.C.V.O.

At the invitation of the Directors I have investigated the Pelman System. I judge it from the experience gained during the fifty years I was associated with the training of officers, men, and boys in the Royal Navy. The old sailing Navy provided the finest possible mental and physical training. It taught initiative, presence of mind, accurate observation, habitual defiance of danger, ready resource, and an extraordinary hardihood. At sea a man holds his life on the condition that he possesses these qualities. Frequent emergencies are part of the ordinary routine, and the penalty of failing to meet them is inevitable. There is no arguing with a gale of wind.

Things happen oftener at sea than on land. There are moments when they happen so suddenly that there is no time to give an order, and a man must act instantly on his own initiative, and act rightly, or it will be too late. It was for this reason that the old sail drill and seamanship training were extremely rigorous. Neither the modern seaman nor the landsman owns any conception of the severity of sail drill in a fleet, in which each ship strove to outdo the other, and in which many a man lost his life by falling from aloft. The emulation inspired by the competition of ship with ship in the Fleet made a powerful motive for exertion and smartness. There was not then, and is not now, anything comparable with it on land. When the Navy changed from sail to steam it became necessary to devise other methods to train the seaman to smartness, agility, and resource. . . .

Broadly speaking, the character and the abilities of the competent seaman enable him, should he leave the sea and enter a shore occupation, to learn it readily and to achieve success in a new career. Compared with the conditions which he has been accustomed to face and the difficulties he habitually solves at sea, the seaman finds life ashore a much easier business. Now if we reverse the case and send a landsman to sea, at first he would be helpless. . . .

The object of the Pelman System is to enable the individual to bring all his powers into harmonious action. It would be true to say that to enable the student rightly to use his native abilities is the object of all education. The education of the sea, which is the system I know best, certainly fulfils that purpose. Now a great part of the education of a boy consists in learning how to use his powers, but without knowing what he is doing. He is set to learn lessons and perform tasks day after day, the use of which he often fails to perceive. He does not understand, and he is not told, that the work he is made to do teaches him how to use his intellect. He thinks that education consists in acquiring information, in which very often he takes no interest whatever. Nevertheless, if he does the work required of him he learns to use his powers unconsciously.

The Pelman System teaches the man and the woman both how to use their undeveloped faculties, consciously; and how, consciously, to make the best use of the ability and the knowledge they already possess.

Now in almost every person, in addition to imperfectly developed faculties, there exists a reserve of latent power and ability, of which the individual himself is usually unconscious. It exists not only in those who have never received an adequate education, but in persons of high education and of considerable achievement. In the course of ordinary life it is often observable that a sudden emergency will call forth an ability to meet it. During the present war, for instance, there have been innumerable examples of men who have done what they never dreamed of doing, and who have achieved what they would have thought impossible. Necessity, danger, and circumstance have forced them to draw upon their reserve powers.

The Pelman System teaches how consciously to develop and employ reserve powers. It teaches, first of all, that their existence is a fact; then how to call upon them and then how to make their use habitual. Again, it is a part of the very remarkable ingenuity of the system that it applies to the uneducated and the educated alike. The man of slow intellect will, naturally, find the course more difficult than the man who owns a high degree of mental capacity; but both will use the same methods. The requisite differentiation is made in the help given by means of the work-papers by the staff of the Pelman Institute. The answers to the questions set in the work-papers enable the members of the staff to give the student the particular advice he needs. The work-papers are examination papers, the answers to whose

questions reveal to what purpose the student has read the books of the course; but they are more. To answer the questions it is necessary that the student should use not merely his memory, but his reason; and, therefore, his answers indicate the degree of his mental ability. Hence it is that a student may fail to answer a single question correctly, yet he may be receiving as much benefit from the exercise as a student who correctly answers all the questions.

The Pelman System does not, except incidentally, impart information. It teaches the student how to gain the information he needs in the quickest way. And this practical ability is not acquired by learning a trick, but by consciously observing and following the natural laws which regulate the mind. The information in question may be practical or theoretical; it may consist in technical practice, or in the results of observation, or in the knowledge to be gained from books; the method of acquiring it is the same.

And the Pelman System also teaches the student how to retain his knowledge. *It teaches him how to remember.* There are, of course, certain peculiar defects of memory which no system can cure. Nor can the Pelman System restore the failing memory of old age, though in many cases the course will improve it. But, apart from these exceptions, the system produces an extraordinary improvement in the power of memory. What is called a bad memory is usually due rather to mental indolence than to mental defect. The Pelman System shows the student how to overcome that indolence, and also teaches various methods, based upon the natural laws of association, each of which is devised to apply to a particular kind of knowledge; as, for instance, signalling, the parts of a ship, identification of a ship's company, historical events and their dates, and a series of miscellaneous items.

In middle life, when the energy of youth is waning, when the illusions of youth are dissolving, and when the hopes of youth are fading, a man tends to relax, both physically and mentally. His choice is determined, and the incentive of ambition has wasted away. Because he no longer makes the effort required to keep him in condition his muscles become soft, his chest narrows, his shoulders stoop, his latitude increases out of all proportion to his longitude. At the same time, his mental processes become stereotyped; he becomes insusceptible to new ideas; and he begins to lose initiative. It is for this reason that I have always advocated the making of admirals at a much younger age than the age at which captains are promoted under the present system.

Now, as a course of physical training and continued physical exercise will restore the middle-aged to bodily efficiency and enable them to retain vigour and agility to extreme old age, so a course of mental training and continued mental exercise will restore the middle-aged to mental enterprise, perception, and initiative, enabling them to make full use of that experience which is their recompense for the loss of their youth. The Pelman System provides the course of mental training and teaches the method of continued exercises required.

The test of the value of the Pelman System, like the test of the value of any other system, is the result. What is the testimony of the students who have taken the Course? I have read many letters written by students when they have completed their course. These epistles are signed by men in every profession and trade, and in every rank of them. The Services contribute letters from admirals down ranks and ratings to ordinary seamen and stokers, and from generals to privates, and it is remarkable that almost without exception these documents affirm the benefit received by the writers from the Pelman Course of study.

Many of the letters received by the Pelman Institute from the lower deck and from the ranks during the Course begin with an apology for delay in sending their work-papers. The seaman explains that just as he was sitting down in his mess to the work his ship was ordered to sail, and he has since had no time to spare by day or by night. The soldier says that just as he was lying down in his dug-out and engaging in Pelmanism by the light of a solitary candle the Boche attacked, and after it was all over the soldier could not find his papers. But they stick to the Course in spite of all.

The Pelman Institute, as I understand the matter, does not profess to work miracles. What it does profess to accomplish is to enable a man to make the best use of the abilities he already, consciously or unconsciously, possesses. The first condition of success is willingness to learn. The student



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# LAND & WATER

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The Kaiser: "We will so wage war and so treat those beaten in battle that one day, when all this terrible business is over, and men again extend a hand to one another, we may be able to recall with clear conscience and without remorse every day and every act of these hard times."



# LAND & WATER

5 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2. Tel. Holborn 2828

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1918

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## The Vocal Campaign

FOR weeks we have been referring here to the imminence of a "peace offensive" on an unprecedented scale. Our enemies now see that defeat is inevitable; their numerical superiority has gone, the submarine war has definitely failed, the moral of their people is fast crumbling, and the interposition of America has made the end of the war, providing it is fought to a real decision, a foregone conclusion. All this made it reasonable to expect a peace offensive; but the plans of the Germans for it were so systematic and far-reaching that the Allied Governments possessed, we believe, definite evidence as to preparations and the nature of the temptations which would be offered. We say "temptations" advisedly. For the rôle of Austria and Germany is purely that of the tempter. As the Kaiser has recently explained, there is an unbridgeable gulf between the ideals of the two sides in the conflict; and, as is clear from our War Aims (now pretty completely tabulated) there is an equally unbridgeable gulf between the notions of the two sides as to a just re-arrangement of the map. Most Englishmen have realised this at one time or another; some realise it all the time; the hope of the enemy is either that our Government should be tempted to talk and give him time for further military preparations or, better still, that the less resolute parts of the Allied populations should be tempted to say: "Our enemies want peace. Why waste further blood? Let us meet them in a reasonable frame of mind," and that in this way a large and dangerous cleavage of opinion in England and France should be brought into existence. The truth is, as it has always been, that we cannot make terms with an unbeaten enemy. The fact that Austria is crying out for terms makes no difference. A provincial mayor is reported to have said on a certain occasion: "I propose to lean neither to partiality on one side nor to impartiality on the other." That sounds very judicious and fair; so does a proposal for the belligerent Powers to meet on equal terms and discuss a reasonable settlement. But at this point the only settlement we could have in mind would be one which inclined "neither to injustice on one side nor to justice on the other." That is to say, an unjust peace or none.

## Austria

We are always surprised on these occasions by the ridiculous way in which our more vacillating papers treat Austria. The Austrians do their best to pose as people who are detached, who desire nothing out of the war, and who are anxious to adjust the claims of the real contestants—the

Allies and Germany. This is done in order to distract attention from Austria's real position; and many Englishmen walk straight into the trap. What are the facts? The facts are that the war originated immediately from the anomalous nature of the Hapsburg Empire; that the Austrians are fully as guilty as the Prussians; and that, although it is imperative that we break the military power of Prussia, the territorial changes contemplated in our programme affect Austria-Hungary far more extensively (in Europe) than they do Germany. There is Posen and there is Alsace-Lorraine; even if Slesvig, which is never mentioned, be added, a large and compact Germany is left. Whether or not a German Empire would remain; in what form of Confederation the "German Tribes" would be united; these are other matters. But the Dual Empire is a congeries of peoples, two dominant races and a throne. The Allies' Austro-Hungarian programme, with its claims on behalf of Rumania, Italy, and Poland, and its promises to the Czecho-Slovaks and the Jugo-Slavs, implies, if it does not in terms demand, the demolition of the Hapsburg Empire as we have known it. How, therefore, can people accept Austria-Hungary as a unit with which we can negotiate in the present position of things? The Bohemians cannot be "somewhat" freed; Italy cannot take "a half-way house" in the Trentino; the limbs of Austria cannot be partially severed; and the Hapsburg Government cannot conceivably consent to any concessions which matter. Even if Austria "persuaded" her powerful partner to "compromise," Austria herself would remain, the nationality problems would remain, and, above all, the bonds between Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns would remain. Unless the subjects of the Dual Empire surprise the world by voluntarily electing to remain within its frontiers, that "ramshackle Empire" (Mr. Lloyd George's phrase) has no future save in so far as it may be presented with one by our loose grasp of our own principles. Its rulers and those of Germany know this; and before long their love of peace will get more and more passionate and idealistic, and their willingness to make concessions greater and greater. In the end we shall get a public, and plausible, and detailed offer.

## Silver Scarcity

We notice in the *Times* a complaint about "Scarcity of Silver Coin." To many people, of course, there will be nothing new about this scarcity; it was noticeable, and even acute, long before the war. But the general scarcity now under notice is peculiar and has been getting pronounced in recent weeks. It is suggested that if it continues five-shilling currency notes may be issued. We doubt whether this is necessary. The main reason for the great demand for silver is the slowness with which the authorities issue new Treasury Notes in place of those which are long past their prime. The replacement of dirty and crumpled notes is not now, we believe, half so thoroughly and rapidly conducted as it was a year or two ago. Why, we do not know; presumably either for economy's sake or because of some recommendation of the Paper Controller. But it does not need much demonstration that when a lot of begrimed and diminished paper-money is about people will prefer to take silver, and also will make a point of getting rid of their paper as fast as they acquire it. Many of the notes in circulation have a pronounced tendency to curl up into small black balls, indistinguishable from little wads of miscellaneous paper; this is especially so with the ten-shilling notes, most of which have a highly disreputable appearance, suggesting that they have spent the night in the gutter. There are, of course, no limits to the possibility of using paper money. Before the Revolution, the Tsar's Government was issuing notes for half a farthing, and after the Revolution 8,000 men were employed day and night in making them. Five-shilling notes will be used if they are issued; we shall not have the option. But if they can be avoided, we should like to avoid them simply on grounds of personal convenience and because, though silver may collect dirt, at least it does not so conspicuously show it.



# THE WAR: BY HILAIRE BELLOC

## The Two Threats to Enemy Communications

### The Significance of Ardennes

**T**HE Americans have reduced the St. Mihiel salient in a brilliant and extraordinarily sharp and clean operation. That operation has not been effected for itself alone. It is a preliminary, and has a meaning for the future. It is local, but has a general meaning. What is that meaning? To answer that question we must go back a long way and study the communications of the Germans and the Allies.

When the trench line in the West was established four

irregularity known during these four years as the salient of St. Mihiel. It thrust forward a point which, though it did not reach and cut the main eastern railway, brought it under gun-fire; its double track and most speedy service was out of action between Bar le Duc and Commercy. The interruption compelled a considerable detour of traffic in support of the eastern frontier and of the region of Nancy by small lines which had to be doubled, and by the loss of time due to such a diversion.



years ago, the strategical elements of the situation on the largest lines were these. There was a double front, enemy and Allied. It ran in the shape which so prolonged and stationary a campaign has rendered familiar from the North Sea to the Alps.

On the Allied side the backbone of the position was a great line of lateral communication, formed by the main double-track railway Calais-Boulogne-Amiens-Paris and thence onwards by the main double-track railway Paris-Chateau Thierry-Chalons-Vitry-Bar-le-Duc to Nancy-Epinal.

This great lateral railway communication, with its full equipment of sidings, stock, ships, etc., was the prime necessity of the Allies' resistance. It guaranteed rapidity of movement up and down the line, and power of concentration whether for attack or for defensive.

At one point, however, this essential feature of the strategic situation was weakened. This was the point of St. Mihiel. Here appeared a strange irregularity on the front (the object and feature of which will be discussed in a moment), an

But this cutting of the main railway by bringing it under close gun-fire was not the chief effect of the St. Mihiel salient. Its chief effect was the isolation of the Verdun corner. The Verdun corner, where the front turned round southwards after having run east and west, was served by two railways: one branch of the main line from Vitry, and another branch running from Verdun up the Meuse Valley past St. Mihiel and joining the main line again above Commercy, at the junction of Lerouville. The Germans by their presence at St. Mihiel cut this second line and actually occupied nearly a mile of it, including a small bridge-head beyond it on the left bank of the Meuse. All rapid transport, therefore, from the south up to the Verdun corner was interrupted. The other line, feeding the Verdun corner from the junction at Chalons, would be brought under enemy gun-fire at close range by a comparatively small advance of the line, and was already under it at long range.

When we have grasped these main elements in the situation we understand what it was which permitted the general



resistance of the Allies, and even their occasional concentration for attack; it was the presence of this great lateral communication. We also understand why the enemy, when he turned his main forces back westwards from Russia early in 1916, chose the corner of Verdun as the sector upon which he proposed to break the French line. It was not only that Verdun was the nearest jumping-off place for an Allied offensive whenever the tables should be turned, nor only that this corner most nearly threatened—as we shall see in a moment—the German communications. It was also that Verdun was strategically the weakest point of the line, because its avenues of supplies were, the one wounded, the other cut. As we now know, what saved the sector at Verdun (but only just saved it) was the rushing up of supplies by a vast fleet of motor lorries in the first days of the attack. But the absence of complete railway communication very nearly did the trick; it very nearly brought about the result on which the Germans had calculated: by hampering and delaying concentration the lack of railway communication imperilled for some days the French line at this point. By the time new roads had been built and transports thoroughly organised, the sector was safe.

From that moment onwards the St. Mihiel salient lost strategic importance. It was held simply upon the general principle that as little of French or Belgian territory as possible should be surrendered.

When the moment came, early in this spring of 1918, for the last great enemy offensive (which was meant to conclude the war before the United States could develop formidable strength in Europe), the strategical plan of the enemy was again concerned with this main element of lateral communication.

His first thrust, though it failed to separate the French and British armies, put the main line out of action at, and for some miles above, Amiens, from April 4th onwards. His attack of May 27th between Soissons and Rheims cut the further eastern limb of this great line of communication at Chateau Thierry. During those anxious months of the spring and early summer the peril of the Allied armies lay not only in the approach to Paris, with its vast political effect; nor only in the heavy loss in men and material; nor only in the enemy's possession of the initiative and of superiority in numbers and in tactical method. It lay also in its hampering of lateral communication, which crippled the Allies' power

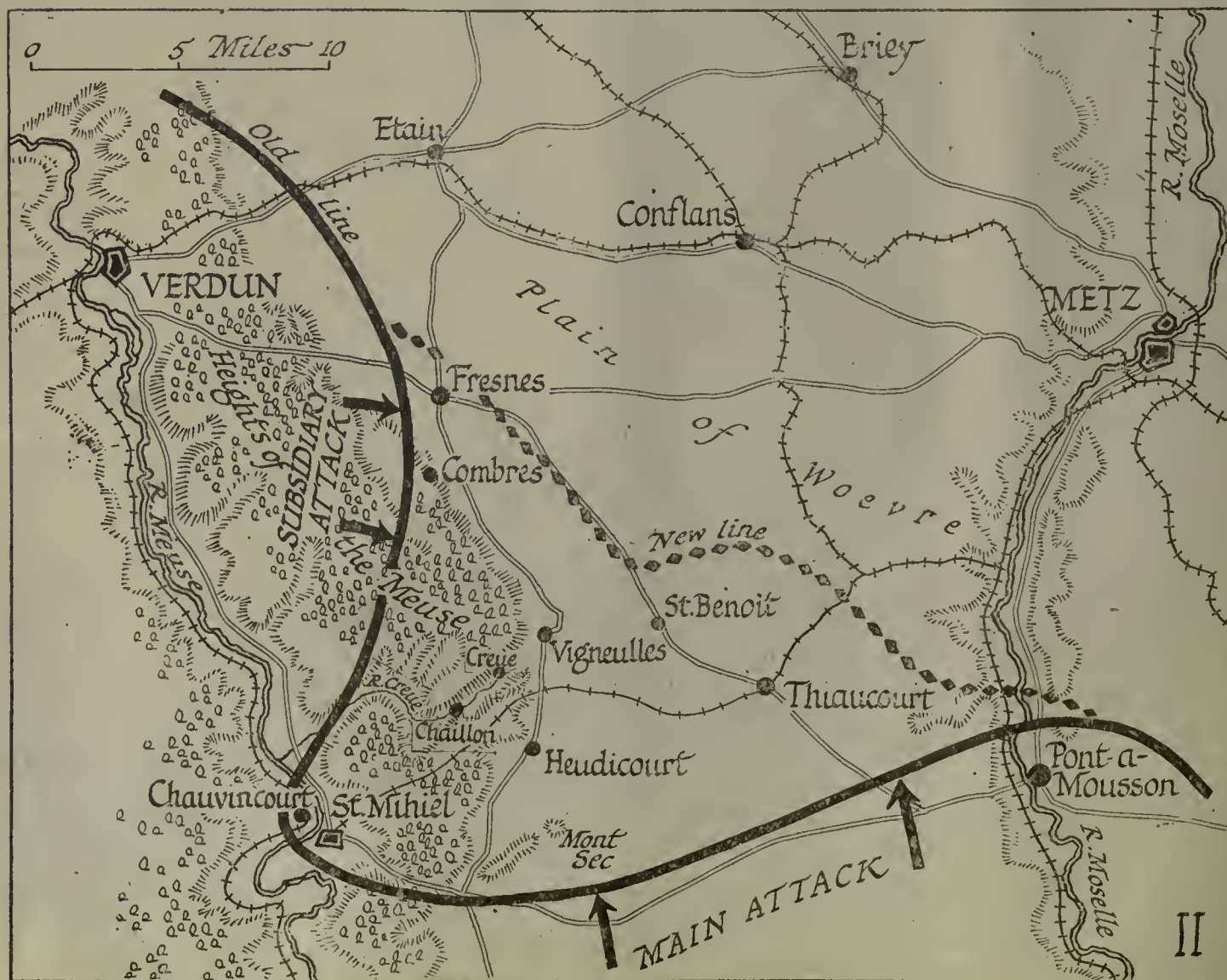
of *manœuvre*. That state of things continued until the eastern Chateau Thierry line was relieved by the counter-offensive in July, and the Amiens northern line by the great advance of the 8th August.

Now let us turn to the corresponding situation of the enemy. His main communications are conditioned by one great natural feature which will canalise the remainder of the war, and which has already begun to make its effect felt. That natural feature is the great mass of ill-populated, densely-wooded, high and steeply broken country of which the nucleus is called the Ardennes forest, but which stretches far southwards and to the east of the Ardennes region proper. We will call it, however, for the sake of brevity, Ardennes.

The presence of this difficult piece of country separates the communications of any German armies operating in northern Belgium and eastern France into two. They have first a sheaf of communications which use the Belgian plain north of Ardennes; they lead from the country in front of Ypres, and from Lille, from Douai, from Cambrai, from St. Quentin up north-eastwards through the Belgian plain by way of Namur and of Brussels, and meet at Liège, at which point all these railways (and main roads) using the Belgian plain converge. Another separate sheaf of communications runs south of the Ardennes; one from the Rhine through Treves and Luxemburg to the Laon-Rheims front; another through Mayence and Metz to the Lorraine front, with numerous lines branching out from and supporting these main lines.

So long as the German armies stood well forward into France away from the Ardennes country, this division of the main communications between the German armies and their bases at home into separate sheafs was not an inconvenience, because, once the Ardennes was passed, they were joined up by numerous cross railways to the west of the Ardennes in France; and these cross railways linked up Bruges with Lille, Lille with Valenciennes and Mezières, Mezières with Luxemburg and Metz, and then Metz with Strasburg and Mulhouse. They formed the great lateral communication of our enemies just as the Calais-Paris-Nancy line formed the lateral communications of the Allied armies.

There was this great difference between the enemy's situation and ours: that our line was threatened from its proximity to the front, and his was not. A small movement cut our line. His was far behind and safe. On the other hand, the moment he should become weaker than us, the





moment the general offensive should pass for good into Allied hands (which it has now done), the enemy's communications could not but betray a grave weakness such as did not attach to the Allied communications even at their worst moment. And that weakness depended upon the presence of the Ardenne.

*An advance straight upon that difficult bit of country, when it has reached or brought under close-range fire the junction of Longuyon, cuts the German army into two so far as lateral communications are concerned.*

The phrase would be an exaggerated one if it were to convey a complete separation; the cutting of the line between Metz and Mézières at Longuyon still leaves small and bad supply lines which run through the Ardenne district, and a certain number of roads for petrol traffic as well. But the enemy suffers so severe a handicap in communications, when once the main lateral line Metz-Mézières is cut in front of the Ardenne at or near Longuyon, that he is then, for the purposes of rapid reinforcement, virtually separated into two parts. His opponent is then able to move back and forth in front of him at least twice as fast as he can move back and forth.

*The reduction of the St. Mihiel salient is the preliminary threat to Germany's lateral communications, and compels the enemy to mass in defence of the vital points in these.*

But this compulsion put upon the enemy to mass in defence of a vital point is simultaneously a compulsion to put himself in an inferiority elsewhere. It is improbable that he will allow his lateral communications to be cut. He will concentrate as heavily as possible to prevent it. But he cannot so concentrate upon what is, after all, still in the northern part of his line, and at the same time stand in such strength as he would desire to close the open gap of Lorraine to the south of Metz. Yet loss of ground here, in Lorraine, followed, as it would be, by the immediate interruption of one of his main communications with Germany, would be equally serious. The reduction of the St. Mihiel salient, therefore, leaves the German in a dilemma as to which of two vital sectors he shall defend. He must defend both in more strength than he can afford. He must defend simultaneously what is vital to him in the region of Longuyon, and what is vital to him far off to the south in Lorraine. And he must do all this while he is heavily engaged far to the west by the French pressure on St. Gobain.

The tables have been almost exactly turned from the moment when the Allies were in a similar anxiety—how they should defend against a superior enemy; possessed of the initiative, their lateral communications threatened at Amiens and, at the same time, at Chateau Thierry. The enemy is now up against that bad problem *the lack of room to manoeuvre*, just as the Allies were from March to July; but with these three differences: First, that if we cut his lateral communications near Longuyon or, alternatively, get across one of his main railways leading eastwards through Lorraine, he suffers a blow which he cannot repair. He has not the alternative power of movement behind the main line which we still had even when our main line had been cut in two places; for the Ardennes interrupt him. Secondly, he has not, as we had, a very large number of open communications leading up to the front; he has but two sheaves—one through Belgium, one through Lorraine—separate each from the other, and by their separation threatening to separate the control of his armies. Thirdly, we have an increasing number of men.

The reduction of the St. Mihiel salient has brought the new front within twenty-four thousand yards of Longuyon junction and within an equal distance of the main communications with Germany and the main lateral communications which meet in the Sablons junction outside Metz. The new front threatens at an even closer distance of only fourteen thousand yards the junction of Conflans, by which the lateral communications from Metz to Mézières cross, though this threat is not of the first importance, because if Conflans is lost supplies can still go round by Thionville and Fontoy.

From this analysis, which gives the strategical meaning of the victory and shows it as a preliminary to greater things, we may turn to the story of the recent action.

#### THE FORMATION OF THE SALIENT

The St. Mihiel salient was formed by an accident of attack and defence in the third week of September, 1914, just after the Battle of the Marne.

The enemy, trusting to his great superiority in number, was attempting to undo the effects of that battle by crossing the Meuse between Verdun and Toul, and thus coming in behind the main French armies. His thrust just reached the Meuse, but had already dwindled down to a point, and after he had established a bridge-head upon the peninsula

of Chauvincourt, just opposite the little town of St. Mihiel, it halted. His advance was stopped, and he has remained on the same lines ever since.

His line ran from in front of Fresnes, almost due south across the steep wooded hills called the heights of the Meuse, for a distance of 15 miles; it then turned a sharp corner in front of St. Mihiel, and ran almost east and west (but with a very little north in it) to the big wood called the Bois le Prêtre and the Moselle River, a few hundred yards below Pont-à-Mousson. The salient thus accidentally created had therefore the form of a triangle, the angle or apex of which (at St. Mihiel) was rather less than a right angle, and this triangle had on either side of that apex a short line from Fresnes to St. Mihiel of 15 miles, and a line from St. Mihiel to Pont-à-Mousson of 25 miles.

So long as the enemy maintained his considerable superiority and was, further, possessed of the initiative, the position at St. Mihiel, though useless and bad, could be maintained without loss; and it was maintained on the general principle that as much of the occupied territory as possible should be retained in the invader's hands, especially towards the end of the campaign, because he hoped to hold it as an asset for bargaining if he should remain undefeated at the close.

But when the enemy lost the offensive; when the, to him, unexpected tactical value of the new American troops appeared; when the new tanks had begun to change the methods of attack; and when the growing numbers of the Allies through American recruitment further seriously threatened him with defeat, the enemy determined to give up this weak position of the St. Mihiel salient.

It is characteristic however, both of the enemy's present uncertainty of strategic plan and of the Allies' present rapidity of action, and service of intelligence, that he only began his retirement a week ago, and that *our blow was struck just in the middle of its confusion.*

That is why he has lost such a very large number of prisoners. He had upon a front of 40 miles (Fresnes to Pont-à-Mousson) six divisions, not at full strength; let us say 50,000 men—or very little more, if any. He has lost of these *in prisoners alone*, something like one-third up to the present count. Though he had got back most of his heavies, apparently all his air plant, and much of his other material, he also lost 200 field and other guns. He was attacked just at the right moment for a local operation.

As the enemy was acquainted with the approaching attack and was obviously expecting it, that element of surprise which consists in a prolonged bombardment and attacking directly with tanks, was abandoned, just as it had been abandoned by Mangin under similar circumstances in the attack of August 17th north of Soissons. A heavy bombardment was opened just after 1 o'clock in the morning of last Thursday, September 12th, and was maintained for more than four hours, mainly along the southern front. At half-past five the infantry along this front—of which the great mass was American, and whose command was American also, forming the first large united American force under American direction used in this war—attacked upon the 11 miles front between Xivray and a point well to the west of the Bois le Prêtre.

Simultaneously, a lesser attack was delivered with a force consisting also mainly of Americans, but with a larger admixture of French, upon the other face of the salient, rather south of Fresnes, and for three or four miles on either side of Combres, which village, just at the foot of the Meuse hills, formed the centre of the sector attacked.

It will be seen from the map that the two attacks, the large one from the south, and the smaller one from the north, would, if they were successful, pinch off the salient by meeting somewhere in the middle behind St. Mihiel, in the neighbourhood of Vigneulles and St. Benoit.

This second attack upon the north was not only on a smaller scale than the main attack on the south, but was working through exceeding heavy country, all wood and steep hill. One feature was connected with the other. Because it was heavy country it was chosen for the minor attack which could not be expected to go far, just as the southern front, which was open country, had been chosen for the major attack, which was ordered to do the main business.

The moment the bombardment opened, the German troops within the salient began their retirement. Though that retirement was conducted as speedily as possible, the enemy failed to complete it. All the wood paths and lanes by which he could retire from the curve cut off by the two attacks converge upon Vigneulles and Hattonchatel. The garrison in St. Mihiel, for instance, which started at once (being the furthest off) marched away up the main road through Chaillon. I do not think it will be found that the greater part of them then went on by the main road through



Hendicourt. I think most of them were taken over the hill by the cross road (which is only marked on large scale maps) to Vigneulles direct, going up the ravine of the Creue Brook and sharply down the escarpment of the hills to the east. There are many forest roads on, the Meuse heights which, though they are not marked for wheeled traffic, are perfectly good going for a column of infantry, and by these all the line lying north of St. Mihiel could get away quite quickly. It had only a distance of from seven to four miles to go during the night. The remarkable thing about the whole affair is the number of prisoners which nevertheless fell to the Allied armies. Most of these must have been overrun by the rapid main American advance from the south. A certain number—about one-fifth of the whole—were taken in the lesser advance south of Fresnes, but it is clear that a considerable proportion were caught in the bend of St. Mihiel through the unexpected rapidity of the operation. The Americans were in Thiaucourt within five hours of their first movement. They there crossed and cut the railway supplying the salient and helping its evacuation; while the forces from the north joined hands with those from the south at St. Benoit early in the morning of the second day, Friday, the 13th.

This leads one to comment upon the astonishing precision of the staff work.

The enemy postulated three things with regard to the American recruitment. First, that it could not come (or be supplied) in great numbers on account of his submarines. Secondly, that it would not have a good tactical value because it would have little more fighting value than a militia, so far as its action in the field was concerned. Thirdly, that its staff work would necessarily be bad because it was amateur and hurriedly put together, and that therefore any considerable movement undertaken by the Americans would either be very slow or very confused; probably both.

On the first of these errors he has been thoroughly disillusioned for some months past: since about April. On the second he began to be disillusioned with the fighting at Vaux, near Chateau Thierry, in early July, and he woke up thoroughly in the fighting just across the Marne during his great offensive on the afternoon of Tuesday, July 16th.

But on the third error he could still linger until the opening

of this last operation, the reduction of the salient of St. Mihiel. There is no piece of work during the whole of the war which has been conducted with such economy, exactitude, and dispatch, has been so exactly fitted to its objective, or so brief in its execution; and there are very few, if any (excepting, perhaps, Malmaison last year), which have produced such a total of prisoners and guns at so small a cost. As a mere piece of staff work it was magnificent.

Meanwhile, the extreme pressure which the Allied Higher Command is putting upon the apex of the great German salient in France in the Laon district continues. We must not misunderstand it.

The object here is not advance. Advance may be obtained by accident: by the unexpected collapse of the enemy, by weather, by blunder, or bad luck on his part. But advance is not the object. The object—and most successfully has it hitherto been attained—is to compel the enemy to bring into this furthest point of his great and dangerous bulge a maximum number of men. The object is to keep the place "boiling" with a succession of fresh divisions drawn in, and broken divisions sent back. He has elected to stand on this very strong knot of hills—the St. Gobain Forest, the Ailette and Chemin des Dames ridges. He knows, of course, perfectly well that this choice condemns him to leave a vulnerable flank to the south, but he gambles on the advantage of maintaining so strong a pivot in spite of the disadvantage of leaving his southern line ill-garnished. The alternative would be to attempt an immense retirement of the whole of his forces back towards the Meuse; and he dares not, or will not, undertake that yet.

Since he has chosen to continue in the dangerous forward position with its vulnerable southern flank, the Allied Higher Command takes full advantage of that policy of his, and compels him to feed his most advanced point with quantities of men, thereby weakening the remainder of his line. That is the whole meaning of the fighting round the St. Gobain Forest and on the flank of the Chemin des Dames. If by any accident that pivot gives way, so much the better; his whole line is then ruined. But even if, as is far more probable, it is maintained, its very maintenance forbids his properly securing Lorraine.

## Peace and the U-Boat: By A. H. Pollen

**F**OR a week or so after the opening of the Allied counter-stroke in the Chateau Thierry salient, the fact that a complete change had taken place in the military position, though patent enough to the German Higher Command—I shall later on call attention to a curious evidence of this—was completely concealed from the German people. It was perhaps the Austrians, sore from their reverses on the Piave, and nettled by the sarcasm of German press comments on it, that were the first to bring home the realities of the situation. However this may be, from about mid-August it has been clear that the German people knew more than was good for them, so that whatever the enemy's concern with the ultimate issue of the military campaign, his immediate business was both to strengthen the resolution of his own people and, as far as possible, to deflect Allied civilian opinion from a determination to see the war through to victory. The methods open to him for achieving each of these purposes were not obscure, though limited. My colleague, Mr. Belloc, pointed out last week, that the preposterous theory of a "victorious defence," put forward by the most militarist of governments to cajole the most military of peoples, lacked, at the time of writing, but one supreme endorsement, that of the All-Highest War Lord himself, and this, added my colleague, would probably be given in the near future. The purpose, he explained, of this self-destructive phrase was to induce a world belief that, with her back to the wall, Germany would fight successfully for ever. If the German people believed it, they would carry on for the time necessary for the Central Governments to manœuvre for some end to the war other than defeat. If the French, American, British and Italian peoples believed it, they would be more inclined—under pain of victory—to be deceived by the manœuvres. And the character of the manœuvres was again not very doubtful. In the same issue of this journal that contained this forecast of what the Kaiser would do, the present writer, speaking of the effect the closing of the Channel ports might have on the enemy's Belgian policy, suggested that this was a factor that we might see reflected "in the peace offer which now

could not long be delayed." The third element, on which the enemy might be presumed to rely would be an incipient belief, if he could create it, that the essential character of the Governments of Germany and Austria had, under the educating trials of war, ceased to be purely autocratic and military, and was veering round to an acceptable liberalism. And accordingly in the last fortnight we have Solf, Czernin and Burian put up to say that pan-Germanism, so far from being the faith of all Germans, as its name might imply, is far from being that of anything but an insignificant minority.

Well, before Mr. Belloc's article had appeared in print the Kaiser had discharged the part therein assigned to him. By the following Monday the invitation to confer on peace had been issued. The two things together have fallen so promptly and so pat as to make the task of prophecy seem almost too easy. The inference that the enemy is going to pieces may to some appear irresistible. But it is to be hoped that wrong inferences will not be drawn. That the enemy's moral is in a sad case—or we should not be having so many chants in a minor key—may be true enough, without there being the least expectation of an early disintegration of his body politic. The Russian Empire, for example, was in a far worse condition a year before the Revolution broke out—and Germany is far better able to prevent disaffection ripening to disorder than any other country in the world. We should be wrong then in supposing that we are anywhere near having the full consequences of a military victory. An unconditional German surrender is still months away. We should be still more wrong if we interpreted German discouragement and the willingness to treat as having made military victory necessary.

It is indeed very unlikely that the responsible statesmen that compose any of the Allied Governments will fall into either of these errors. But if we really are to have a general election in November, it is as well that we should all realise that the policy of this country, at least, will not, once the election is over, be decided either by Mr. George or by any of the recognised heads of existing British parties. That policy will be decided by the majority of those whom the



electors choose. Now, it is quite certain that no one to-day has the least inkling as to how the majority of the electors intend to vote.

It is not altogether reassuring to be told that on the issue of the war the heart of labour is sound, and that the strikes and threats are due, not to any doubt as to the importance of victory, nor to any impatience of the sacrifices that are necessary before it can be obtained, but solely from the determination, first of one group of workmen and then of another, to have its fair share in the immense profits and prosperity which our vast national expenditure has brought to so many favoured classes. Fighting men returned from the front on a fortnight's leave do not, so far as I have learned from their opinions, find much consolation in this theory. To them it frankly seems as if British morale was very little better than the German. They realise that the discouragement of the enemy arises largely from the fear that defeat is certain. But when they are told that the continual dislocations in our national machine are to be explained, not by pacifism, but by the belief that, as victory is assured, it is a good time to see to a just distribution of the spoils, they are inclined to think that the British malady may be quite as disabling. And, after all, is it so certain that pacifism is dead in this country?

### The Three Misdread Classes

It has been suggested and, it would seem, plausibly, that there are three classes to whom a peace by understanding appeals. There is the small minority of internationalists, the peace-at-any-price crowd. It was of such, as the Prime Minister has just reminded us, that the party recently in control of Russia was composed. People of sense hardly need so early a development of bloody anarchy in that country to convince them of the end to which all such doctrines inevitably lead. The second group are those who simply cannot believe that victory is attainable. It is these whom the All Highest and his myrmidons have in view when they preach the doctrine of "victorious defence." The third group is composed of those who, while hardly denying that victory is possible, do not believe that the difference between the thwarting of Germany, which we have already achieved, and her military defeat is worth the further sacrifices that defeat would entail. If one might, then, offer a humble suggestion to Mr. George and the other statesmen who will be appealing to the country for their suffrages, it is that instead of, or in addition to, telling us what they will do for this country when the war is over, they should explain with a little greater precision how the war is to be terminated by victory, and in somewhat greater detail why the surrender of Germany and her forcible disarmament are conditions precedent to the new era we are determined to create. And as a humble contribution towards such an exegesis I propose to draw attention to a singular fact not hitherto clearly elucidated. It is that, except for the brief Verdun hallucination, the Germans have never since November, 1914, believed in the possibility of a military victory over France and England. They did believe in victory and in the offensive without which it was inconceivable, but it was sea offensive and not a land offensive on which the enemy's Higher Command relied. The significance of the present acknowledgment of failure lies in this, that a military decision would never have been sought this year unless on the supposition that the submarine had made it possible. And that the abandonment of the offensive is an acknowledgment, not of military failure alone, but of complete collapse in both elements.

I begin, then, by remarking that from the outbreak of war to the end of the German effort to break through our positions at Ypres and seize the Channel ports, the enemy's offensive in the West was entirely a land offensive. But from November, 1914, until February, 1916, he made no attempt whatever on the French or British forces that looked like an effort to get a decision. His military effort was made elsewhere. But he did in the spring of 1915 begin a naval offensive against the Western Powers which, in his then ignorance, he certainly supposed would be of a very formidable character indeed. But the first submarine campaign failed largely for lack of material, and it was not until the spring of the following year that he had accumulated forces, both by land and sea, for seeking the decision that he so badly needed. In 1916 the sea offensive was thwarted by the threat of American intervention. The attack on Verdun, costly as it was in life to both sides, could not be continued once Sir Douglas Haig had begun the Battle of the Somme. It was Germany's weakness in 1916, first that the submarine offensive failed, and next that the sortie of the German Fleet and its dexterous flight from the battle-

field of Jutland, was materially fruitless. The fact that Scheer had evaded destruction was undoubtedly an immense moral asset in keeping up German spirits both after the failure of Verdun and while von Falkenhayn was steadily giving ground on the Somme. But the battle was without tangible results. The enemy had merely escaped to fight another day—not, indeed, with his fleet, but with his submarines.

### The Real Counter Stroke

Germany's real counter-stroke to the failure on the Somme was the new under-water campaign that opened in the following August. It was a stroke of real efficacy, and was intended to be a warning to Great Britain of what would happen when that efficacy was doubled or trebled by ruthlessness. It was this that pointed the shaft of the Emperor's irenicism. We were to confer or perish by blockade. The significance of this threat is worth emphasis. The thing that most strikes the naval student is the technical miscalculation which the threat involved. The menace of a complete and devastating blockade was so obviously a *brutum fulmen*, if only a right defence to that blockade was once adopted. It was Germany's good luck that we retained too long a naval Higher Command whose prejudice against convoy seemed invincible. But, rightly interpreted, the true significance of this threat was the implicit admission, not only that military victory was unattainable, but that a further military offensive must defeat its own ends. And so long as any sort of Russian Army stood in the field the justness of this opinion was unquestionable. The year 1917, then, opened with the German military command tied down to a land defensive and putting all its faith in victory on the seas.

1917 was marked by two surprises. After six months' passive submission to the German onslaught at sea we at last reformed our naval command, adopted convoy, and by September had reduced the submarine menace to negotiable proportions. Germany, therefore, saw the prospects of sea victory fading into a future ever more dim and remote. But to balance this disappointment she was suddenly relieved of all anxieties on the Eastern front, so that her military strength in the West was at a stroke increased by at least 50 per cent. And so, just as the winter of 1916-17 had been spent in preparing for the sea offensive which was to be decisive, so the winter of 1917-18 was devoted to preparing for a new land offensive, which unexpectedly promised a road to victory.

But again miscalculation made the effort abortive. The German view of the submarine campaign was distorted by the extravagant hopes based upon it. It was, as we all know, embarked upon through the definite promise of the professionals that it would put Great Britain out of the war business in, at most, six months' time, and would make American intervention, at any time, impossible. And, as if to back up this prophecy, extravagant claims were made from week to week and from month to month as to the amount of tonnage sunk. These publications were no doubt primarily intended by the German Admiralty for self-justification and for the purpose of propaganda. It seems almost certain, however, that the higher military command—which, it may be remembered, since Hindenburg took over in 1916, had included the general direction of the naval forces—took these figures literally. It drew from them the deduction that the British forces must be greatly enfeebled, that our capacity to draw on man-power would be reduced to a minimum by the necessity of producing at home what we used to import by sea, and that the old prophecies about America, at least, still held good. And, believing their own figures, they disbelieved our statements as to tonnage destroyed and replaced, and discounted, as boastful and visionary, our forecasts of what the American shipbuilding effort would produce. They certainly did not realise the astonishing results once our carrying capacity had been subjected to a scientific reorganisation.

As a consequence, they started on their offensive in March entirely blind to all the essential of the situation. The only point on which they were right was the tenuity of the British forces actually in the line in France. But then, as the Prime Minister has just told us, our main reserves were at home. Not, of course, that they were altogether wrong in their conjecture as to the American strength that they might encounter. For, at the end of February hardly 300,000 Americans had been landed in France, and of these little more than half could have belonged to fighting units. It is natural enough that they should have assumed—knowing as they did the scale of the American enlistments—that it was the absence of available shipping that made the English numbers dangerously slender and the American numbers altogether inconsiderable. Thus, though the submarine had



disappointed them, in not making a land victory unnecessary, it seemed at least to have done this: it had made military success both possible and certain.

The first disappointment came when sheer fighting power and good generalship brought each of the great hammer blows to a standstill before a decision was reached. The second came when, on Independence Day, President Wilson authorised the publication of his famous correspondence with Mr. Baker. From this it appeared that, since the German offensive had begun, no less than half a million Americans had been landed in France. It was exactly a fortnight later that the Germans got a first test of their quality. And it was a week after this that von Holtzendorff was dismissed.

I think we cannot lay too much emphasis on the extreme significance of this sequence of events. Observe Foch's counter-stroke had not reached its second stage before the enemy realised that his whole military plan had miscarried, and that he had now no hope but to play for time. The magnitude of the error which had misled him throughout the winter and right through the early days of the great Kaiser battle was suddenly realised, and the interest of the thing lies in this: that it was recognised not to be a military but a naval error that had brought his plans to ruin. In other words, the events of the last eight weeks are the direct result of the incapacity of the German Admiralstab rightly to understand the full measure of the submarine's failure.

After this, the full significance of all our public statements in this respect broke in upon them with all their awful import.

If British shipping still existed in such quantities that 400,000 Americans could be brought into France in little over three months in British bottoms alone, if a steady 50,000 men a week were coming into that country, if there were no evidences of famine in Italy, France, or England, and a shortage of coal was the only serious privation that we had to face, then, quite clearly, the situation had been reversed in a most painfully dramatic way. To the German public—and, for that matter, to the British and French public also—the thing that was immediately apparent was the change in the aspect of the war on land: not the change in the war at sea. But the German Higher Command knew better, and five weeks before any official inkling was given that Germany's military policy had definitely changed, new men had been given the control of the Navy, and the sea war was made independent of the land command.

Now the moral is surely not obscure. From the moment that Verdun failed until the windfall of the Russian collapse, Germany was under no illusion about land victory. She was buoyed for the long period of her military defensive by the hope—indeed, the certainty—that her under-water navy could do what her armies had failed to do. The disappearance first of the Tsar and then of his military forces; and the assurance that the submarine had weakened us and kept the Americans out, gave her a brief period of military predominance; a brief hope that that predominance would be pressed to a final success. Now that illusion is gone with the rest.

## Peace by Bargain! Why It would mean Ruin:

By H. M. Hyndman

**C**OMPROMISE resolutions are almost invariably futile; but a more muddled specimen of this means of bringing about sham unanimity in a sharply divided gathering of delegates has never been hatched out even at a Trades Union Congress than the resolution, on the war in general, and peace terms in particular, which was passed with only twenty dissentients on the last day of the Congress at Derby. So cumbrous, ill-worded, and ridiculous was the whole thing that Mr. Will Thorne, M.P., who spoke nominally in support of it, declared in his usual blunt way that he considered the resolution "a huge mistake," and the *Daily News*, which cannot be accused of lack of sympathy with half-measures where Germany is concerned, says "the compromise arrived at served to cloak rather than to increase, or minimise, the actual differences of views which exist." Just so. Why, then, should a congress, taken to represent by its delegates upwards of 4,000,000 of workers, condescend to such contemptible foolishness?

Surely what has happened in France ought to have taught the pro-Ally section, which undoubtedly voices the opinions of the overwhelming majority of the inhabitants of Great Britain, the danger of thus whittling away their own programme in order to foster a pretence of unity which by common consent does not exist! A few months ago the pro-Ally members had a good majority in the French Socialist Party. They were for "*La victoire integrale*"—no peace, no negotiations, with the German Government, no meeting with German Social-Democrats until the German armies were completely beaten in the field and compelled to sue for terms for the suspension of hostilities. Things looked very, very much worse for France at that time than they do to-day. All pro-Ally Socialists had to do was to hold on to their own views, and by this time they could have forced their opponents to "submit or go out." In fact, they could have done so then.

But the unity fetish bemused their intelligence. The leaders of the patriotic majority began to compromise, to trim, to intrigue, to abstain from voting at an Allied Socialist Congress. Albert Thomas, Renaudel, Sembat, and others were thus gradually drawn into an untenable position. They kept on losing votes because they could not venture to act upon their convictions, and at last the minority comfortably swallowed the majority. Even so, in all probability the split they were so much afraid of will come about. Unless the pro-Ally Trade Unionists in this country organise their forces and stick to their guns they, too, will weaken their position to a very serious extent. In fact, they have done this already.

The resolution as a whole is not worth quoting. But the concluding clause is directly at variance with the War Aims

Memorandum of the Labour Party—itself a compromise—which in another connection the Congress was committed to accept. Here it is: "This Congress urges the Government to establish peace negotiations immediately the enemy either voluntarily or by compulsion evacuates France and Belgium; and reaffirms its belief in the principle of the International as the safest guarantee of the world's peace."

Writing as a Social-Democrat of nearly forty years' standing, as a member of the International Socialist Bureau for the first ten years of its existence, and as one who vainly warned my countrymen that Germany was preparing to attack her neighbours for many a long day before the declaration of war, I say that those who voted for those words declared, in effect, for surrender to Germany, whether they intended to do so or not. Thus they dishonour our great dead and tell our American brethren, who are coming over by the million to help in the fight, besides stinting themselves of food to feed us, that all the grand ideals of which we have talked will be abandoned in favour of a patched-up peace and a reconstitution of the International. A reconstitution of the International, with Camille Huysmans, the genial manipulator of Arthur Henderson in his queer gyrations, as its permanent secretary, I suppose. I was actually credulous enough to believe that even English Trade Unionists and Labourists would remember how the German Social-Democrats—not only the majority, but the minority as well—had taken advantage of their dominant position in the International Socialist Bureau to gull the Belgians, the French, and ourselves, and sell us all to the Kaiser and his Junkers at the opening of the war. From first to last, these fraternal German Socialists have been as aggressive and as brutal as the rest of their countrymen. Not a single protest have they uttered, as a party, against the horrible atrocities and piracies which their sailors and soldiers have committed with a light heart.

Yet the Derby Trades Congress "reaffirms its belief that" a bureau of the same character, with these Germans still in it as degraded tools of the militarist butchers, "is the safest guarantee of the world's peace"! For my part, I cannot comprehend how any decent Englishman can again sit down at the same table or hold friendly intercourse in any way with Scheidemann (now Vice-President of the Reichstag), Sudekum, Ebert, David, Haase, Müller, and company. They are the associates, suborners, and patrons of pirates, rapers, and murderers in cold blood. I am quite sure my old friend Wilhelm Liebknecht would have repudiated those miscreants as wholly unworthy of the cause for which he and Bebel and others of the old guard went to gaol time after time. But our Trade Unionists in Congress assembled vote, practically with unanimity, in favour of embracing Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's "German friends" before these



latter have shown the slightest tendency to reciprocate such fervid acknowledgments of favours received. We have been betrayed and seen our own folks drowned and tortured in defiance of all good faith and humanity, by German internationalists. What of that? Let us show our unabated confidence in their high character by putting it in their power to betray us again. That is the plain meaning of the Trade Union Congress vote at Derby on the renewal of the International. I rejoice that American Trade Unionists and Socialists, as represented by Samuel Gompers, Charles Edward Russell, Simons, and others, refuse to have anything whatever to do with any meeting with such ruffians as the war has shown the German Social-Democrats of to-day to be.

### A Long-Winded Compromise

I have said that the resolution is not in accord with the War Aims Memorandum of the Labour Party. Neither is it. That too was a compromise. It was also, long-winded, obscure, and indefinite. It has been taken so far, however, as the irreducible minimum of the claims of the Allies as voiced by "Labour." It at least made plain that the Allies were fighting the modern Tartar-Teutons, not merely to get the invaders out of the territory they have seized in France and Belgium, but to secure justice, full compensation, and permanent national freedom for Serbia, Rumania, and Poland, the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine by France, fair treatment for Russia, as well as the reconstitution of Europe on the basis of the emancipation of all oppressed nationalities.

This policy is not put very plainly, but that is what it has been taken to mean. We are supposed to be waiting for a reply from the German Social-Democrats to that Memorandum at the present time. And now, just at this critical moment, when at last the devastating German armies are being swept back out of the country they have ruined to positions which it is very doubtful whether they can hold, just when we hear the beginning of lamentation and woe in the German camp from the Kaiser and Hindenburg downwards—at this critical moment our Trade Unionists and Labour men, whose relations and friends on land and on sea are safeguarding them and their families from German outrages and German butchery, proclaim themselves ready to trade their defenders away for the sake of a wretched compromise which is nothing better than a confession of moral cowardice! I have no feeling but contempt for the whole paltry business. There was no necessity whatever for any climb-down of the pro-Ally section. The splendid public meeting attended by many thousands of people arranged by Will Thorne, and addressed by himself, Ben Tillett, Jack Jones, J. H. Thomas, and others, which carried a thoroughgoing anti-German resolution with only seven dissentients, went far to prove this. That is what our speakers find everywhere. The defeatists here, as in France, are losing such following as they had among the people, and unity can best be attained by declaring boldly for a peace dictated to the aggressors on their own soil. I am confident that if a complete referendum were taken of the adults of this country, including the fighting men ashore and afloat, they would repudiate with little short of unanimity the time-serving policy of the Derby delegates.

We have only to consider seriously what the result of entering upon peace negotiations would be when the German troops had "withdrawn voluntarily or by compulsion from France and Belgium" to recognise at once what a ruinous policy this would be for Europe and the world. Anything short of the complete defeat of Germany and the reorganisation of the nations on a democratic anti-militaristic basis would be a victory for the 160,000,000 of people whom the Kaiser and his Junkers still have brigaded under the German flag. Supposing that France and Belgium were completely cleared of the aggressors, the German armies would still hold huge territories at their control and a sphere of unchallenged influence from the Arctic Circle to Asia Minor.

We have already seen what sort of use Germany makes of an armistice! To negotiate for peace, therefore, which means to begin by an armistice and to go on to some sort of Congress, while Germany remains mistress of Central Europe and the East, would be fatal. What chance would the Allies have of obtaining compensation for the wreck and ruin wrought in France and in Belgium? What possibility would there be of developing the nationalities of Austria, of restoring Serbia, and of making Russia and Rumania whole again by clearing them of their German plunderers? None whatever. An armistice agreed and negotiations once set on foot, the people will not sanction the recommencement of the war. The Germans know that very well, and so do the defeatists on the Allied side. That is why this vigorous peace offensive has begun before the German armies are

completely routed, as with the American forces crowding into France they now can be. Nobody wants to go on fighting a moment longer than is necessary. But we must put an end to war for the next generation, at least, by proving to the most formidable aggressive combination of all time that war does not pay. And this can only be achieved by such a victory as will convince the Germans on their own soil, and by taking security for the carrying out of the peace which the Allies shall formulate. Anything short of that means, I repeat, victory for the Teutonic combination; and Germany—League of Nations, or no League of Nations—will at once begin to prepare for another effort to carry out her policy of military domination over Europe and the world. She will use the interval to learn how to remedy her mistakes.

That is what the French, at any rate, very clearly see. France has suffered, France has sacrificed far more than we have. Every household across the Channel is in mourning, a quarter of her whole country—and that the richest—has been turned into a desert as her enemies exultingly proclaim. But for these very reasons Frenchmen are determined that the horrors inflicted upon them for the second time in fifty years shall not befall the children who are growing up to take their place. Germany must be deprived of the power of perpetual menace which she has employed ever since 1875. The defeatists are on the run. The whole nation is determined now, at whatever further sacrifices, to see this thing right through. The magnificent old man, as one of my Paris friends calls him, who leads them is a guarantee of that. The name of Clemenceau is the pledge of the France of to-day not to prove false to the France of to-morrow. But nothing short of the full realisation of the Allied policy can bring about that permanent peace which shall ensure to her the power to work out her own destinies undisturbed. Surely we Englishmen who have undergone such terrible trials and disasters ourselves will not enter upon negotiations when France, which has suffered far more in every way, has decided to go on to the end?

### Piracy and Peace

It is very significant, surely, that at the same time—almost on the same day—that Austria tries to trap the Allies into non-committal negotiations for peace a piratical attack of the *Lusitania* description should be successfully made on a South African liner and Paris should be thoroughly bombed. Germany knows well that if she can, by using poor, weak, subservient Austria as a "bonnet," inveigle the Allies into a conference with the mere second-hand promise of withdrawal from France and Belgium—curiously in accord with that Trade Union Congress resolution, by the way—then she and confederates will have virtually won the war. Germany and Austria together are every bit as untrustworthy and treacherous to-day as they were when they began the war. Not the slightest confidence can be placed in them, and not a single clause of any agreement or treaty will either of them observe except under the strongest compulsion and with full security for performance in our hands. All the Allies really know that. I hope sincerely they will act upon their own convictions, regardless of Germans, pro-Germans, or pacifists.

Mr. Lloyd George tells us he is sick of programmes. That may well be after the result of his own Smuts programme in Switzerland last year. Negotiations with the enemy, as he may then have learnt, are bootless until that enemy is convinced that to surrender at discretion is the only course open to him. It is quite impossible to carry out Dr. Woodrow Wilson's policy, which all the Allies say they are ready to accept, until this has been achieved. Why should Germany, who entered upon this war in order to secure, in the East especially, what she has now got, give up all her territorial booty, pay heavy compensations for her shameless brigandage and piracy, look on while all the nations she or Austria now dominates are loosed from her yoke and given full political and economic freedom, see France reinstated in Alsace-Lorraine, and her own influence in Sofia and Constantinople gone? There is only one answer to that question. Because she must. And this answer cannot be given until she has been deprived of all hope of success either now or later.

The Allies are fighting for a great ideal as well as in self-defence. It is the struggle of democracy against militarism. There will be no Congress of Vienna at its close to cut up the map of Europe in order to satisfy monarchical greed or to favour in any way imperial expansion. But the first step towards the realisation of the national, social, and economic emancipation of the people is the enforced surrender of the common enemy of all.



# "Toy Dreadnoughts": By Herman Whitaker

THEY were never designed for such uses. Their wealth of polished teak and mahogany, glittering brass, would have blinded the skipper of an ocean tramp. Their cabins were luxurious boudoirs for the pretty women and children they carried in summer weather up and down Long Island Sound. Until, like the black bursting of a typhoon, the war swept them into its seething cauldron, their snowy decks had known no harder usage than the patter of dainty feet, dancing under canopies of coloured lanterns. Up to the moment that Uncle Sam stretched out his lean sinewy hand and gathered them all in, they were merely the pleasure baubles of our American multi-millionaires. But the morning after—well, a perfectly ruthless captain and a shameless crew descended on the particular vessel upon which, later, I was to make a cruise, and when the shadows of evening descended upon their labours, five carloads of fancy woodwork lay on the decks. Stripped like a boxer for action, guns bolted to her snowy decks, depth mines poised astern, she led the "Suicide Fleet"—so named by those who watched it—out of Hampton Roads.

A baker's dozen of yachts going to war—it did seem ridiculous.

Against one German raider they would have stood about as much chance as Leif Ericsson's galley, or the pinta of Columbus. It seemed, almost, that any respectable war vessel which happened to meet them en route would run them in as a policeman rounds up lost children, and return them home to their mother ship. But they sailed on to the French waters in which, ever since, they have carried out a remarkable duty. Working in conjunction with the British and American flotillas in English waters, they grabbed transports, supply and merchant ships from their hands, and convoyed them safely into French ports. Also, and this is equally important, for a ship's bottom is as valuable empty as full, they escorted them back again; saw them as it were, across the yard and past the dog. In fact these "toy dreadnoughts" formed part of our first battle line; the real front on which Americans were killing and being killed before the first soldier embarked from our shores.

This latter fact was not quite as well established as it ought to have been in my mind when I called on the admiral of this unique fleet for the first time. His eyes flashed under straight grey brows when I spoke of a recent visit to the "American front." "You are there now," he said, very quietly. "Go for a cruise with us and you'll soon find it out."

I did. An hour later saw me with one of his captains speeding in a swift motor boat out to where three of his "dreadnoughts" lay at anchor in the harbour. Surely they did look small. But just as a little man's courage adds to his inches, so their performance in the past year caused them to loom in my imagination large as battle-cruisers. When, stepping aboard the largest, I noted the guns fore and aft, the quick-firers on the boat deck above, nests of depth mines astern, I realised the secret of their success—the guns and mines could not be more effective if fired from a ship half a mile long.

The officers were as remarkable in their own way as the ship. Only the captain was a regular navy man. The other

six from the naval reserve, counted a stockbroker, bond clerk, Staten Island Ferry engineer, Montana cattle man. All had been following pursuits of peace before the war. One, I believe, had never seen the sea before he came on board. Yet now, after a year's study, backed by arduous practical applications, they were capable officers.

The crew was still more remarkable. Fully a third of the men before the mast were Harvard, Yale or Princeton students, scions of the wealthiest American families, shipped for the duration of the war. One quartermaster, a man over forty years of age, had once been tax-commissioner of the State of New Jersey, and had served two terms in that state's legislature. It was quite startling to hear the

cultivated college speech issuing from a group of tarry sailors. Indeed, the yacht might easily have furnished a *motif* for one of those old-style Gilbert and Sullivan musical comedies, in which an admiral is "shanghaied" and shipped before the mast in a vessel manned by chorus girls. She needed only to pick up a shipwrecked heroine and an unprincipled adventurer to go right into the "movies."

Apart from this possibility, however, there was little comedy aboard the yacht. Hard work and worse weather have been the lot of these lads



Topical Press

## HUNTING THE PIRATES

No. 2 Gun of an American destroyer in action against a submarine.

brought up in luxury, yet they have thrived on it. Tall, straight and strong, they look as fine a lot of sailormen as ever hauled on a rope.

Before we sailed, the captains of all the ships in our convoy came aboard for a conference. They represented almost all of the Allied and neutral marine services. All of them had been "dipped" once or twice, yet they were still pursuing the path of duty in those dangerous seas. They accepted with quiet nods their places in convoy, and listened quietly to directions in case of attack. Not till the captain spoke of fog did the worry which dogs their footsteps day and night make itself manifest.

"Let's hope that won't be added to our troubles," one said.

Another added, "We have enough as it is."

Quiet they were, unheroic, commonplace, prosaic, yet the life history of any one of them would out-thrill a Dumas romance. I am in a position to write one chapter which began when, next morning, the dreaded fog caught us in a dangerous passage between shore and outer shoals. A heavy sea, had given us a miserable roll, and I was trying to sleep off some sea-sick qualms in the cabin below, when the screws suddenly stopped, then went full speed astern.

When that happens in the war zone, you don't stand on the order of your going, you simply go. I went up on deck in three hops, just in time to see the fog roll back like a theatre curtain from a tall tower uprising from a smother of foam. It takes time to stop a ship's headway, and for a couple of minutes it was an open question whether or not we should bump that perfectly good French lighthouse off the map. We were far closer than was comfortable, when she began to back off.

Some of the others were not so lucky. The French pilot on the leading ship had made his turn around the lighthouse just a bit too soon, and he was on the beach. Another had bumped a reef with little damage to her false bottom. But



this was only the beginning of it, for the other ships came driving on through the fog, and mixed in a wild melee, dodging, tacking, backing, worse than a madhouse cotillion. One just missed our bows. A second passed astern. For a while anything might have happened, but as though impatient to view his evil work, the fog demon lifted the edge of his grey curtain to take a peep. He hastily dropped it again. But we had seen each other in the clear. The tangle straightened into columns again. It was one of those "haps" that occur to all convoys, and are responsible for a grizzle of grey on heads which left our shores only a year ago, flying the full colours of youth. Leaving a yacht with the stranded ship—which backed off at high tide—we sailed on towards a point of land which was said to be headquarters for "Penmarsh Pete," a lone Hun pirate.

### "Pete's" Mines

A red pin with a date under it marked his last reported position, and about an hour later a radio warned us away from a particular ship's channel in which, during last night, "Pete" had evidently sown a devil's spawning of mines. But his labours went for naught. Across our bows, just as the fog lifted, a fleet of mine-sweepers passed in swift procession to clear up the infernal litter. While they were still in sight two hydroplanes came booming like great bumblebees from the land to escort us across their sector. Thus, in one view, were grouped the three American services that render commerce possible in these waters. They convoyed us until, at dusk, we dropped anchor in a sheltered harbour.

With the subsidence of the heavy roll and the comfort of a good dinner before an open fire, one was glad to be there. For this millionaire's yacht boasted an open fireplace, a magnificent affair richly carved and surmounted by mahogany mermaids posed in a wild struggle for a silver ship's clock; trove, no doubt, from a deep sea wreck. Than good tobacco and an open fire there is nothing in the world more provocative of stories, and while the mermaids spaced off the long warm hours with the silvery bell of their clock, there unrolled before me a complete history of the "toy dreadnoughts."

The steward who served our coffee had been signed on from a castaway crew picked up at sea by the yacht after they had gone through two torpedoings in twenty-four hours. This unusual experience had been capped with the steward by a descent into the German U-boat. "The old *Exford* had been sailing through wreckage for a couple of days," he said, telling of it, "so we weren't surprised when a torpedo came leaping at us out of the sea. The explosion killed one man. Six others were drowned by capsizing boats; and as though that wasn't enough, the U-boat commander sailed around and took snapshot photos of all the survivors. Then, after telling us it would go hard with any of us that were captured again at sea, he carried off the captain and two gunners, and went below.

"A few hours later we were picked up by the *Trelessick*, but she was torpedoed early next morning. The raft on which I got away was so heavily overloaded that four of us were in the water, just hanging on. It was terribly cold, and I was beginning to wonder just how much longer I could hang on, when the U-boat came alongside and picked us four up. This commander was quite different from the first one, for after taking us below for a drink of cognac, he put us into one of our boats.

"The *Trelessick* was still afloat. She had been the captain's home for nineteen years, and while the tears streamed down his cheeks, he begged the commander to let us go back on board. 'I can still get her into port,' he pleaded, 'if you will only give me the chance.'

"But the German shook his head. 'I'm sorry for you, personally,' he answered. 'But this is war.' And, going back, he plugged holes in her waterline with shell fire till she sank."

His story produced other stories and reminiscences from the officers; among them the sinking of the American yacht *Alcedo*, told by a survivor whom they had brought from the fo'castle. It happened at two in the morning, when a brilliant moon, always an ally of the Boche, suddenly revealed the silver bursting of a torpedo out of the black sea. At two hundred yards it swerved, and those who saw it coming held their breath in the hope it might pass astern. But it rectified its course; with a burst of fire it struck in the forward quarters where the men lay asleep.

Imagine yourself awakened in utter darkness to the groans of wounded and dying men. Nothing could be more disorganising. Yet, quietly and coolly, the men turned up and went to quarters—even the wireless operator, who was blown up through the deck. There was no time to launch boats. The yacht was already sinking. In obedience to an

order to abandon ship, shouted from the bridge, the crew cut the boats loose from the falls, and leaped after them into the water. While they swam around trying to bale and right them, the yacht slid on down with her load of dead and dying under the moonlit sea.

"It was some job to get those boats righted and baled," the survivor, a fine lad, told of it with unconscious humour. "I tell you, home and mother looked an awful long way off to me. That water was terrible wet. A plank, an oar, even a straw looked dry by comparison."

They had just climbed into the boats when the long, sinister shape of the U-boat rose out of the water alongside. Fortunately, a cloud had blotted out the moon. As the submarine rose higher out of the water than the boats, they could see the heads and shoulders of three men rising above the combing of the conning tower in outline against the bright sky. A voice, military in tone, hailed them.

"What ship?"

Prompted by a rapid whisper from an officer, the lad gave a French name.

"Your tonnage and cargo?"

"Eight hundred tons, sir. She was an empty bottom proceeding to B—for cargo."

Imagine the suspense while the U-boat officers talked together up there in the dusk—the relief when, after calling out directions to the nearest land, the U-boat steamed slowly away. Twelve hours' labour at the oars before they made port had no power to abate it, for it was the closest kind of a call for all of them. "For we were sure," the lad concluded his story, "that it was Germany for the lot of us."

Next morning broke clear with pleasant sunshine streaming down on the white hamlets that are so liberally strewn along the French coast. The men off watch lolled in it reading or studying according to their bent. A Victrola in full blast in the reading-room combined with the warmth and sunlight to produce a slight flavour of Long Island Sound. But one glance at the frowning guns, grim depth mines instantly dissipated such fancies. That evening we delivered the convoy at the end of our run, and took on another for the return next morning.

The voyage home was uneventful. We rolled lazily northward without a break in the monotony, which is harder to bear than the shock of battle. An article compiled from the concentrated experience of a fleet is apt to convey an impression of a life vivid, dangerous, exciting, quite equal to the ideal these college lads on board had formed of it. Dangerous it really is. One never knows just when a yacht may "kick over a mine" or meet a torpedo face to face. Apart from these ever-present possibilities, the yachts go back and forth on their runs with the same regularity and about the same amount of excitement as is to be found in a canal boat in tow of a mule. For high-spirited youths who enlisted to fight the Hun there could be nothing more trying. Yet they take it cheerfully. Between watches, rain or shine, they are to be seen muffled in sou'-westers or stripped to undershorts according to the weather, conning their navigation books in preparation for the commissions they have honestly earned. They will make better officers and wiser men by the loss of their illusions.

Almost as though it had been rehearsed for this article, there passed under our eyes on the last lap of the journey all of the various activities in which the "toy dreadnoughts" have been engaged during the last year. About mid-day a score of dots on the horizon grew into a south-bound coastal convoy; and a fine sight the two convoys made in passing, their double columns of ships laid along the green sea against the golden loom of the land; the guardian yachts on their flanks, seaplanes booming overhead. Lastly, as we came rolling down a vast triangular offing that drew at its apex into the base harbour, there appeared between us and the sinking sun the leviathan bulk of three transports in outline against the smouldering sky.

In the active campaign which has been recently initiated against the U-boats, it is not likely that our "toy dreadnoughts," because of their low speeds, can take a very active part. The job of hunting the enemy out goes more and more to the seaplanes, submarines, and destroyers. But they will still be "on the job" running their coastal convoys between the French ports, ready and willing to nab any U-boat that happens to elude the destroyer sleuths. No doubt their honourable labours will continue till a U-boat, through extreme rarity, enters the same class as a great auk's egg. Whereafter, peace being come again upon earth, let us hope that the "toy dreadnoughts," restored to their pristine glories of polished wood, brass, and enamel paint, will spend an honourable old age carrying pretty women and little children once more up and down Long Island Sound.



# With a Motor Convoy in German East Africa



**A GERMAN HUNTER'S BAG**

This photograph was taken from a German at Dar-es-Salaam.

"Is there anywhere to sleep?"

This was our first question when we reached Voi on the Uganda Railway at midnight, having just arrived from Zanzibar, after a long hot journey up country. Rain had been falling for several hours, and everything was soaked; but we found an empty tent beside the line, and dumped our baggage down inside.

The Swahili boys from Zanzibar soon got to work, prepared our beds and rigged up mosquito nets, while we looked about for something to eat. After a bit we found a small Greek cook-shop and had some boiled eggs and coffee for supper.

The boys found some shelter under a table, and spread their grass mats, and we got inside our bags and were soon asleep. Not for very long however! A party of South Africans, hunting about for somewhere to spend the night, came upon us and, when they saw the mosquito nets, thought we were a hospital. They had great contempt for nets, and threw down their kits and went to sleep. Next morning they were badly bitten and we were not.

Five a.m. found everybody on the move, preparing for the train journey to Mbuyuni along the new military line. When everything was aboard, we took our seats in a cattle truck. The distance from Voi to Mbuyuni was sixty miles, and we travelled at the rate of five miles an hour! An iron cattle truck in a tropical climate is hardly a pleasant means of transport, for the sun beats down upon the top and sides until they get burning hot. Europeans travel inside, while natives sit on the top. It is certainly cooler up there, but the ashes from the engine make it unpleasant; besides, it is no easy thing to hang on. The niggers sit back to back, and cling on by their toes!

To us, fresh out from home, the country seemed very wonderful as we went forward across vast plains, towards Kilimanjaro, 20,000 ft. high, with its everlasting snowcap, 100 miles away. No wonder Kaiser Wilhelm wished this mountain to belong to Germany! Under British rule it will probably become one of the touring centres of Africa. Situated as it is near a good railway from the port of Tanga, it can be reached in about ten hours. No human being has ever climbed to its summit. Men have been above the snow-line, but have never set foot on its top.

Before leaving Voi I heard two good stories about the place. In the early days of the war, before we had many troops in the country, when the Germans were attacking the Uganda line and threatening Nairobi, the station-master, a Goanese, learned that thirty Germans were marching to assault his railway. Acting on his own initiative he sent a telegram to the G.O.C.: "Thirty Germans marching to attack my station. Please send one rifle and thirty rounds!"

History does not relate what reply he received, but it does relate the answer sent to a railway transport officer upon another occasion. The R.T.O. wired to the G.O.C., who was 100 miles forward at Moshi, and full of his own troubles: "My station is being flooded out. Inform what I shall do." He received the following reply: "Stop the rain or move the station."

On reaching Mbuyuni we found a large camp situated on

the top of a hill. The Germans had made a stand here, but had been driven out. Forty miles of pipe line had now been laid down, and there was a good water supply. The R.N.A.S. camp was close beside the line, and this unit, like every other, was badly supplied.

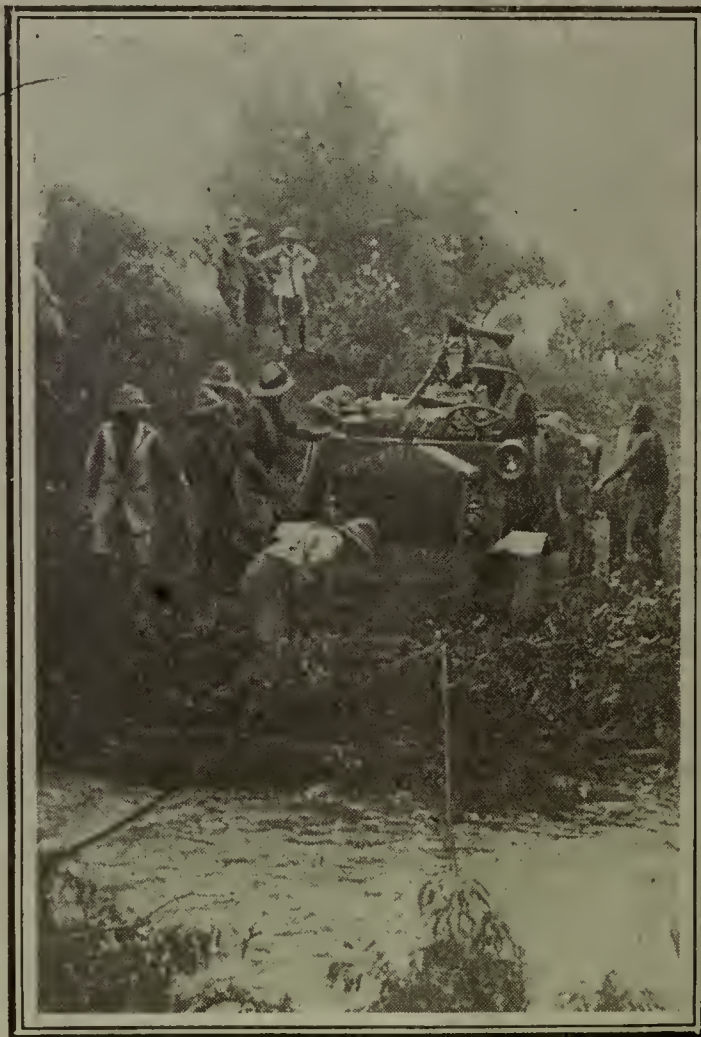
Next day Nanson and I trained to Moshi, and then motored on to old Moshi, 5,000 feet up Kilimanjaro. Nanson had an interview with General Smuts, and we learned what our orders were to be.

Every one was glad to hear that we were to operate with General van Deventer, "The Flying Dutchman." Joppe van Deventer, as his men called him; "van Splosh" as we named him, and this name stuck to him throughout the campaign.

Our camp was now like a hive of bees. On May 10th, Flight Sub-Lieut. Gallihawke was sent off with a walking party and two hundred porters. He took one machine-gun with him, and his white men were all armed. His objective was Kondoa Irangi, 200 miles away to the South, for van Deventer had forced his way through the Germans, and had seized this place with his mounted men. It was a great strategic move, and a great surprise to the Huns. Every one had run very short of food on the way there, and various commanding officers had heliographed to "van Splosh": "My men have no rations. What shall I do?" And the reply had come back: "The same as I am doing!"

On May 14th, Flight Sub-Lieut. Brown and Lieut. Cherry Kearton, 25th Fusiliers, who was attached to our squadron for photographic duties, set off with another party. The first party was to prepare an aerodrome at Kondoa Irangi, and to carry through oil and petrol for the aeroplanes. The second was to establish an aerodrome near Lolikissale, half way to Kondoa, and to take with them large supplies of oil and petrol, to enable our machines to fly from Mbuyuni to Lolikissale, 130 miles, replenish their tanks and fly on another 90 miles to Kondoa Irangi.

We knew that the motor transport section would be the next to set out, and from May 14th to 18th we were busy



**TRANSPORT IN THE BUSH**

General Smuts watching motor transport at a typical river crossing in German East Africa.





### KILIMANJARO FROM 40 MILES DISTANCE

No white man has yet set foot on the summit of this, the most famous mountain peak of Africa.

making preparations. In the country we were about to pass through there were no roads, and it was sporting chance how the cars would behave.

On the morning of May 18th the motor transport column set out for Kondoa Irangi, via Moshi, Lollkissale and Upomi. It consisted of one Ford, four Crossleys, one Daimler, two Napiers, and one motor cycle. The Daimler and the Napier were lorries. Nanson and I went ahead in the Ford, with all our "gubbins" on board, and two Swahili boys, Gitwani and my boy, Snowball.

Moshi, fifty miles away, was our first camp; travelling was very slow work, and we took fourteen hours to do the journey. Soon after leaving Mbuyuni the motor cycle broke down, and had to be loaded up on the Daimler, but the rider was not hurt, only scratched. The last car got in at 11.50 p.m., with both rear springs broken. One of the Napiers also had broken a front spring. This showed that it was necessary to reduce the loads still further, and we were obliged to leave stores at Moschi.

All next day was spent in repairing springs, and we were off the following morning by 6 a.m., reaching the Weri river by 8 a.m. The river was about thirty yards wide, and two feet deep, with a rocky bed. Huge trees grew on either side, giving good protection from the sun, and to the south, coffee and rubber plantations stretched for miles. As the South African Pioneers had cleared a slope through the bush to the river, we off loaded the cars, lowered them down the incline, and then with the help of a hundred boys, pulled them over one after another through the river and up the other bank.

From now onwards, for about ten miles, the route was good, and we pushed along till we came to a patch of black cotton soil. We then advanced across a big open plain; it was a glorious evening; away to the west the snow cap on Kilimanjaro showed crimson in the setting sun, camp fires could be seen twenty miles away to the north-west, and some smoke to the south. The visibility was wonderful, and we plodded on until the sun set, and the tropical darkness was upon us. It was dusk when we arrived at the Sandja River, which we crossed, camping on the south side a little below the drift. The last car got over by 9 p.m., and we lighted our fires, and soon all the noises of the jungle were around us. Lions, hyenas, and jackals kept us awake at first, and Blotto, my dog, snarled at every sound, but before very long we slept soundly, and the sentry alone was left to tend the fire.

At four next morning we had coffee, and struck camp as the sun was rising. We now left the Arusha track, by which van Deventer had advanced, and struck out to the south, straight for Lollkissale mountain fifty miles away. All around were great plains of open grass country, with thickets of thorn bush. Game roamed on all sides; we saw a herd of buffalo in the distance, and hundreds of ostriches, while buck sprang up out of the long grass as we went forward.

We took the Ford on ahead of the convoy at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, and Nanson the C.O., who was sitting beside me, had several splendid shots and was able to increase our fresh meat supply. After going about fifteen miles, we saw a thin column of smoke climbing up through the still air. Being naturally anxious to see whose fire it was, we drew near, and presently found Lieuts. Brown and Cherry Kearton and their party. They had left Moschi

eight days before ourselves, and were walking direct for Lollkissale.

One day the party had camped near the Sandja River, and about 4 p.m. Brown set out on a motor cycle to find a track across the plains. After forcing his way through the short grass, he came upon a water hole. Here he lit a fire, and waited for the rest to arrive, knowing they would be guided by the smoke. He waited and waited until it got dark. Then he heard lions coming to drink, and saw a ring of eyes in the blackness around his fire. Having nothing but his revolver, he pulled out burning embers and threw them at the eyes!

When the moon rose, he started back across the plain; and came upon Kearton and his men, who had been warned not to go further because of an enemy raiding party ahead.

This was all very interesting for us! And when Nanson and I once more set off in the Ford, we took a machine-gun with us. We pushed along over plains and thorn thickets, till we came to a river with huge trees along its banks.

The river was clear and swift, with a mud bottom, therefore we off loaded, and pulled the Ford across. Then with the help of the Ford we got a Crossley over, which hauled the other Crossleys through the river. We then coupled three Crossleys on to the Napier and the Daimler, and pulled them over one after another.

A number of Masai niggers helped us to load up; they were our first experience of the real wild man. They painted their bodies all sorts of colours, their hair was matted with red earth, and the lobes of their ears were split, and hung down to their necks, being decorated with all sorts of curios, rifle cartridges and pieces of bone, and in one ear I saw a condensed milk tin, which seemed to give its wearer some authority. We presented them with our empty "bully" tins, and their delight was amusing, but they would not eat the biscuits we offered. They live on milk and blood, bleeding the cattle alive, but are without much muscle, for one of our white men could easily pull six or eight of them.

About half a mile from the river we camped for the night, parked our cars into a square, built a zareba round them, and lighted our fires inside. When we moved out next day the going was bad, and after crossing a patch of black cotton soil, we climbed a hill, and found ourselves in a thornbush forest. The flowers were wonderful, and we crashed over and through them. Up to the present we had kept a fairly straight line to our objective, and a little later, when we topped a hill, we saw Lollkissale five miles ahead. The road lay through dense bush until we reached the track which van Deventer and his column had followed from Arusha. The Field Telegraph Corps had a station near Lollkissale. They were always right up with the advance, and operating under most difficult conditions. Eaten by mosquitoes by day and by night, their wires constantly broken by giraffes, and without any comforts to help them to keep cheerful, they still managed to carry on; and endless jokes passed up and down the line. I remember hearing an operator telling another who was 150 miles further forward, to keep the kettle boiling as the tea would be along in ten days' time.

The following day we moved ten miles to the south, where Flight Sub-Lieut. Gallihawke had selected the Lollkissale aerodrome, and joined up with his party for the night, before setting out for Upomi, the second stage of our journey.

I.M.B.



# Life and Letters by J. C. Squire

## To-day

EVERY two or three years some bold man attempts a history of contemporary English literature. The latest, the most ambitious, the most voluminous is Mr. Harold Williams, whose *Modern English Writers* has just been published by Sidgwick and Jackson at 12s. 6d. net. Mr. Williams, in a book of five hundred closely printed pages (I wish there were an alternative to this tiresome locution), attempts to treat in a solemn and scientific critical way the authors of the last twenty-five years. He deals with hundreds of them, and the indubitably historical nature of his survey may be attested by a few of his chapter-headings, such as "Poets of the Transition," "New Forces in Poetry," "Before Ibsen," "After Ibsen," and "The Uncertain Note," all these, and others, being grouped under the four main headings of "Poetry," "Irish Writers," "Literary and Intellectual Drama," and "The Novel." He wanted, in fact, to "cover the ground" fully and conscientiously. The result is that he has covered a great deal of "ground" that need not have been covered at all—since it was stony ground, or ground covered with tares and thistles, or ground from which the birds of the air carried away the seed—and that he has only glanced at some "ground" which deserved a great deal of attention.

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The statistical method of judging such books has its defects, but it does throw some facts into startling relief. For example, I observe that Mr. Williams's method and his mentality between them have resulted in three pages being devoted to Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, who, however "literary and intellectual" a dramatist, will get barely three lines in a history a hundred years hence, whilst a mere one and a half pages are given to the author of *A Shropshire Lad*, who is not only a great poet himself, but has had technically a great growing and salutary influence upon younger writers. Even Francis Thompson gets less space than Mr. Jones, though Ernest Dowson gets more than either. Mr. Walter de la Mare gets one page against the two pages of Mr. Alfred Williams! However, Mr. John Trevena, Mr. Gilbert Cannan, and Mr. Robert Hichens are given three pages each of portentous discussion, and Mr. Robert Bridges only half as much as either; there is at least some sort of consistency about the author's wrong-headedness. As a dictionary of literature good and bad—though some good authors are omitted—his huge tome has merits; as criticism it is almost worthless. It is not a critical history; it is a sort of gigantic newspaper.

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A really good literary history of our own times, written in our own time, we cannot expect, and it will be a miracle if we get it. Many of the difficulties are as obvious as they are great. It is extremely hard for most men—perhaps for any man—to distinguish between the topical and ephemeral appeal and the permanent appeal in books that move him. An author may write things which are fine and valuable things for the moment, but will fade when the occasion passes, having no perpetual application. Most critics, again, have stylistic prejudices which make them unduly favour writing which reminds them of old things that they like or else (conversely) which makes them incline towards anything, however empty, which looks new and free from what they regard as the dead hand of tradition. Political and religious bias are also liable to operate. I remember, as I write, the remark of a great living artist who (when discussing Mr. Chesterton) said that it was impossible to feel that anybody with Mr. Chesterton's religious views had a first-rate intellect. It is clear that if you begin by making postulates like this you are beginning at the wrong end, and you are likely to approach Christian writers not merely incomprehensibly, but inattentively. Again, there is the danger, which will particularly affect people with no strong prejudices or tastes of their own, of taking everything seriously which is taken seriously by anybody else, and of compiling a mere manual of literary fashions. Half our critics are demonstrably liable to this fault; if they hear two or three persons, sensible or otherwise, describe a book as an important work of art they will at once treat it as such. Mr. Williams, as I have suggested, errs rather in this way; his book was written four or five years ago, and the result is that some of his authors are already fly-blown, and that

there are others "new" in 1913 who are so much things of the past that one hardly remembers who they were. But, granted your sagacious, judicious, encyclopædic, catholic man with an unerring eye for the abiding thing and the transient, for the sincere thing and the humbug, above fashion and away from cliques, with the brain, the heart, and the ear of the perfect critic, the sense of progress and of proportion of the perfect historian: even he (if he exist) will probably fail to write the sort of book we are discussing.

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The reason is of a kind which people usually forget to mention or even to think about. It is that such a man would in all probability not be in a position to tell the truth. Literary men of any standing usually have a large acquaintance among their colleagues, good and bad. It is possible to overcome a dislike of praising a man whom you detest, but it is difficult indeed to damn a man you like. But the critic who was essaying an adequate history of contemporary literature would probably have to do that—unless he were a hermit on Lundy Island, and even then he would very likely have got into friendly correspondence with literary impostors. Most critics know men of whom they are fond, but whose writings they regard as worthless, men generally thought to be important or great (and consequently needing exposure) or negligible men who in a standard treatise would have to be ignored. You cannot drink with an old friend in the evening, and in the morning sit down and write, for publication, sentences like "Mr. Gupp is generally treated as a great novelist, but he has no mind, cannot write grammar, assumes a grotesque pomposity which is not natural with him, is utterly without knowledge of human character, copies his descriptive patches out of Dickens, and cannot further be noticed here." That sort of thing cannot easily be said of an intimate and old acquaintance, or of a tenth cousin, or of the husband of a woman you have known from childhood, or of a man with whom you are accustomed to play billiards at your club, or even of a man you meet only occasionally, but get on with. Why, the difficulties are as great even in cases far less extreme. However much a critic may admire an author's work, he is sure to have some reservations. *Non omnia possumus omnes*: every author tries to do some things he cannot do and would like to be thought to have some qualities he does not possess. The more patently true an adverse criticism, the more it will rankle. If there is one thing more than another that all men dislike it is that their friends should know the truth about them. There are some people who will overcome these inhibitions, people with shaggy hair, glowering eyes, and mouths like man-traps, who are resolved to tell the whole truth whatever happens, even if they offend everybody they know. But these ferocious priests of veracity lack just that sensitiveness which is so necessary to a critic and is a part of a general sensitiveness; they are invariably intense and narrow bigots.

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The proverb "De Mortuis" is not only false, but it is precisely the opposite of the truth. The dead are the only people of whom we can, not merely usefully, but also decently and comfortably speak evil. They are spread before us like so many embalmed specimens. We can cut them about and examine them as much as we like and they will not feel it. Our words cannot hurt them, or humiliate them, or impede their efforts to earn a living, honest or dishonest. They cannot even—another consideration worth mentioning—come up in the street and clump us on the head. About many of the living our tongues are and must be tied. On the whole, it is just as well and does not much matter. A man is more important than his writings; friendship than the nice adjustment of critical relations. The whole past is behind us as a field for a judgment; the recent past still invites the historian's calm estimate; the final, just, and completely truthful survey of the present we may conveniently leave to posterity. We may pursue the things we love as much as we like and advertise the things we believe to be valuable; it is not a matter of the first consequence that we cannot in every smallest case say all we think about the things we hold to be trash. If we pretend to write as general historians we must have no reservations, and assist at the dissemination of no frauds. But if we do not, a little *suppressio veri* will do nobody much harm. At any rate, it cannot be avoided.



# The Reader's Diary

## Recent Novels

I DO like characters in novels who are pompous, irritating and hypocritical and who are thoroughly exposed in all their badness at the end of the book. It is a simple taste; and it is shared, I imagine, by a great many persons besides myself. Much of Anthony Trollope's popularity rests on his understanding of it; and it is significant that the 'bad man' in Mr. Archibald Marshall's *Abington Abbey* (Stanley Paul, 6s. net) should refer to Trollope's novels in a disrespectful way. Nothing, I suppose, in Mr. Marshall's world could be a more certain sign of unamiability of character. It would indeed be ungrateful, almost unfilial, in Mr. Marshall to allow the remark to be made by a person not stigmatised in other ways as disagreeable; for on him, if on anyone, Trollope's mantle has fallen. This novel is not exciting. The plot is extremely slender, the action very trivial. But it records the doings of a number of people who cannot be described except as "really nice"; and among them the Reverend A. Salisbury Mercer, with his unfortunate character, stands out as anything but nice and, in his so obvious disagreeableness and in the snubs which are inflicted on him, rejoices my innocent heart. Perhaps the mutual devotion of the Grafton family and their unshakable habit of addressing one another as 'Darling' come to be a little—shall I say?—sticky by the end of the book. But nothing can alter the fact that they are charming people who lead charming lives. The reader cannot help liking them, which means that he cannot help liking the book.

The characters in Mr. Maurice Hewlett's *Gudrid the Fair* (Constable, 6s. net) are equally likeable though they are not perhaps, in the modern sense, to be described as "nice." The tale is Mr. Hewlett's interpretation of two Icelandic sagas; and he claims in his preface that here, as in all primitive poetry, character is implicit, though it has to be looked for. "If I read of a woman called Gudrid," he says, "and a handsome woman at that, I am bound to know pretty soon what colour her hair was, and how she twisted it up. If I hear that she had three husbands and outlived them all I cannot rest until I know how she liked them, how they treated her, what feelings she had, what feelings they had." Therefore he has taken the bare and stark events of the two sagas and has retold them in such a way as to discover what sort of persons these were, how they would appear to us if we were to meet them in the modern world. It is all done in a curiously simple and straightforward manner which will rather surprise those who know Mr. Hewlett only by his early work. The somewhat hectic chronicler of *The Forest Lovers* and *Richard Yea-and-Nay* has become remarkably chastened when he can set down to the last detail the life of the lovely Gudrid and her three husbands with the economy of exclamation and rhapsody that he uses here. Yet he has suited his style very admirably to an age whose events were more romantic than the persons who took part in them. Gudrid, whose three husbands were foretold to her while she was yet a maiden, is a noble and attractive figure, but her love affairs are conducted with a view to suitability and the wishes of parents and friends far more than to the satisfaction of her own quite slight personal desires. So too her husbands—the first two of them knowing themselves condemned to early death—take her and their own stirring adventures with comparative placidity. It is a queer world, with plenty of excitement and little excitability, where, for all their full-bloodedness, the characters take love and death rather in their stride. Mr. Hewlett has written a tale rather than a novel or a romance, but it is a very good tale and the persons of it do linger in the mind, particularly Thorstan, Gudrid's second husband, whose slow, intense affection for her is made very real and moving.

Mr. Douglas Newton's *The War Cache* (Sampson, Low, Marston, 5s. net) is a rapidly moving shocker in which a subaltern of the Intelligence Staff, an experimental chemist, and a V.A.D. nurse discover the whereabouts of a vast German depository of treasure and arms in this country, and track it down in spite of the counter-action of a remarkably well organised army of spies. The independence of the three, who insist on carrying out the job without official assistance is carried a little too far when they proceed to dig up the treasure themselves after locating it; but the story would have fallen flat at the end if they had adopted more cautious methods. It is a more serious objection that the spies and their methods are too obviously copied from Mr. John Buchan. Still, it is a good story if not examined too closely, and it is written in a vivid and amusing manner.

## The Means to Victory

This is the age of international compliments; and Mr. Isaac F. Marcossion and Mr. Copingsby Dawson are writers skilled in the paying of them. It is a happy coincidence, therefore, which brings out side by side Mr. Marcossion's *The Business of War* (Lane, 5s. net), an American examination of British war methods, and Mr. Dawson's *Out to Win* (Lane, 4s. net), a British examination of the American war-spirit; and though the points of view of the two writers differ a little, the exchange of courtesies is close enough. Mr. Marcossion is an able journalist with a good deal of war experience and with also much experience of the methods of American 'big business' before the war. In the present volume he studies the British military organisation from the point of view of business, and outlines the whole system of supply, transport, and organisation in general on which the efficiency of the fighting troops in the front line depends. The machine, which has taken four years to build up, would take, no doubt, considerably more for any one man to understand in all its details; and Mr. Marcossion should not be reproached, perhaps, for a number of inaccuracies. Still less should he be reproached for having accepted too readily the assertions of those by whom he was supplied with information. But his enthusiasm is a little overwhelming. He is equally delighted when he finds that business men have been put at the head of affairs and when he learns that technical departments are being directed by soldiers with no technical knowledge. Nearly everything he sees strikes him as miraculous; and everywhere his highest note of praise is to compare the efficiency of some branch of our military system to that of an American corporation—an ominous warning for the future! But his account of the various organisations by which the army is fed, and clothed, and moved from place to place is new and useful; and his unfailing wonder at our efficiency makes an excellent counterblast to those who see in this enormous improvisation nothing but a chaos of muddle.

Curiously enough, Mr. Dawson reinforces Mr. Marcossion's tribute by owning that he admired as American many devices employed by the American army, only to learn that they had been faithfully copied from ourselves. His compliments to our Allies are not so full-blooded as those which his colleague bestows on us; and there is frequently an accent of patronage in his remarks which can hardly produce a good effect across the Atlantic. It is difficult, for example, to imagine that Mr. Dawson's American friends will be pleased by his statement that, when America declared war "my own feeling, as an Englishman living in New York, was merely one of relief—that now, when war was ended, I should be able to return to friends of whom I need not be ashamed." But this is set off, perhaps, by a very full account of the war work done by the Americans before they became belligerents and by his analysis of the grim determined spirit in which they have come into the struggle. This spirit he finds expressed in the chant of the American troops on the march, 'We've got four years to do this job!'; and it must be owned that no song could be more terrifying for the enemy, were they only able to hear it.

## Polynesian Fairy Tales

The customs and folk-lore of the South Sea Islands have come by white encroachment into so impermanent a state that we have every reason to be grateful to Mr. T. R. St. Johnston for his volume *The Lau Islands and their Fairy Tales and Folk-lore* (Times Book Co., 5s. net). Mr. St. Johnston, during his service as Commissioner in this group, which lies a little to the east of Fiji, lost no opportunity of picking up ancient legends from the natives with whom he came in touch; and he has told again the best of these here in a pleasant unaffected style which leaves to them the best of their flavour. They have, of course, affinities with the folk-tales of other lands but the peculiar physical conditions of the islands gives them a special colouring which is altogether delightful. I confess to liking extremely the tale of Ulupoka, a malicious god, who was only a head without a body. This head used to roll in through doorways bringing sickness and death to those who saw it. Now Christianity has somewhat chastened him, but he camouflages himself inside light palm-leaf baskets which are often thrown away empty; and if one of these is seen rolling rapidly over the grass when there is not a breath of wind, it is well known that Ulupoka is inside.

PETER BELL.



# The Theatre: By W. J. Turner

St. Martin's: *The Live Wire*. Strand: *The Hidden Hand*

I SHOULD like to meet a genuine spy. He could not possibly be as depressing as his stage brother, who looks like Mephistopheles in the garden scene in *Faust*, and would be arrested by the first policeman who saw his face. The real spy, one suspects, has either a frank and patriotic countenance like Mr. Bottomley or a face whose stupidity is striking without being past belief. It is one great virtue of *The Live Wire* as a spy-play that the spy looks all right; he is not incredible. You do not spot him the moment the curtain rises, looking a cross between a gorilla and a fox surrounded by nice, gullible people of impeccable demeanour. It is another virtue that your uncertainty as to who is the spy lasts until well through the last act. This is not done without recourse to the device of putting the audience on a false scent; we are led to believe that the great newspaper proprietor's charming secretary, Christina Anderson, who turns out to be not Scotch, but Norwegian, is the guilty person. Theoretically this is, I think, a less interesting and less effective method than if the audience were absolutely puzzled as to who the spy was; but it does not demand so much constructive skill from the dramatist, and in this particular instance has been turned to account by making Sir Hartley Merstham, the newspaper proprietor, deeply in love with his secretary. In the last act, therefore, when everything points to Christina being the spy and she is accused to Sir Hartley, the ordinary excitement of a spy-hunt is considerably heightened. Christina, however, is not the spy, who turns out to be Sir Hartley's editor, Chester. It is discovered that Chester has been communicating with the enemy through *The Live Wire's* patriotic editorials (a charming touch that!) by means of French clichés scattered through his articles—another ingenious touch, although French clichés are about the only clichés a London editor would not use.

## The Police of Convention

Throughout the play, the police bravely uphold their reputation for stupidity, and seem capable of arresting anybody except the spy. A comic butler, named Mulligan, played by Mr. George Shelton, also enlivens things, so that, as spy-plays go, *The Live Wire* is quite a good entertainment, in spite of the fact that you never really believe in anything that is happening. Strangely enough, Christina seemed to be the only real person in the play, which must be put down to the credit of Miss Helen Morris. It so happens that it was the first occasion I had been in St. Martin's, which has been completed since the war, and I was agreeably surprised. It is by far the prettiest theatre in London; one of the few, also, whose internal decoration is not a mass of plaster and gilt and feeble ornament. From the outside, the building promised to be a little better than the usual London theatre; but, unfortunately, the architect could not restrain himself to plain Doric capitals, and spoiled the exterior with feeble flourishes.

In the meantime, the poor long-suffering dramatic critic turns not without an involuntary shudder to *The Hidden Hand*, advertised as the greatest of all spy-plays. It is certainly a marvellous product of dramatic art, and the astonished critic, confronted with such a masterpiece, might be excused if he simply murmured: "Well, well!" incapable of further speech. It is really a Lyceum melodrama with scarcely any action. Both the hero and the villain make endless speeches, but neither ever does anything except to strike appropriate attitudes. The unfortunate actor (Mr. William Stack), who struggled to cope with the name of Captain the Rev. Christian St. George, D.S.O., C.F., could only be pitied, for it is more than any human being should be asked to bear. The Reverend Captain, who, with such a name, might excusably be thought to have come from some better conducted place than earth, gets into Strathspcy Castle on the flimsiest of pretexts, and, once there, sticks like a leech. The owner, Sir Charles Rosenbaum, Bart., M.P., a naturalised German, is in the habit of talking to the Kaiser every night by means of a wireless telegraph he keeps concealed under a painting of King George; he also receives visits from German naval commanders, who get off their boats and come up to his house in Scotland. Why they keep on coming is a mystery, since all the information he gives them is specially concocted by our Admiralty purposely to mislead them, although Rosenbaum is not

aware of this. Unfortunately, that fool St. George, not knowing that the Admiralty is using Rosenbaum for its own purposes, unmasks him, and the game is finished. The author, in his struggle to be absurd, has created for his spy M.P. the most amazing secretary named Fritz von Schaehausen. This fellow is preposterous as a spy; he could never have put his nose outside the door without getting arrested; but he supplies the only element of humour in the play, thanks to the acting of Mr. Michael Sherbrooke. There is also a moneylender named Montmorency Fortescue Curzon who has been drawn in an amiable light by the author, whose name is Laurence Cowen. It is pleasant to come across a departure from the conventional stage moneylender; and if it be less true to life, that is a slight consideration in "the greatest of all spy-plays."

## The Ideal Spy

I am tempted to reflect a little and ask myself what are the requisites for a really first-rate spy-play. A spy-play offers such possibilities of tremendous thrills that all London would flock to see a really good one. The first essential is, I think, that the spy should be treated with respect. After all, the spy in real life is a man who carries his life in his hands; he must have great courage, great resource, and may be a noble and unselfish patriot. It is a fundamental mistake to draw him as a despicable creature; it weakens our interest and makes it difficult to understand how he has avoided capture. You cannot get good drama unless the audience sufficiently sympathise with the spy to feel a growing fear of his being found out. The next essential is action. Patriotic speeches and general heroics are out of place on the stage where we want to see one man pitted against another. Our dramatists seem afraid of giving us a strong, sincere, patriotic spy working tooth and nail to make his country win; they forget that the better the spy, the more exciting the tussle. Further, the spy should turn the tables on his pursuers at least once in the play; nothing is more tedious than the luck being all the one way. That fine dramatic critic Mr. C. E. Montague, whose work used to delight all readers of the *Manchester Guardian*, once wrote an article on "Good and Bad Subjects for Plays." He pointed out, first of all, that what might be a bad subject one year would be a good one another owing to political or social changes. Such goodness or badness was merely relative; as a case of absolute badness, he suggested:

The platonic loves of two deaf mutes,

And plots which consist in flights and pursuits.

Flights and pursuits which often form the most exciting chapters of novels—who does not remember the wonderful examples in *The Cloister and the Hearth*, never surpassed by any novelist before or since?—are ridiculous on the stage, when pursuer and pursued flash panting before one's eyes for a second and then disappear, to be heard *walking* round the scenery at the back of the stage, to re-appear on the other side, puffing and blowing as if they had run miles. This particular disability of the stage cuts out what might make a sensational scene in a spy play; but it is of very little moment when one considers the dramatic richness of the spy theme as a whole. It is said that the life's blood of drama is action, and if we substitute "conflict" for "action," this is absolutely true. Now, "conflict" is, of necessity, the very essence of a spy-play, whether the conflict takes the form of fisticuffs or intrigues. It would be possible to write a spy-play in which no blow was ever struck, that nevertheless was nothing but one tremendous fight, one man's brain being pitted against another's. But it must be a real fight, with heart in it: not a sham one, with all the sense on one side. I can imagine a spy-play founded on the present state of war between ourselves and Germany that for intellectual interest could stand beside the finest conceptions of Ibsen. It would have an enormous success among people "fed up" with clap-trap like *The Hidden Hand* and with nerve-shattering racket like *By Pigeon Post*. But will anybody ever write it? that is the question. Well, on this subject I am an optimist. Better plays will be written than ever have been written, and although there will be more bad plays, they will not prosper so easily as they do now, when everybody is in such a state of excitement and mental strain that half the audience in the theatres is there out of sheer restlessness.



# Pelmanism and Individuality

By Corporal Arthur F. Thorn

(Author of "Richard Jefferies and Civilisation," "Social Satires," etc.)

It is an unfortunate fact that the average untrained mind is not easily accessible to ideas. It does not realise that ideas, either good or bad, shape those conditions of society which eventually lift the individual above or press him down beneath the surface of life and opportunity. The faculty of thought, that mysterious gift which differentiates man from the animals, and affords him power over his destiny, has never yet been adequately considered by the people. They do not, for example, perceive that thought, and the ideas which are the natural product of thought, create, sustain and develop the material conditions of life which surround them in the form of environment.

The average untrained mind does not relate the fact of thought to the facts of material conditions for the very good reason that it does not properly understand the function and power of thought. It would not in any way be an extreme statement to make that more than half the tragedy of human life occurs simply because people do not understand the function and possibilities of thought. But, without being unduly optimistic, it is more than probable that humanity is about to enter into a phase of social life which will insist more and more that the people shall be provided with every possible opportunity of developing their latent mind and brain power. In the strenuous future that lies before the world, virile brains will count as never before in the history of mankind.

At one time, not so very far behind us, the people were not considered to be capable of thinking! They were specially created by an all-wise providence in order to carry out the desires and schemes of that select and exclusive few who alone possessed the faculty of thought! The people, it was said, were destined by Nature to be controlled and exploited by the mental aristocrats; to be used up mainly for the benefit and advantage of others. That, roughly, was the position a generation or two ago.

Since that time, however, the ideals and ideas of a few great men and women have changed and confounded the pernicious doctrine which refused to recognise the fact of Universal Mind. The democratic educational idea which conceives that every individual's mind and brain is a sacred and divine gift which must be allowed freedom and opportunity to expand and unfold, materialised in the form of a system of popular State-subsidised education for the people, and opened up enormous possibilities for educational development. This system, faulty as it undoubtedly is in its working, does, nevertheless, express the now generally accepted idea that every individual possesses a mind and brain which is entitled at least to respect. In the light of history this idea represents a very remarkable advance, and is nothing less than the triumph of a great ideal.

Progress, we may agree, is a slow and oft-times uncertain affair, but there can be no question whatever as to the beneficial idea contained in the principle of education for all, both rich and poor. The final achievement that remains to be accomplished in order to derive a full benefit from this idea is the perfecting of the methods of education in order to ensure that the precious quality of individuality shall not be damaged and made to suffer unnecessarily in consequence of a defective system. We must not spoil the exception for the sake of the rule. We must not, for instance, direct a mind which possesses musical genius into a groove which is calculated to help a lawyer mind, or an architect mind. We must not side-track any particular natural talent into a channel which will most certainly retard its progress and rob it of early recognition and success. This is the paramount problem for the teacher in the immediate future.

The dawn of a new educational era is undoubtedly predicted and assured by the growing success of Pelmanism. This system, known as "Pelmanism," is not an academic and conventional system; it does not teach a person history, geography, or mathematics, but it enables the individual mind to more readily grasp the deeper meaning of these things; to perceive the ideas behind them, and master not only their technique and external values, but also to compare, analyse, and relate the individual mental life of the student to the educational facts which he has to assimilate.

Pelmanism is an extra force whose significance lies behind and beyond the mere study of established facts. It is symptomatic of the coming new age in which vigorous creative thought shall not be regarded as an entirely exclusive quality possessed by a divinely appointed few, but as a natural

gift to all. Pelmanism quickens the perception and makes vivid the significance of whatever particular subject the student is naturally interested in; it increases the enjoyment of study because it introduces a new meaning and a new interest into the circle of intelligence.

Education, scientifically considered, is not an end in itself. A man may learn the best English dictionary from cover to cover, and at the same time be incapable of writing an intelligent letter. A man may know the name of every wild flower in England and at the same time be quite incapable of appreciating the natural beauty of wild flowers. This is education stifling itself. . . . Education sterile and profitless. It would be better to have no such "Education" at all. True education exists in order to enable each individual mind to express itself fully in relation to life as a whole. It exists to draw personality into its own unique atmosphere and congenial environment. If education does not at least attempt to do this, then it is a menace to the individual.

It seems to be universally recognised that Pelmanism is essentially a system designed for the benefit of the individual mind. One does not study Pelmanism in order to develop a certain specific mentality which may at once be recognised and labelled "Pelman"; for, apart from the fact that Pelmanism in any case makes for bright brains and lively imagination, there must always remain the existence of *individuality*, that supreme factor which all true education seeks, not to obliterate, but to strengthen and fortify.

The primary function of the Pelman System is to *stimulate the mind and extend its activities in whatever direction they naturally tend*. This, it seems to me, is the most vital truth about the Pelman System: that it is not a system intended to train the individual mind in any predestined groove or conventional channel, but rather to amplify and invigorate the natural mental tendencies of the individual in order to release them from unnecessary and artificial limitations.

Pelmanism, then, means simply—*Mental individuality*. Pelmanism emphasises and insists upon those most potent factors in human life, the twin factors of individual thought and individual initiative. These are the only forces in human experience that can make life worthy of living. These alone will afford us that personal control over our own particular purpose and destiny which is productive of happiness and freedom.

## Tributes to Pelmanism

Sir Wm. Robertson Nicoll:

"The old world has passed away. We are still in chaos, but we know the coming of a new era is at hand. To fit ourselves for worthy life in that new world we need new ideals, new courage, and new strength, and the sources of these will be found in 'the little grey books' in abundance by the diligent student of Pelmanism."

E. F. Benson:

"These results (the results of Pelmanism) I believe to be excellent, but, most emphatically, the last word that I should apply to them would be miraculous, because the training is entirely based on simple and well-known laws, and the results therefore may be deduced in theory as well as practice. Miracles imply a suspension of natural laws: the Pelman System, on the other hand, works precisely in accordance with them. It is an apotheosis of common sense, and I know no higher praise than that."

Major-Gen. Sir F. Maurice, K.C.M.G., C.B.

"I can think of no better method than Pelmanism, either for keeping the mind fit in times of leisure or slackness, or for restoring mental vigour to a soldier whose mind has become flabby from overstrain or physical weakness, and I can recommend no better investment than a Pelman Course to the soldier on convalescent leave."

\* \* \* \* \*

A full explanation of Pelmanism (with a description of the Pelman Course and a complete Synopsis of the lessons) is given in the pages of "Mind and Memory." A copy of this fascinating booklet, together with a reprint of "Truth's" sensational article on Pelmanism, and particulars showing how you may, at present, secure the complete Course for one-third less than the usual fees, will be sent gratis and post free to all readers of LAND & WATER upon application to The Pelman Institute, 39 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.



# Bank Amalgamations: By Hartley Withers

**A**S everybody knows, the banks of this country have lately been indulging in a debauch of amalgamation. To many of us, the fact has been inconveniently brought home by having to write a cumbrously long title on any envelopes that we now address to our bankers. So far, this is the only way in which the ordinary customer of the banks, who uses them to take care of his money and his securities and valuables, and to draw cheques on, has been affected by the process. The facilities of this kind that are offered have not been in any way diminished or made clearer. At the same time, he feels uneasy when the papers talk about banking monopoly and a money trust, and he feels that if this amalgamation process goes much further there is a danger that his banker may be less obliging in the services that he renders in collecting coupons and dividends, and more critical concerning the smallness of the balance that he habitually keeps. To the traders and manufacturers, bill-brokers and stockbrokers, and other people who make use of banks for the provision of credit, as well as for safe custody of money and securities, the danger seems to be still nearer and more acute. They have long been restive under the process of amalgamation, and their restiveness has lately increased very fast, as one amalgamation after another reduced the number of the principal English banks to five. Their alarm was sufficient to bring pressure to bear on the Government, even amid the stress of war, to appoint the inevitable committee to report on the matter. The committee reported that in future amalgamations should require the sanction of a committee to be appointed for that purpose. And there the matter stands for the present.

The whole subject was brought before the footlights again when Sir Edward Holden, chairman of the London City and Midland Bank, addressed its shareholders at a meeting called to approve its amalgamation with the London Joint Stock Bank. This was a union of the kind which has lately caused much shaking of heads in the City and in the industrial centres. As long as the great London concerns were absorbing, by amalgamation or purchase, the private and joint-stock country banks, there was not much opposition, except occasionally, when, as at Manchester some years before the war, local feeling and reluctance to submit to London management was strong enough to defeat attempts at this process. But when the big London banks began to amalgamate with one another, their critics accused them of a merely megalomaniac desire to show bloated balance-sheets, with sinister possibilities of a "Money Trust" in the background. Sir Edward, who has devoted much of the thousand horse-power energy that he has put into his banking life to building up the City and Midland by amalgamation, took the opportunity of his speech on this occasion to put the case for the system as it appears to him, its most determined champion and exponent. With that breadth of outlook which makes his speeches always illuminating, he traced the subject up to its origin and broadened it out into its world-wide international aspect.

His argument, briefly summarised, came to this: That small banks cannot serve big customers; that as English trade has grown, our banks have had to grow with it by amalgamation; that after-war needs in the matter of reconstruction of industry on a peace basis will require the creation of a large mass of credit, which he estimates at 300 millions sterling, and that big banks will be needed to carry out this gigantic task; that the German banks are amalgamating and consolidating and forming groups that control huge lumps of deposits, and that if we are to compete with them and restore London to its old position as a financial centre "we must meet them on a fair equality of size"; that the talk about a money trust is all nonsense; and that the charge against the big banks that they do not give enough attention to the needs of the small customer who wants credit, is equally baseless.

How far will these arguments satisfy the critics of the amalgamation process? Up to a point, I think, if they are reasonable; but by no means altogether. It is arithmetically obvious that small banks cannot meet the needs of big customers who may want to borrow amounts that are greater than all the capital and reserves of the banks. But great as the movement has been in industry towards consolidation into big battalions, it may be questioned whether the banks were not quite big enough before the recent epidemic of amalgamation, to do all that industry required in the matter of credit facilities. On this point the com-

mittee appointed to inquire into the subject observed that great industrial combinations which required exceptional accommodation could get it, if necessary, by keeping two bank accounts instead of one. This remedy might produce some inconvenience, but it is clearly practicable, and might under certain circumstances be advantageous. As to the German example, German finance has not such an inspiring record that we need hold it up as an ideal to be followed. In patient attention to detail, and in hard work and in readiness to do questionable business for a profit that was cut to the bone, German bankers were, before the war, models of plodding energy. But on the broad principles of their business they were so far from enlightenment that Berlin had never appreciated the fact that a financial centre that wants to play a part in world finance must be ready to pay gold on demand; or if it appreciated the fact, it had not the courage to act on it.

It is not size, but efficiency that makes a bank popular at home and abroad. Size counts, of course, especially with the unreasoning public—the sort of public that takes shares in a new company merely because its prospectus is advertised all over full pages of all the daily papers. But size will not do by itself, without good management and prompt and elastic business methods. Is it likely that banks, blown out by amalgamation into the huge dimensions of to-day, can be as quick and elastic and adaptable as the smaller concerns that have composed them? To the outsider it seems unlikely, but it is difficult to say at what point in size unwieldiness begins. That there is such a point, however, expert opinion testifies. Sir Charles Addis, manager of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, and lately appointed a director of the Bank of England, threw light on this question in an article, in the *Edinburgh* of July last, on "Problems of British Banking." "The bigger the bank," he said, "the greater the danger that with the lapse of time it will become entrenched in a bed of vested interests, inimical to change, discountenancing the introduction of new ideas and discouraging the more efficient methods of young and vigorous competitors." If this is so—and Sir Charles' authority is weighty—most of Sir Edward's argument is left with little force. It is not mere size, but good banking, that we want from our bankers. We have had it, on the whole and within limits, in the past; but if the bigger the bank, the greater the danger of senile ossification, it does not seem likely that we shall have the good, and still better, banking that we shall need in the future merely by rolling our banks up into greater and greater agglomerations. Sir Edward's contemptuous dismissal of the fear of a money trust will hardly allay it in the minds of those who feel it. He asserts—and no one will doubt his sincerity—that he would never be a party to a monetary ring. Competition has always been the breath of this doughty warrior's nostrils. But the fewer the banks, the greater is the possibility, and the day may come when milder counsels may prevail among those who control our banks; and then, without any further amalgamations, merely by arrangements and agreements, the public might find that banking facilities were not so readily granted and were made more expensive. It is probable that enlightened self-interest will keep the bankers from committing this blunder, but the public is justified in being watchful and suspicious.

And already the Socialists are crying out for nationalisation of the banking business. In the article already quoted, Sir Charles Addis points out that the huge banks of to-day are "virtually Government-guaranteed institutions. . . . From Government guarantee to Government control is but a step, and but one step more to nationalisation. We are playing into the hands of Mr. Sidney Webb and the Socialists." Always on the spot, Mr. Sidney Webb—perhaps he and Sir Charles were writing at the same moment—produced an article in the July *Contemporary*, arguing, with all his usual adroitness and ingenuity, that banking monopoly was inevitable as a process of economic evolution, and that the only way to save the public from its evils was to nationalise banking and work the monopoly in the interests of the public. He devised a scheme for separating the more mechanical side of banking (its custody of deposits, etc.) from the more difficult question of making advances and granting credits, and proposed, as a start, to nationalise only the former. Whether such a separation could be worked is open to question. But there is little or no question about the last state of the poor old public with its banking conveniences in the hands of bureaucrats and provided as efficiently as, say, the telephone service.



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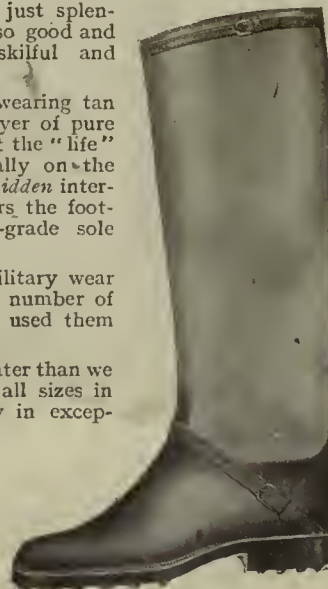
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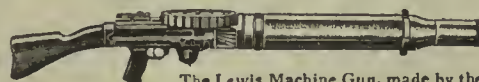
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# LAND & WATER

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## THE FAILURE OF THE PEACE OFFENSIVE

The Kaiser: "They didn't take long to say NO."



# LAND & WATER

5 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2. Tel. Holborn 2828

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1918

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## The Victory in Palestine

GENERAL ALLENBY has won a remarkable victory. His troops broke the Turkish line between Rafat and the sea. Cavalry—British, Colonial, and Indian—poured through the gap to the north and north-east, occupying El Afuleh and (to the north of this) Nazareth, and skirting the Haifa-Damascus Railway at Mesamie and Beisan. They reached Beisan on Friday before the retreating Turks; meanwhile, the British infantry had got to Samaria. The enemy found cavalry to the north of them and infantry to the south and west, between them and the sea. Their northward retreat was cut off, and they had their backs to the Jordan. Turks between the Jerusalem-Shechem (Nablus) road and the Jordan retired on to the river to find our troops at Jesr-ed-Dameh. Surrounded, short (we take it) of supplies, and harassed daily by aeroplanes to which they can offer no resistance, the Turks were virtually helpless before our attack. As we write, 25,000 men have surrendered, and 260 guns and much other booty has been captured. The 7th and 8th Turkish Armies no longer exist. The 4th Army, which is east of the Jordan, is in a most unenviable position, threatened by General Allenby's troops and harassed day and night by the Arabs of the Hedjaz. With great opportunities open for brilliant work by the cavalry and a chance, finely seized, of cutting the enemy's communications, General Allenby has been able to display what our commanders have had few opportunities of displaying in this war: a talent for warfare of movement. The results of the victory must not be exaggerated. Germany remains the prime enemy, and the Western Front the prime front. But every front, in some degree, reacts on every front. So long as we keep the Turks busy they cannot divert their attention to the Balkans; so long as we keep the enemy on the alert in the Balkans, the Austrians cannot put their whole strength on the Italian Front; so long as the Italian Front is powerfully held, there can be little release of forces thence for the front in France and Flanders. But the effect on the Moslem and Jewish populations of the world will be profound; and, from a "sentimental" point of view, no Christian man can help feeling stirred by the rescue of the last of our Holy Places.

## The Balkan Advance

Simultaneously with our victory in Palestine, we have achieved great successes in the Balkans. The public had become accustomed to regard "the Salonika Front" as a place where we kept a considerable precautionary force, the job of which was to keep the enemy from the Mediterranean and to put up with a considerable amount of disease in the process. An offensive in the Balkans has been so often discussed and so often rejected, and what fighting there has been there has had so little obvious result, that it had become a commonplace with the ordinary citizen that nothing was to be expected there. Now the stroke has come, its success has been so great that we must assume that the enemy was either very unprepared or very demoralised. The large initial sweep secured only a few thousand Bulgarian prisoners, which suggests that the front line at least was very insufficiently manned. As we write, the Allies have recaptured a considerable area of Serbian soil; Prilep is threatened; and Serbian troops—who in their own country are displaying magnificent dash—have occupied Kavadar and Demirkapu, and are menacing the Babuna Pass which is on the Prilep-Kuprulu road. The occupation of Demirkapu cuts the main line of communications with the Doiran front, and it is probable that there will be further important developments in the next few days. On a front of almost a hundred miles from Monastir to Lake Doiran the Allies are advancing and the enemy is retiring with a haste which must mean very great confusion. British, French, Serbian and Greek troops are all taking part. The enemy are mostly Bulgars; correspondents report them to be a very dispirited lot; this squares with recent accounts of domestic events in Bulgaria, where the population (divided at the very outset) is said to be thoroughly sick both of the war and of "King Fox." Bulgaria, we may add, is the one member of the hostile alliance which is really fighting for (comparatively) so little, that an accommodation with her is conceivable. With neither Turkey nor Austria could we make peace save on terms which would mean the end of the Turkish and Austrian Empires as we have known them. {

## The Blue Hungarian Band

The members of the Royal Air Force are now to be seen in numbers in their new uniform. The colour is, we believe, described as "sky blue": it depends upon the kind of sky—but we suppose this appellation is meant to be symbolic of aerial activity. The colour is sky blue; the cut is (as a rule) waspish; there are rings of gold braid around the sleeve; there is a stiff peaked cap. Two reasons have been advanced, not so much publicly as privately, for the change. One is that those members of the Air Force who used to be in the Navy objected to a purely khaki, i.e., military uniform. The other is that the cloth, for reasons which we need not discuss, happened to be available. Neither of these reasons is in itself sufficient justification. The cloth, if it was going begging, might easily have been used for civilian purposes. And as for the sailors, their grievance, since the service is continually recruiting, would have disappeared automatically in a very short space of time. The change must be judged on its merits, and should have been justified on its merits. And thus far we have not heard, either from members of the Air Force or from the general public, a single word in favour of the change. The old uniform of the Flying Corps was attractive; the khaki tunics and jaunty caps of the R.F.C. were at once smart and dashing, sportsmanlike, and airmanlike. The new uniform is feebly vivid and preciously precise. The comparisons that leap to the mind are with the uniforms of German bandsmen and those of New York express messengers. It is quite impossible when contemplating even the most gallant of men in this uniform to escape from thoughts of the restaurant and the commissionaire's box. We believe that if the Force as a whole were consulted it would elect for a return to the old uniform, and we hope that when the existing stocks of cloth have been exhausted the matter will be reconsidered. We like English soldiers to look like English soldiers.



# THE WAR: BY HILAIRE BELLOC

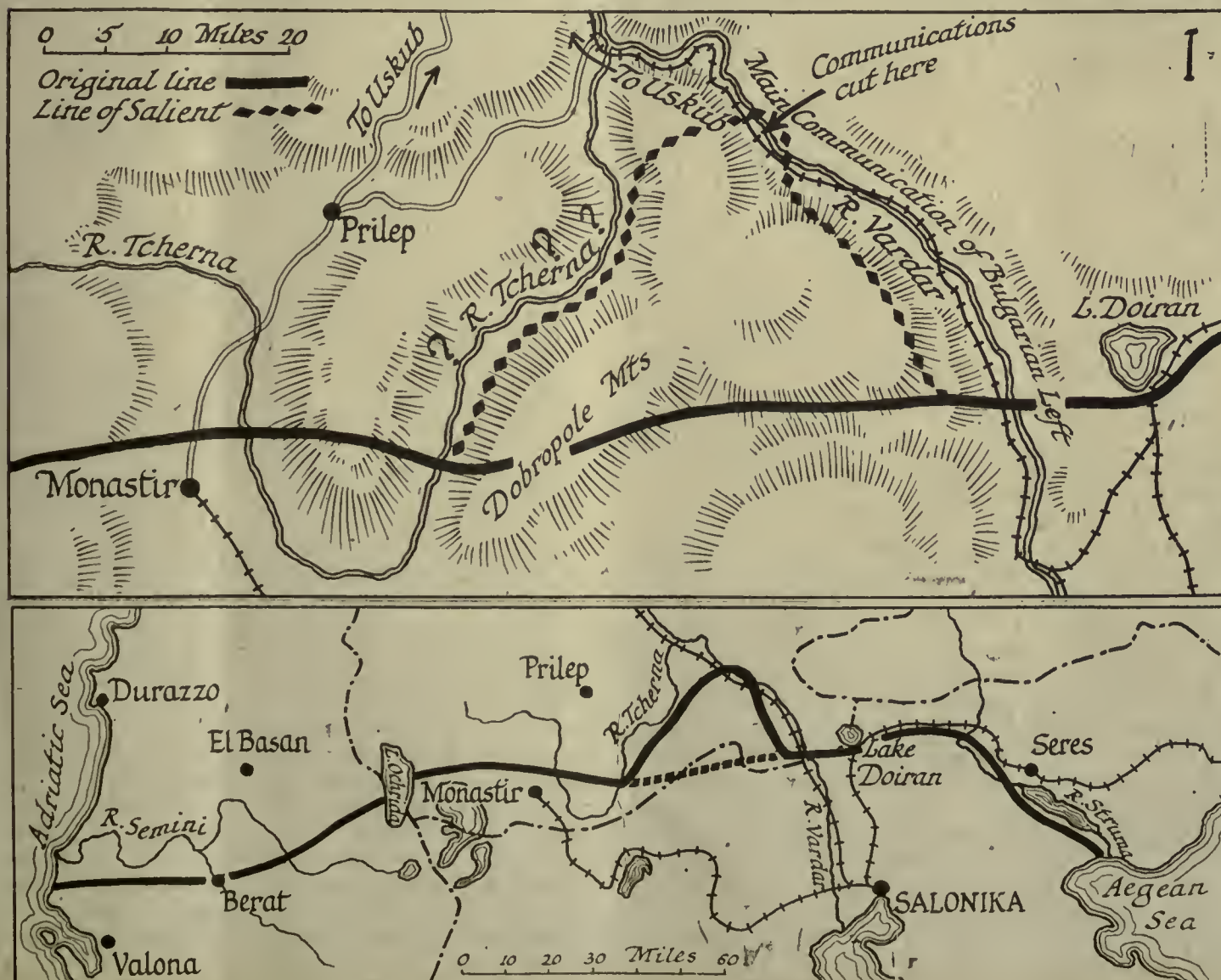
## The Victory in Macedonia The Triumph in Palestine

**T**HE situation in Macedonia is mainly political. The proof of this lies, if it were needed, in the nature of the success. One of the strongest defensive positions in the world has been carried with surprising ease. One of the best military organisations in the world (what was one of the best military organisations quite a few months ago) has suffered collapse upon at least one portion of its line. That line has been breached and the advance following upon the breach has been astonishingly rapid and successful, for if the problem were merely a military problem that breach and that advance would in themselves be perilous. You have a line from the Adriatic to the Ægean running through mountainous country, 160 miles long. It has been broken upon one of its strongest sectors. Those who have broken it have advanced within a week a full 50 miles. But the sector which they have broken is narrow; (it is but 25 miles broad); the pocket formed is by all military standards far too deep, and therefore far too vulnerable. Why, then, has its bold experiment succeeded? Because the Bulgarian people and army are not what they were in this war. The essential of the situation is the attitude of the Bulgarian people towards the continuation of their alliance with Prussia and their Central European system. It is clear that they are fatigued of this alliance, and that their fatigue has affected the moral of their forces. The blow has been struck in order to shake yet further an already shaken State, and to convince its people that their advantage lies in abandoning an Alliance which promises them nothing more than they can have, whose main objects of European domination are lost, which is everywhere in defeat, and whose goal in entering the war

had nothing to do with Bulgarian feeling. The Government of Bulgaria, that is the crafty and unpleasant man who owes his cunning and most of his character to that contractor forbear of his, entered the war with a dynastic purpose. But the Government could not have entered the war without some strong support from the people, and this popular support was well founded. After the first Balkan War, Austrian diplomacy succeeded in forbidding Serbia her natural outlet to the Adriatic. Serbia was compensated by the acquisition of lands, not very large, in part of which the Bulgarian element was predominant. It was an injustice. The Second Balkan War was fought because this injustice had inflamed the Bulgarians to an extreme of anger. They failed against superior forces, and in their worst difficulty the Rumanian Government levied upon them a toll of what was also partly Bulgarian land in the North. The Bulgarian people burned to recover whatever was Bulgarian in Macedonia and whatever was Bulgarian along the Danube. This the alliance with Prussia gave them. But they had no other interest in the war, and the war goes on and on, and the farms of a purely agricultural people are falling into ruin, and the men are away from home year after year, and now their support, Prussia, is clearly threatened with defeat.

To act upon the mood created by such a state of affairs is the whole meaning of the recent offensive. The story of that offensive is simple.

Between the great bend of the Cerna and the Gorge of the Vardar, which gorge is followed by the road and railway supplying all the left or eastern end of the Bulgarian line in front of Salonica up to the point where it is supported by the Struma road and communications, there runs a range of





mountains from 5,000 to 6,000 feet high. Along the southern slope of it; long prepared defensive positions, constructed under the eye of German and Austrian engineers, and very strong, were stretched out. They have been carried by the French and Serbians. The whole mountain range has been taken, and down the valley of the Cerna beyond the advance has reached the Vardar, and has cut the road and railway supplying the Bulgarian left. At the same time the light railway constructed during the war, which runs to Prilep from the Vardar line, has been cut and all the Bulgarian front, right as well as left, put in peril.

The number of prisoners taken is puzzlingly small—about 10,000—in the breach of a line over 25 miles, and an advance northward of some 50 miles. The number of guns taken is also small, especially of heavy guns. What that means is that the position, on account of its very strength, was lightly held, and we might expect a counter-attack upon the flank of the great pocket which the French and Serbians have formed. Yet that counter-attack has not taken place. One reason why it did not take place was that the British and the Greeks attacked just at the moment when concentration might have gone westward against the pocket. They attacked in the region of Lake Doiran, and pinned the Bulgarians there. But another reason is, and perhaps the most important, that the Bulgarian line consists of men the nation behind which is now hesitating upon the war. That affects supply, and it affects moral.

If we were merely to consider the map, the great French and Serbian advance down the Cerna Valley is almost paradoxical. It has in front of it mountain ridge after mountain ridge, country in which nothing decisive can be done; the type of country wherein even guerilla resistance has delayed overwhelming forces in the past for months—and the Allies have not overwhelming forces compared with the Bulgarians. The advance has been made from a comparatively narrow breach, and has been pursued into an astonishingly deep

salient. It has, it is true, cut the main communications of the Bulgarian 1st and 2nd armies, but it cannot in such country roll up the Bulgarian line as a whole. That it has been possible must be due to the condition to which the Bulgarian State is reduced in the present phase of the war.

The total number of Bulgarian divisions upon the whole line is, according to French accounts, 16; we may presume that the number holding the thirty-odd miles of the mountain front which has been broken was not more than four at the most, and probably only three. But even so, the small number of prisoners taken is surprising, and still more difficult to understand is the absence of reserve troops behind.

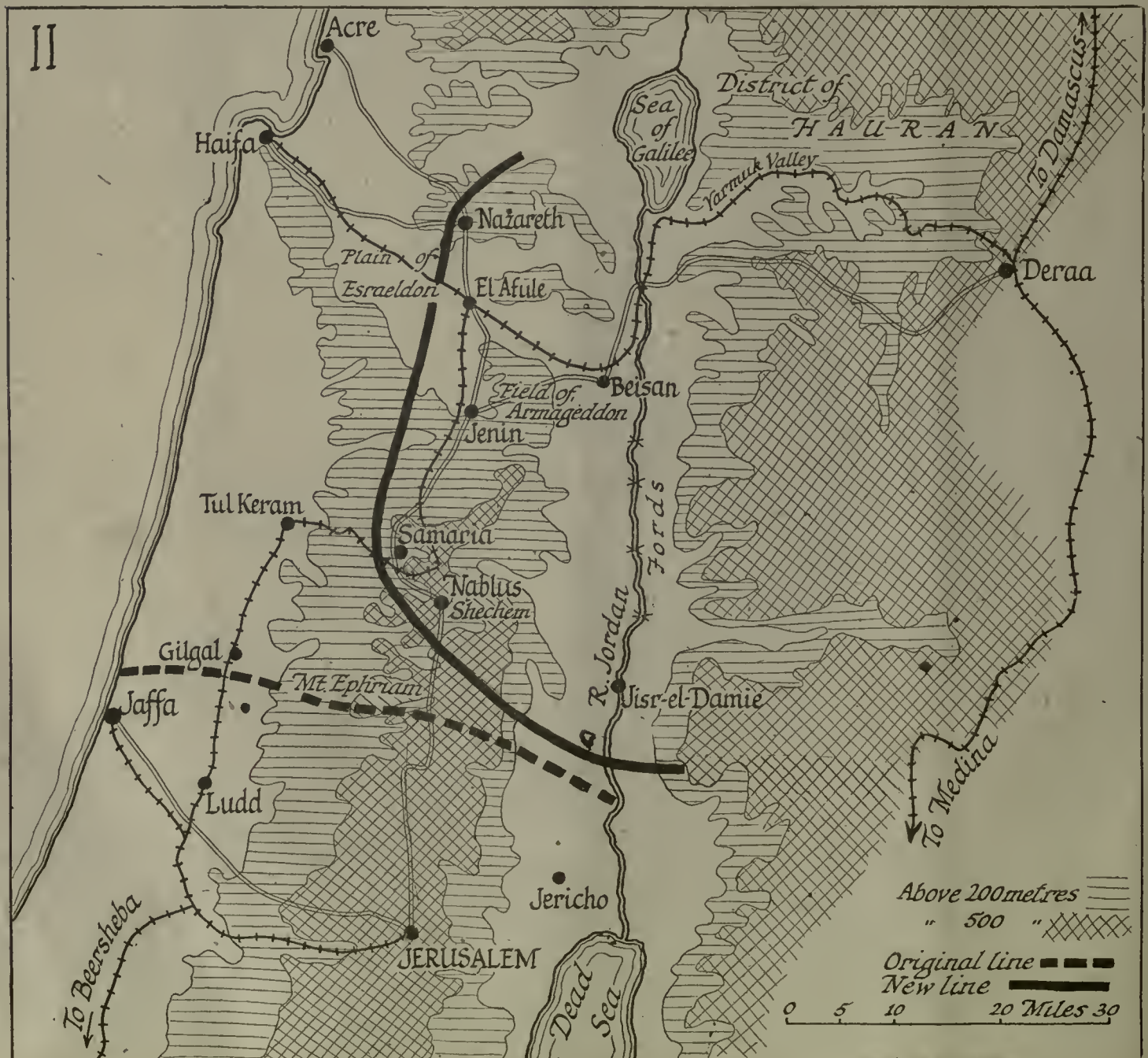
Of further details we have none. We do not yet know, save from very brief enemy accounts, what happened to the engagement near Lake Doiran, nor whether Italian action in the West is developing coincidentally with this big drive in the centre, nor even where the troops are that were said to be feeling towards Prilep. But one big result is quite clear: the Franco-Serbian force is now right in between the 1st and 2nd Bulgarian armies, and the immediate military interest of the future is whether these separated bodies, rapidly falling back northward, will be able to effect a junction or not.

### THE OPERATIONS IN PALESTINE

The operations in Palestine have been of the greatest simplicity, and have had what nearly always goes with simplicity in a military design—complete success.

So far as one can judge from the accounts which have reached us, the situation was this:

The immediate Turkish line in front of the British lay due east and west. Four divisions, perhaps beyond Jordan, having for their communications a road which runs north parallel with that river and the railway which joins Damascus to the Holy Places far away to the south. It should be





mentioned that there also lay behind the four divisions east of Jordan, and served by this road and railway, the fertile district of the Hauran. The profound narrow trench down which the Jordan runs is not crossed by any bridge or road until one gets right up north near the Sea of Galilee, where the railway to Damascus and the road cross the stream.

West of the Jordan apparently eight divisions held the line between the river and the Mediterranean. About half this force must have stretched across the highland of Judea just north of Jerusalem, the remaining half across the foothills and the flat sea plain.

The British plan was to neglect the divisions east of Jordan, to hold the Turkish centre upon the highlands of Judea by a strong attack, and then, having prevented this centre from reinforcing its right, to strike suddenly and very strongly against that right in the sea plain.

The plan was carried out with complete success. The attack on the British right—the Turkish left centre—sufficiently engaged the enemy to pin him completely on to those positions. The attack on the British left in the sea plain against the Turkish right broke right through, and the success was so complete that for the first time in this war, with the exception of a few isolated examples in the East of Europe, the cavalry was able to use the breach made and to go forward to the north and on to the upper Jordan—even later, within three days, to seize the fords of the Jordan and so wholly envelop the Turkish forces between the Jordan and the sea.

The result was that the whole right wing of the Turkish Army—that is, the two divisions towards the sea—were not only overwhelmed, but cut off. It is they who must have furnished the greater number of prisoners, the total of which may come to something like twenty thousand. Their transports and their artillery were equally lost, and the cavalry, hurrying up northward, reached on the third day the group of hills west of the Sea of Galilee.

Later it proved possible to seize at once in this sweeping movement round by the north the point of Nablus or Shechem where the roads converge, and the whole of the Turkish Army west of Jordan was enveloped and destroyed. There was a moment when it seemed that such a feat was impossible to cavalry alone. The valley of Samaria which runs up from the sea plain to Nablus was held by the enemy, and Nablus was covered for a sufficiently long time to permit the retreat, or perhaps it would be better to say the flight, of the Turkish centre up by the main Jerusalem road and towards the fords of the Jordan. But they could not get away down those precipitous hills and across those muddy fords with a tangled growth of vegetation all about them, the mass of their wheeled transport and artillery; just in time the fords were seized, and the whole Turkish force west of Jordan was lost, and whatever has escaped is wholly disorganised.

The forces beyond the Jordan, if they were informed in time of the disaster to the west, may have time to retire. They have both a road and a railway. It is true the railway has been cut by the Arabs on the third day. But there is no force present on the north able to cut off their retreat, if indeed it began the moment of the Turkish break at the other extreme of the line against the sea.

The fruits of the operation so far may be thus summarised:

First and most important, it is a heavy blow delivered against an enemy whose political position was already very difficult, and whose government cannot stand further defeat; secondly it has not only diminished the Turkish Army by direct loss, but it has also compelled a call for reinforcements which can only be moved forward and supplied with great difficulty. Thirdly, the British force now for the first time possesses a tolerable harbour at Haiffa, and this is a point of considerable importance to supply for further operations northward. Fourthly, the fertile district of the Hauran should fall into British hands in a short delay, and further embarrass the difficult problem to the enemy of his supply.

## The Word "Germany": By Hilaire Belloc

THE enemy is being beaten. He is being beaten hands down. One can never tell what the political fortunes of a military problem may be, and often its mere military elements are obscure enough. But the mere military elements of our military problem to-day are quite clear.

The enemy had, by last winter, got rid of all military opposition in the East. He had caused the organised, armed forces of his opponents to disappear from the Black Sea to the Baltic. He had there obtained a *decision*. How he got that decision has nothing to do with the military problem. The fact that he did not get it directly by victory in the field destroying the Russian and Rumanian armies, but indirectly through the break-up of the Russian State under the strain of war; the fact that the Russian State was disintegrated by an international gang with men like Braunstein at their head; the fact that Russia would not have broken up under a strong head (for that also is a fact)—all these facts do not modify the military element in a military problem. The enemy by last winter had got his decision in the East. A military situation is said to be decided when one of the two opponents is put out of action; and whether it is put out of action by envelopment, as at Sedan; by shock, as at Waterloo; by pestilence, as at Valnuy, the result is the same.

Now the enemy, having got his decision in the East, was released to throw his whole weight elsewhere—save for a few inferior divisions retained for police work upon the marches of what used to be the Russian Empire. "Elsewhere" meant the Mesopotamian, Syrian, Balkan, and Italian fronts, besides the main western front between the Alps and the North Sea, where alone the war can be won. The Italian front sufficiently occupied the mass of the Austro-Hungarian Army. The Bulgarians and Turks were both unable and unwilling to leave the Balkan, Syrian, and Mesopotamian areas. The main front, therefore, fell to the province of the Germans. Their new situation, their power of massing here in the West the total of their force, save for a few police divisions in Lithuania, Finland, and the Ukraine, gave them an immediate superiority in numbers over the Franco-British line. To this advantage they added a new and superior tactical method, itself indirectly the product of their new superiority in numbers; for only this new tactical method which was to prove so terrible a menace to us, was only made possible by the special training of many divisions spared from the fighting line, and withdrawn for rest, instruction, and reorganisation.

With this new tactical method, and using their superiority in number, the Germans seized the initiative in the West and fought that great series of actions, no one of which achieved its true object, but each of which was victorious, in a greater or less degree, from March 21st-22nd of this year to July 15th.

The only element unfavourable to the enemy during this process was the deferred but ultimate menace of the growing American contingent. He must put the Western armies out of action by rupture or envelopment, or by the political effect of menacing a capital, or by the interruption of maritime communications, before the growth of the American contingents should put him at last—say, by the late autumn of this year—at a serious and increasing numerical disadvantage.

He that possesses the initiative can command—or, at least, envisage—success even when his numbers have been passed by his opponents in the race. But if their numerical superiority is growing he cannot envisage such a success indefinitely. He may get his decision at a moment when his enemy is actually stronger in total numbers than he, but he must get it before the difference becomes overwhelming.

### THE FINAL ENEMY ATTEMPT

The Germans proposed what was to be their last, greatest, and most conclusive blow on July 15th. The Allies in the West were still less numerous than they, though rapidly growing. Had the great battle turned in favour of the Germans, the further growth of the Allied armies would have been useless. It turned against the Germans. By noon on the first day, Monday, July 15th, they had slipped on the threshold. At dawn on Thursday, July 18th, they allowed themselves to be surprised between Soissons and Chateau Thierry. Their whole offensive scheme was ruined, the initiative passed to the Allied Higher Command, and the war had changed for good. It was the turning-point.

The Allies had not even yet superior numbers, but they had got the upper hand, with numbers rapidly piling up against the Germans, soon to attain a superiority. It was sufficient from that moment onwards to retain the initiative by an unrelenting series of successive blows, and the rest would automatically follow. It is following now.

In the presence of this victorious future men discuss what policy victory shall determine. They express in various ways their conception of the peace, and debate the limits of



reparation and justice. But there runs through all—on nearly all—their different judgments one term which, if it is inaccurately used, vitiates all their conclusions. That term is the word "Germany."

We ought to be clear upon that term before deciding upon any policy. If in speaking thus of "Germany," we are among unrealities, if we are talking of something that is not there, or that may not be there after the war, then we are acting and debating in the void. We shall be like the French Revolutionaries who appealed to an imaginary English people ground down by a wicked tyrant called George III., whose Bastille was the Tower of London. Or we shall be like the people nearer home who thought that Poland was a certain province of Russia, or that the Russian people, oppressed by a Tsar, desired nothing more passionately than a Parliament with "chair," "working opposition," and "front benches" all complete, and that, provided with this, they would be secure in freedom. . . . Three-quarters of statesmanship lies in the appreciation of material. The other quarter is principle applied. Mistake the nature of your material, and your application of principle fails.

#### TYPICAL PRONOUNCEMENTS

Here are a set of phrases upon this material of our victory taken at random from recent public pronouncements in print and speech. They are, I think, typical:

We have no desire to crush Germany.

Germany must pay the penalty of her crimes.

Even if it were advisable, it is not possible to destroy Germany.

We must allow, after all, for the existence of Germany after the war.

No League of Nations can be stable that does not include Germany.

Germany will not, for a generation at least, be admitted into the amity of civilised nations.

We have no quarrel with Germany, but only with German militarism.

Germany must never again be allowed to monopolise the key-industries.

Well, what is this entity "Germany"? What do they mean who talk of it thus as though it were a certain permanent and clearly definable thing now present, existent, suffering defeat at last, but with its survival taken for granted?

This word "Germany" so used connotes two perfectly distinct ideas, yet those ideas are confused as a rule in the minds of those who use the word. It is a pity, because it warps and vitiates all discussion upon the chief problem of the war.

The first idea connoted by the word is the German Empire as it had existed since 1871, and up to the fatal 28th July, 1914. The second idea is the conception that this recent and rather artificial arrangement will comfortably endure after the war is won.

In other words, people talk about "Germany" as though it were an ancient country like France or England, possessing a strong organic unity, and enjoying what all true nations enjoy, something of the responsibility and affection which you find in an individual. Well, that idea is completely false. How far rapidly increasing wealth and the memory of former striking victories (coupled with a considerable body of common modern habits recently grown up) may have welded together the different parts of this artificial state is a matter for debate. Some think that its cohesion in times of great prosperity and peace would disappear entirely under adversity. Others that it will remain, though weakened. But the point is that whether strong enough to outlast the war in outward aspect, or so weak as to disappear altogether, the bond is artificial; it is mechanical not organic.

*The German Empire is not a nation.* It is a large body of the German race organised under the spirit of Prussia, which is partly German in character and very alien in its strongest features to the general tradition of German civilization. It excludes the German people of the Middle Danube; it includes a great mass of Poles and a smaller number in Alsace-Lorraine who in the first case have nothing to do with the German race, but are bitterly opposed to it, and in the second case, though mainly of the German speech, are as much the enemies of Prussia as the French themselves.

Bismarck, the creator of this let us hope, ephemeral and certainly maleficent thing, conjured with the ancient and tolerable ideal of German unity: The ideal of one great State wherein should be combined all those men who are at once of German speech (in its various dialects) and of so much as is in common among them of habits and customs. He used that tolerable ideal solely to the profit of the Hohenzollern dynasty which he served, and of that Prussia which

is not a nation but a system, a predatory system run by a clique into which he himself was born. He carefully arranged, did this man of genius, throughout all his schemes of the middle nineteenth century, that there should *not* be a German unity; he carefully calculated what proportion of Southern Germans—whom he knew to be the chief obstacle to the domination of Prussia—should be included in this sham German Empire of his. He carefully excluded Austria—that is the Austrian Germans, and he produced something which is not the free expression of the German mind, nor its unity at all, but a truncated thing which Prussia could permeate and control. It is the Prussian Materialist mood which has produced the horrors of this war, much more than the mere stupidity native to the German. It is the Prussian dryness and mechanical folly which has produced the defeat of the enemy, much more than the slowness of the German mind: though that also has helped. It is the native Prussian Atheism much more than the sloppy German vagueness which has condemned the chiefs among our enemies to the misunderstanding of mankind.

Well, when the battle is over and this unpleasing thing has been struck down, the glue which kept together the artificial combination called the German Empire will be dissolved. There must still be in Europe, and will continue to be, the imperfect, imitative, upon the whole genial, perhaps worthy German race. It is quite unfit to rule; it is still more unfit to conduct crusades. Indeed, with the latter form of human energy it is bewildered, and it cannot understand what there may be glorious about a just war. But he is a fool who denies to that German race its secondary aptitudes; its kindliness, which is the good side of its stupidity; its confused visions, which are the good side of its sentimentality. It will not do very much for Europe in the future, nor, if you take a sane and comprehensive view, has it in the great flood of Christendom done very much in the past. It has produced no missionaries; very few artists; not a single native institution. It has borrowed, adapted, and served. But it is there. Those who say you cannot reckon after the war with a Europe without Germans talk such obvious sense that it ought not to have to be written: But those who say that you will have to reckon with "Germany,"—meaning, of course, the German Empire of the forty-three years before the war—are not talking sense. They are not talking nonsense because had Prussia won her prestige would have left her the master of that docile soft people whom she has used as the material of her rule. But they are talking what the late Samuel Butler called *hypothetics*—that is, they are talking of something that may be, not of something that must be, still less of something that is.

#### NO GERMAN NATION

This war, like all wars, and especially all great wars, is a bringer in of realities, and among realities are the realities of race and nation and State. There is no German nation. There is a German race which has never been able to form a great State, and probably never could, for it has not within it that principle of self-discipline, that hard core in the soul whence Great States arise. It must always be in flux, fluid, receptive of foreign influence, changing its domestic boundaries. But, quite certainly, this last particular arrangement of a portion of the German tribes under Prussia is not fixed. There is nothing permanent or necessary about it at all.

After the defeat of their chiefs we shall all see that quite clearly. Meanwhile, awaiting that defeat which now rapidly approaches, let us not live in the past. What the Allies will have to deal with when Prussia and her vileness have received their reward, will not be the Prussian thing which calls itself the German Empire. It will be the various but similar German peoples. It will be the German Cantons of Switzerland, the Austro-Germans in the Middle Danube; the Southern German States; the Northern Germans of the Baltic Plain; what may also be called in a large view of history, the German tradition. It is worthy of respect and even were it not worthy of respect it must be recognised. It is not ephemeral; it is not even what we are fighting. Prussia is what we are fighting. Those who have allowed Prussia to rule them and who have committed the abominations with which Prussia inspired them must, of course, suffer for some time the consequences of their misdeeds. But with Prussia defeated in the field they will be disenchanted. They will be at our mercy—it is true, but we have no occasion to exercise anything more than justice against them. It is a Prussia—that is, the State organised for loot—that must and will disappear. For its assertion of existence is victory, and defeat will kill it.



# An Invasion of England: By Arthur Pollen

**M**ONSIEUR GAUTREAU, a correspondent of the *Naval and Military Record*, contributed to last week's issue of that excellent journal an exceedingly interesting study of some of the problems which modern conditions have created for an invader of Great Britain. The writer raises a great number of points, and I have not space to discuss his conclusions—some of which, I venture to think, are fallacious. I am more concerned for the moment with what he tells us of prevalent French opinion, not of the character of the problem, but of this country's attitude towards it. He informs us that it is the general conviction of our Allies that our strategy has, from our first entry into hostilities, been primarily governed by the fear that the enemy would send an army across the seas and attack, and perhaps penetrate, our coast defences. And he rebukes those who make this a reproach to us for not perceiving that even so late as a year ago, the Boche Army withdrawn from Russia was, until absorbed in the general action on the French front, a potential danger which for our sake, as well as for that of the Allied cause, could not be ignored. England, he tells us, "could not afford to run the smallest risk" in this matter, in view of "the revolutionary changes made in the conditions of the naval war game."

If M. Gautreau is right, and the majority of his countrymen suppose our policy to have been what he describes, then it is surely exceedingly important that so grotesque a misunderstanding should be put right without delay. I simply cannot believe that the British Admiralty have ever regarded the Fleet as primarily existing for coast defence, or that a home army to resist the German invader was, for the first four years of the war, what may be called a first charge on our military forces. It is an admitted commonplace that the prevention of invasion is one of the obvious and proper functions of a superior fleet. It is an admitted fact that at the opening of hostilities the disposition, both of our sea forces and of a small portion of our land forces, was made in contemplation of the possibility of a German raid. But, as was pointed out in these columns at the time, the course of the war in 1914 and 1915 made it quite clear that invasion was a mere chimera. And it would be fantastic to suppose that after, say, the autumn of 1915, great forces were kept at home to meet a possible invader of English soil, or that the Fleet's first business was still to prevent the invader's approach.

The truth of the matter is that there have been so few successful invasions by sea in the history of war that it is highly improbable that the Germans ever even planned an experiment of this nature. And with all respect to Monsieur Gautreau, the "revolutionary changes made in the conditions of the naval war game" are very far from having made the operation of landing a force, from waters which the invader does not permanently command, any easier than they used to be. We were able to throw an army corps on to the peninsula of Gallipoli only because, first, the Turks had no naval forces capable of disputing our approach, or of driving our transports and battleships away from the coast after the first men were landed; secondly, because there were no guns mounted in position of sufficient range and power to destroy the transports as they came near; and, thirdly, because there were no under-water dangers of any kind whatever at the time of landing, nor any immediate prospect of this element being introduced into the operations. An enemy attempting to land a raiding force in this country would presumably count on sharing the second of these immunities. He would, that is to say, choose a point in the coast undefended by artillery, if any such point was known to him to exist. But even if we assume that he could reach the coast with his transports, his artillery, his munitions, and his supplies in absolute secrecy, it would be quite inconceivable that he should be left undisturbed by an overwhelming battle fleet for more than twenty-four hours, wherever the point selected for the operations might be. The amphibious part of the operation, then, would be limited to what he could do in an incredibly short time, and the whole operation would have to be undertaken with the certainty that the invaders would be isolated the moment they were landed. The light war experience has thrown on the capacity of the submarine makes even so fugitive an affair as this almost inconceivable. The history of this is really rather curious. In pre-war discussions the three functions assigned to the submarine were, first, the attrition it might effect on the main forces of an enemy's fleet, by

surprise attacks on individual ships, either in harbour or in issuing from harbour, or in the course of their normal cruising. It promised, in other words, to be a form of force that could penetrate into the enemy's waters, making all approaches to his ports dangerous, and even with the capacity of entering those ports, unless they were properly protected. The second function was the converse of the first. Just as it could operate off the enemy's coast depriving his fleet of the security he would otherwise derive from the proximity of his forts and other naval forces, so would it be an addition to, or even a substitute for other forms of coast defence, compelling an enemy to keep away. Its third business was its seemingly limitless power to attack and destroy merchant shipping unless it were properly convoyed and protected. It is an odd circumstance that this last capacity of the submarine, which has in fact altered the whole character of the war, and at one time came near ending disastrously for us, was the only one of these three functions that escaped public notice almost altogether, and was entirely ignored by official professional opinion. But to the other two great attention was paid. The Germans, as every one will remember who has read the egregious Bernhardt, reckoned confidently on the submarine's torpedo to redress the balance of Dreadnought strength in their favour. And though the British Admiralty paid little attention either to this or to other warnings to a similar effect given by their advisers at home, the threat of this attrition was for a time exceedingly formidable.

## Stationary Targets

It is the third function of the submarine, however, that concerns us most now. This was its assumed value for coast and harbour defence. But the earlier experience of war seemed to show that this value had been grossly overrated. For, as we have often noted in this journal, rightly looked at, the British army landed in France in August, 1914, was an army destined for the invasion of Germany, and the enemy's business was—assuming he possessed the power—not to wait to fight it until he encountered it in the field, but to prevent its ever reaching the field, by sinking it at sea. If, that is to say, the unaided submarine had really possessed the power of coast defence assigned to it before hostilities began, then the German submarines ought to have defended the ports of France from invasion by the British Army. The fact that that invasion continued month by month with only quite trivial casualties seemed, then, to show that the under-water boat as an antidote to invasion was a hopeless disappointment. And, but for the Gallipoli expedition, it is quite possible that it never would have recovered its now tarnished character. But when the submarines turned up off Gallipoli and sank *Triumph* and *Majestic* within a few minutes of each other, it suddenly became clear that the unaided submarine, though seemingly valueless in the British Channel, was enormously formidable in the Mediterranean. Clearly the two cases had to be distinguished. The difference between them was not obscure. Off Gallipoli our battleships and transports lay off shore—the first as stationary forts, the second as stationary bases and depots. The merchant shipping carrying the British Army and its supplies over to France, on the other hand, went through the danger zone at full speed. Under way, in addition to such protection as their speed and zigzagging could afford, these ships could be efficiently protected by accompanying craft. But with moored ships the conditions were altogether different. Neither the arming of the vessel, nor surrounding her by fast destroyers, could either prevent a submarine attack or deter attacks by making them unduly dangerous.

The application of this truth to an invasion of England was simple enough. So long as there was no point of the coast that a British submarine could not reach in a few hours, there was no point where a fleet of German transports could anchor to disembark their men without running the risk of half, if not all, of them being incontinently blown up. In other words, just as a superior surface fleet made it inconceivable that the transports and supply ships could remain off the coast more than very few hours, so submarines made it to the last degree improbable that even two or three hours would be given to the invaders in which to get their men, guns, and munitions from their transports to the beach. From the moment this was realised all fear of an invasion was at an end.

ARTHUR POLLEN.



# The Dardanelles Campaign

By HENRY MORGENTHAU

## The Unrealised Victory of the Allied Fleets

*The failure of the Allied naval attack on the Dardanelles has never been adequately chronicled—until, with the appearance of Mr. Morgenthau's narrative, it becomes apparent that there was no failure, and that seventeen armour-piercing shells only lay between the Allied fleets and a clear road through the Straits to Constantinople.*

WE lunched at headquarters, where we were joined by Admiral Usedom, General Mertens, and General Pomiankowski, the Austrian Military Attaché at Constantinople. The chief note in the conversation was one of absolute confidence in the future. Whatever the diplomats and politicians in Constantinople may have thought, these men, Turks and Germans, had no expectation—at least, their conversation betrayed none—that the Allied fleets would pass their defences. What they seemed to hope for above everything was that their enemies would make another attack.

"If we could only get a chance at the *Queen Elizabeth*!" said one eager German, referring to the greatest ship in the British Navy, then lying off the entrance.

As the Rhine wine began to disappear, their eagerness for the combat increased.

The Turkish and German officers, indeed, seemed to vie with each other in expressing their readiness for the fray. Probably a good deal of this was bravado, intended for my consumption—indeed, I had private information that their real estimate of the situation was much less reassuring. Now, however, they declared that the war had presented no real opportunity for the German and English navies to measure swords, and for this reason the Germans at the Dardanelles welcomed this chance to try the issue.

Having visited all the important places on the Anatolian side, we took a launch and sailed over to the Gallipoli peninsula. We a'most had a disastrous experience on this trip. As we approached the Gallipoli shore, our helmsman was asked if he knew the location of the minefield and if he could steer through the channel. He said "yes," and then steered directly for the mines! Fortunately the other men noticed the mistake in time, and so we arrived safely at Kilid-ul-Bahr. The batteries here were of about the same character as those on the other side; they formed one of the main defences of the Straits. Here everything, so far as a layman could judge, was in excellent condition, barring the fact that the artillery pieces were of old design and the ammunition not at all plentiful.

The batteries showed signs of a heavy bombardment. None had been destroyed, but shell holes surrounded the fortification. My Turkish and German friends looked at these evidences of destruction rather seriously, and they were outspoken in their admiration for the accuracy of the Allied fire.

"How do they ever get the range?" This was the question they were asking each other. What made the shooting so remarkable was the fact that it came, not from Allied ships in the Straits, but from ships stationed in the Ægean Sea, on the other side of the Gallipoli peninsula. The gunners had never seen their target, but had had to fire at a distance of nearly ten miles, over high hills, and yet many of their shells had barely missed the batteries at Kilid-ul-Bahr.

When I was there, however, the place was quiet, for no fighting was going on that day. For my particular benefit the officers put one of their gun crews through a drill, so that I could obtain a perfect picture of the behaviour of the Turks in action. In their minds' eyes these artillerists now saw the English ships advancing within range, all their guns pointed to destroy the followers of the Prophet. The bugleman blew his horn, and the whole company rushed to their appointed places. Some were bringing shells, others were opening the breeches, others were taking the ranges, others were straining at pulleys, and others were putting the charges into place. Everything was quickness and alertness; evidently the Germans had been excellent instructors, but there was more to it than German military precision, for the men's faces lighted up with all that fanaticism which supplies the morale of Turkish soldiers. These gunners momentarily imagined that they were shooting once more at the infidel English, and the exercise was a congenial one. Above the shouts of all I could hear the sing-song chant of the leader, intoning the prayer with which the Moslem has rushed to battle for thirteen centuries:

"Allah is great, there is but one God, and Mohammed is his Prophet!"

When I looked upon these frenzied men, and saw so plainly written in their faces their uncontrollable hatred of the unbelievers, I called to mind what the Germans had said in the morning about the wisdom of not putting Turkish and German soldiers together. I am quite sure that, had this been done, here at least the "Holy War" would have proved a success, and that the Turks would have vented their hatred of Christians on those who happened to be nearest at hand, for the moment overlooking the fact that they were allies.

### The Attack of March 18th

I returned to Constantinople that evening, and two days afterward, on March 18th, the Allied fleet made its greatest attack. As all the world knows, that attack proved disastrous to the Allies. The outcome was the sinking of the *Bouvet*, the *Ocean*, and the *Irresistible*, and the serious crippling of four other vessels. Of the sixteen ships engaged in this battle of the 18th, seven were thus put temporarily or permanently out of action. Naturally the Germans and Turks rejoiced over this victory. The police went around, and ordered householders each to display a prescribed number of flags in honour of the event. The Turkish people have so little spontaneous patriotism or enthusiasm of any kind that they would never decorate their establishments without such definite orders! As a matter of fact, neither Germans nor Turks regarded this celebration too seriously, for they were not yet persuaded that they had really won a victory. Most still believed that the Allied fleets would succeed in forcing their way through. The only question, they said, was whether the Entente was ready to sacrifice the necessary number of ships. Neither Wangenheim nor Pallavicini believed that the disastrous experience of the 18th would end the naval attack, and for days they anxiously waited for the fleet to return. This was the general expectation, for no one believed that the Allies, after making this great demonstration, would accept defeat after the loss of only three ships. The high tension lasted for days and weeks after the repulse of the 18th. We were still momentarily expecting the renewal of the attack. But the great armada never returned.

Should it have come back? Could the Allied ships really have captured Constantinople? I am constantly asked this question. As a layman, my own opinion can have little value, but I have quoted the opinions of the German generals and admirals, and of the Turks—practically all of whom, excepting Enver, believed that the enterprise would succeed, and I am half-inclined to believe that Enver's attitude was merely a case of graveyard whistling. In what I now have to say on this point, therefore, I wish it understood that I am not giving my own views, but merely those of the officials then in Turkey who were best qualified to judge.

Enver had told me, in our talk on the deck of the *Yuruk*, that he had "plenty of guns—plenty of ammunition." But this statement was not true. A glimpse at the map will show why Turkey was not receiving munitions from Germany or Austria at that time. The fact was that Turkey was just as completely isolated from her allies then as was Russia. There were two railroad lines leading from Constantinople to Germany. One went by way of Bulgaria and Serbia. Bulgaria was then not an ally; even though she had winked at the passage of guns and shells, this line could not have been used, since Serbia, which controlled the vital link extending from Nish to Belgrade, was still intact. The other railroad line went through Rumania, by way of Bucharest. This route was independent of Serbia, and, had the Rumanian Government consented, it would have formed a clear route from the Krupps to the Dardanelles. The fact that munitions could be sent off with the connivance of the Rumanian Government perhaps accounts for the suspicion that guns and shells were going by that route. Day after



day the French and British ministers protested at Bucharest against this alleged violation of neutrality, only to be met with angry denials that the Germans were using this line. There is no doubt now that the Rumanian Government was perfectly honourable in making these denials. It is not unlikely that the Germans themselves started all these stories, merely to fool the Allied fleet into the belief that their supplies were inexhaustible.

Let us suppose that the Allies had returned, say on the morning of the nineteenth, what would have happened? The one overwhelming fact is that the fortifications were very short of ammunition. They had almost reached the limit of their resisting powers when the British fleet passed out on the afternoon of the 18th. I had secured permission for Mr. George A. Schreiner, the well-known American correspondent of the Associated Press, to visit the Dardanelles on this occasion. On the night of the 18th, this correspondent discussed the situation with General Mertens, who was the chief technical officer at the Straits. General Mertens admitted that the outlook was very discouraging.

"We expect that the British will come back early to-morrow morning," he said, "and if they do we may be able to hold out for a few hours."

General Mertens did not declare in so many words that the ammunition was practically exhausted, but Mr. Schreiner discovered that such was the case. The fact was that Fort Hamidié, the most powerful defence on the Asiatic side, had just seventeen armour-piercing shells left, while at Kilid-ul-Bahr, which was the main defence on the European side, there were precisely ten.

"I should advise you to get up at six o'clock to-morrow morning," said General Mertens, "and take to the Anatolian Hills. That's what we are going to do."

## The Last Orders

The troops at all the fortifications had their orders to man the guns until the last shell had been fired, and then to abandon the forts.

Once these defences became helpless, the problem of the Allied fleet would have been a simple one. The only bar to their progress would have been the mine-field, which stretched from a point about two miles north of Erenkeui to Kilid-ul-Bahr. But the Allied fleet had plenty of mine-sweepers, which could have made a channel in a few hours. North of Tchanak, as I have already explained, there were a few guns, but they were of the 1878 model, and could not discharge projectiles that could pierce modern armour plate. North of Point Nagara there were only two batteries, and both dated from 1835! Thus, once having silenced the outer Straits, there was nothing to bar the passage to Constantinople except the German and Turkish warships. The *Goeben* was the only first-class fighting ship in either fleet, and it would not have lasted long against the *Queen Elizabeth*.

Thus the Allied fleet would have appeared before Constantinople on the morning of the 20th. What would have happened then? We have heard much discussion as to whether this purely naval attack was justified. Enver, in his conversation with me, had laid much stress on the absurdity of sending a fleet to Constantinople, supported by no adequate landing force, and much of the criticism passed upon the Dardanelles expedition since has centred on that point. Yet it is my opinion that this purely naval attack was justified. I base this judgment purely upon the political situation which then existed in Turkey. Under ordinary circumstances such an enterprise would probably have been a foolish one, but the political conditions in Constantinople then were not ordinary. There was no solidly established government in Turkey at that time. Among the subject races the spirit of revolt was rapidly spreading. The Greeks and the Armenians would also have welcomed an opportunity to strengthen the hands of the Allies. The existing financial and industrial conditions seemed to make revolution inevitable. Many farmers went on strike; they had no seeds, and would not accept them as a free gift from the Government because, they said, as soon as their crops should be garnered the armies would immediately requisition them. As for Constantinople, the populace there and the best elements among the Turks, far from opposing the arrival of the Allied fleet, would have welcomed it with joy. The Turks themselves were praying that the British and French would take their city, for this would relieve them of the controlling gang, and emancipate them from the hated Germans.

No one understood this better than Talaat. He was taking no chances on making an expeditious retreat, in case the Allied fleet appeared before the city. For several months the Turkish leaders had been casting envious glances at a Minerva automobile that had been reposing in the Belgian

Legation ever since Turkey's declaration of war. Talaat finally obtained possession of the coveted prize. He had obtained somewhere another automobile, which he had loaded with extra tyres, gasoline, and all the other essentials of a protracted journey. This was evidently intended to accompany the more pretentious machine as a kind of "mother ship." Talaat stationed these automobiles on the Asiatic side of the city with chauffeurs constantly at hand. Everything was prepared to leave for the interior of Asia at a moment's notice.

But the great Allied armada never returned to the attack.

## Arrival of Von Der Goltz

About a week after this momentous defeat, I happened to drop in at the German Embassy. Wangenheim had a distinguished visitor whom he had asked me to meet. I went into his private office, and there was von der Goltz Pasha, recently returned from Belgium, where he had served as governor. I must admit that, meeting Goltz thus informally, I had difficulty in reconciling his personality with all the stories that were then coming out of Belgium. That morning this mild-mannered, spectacled gentleman seemed sufficiently quiet and harmless. Nor did he look his age—he was then about seventy-four; his hair was only streaked with grey, and his face was almost unwrinkled; I should not have taken him for more than sixty-five. The austerity and brusqueness and ponderous dignity which are assumed by most highly placed Germans were not apparent. His voice was deep, musical, and pleasing, and his manners were altogether friendly and ingratiating. The only evidence of pomp in his bearing was his uniform; he was dressed as a field-marshal, his body blazing with decorations and gold braid. Von der Goltz explained and half-apologised for his regalia by saying that he just returned from an audience with the Sultan. He had come to Constantinople to present his majesty a medal from the Kaiser, and was taking back to Berlin a similar mark of consideration from the Sultan to the Kaiser, besides an imperial present of 10,000 cigarettes.

The three of us sat there for some time, drinking coffee, eating German cakes, and smoking German cigars. I did not do much of the talking, but the conversation of von der Goltz and Wangenheim seemed to me to shed much light upon the German mind, and especially on the trustworthiness of German military reports. The aspect of the Dardanelles fight that interested them most at that time was England's complete frankness in publishing her losses. That the British Government should issue an official statement, saying that three ships had been sunk and that four others had been badly damaged, struck them as most remarkable. In this announcement I merely saw a manifestation of the usual British desire to make public the worst—the policy which we Americans also believe to be the best in war times. But no such obvious explanation could satisfy these wise and solemn Teutons. No, England had some deep purpose in telling the truth so unblushingly; what could it be?

"*Es ist ausserordentlich!*" (It is extraordinary) said von der Goltz, referring to England's public acknowledgment of defeat.

"*Es ist unerhort!*" (It is unheard of) declared the equally astonished Wangenheim.

These master diplomatists canvassed one explanation after another, and finally reached a conclusion that satisfied the higher strategy. England, they agreed, really had had no enthusiasm for this attack, because, in the event of success, she would have had to hand Constantinople over to Russia—something which England really did not intend to do. By publishing the losses, England showed Russia the enormous difficulties of the task; she had demonstrated, indeed, that the enterprise was impossible. After such losses, England intended Russia to understand that she had made a sincere attempt to gain this great prize of war and expected her not to insist on further sacrifices.

The sequel to this great episode in the war came in the winter of 1915-16. By this time Bulgaria had taken sides with the Entente, Serbia had been overwhelmed, and the Germans had obtained a complete unobstructed railroad line from Constantinople to Austria and Germany. Huge Krupp guns now began to come over this line—all destined for the Dardanelles. Sixteen great batteries, of the latest model, were emplaced near the entrance, completely controlling Sedd-ul-Bahr. The Germans lent the Turks 500,000,000 marks, much of which was spent defending this indispensable highway. The thinly fortified Straits through which I passed in March, 1915, are now as impregnablely fortified as Heligoland. It is doubtful if all the fleets in the world could force the Dardanelles to-day.

(To be continued)



# Punishment Before Peace: By Harold Cox

**A**LTHOUGH the Entente Powers have emphatically declined to enter into the peace negotiations which Austria invited, there is still some doubt in many minds as to the conditions which are essential to a satisfactory peace. That victory must precede peace we are most of us agreed; for, though the professional pacifists and the International Socialists keep themselves constantly in the limelight with their never-ending conferences, they are only a stage army. The plain man in every country is—fortunately for the world—too strongly affected by primary human instincts to ignore the fundamental duty of national defence. It is, however, quite possible that as victory draws nearer a great many people will begin to think that victory alone will suffice, that it is our duty to be generous to the fallen foe, and not to impose on him terms that will leave a sense of bitterness behind. In any ordinary quarrel that is a sound doctrine; in any ordinary quarrel it is well when the fight is over that victor and vanquished should shake hands and seek to establish a new friendship in place of the old enmity. Unless this were done the world would always be at war. But to treat the present war as an ordinary quarrel is to ignore patent facts.

Looking at the world as it was before this war began, we see mankind divided into a large number of nations which had succeeded in slowly building up certain rules of international conduct. Those rules had been, in many cases, embodied in definite international agreements; in other cases, they had behind them the common practice of centuries. They constituted a well-recognised code of law which the world of nations had elaborated for the protection of all its citizens. By way of further protection for individual national interests in particular cases, specific treaties had been signed determining the relationship of certain nations to one another. This code of law and these specific treaties formed the bonds of international life. The breaking of those bonds is not a mere quarrel between particular nations; it is a crime against all the world.

The distinction here made is clear enough in ordinary civic life. There are private disputes between individuals which can be settled in the civil courts; there are crimes against the public which can only be dealt with in the criminal courts. If crimes are not so dealt with, and if consequently they remain unpunished, there is an end of that orderly life which human beings instinctively seek and which is the necessary condition of human progress. The case against the Germans is that they have committed crimes in the strictest sense of the word against the world.

## The Belgian Treaty

Take first the invasion of Belgium. The principal European Powers, in order to remove a bone of contention between rival nationalities, agreed on a treaty declaring Belgium to be a neutral country, and they all bound themselves to respect her neutrality. Germany was a party to that treaty, and she deliberately broke it. That action cannot be treated merely as a matter of private quarrel between Germany and Belgium; it was a crime against the world. Her other crimes are too numerous to catalogue fully. In defiance of the well-recognised code of nations, the Germans have bombarded from the sea undefended towns; they have sunk at sight undefended ships; they have dropped bombs on Red Cross hospitals and on Red Cross convoys. In addition, they have introduced into warfare new devices of a cruel type previously unused. They were the first to employ poison gas; they were the first to drop bombs from aircraft upon unfortified cities. They have systematically robbed the civilian populations in the conquered territories, both by imposing on the population heavy monetary indemnities on any excuse they could discover, and by carrying off cattle and horses, raw materials, and machinery to Germany. They have ruthlessly put to death thousands of persons in Belgium, France and Poland in order to terrorise the population. They have connived at the hideous massacres perpetrated by the Turks in Armenia and by the Bulgars in Serbia.

For these reasons, it is impossible to look upon the present war merely as a quarrel between rival nations. The real issue involved is whether any nation is to be allowed with impunity to violate the code of law that all nations have helped to build up for their common protection. Those people who say that Germany is to go unpunished in effect also say that there is to be an end of any attempt to establish

laws to regulate the conduct of nations towards one another. For if laws may be defied with impunity they cease to be laws.

Nor ought the question of punishment to be confused with the question of reparation or with the question of an ordinary war indemnity. That reparation is due from the criminal to the person who has suffered from the crime is a well-recognised principle of civil law. It is part of the sanction behind the law. In addition, it is perfectly just that those Powers, who interfered in the present war in order to protect international law and the rights of other nations, should be allowed to recover from the criminal the costs which they have incurred in helping to put down the crime. To accept the principle laid down by the Russian Bolsheviks, and foolishly endorsed by some of our own politicians, that the war must end without indemnities would be to act entirely at variance with the principles of equity that have long been recognised throughout the world. The parties that have suffered from Germany's crimes and the parties who have helped to suppress those crimes are entitled respectively to reparation and to indemnities, and if they were to refrain from insisting upon their just rights in this matter they would only be encouraging future criminals.

## Just Punishment

But over and above this compensation due to individual States for particular losses or expenses, the world is bound to insist upon definite punishment of the criminal for the crimes he has committed against the world. At present there is no organisation for applying this punishment except the League of Entente Powers. But as that organisation has undertaken the task of fighting the criminal, it is entitled also to apply the punishment, in default of any other agency. Nor are the Entente Powers disqualified from punishing Germany by the fact that the question of punishment must be financially and territorially mixed up with the questions of reparation and indemnities. As long as Germany is punished, and as long as the Powers who inflict the punishment only receive reasonable compensation for the losses they have incurred, no wrong is done to any principle of international justice.

In assessing the punishment, we are entitled to take note of the fact that if the Germans had been successful they would have had no scruple in exacting the uttermost farthing. Germany would, in her own phrase, have left the conquered nations "nothing but their eyes to weep with." The Allied nations have been saved from this fate by their own efforts, and there is absolutely no reason why they should spare Germany any of the punishment that she has deserved. Nor are we justified in drawing any distinction between the German Government and the German people. Most nations have the Government they deserve, and the Germans are no exception. The arrogance and ruthlessness which we identify with German militarism were openly proclaimed by professors, historians, clergymen, and other intellectual and spiritual leaders of the German people. Here are a few illustrations:

A German clergyman, Pastor Baumgarten, writes, in 1915:

We are compelled to carry on this war with a cruelty, a ruthlessness, an employment of every imaginable device unknown in any previous war.

The same clergyman also writes:

Whoever cannot prevail upon himself to approve from the bottom of his heart the sinking of the *Lusitania*, whoever cannot conquer his sense of the gigantic cruelty to unnumbered perfectly innocent victims . . . and give himself up to honest delight at this victorious exploit of German defensive power—him we judge to be no true German.

The economist, Professor Werner Sombart, writes:

War is a holy thing, the holiest thing on earth.

The zoologist, Professor Haeckel, writes:

One single highly cultivated German warrior of those who, alas, are now falling in thousands represents a higher intellectual and moral life value than hundreds of the raw children of nature whom England, France, Russia, and Italy oppose to them.

These are sufficient illustrations of the German spirit which has led up to German crimes. It is that spirit that has to be altered if the peace of the world is to be rendered secure; and we cannot alter it except by punishing the German people.



## Ammunition

**E**ARLY morning, or before morning. Stars bright and piercing confuse the still sleepy head with their infinity. The horses, cold and restless, jingle their bits constantly. The drivers, while they wait, stamp their feet or run up and down beside the team. The officer puts on his coat and helmet and quickly calls for his horse. All mounted, the wagons move off. Eight wagons, a hundred shell on each. Eight wagons, and six horses each to draw them.

Out of the lines the road is thick with half-frozen mud. Passage is quiet but for the scudding of the drag washers loose on the axles. The wagons drop over into unexpected holes, and, turning on the main road, clatter monotonously as the tyres meet the *pave*.

Up the line the guns can be seen and heard.

Bright orange flashes signal on the crest.

Here is war and death.

Occasionally can be heard the surge of a shell coming over, culminating in furious intensity. Its violence gone, the echoes clatter from the hills till they are dissipated in distance.

Early morning and a long journey, perhaps two hours. Every one too cold, too tired to speak or whistle: and yet awake, awake to sit on a horse, to watch the dim road and keep the wagon moving. Awake to take more shell up to the guns. To send more death to others. They think, those men. Who knows what they think? Perhaps they question. They say, "Why should I do this? Why must I send death to others? Why is love denied? Love denied and hate killed. With either could one work with noble spirit. Hate dies quickly and love is killed. Soul is being killed. Spirit is dead and only remains thought, stumbling among the shadows of crumbled ideals. Stumbling over

shells, tripping over men dead and cold. Stumbling over horses dying with agony in their nostrils, waiting for love to send the bullet home.

Love dead and hope dead, hate dead.

He rides ahead. Solitary, the leader of hate and death. He thinks of his men. What are they thinking of? Love and hate? How foolish! Neither live here, only duty, cold and uninspired by glamour of glory. He thinks of her who wept bitter tears as he went away. Who said "I told myself I would not cry." He thinks of her in whom he could feel the great sobs choking, as she wept on his shoulder in the starlight night. So long ago! Worlds ago, and yet the tear fresh on his hand now. He looks at it stupidly. Rain, rain from an inky muddled sky. Duty remains, and so he urges his horse to a faster step and glances round to see the teams dim in the morning. "Duty, duty," he says, kicking his laggard mind to present things. And still her voice creeps through the dark, and calls, and calling shakes his heart. And his spirit cries a cry of awful pain and love,

Up the line still and nearer death. Faintly comes the stink of death and decay, fiercely comes the rush of death's messengers. Each one silent on his horse wonders what the other thinks. Wonders does he fear? How much does he fear? Wonders does he pray, who rides ahead?

Each wonders for what the other prays. It is for death or life? Does he pray for courage to do his duty? Why does he pray? Love is dead and hate denied.

Out with the ammunition! Into the pits and empty, back to the wagon line as they can. Their duty done. The work goes on. Still more to do, lacking all save duty, for love is dead and hate denied.

D. F. B.



RETREAT ACCORDING TO PLAN

By E. Sachetti.



# Some Aspects of the Balkan Front:

By H. Collinson Owen (*Editor of the Balkan News*)

**N**OW that the Balkan Front has come into prominence again—and for such happy reasons—it will be well to try to give a more just idea of conditions out there than is generally held at home.

To begin with, it has been quite wrong and misleading to talk of it as the Salonica Front; just as wrong as it would be to talk of the front in France as the Verdun Front. The Balkan Front is really an extension, via the Italian Front, of the Western Front, and it now runs right across the Balkan Peninsula from the Adriatic to the Ægean—a distance, roughly, on the map of 250 miles. The whole of this long front is extremely mountainous, and practically all the Allied assaults on the enemy positions have taken place on very rugged ground at all heights from 2,500 feet up to 8,000 and more. In general, and in spite of the present Allied successes, it is fair to talk of the Bulgar positions as constituting an "impregnable front." There are presumably few positions in warfare which cannot be carried, given sufficient strength and determination on the part of the attackers. The point is whether the attackers are willing or able to pay the cost, and the Allies in the Balkans have never had a sufficient reservoir of man-power to enable them to be lavish in their manner of drawing upon it. Why spend men and heroism in capturing one line of formidable heights if, at the end of it, you find yourself with depleted forces, faced by another line just as formidable, which will need an equal expenditure of effort to carry it—with yet another line behind that? To a large extent this is the position which has had to be faced in contemplating the great mountain barrier held by the Bulgars.

The experience of the Greeks in their short and sharp campaign against the Bulgars in July, 1913, is instructive. With admirable dash they cleared the surprised enemy from their strong positions in lower Macedonia, hustled them away beyond Doiran, where the British front at present runs, chased them over the high Belashitza Range, and then, after over three weeks of incessant marching and fighting, found themselves victorious, but breathless, attacking a hardening enemy in the mountainous country near the Bulgarian frontier. The armistice of Bucharest found the Greeks extremely glad of the respite, in spite of their continuous successes. They had done much; but it is by no means certain that they could have gone on and finished the job.

The present Allied armies are, of course, much stronger than the Greeks and Serbs of 1913, but, on the other hand, the Bulgar is also much stronger; and in the close of 1915 was able to settle down tranquilly on mountain positions of enormous strength, held with a plentiful supply of heavy artillery and backed by the power and organisation of Germany. But, all the same, his front has its sectors which are less formidable than others, and the Serbs and French are now exploiting to the utmost what possibilities are offered. The Balkan Front is a complicated military problem, and I do not pretend to throw any light on it beyond what is obvious to anybody who knows the ground. But any great "turning movement" certainly had to be done in the direction in which the Serbs and their Allies are now advancing so brilliantly. The present advance might have happened in the autumn of 1916, when the heavy and victorious fighting in the loop of the River Tserna resulted in the fall of Monastir; but for various reasons it was not

possible at the time to push that victory home and send the Bulgars back on to the Babuna Pass. But the present success is only possible because of the hard and costly fighting of that time, when, principally owing to the magnificent efforts of the Serbs, one strong mountain position after the other was wrenched, each one like a wisdom-tooth, from the enemy. The Southern-Slavs, who have helped so greatly this time, are a splendid new body of troops (once soldiers of Austria) who were able to leave Russia and get to Salonica before the Bolsheviks made their escape impossible, as in the case of their cousins, the Czecho-Slavs. The Yugo-Slav division was reviewed some months ago by Prince Alexander of Serbia, just outside Salonica, and looked as fine a body of troops as could be found anywhere. Each man had got out of Russia with one sole purpose—to fight his real enemies.

No troops have an easy time in attacking Balkan positions defended by modern methods, but the British have certainly had a very difficult task. Speaking generally of their work during the past two and a half years up to the present offensive, the British have been confronted on their left by the massive Belashitza and Beles ranges (in the sector east and west of Lake Doiran) and on the right have disputed with the enemy the possession of the broad and malarial Struma Valley. We have had heavy and unproductive fighting against the Doiran heights;



THE STRUMA VALLEY

By H. T. Wood

but in the Struma Valley, in the autumn of 1916, we inflicted a number of heavy defeats on the enemy. This Struma plain is one of the most striking battle-grounds to be found in the whole area of the war. The situation has long been a curious blend of position and open warfare. The Bulgar has never attacked our strong hill positions, and we have never directly assaulted his infinitely more formidable strongholds on the mountains. Only on the plain (varying from ten to fourteen miles wide, and with the River Struma running mid-way) have we been able to meet him, and since his defeats of 1916 the Bulgar has fought shy of the open warfare which the Struma plain offers. There has been a good deal of patrol work, in which we have always been the aggressors. We look over to the Rupel Pass, but know what the cost of forcing this gateway to Bulgaria would be. On a clear day it seems as though one might walk into the white town of Serres in an hour or more; but it is a death-trap dominated by the mountains and artillery behind. Perhaps the present successes to the west may do what no amount of frontal attacks could hope to do.

The Balkan Front wants to be seen to be believed. There are signs that the Bulgar is at last to be made to realise that treachery does not pay in the long run. But unless the Bulgar moral weakens very much (and we are told that it is weakening) any sweeping victory will have to be well earned. And in an army which comprises French, British, Italians, Serbs, and Greeks it is easy to see what a nice adjustment there must be of all sorts of considerations—military and otherwise. Many reasons may be looked for to account for the present advance, after such a long period of what has been called stagnation. But there has never really been any stagnation, either political or military, and one of the main new factors which will bring success is that the Greek Army instead of being a very possible source of danger to us, as in the earlier days when Constantine reigned and plotted, is now at last solidly in line with us. This is a greater political and military revolution than most people at home realise.



# Life and Letters by J.C. Squire

## Surnames

**I**N spite of the paper shortage and a noticeable distraction that need not be specified, the learned still manage to continue their labours on certain elaborate standard works. Amongst these is Mr. Henry Harrison's *Surnames of the United Kingdom: A Concise Etymological Dictionary*, which has been coming out in parts for a very long time. The publishers (the Morland Press, 190 Ebury Street) have just sent me vol. II., part 21. A stranger opening it at the dictionary instalment would have something of a shock. For the first page contains consecutively series of entries like this:

- ECK(H)ART (Ger.) SWORD - BRAVE [O.H. Ger. *ecka*, ECKERT } weapon-point, sword + *hart*, hard, brave]  
 The A.-Sax. *Ecgh(e)ard*.  
 EDELMANN (Ger.) NOBLEMAN [O.H.Ger. *edili*, noble + *man(n)*]  
 EDELSTEIN (Ger.) PRECIOUS STONE; JEWEL [O.H.Ger. *edili*, noble + *stein*, stone]  
 EHRLICH (Ger.) HONOURABLE [f. O.H.Ger. *era*, honour + the adj. suff. *-lich*]  
 EHRMANN (Ger.) HONOURABLE MAN; WORTHY [f. O.H. Ger. *era*, honour + *man(n)*]  
 ELKAN (Heb.) an apocopated form of *Elkanah* (Vulgate *Elcana*) = POSSESSION OF GOD, or WHOM GOD HATH REDEEMED [Heb. *Elqanah*; f. *El*, God, and *qanah*, to possess, redeem]  
 ENGEL (Ger.) 1 the first elem. of various compd. names (see following): it is the sing. of the 'national name' (O.E. *Engle*, Angles or English: see ENGLAND in Dict.) [The etym. is an O.Teut. word for 'meadow,' 'grassland,' seen in O.N. *eng*, M.Dut. *engh*, and O.L.Ger. and O.H.Ger. *angar* (mod. Ger. *anger*), in which last the *-ar* is really a pl. suff. corresp. to the O.N. pl. *-iar*, *-jar* (*engiar*, meadows): *-el* is the dim. suff.]  
 2 ANGEL [see ANGEL in Dict.]

Should a copy fall into the hands of Mr. Billing he might hastily conclude that the situation was even worse than he had realised, and that the British race, with the exception of himself, had completely died out. Reference to the index explains this alarming sequence. The dictionary proper has already been completed, and the present instalment is part of an appendix covering the Principal Foreign Names found in British directories. No English names are given except a few in a list of "amendments and additions" at the end. Amongst these is "Garvin," which is defined as "the Fr.-Teut. form of the A.-Sax. *Garwine* = SPEAR - FRIEND."

The instalment, being foreign, is not so interesting to an Englishman as its predecessors. "Pinto," it appears, is Portuguese for "Chick," or "Chickling"; "Schenck" is German for "Wine and Spirit Retailer," and the entry of Schiller runs pathetically as follows:

SCHILLER (Ger.) SQUINTER [for Ger. *schiel*, squinting person; f. *schel*. M.H.Ger. *schel* (ch. O.H.Ger. *scelah*, awry, squint-eyed)]

Many admirers of the German poet, however, prefer to connect his name with Ger. *schiller*, 'colour-play,' 'iridescence.'

We are not all of us, however, philologists. Philology has got beyond the ordinary reader. In Dr. Johnson's day one was still allowed to put up a little speculation of one's own without the slightest knowledge of Celtic, M.H.Ger., or O.H.Ger. Nares, in his *Glossary*, says that in the generation before his a commentator on the old word "gallimaufry" (hotch-potch) seriously suggested that it was originally a fry made for the maws of galley-slaves. When philology was at that stage of development the determination of name-origins would have made an agreeable round game. But we have got past this, and only the experts are able to express an opinion. The ordinary reader will get entertainment only out of the selected results of research,

In his Introduction, Mr. Harrison gives a variety of amusing detail. It is nothing new that Smith is the commonest English surname; but there are some surprises amongst the next nineteen: Jones, Williams, Taylor, Davies, Brown, Thomas, Evans, Roberts, Johnson, Wilson, Robinson, Wright, Wood, Thompson, Hall, Green, Walker, Hughes, Edwards. This, be it observed, is a list for England, including Wales. The Welsh element is very noticeable; the reason is that Wales is abnormally poor in surnames. Almost every

Welshman derives his surname from a Christian name, either via "Ap-" (Ap-Hugh = Pugh) or via the genitive (Hugh's [son] = Hughes). John, William, David, Evan, and Robert being the surnames almost exclusively affected by the Welsh, the whole country is covered with Joneses, Williamses, etc. "In many a district Williamses, often not all related to one another, are ridiculously numerous, and various expedients have to be adopted whereby to distinguish one family from another." It has therefore been suggested that the Joneses and Williamses should adopt new names which the State might authorise. It would not be a bad plan. A Llanelly or Neath football team must be the despair of the reporters who have to write sentences like "Danny Jones got the ball from the scrum, sent a long pass across to Dai Jones, who in his turn disposed of the leather to the red-headed Dai Jones. The latter sprinted along the touch-line, passed to Evan Jones, who kicked across, followed up well, his sprightly namesake reaching the corner before neatly tricking Dai Jones (Neath), and at the last moment sending John Jones (forward) in with a pretty try right behind the posts."

It is in Wales that this paucity of surnames is most noticeable; in England, however, it is striking in many rural localities. There are colonies of Hunkins in Cornwall, villages of Greens in East-Anglia, and Mr. Harrison records a bad Lancashire example from the district of Marshside, Southport, where the names of Wright, Ball, Sutton, and Rimmer have to do hard service. A supper was given to fishermen and boatmen. At this supper "no fewer than thirty-one men of the name Wright were present. Of these twelve bore the Christian name John; five William; four Thomas; four Robert; two Henry; and two Richard; and, in consequence, the above-named Wrights and others are distinguished in the newspaper report by the following nicknames in brackets after the name proper: Toffy, Clogger, Wheel, Stem, Pluck, Diamond, Shrimp, Hutch, Cock, Sweet, Pantry, Few, Pen, Fash, Mike, Willox, Stodger, Daddy, Smiler, Nice, Jenny's, Manty, Fullsea, Music, Owd Ned, Margery, Buskin, Orchard, Siff, and Muff." In Scotland, "Smith" is very plentiful, being much the commonest name in the Lowlands. Local peculiarities are very noticeable. In Inverness scarcely a Smith is to be found; but one person in thirty-three is a Fraser, and one in forty-three a Macdonald. There is something to be said for clan names, however inconvenient; but there can be no sentimental attachment to names which have originated as the Welsh names did, and much could be said in favour of a deliberate change in Wales.

There is on record one example of a general deliberate adoption of surnames with the co-operation of authority. In the eighteenth century millions of Jews in Central and Eastern Europe were compelled by their Teutonic governors to take surnames. There was good administrative ground for the reform; but instead of being allowed to choose their own names, the unfortunate Jews were compelled to take names given them by busy or cynical officials. Mr. Harrison tells a story of two Jews coming out of the police office:

One of them had wisely released a little cash privately over the transaction, and had received a correspondingly respectable name—Weisheit (Wisdom). The other had to be more or less content with Schweisshund (Bloodhound). "Why Schweisshund?" said the first; "hast thou not paid enough?" "Gott und die Welt!" returned the second Israelite. "I gave half my fortune to have the one letter 'w' put in"—which meant, euphoniously speaking, that an attempt had been made, in the first place, to impose on the unfortunate individual a German equivalent of "Dirty-dog."

Other names recorded by Mr. Harrison as dating from this period of compulsion are Eselshaupt (Ass's-head), Kohlkopf (Cabbage-head, i.e., Block-head), Kanarienvogel (Canary-bird), Kanaleruch (Canal-smell), Küssmich (Kiss-me), Muttermilch (Mother's Milk), and Temperaturwechsel (Change of Temperature). He does not record the worst I have ever seen. It was referred to in a recent number of *New Europe* by a writer who was discussing Prussian brutalities in Poland. I have forgotten what the German word was; but the English for it is "Abdominal Ulcer." "The Rise of the House of Ulcer!" I doubt if any patronymic on record can equal that.



# The War and the Novelists : By Edward Shanks

THE effect of the war upon poets and poetry has been examined at length and repeatedly. It has also been very much misinterpreted and very much exaggerated; for up to now it has done little beyond bringing into prominence a movement that was preparing long before. But the effect—in some ways, the sinister effect—of the war on the profession and the art of novel-writing has not been analysed so often or with so much care and it deserves attention. The novel has never been fully mastered in England. Until quite recently, our writers of fiction have all been more or less gifted amateurs; and the war came at the critical moment when it seemed that some of them might qualify for inclusion in a different class. For this reason, it meant more, immediately—we do not know what will happen ultimately—to the novel than to poetry, in which it was too late for any merely material upheaval to initiate or to destroy a movement.

I must confess that it seems to me that the uncomfortable position in which our novelists at present find themselves has been engineered by a sort of poetic justice. Consider for a moment how they stood when the war first took them. It is a solemn thought that on every day of our lives somewhere several novelists are sitting down to begin new novels. There are enough of them for that. And it follows, therefore, that when the war broke out quite a considerable number of novelists in various parts of the country were about three-quarters of the way through with the books they had in hand—their fingers actually busy with the loosening of the knots. It was only human in them, of course, when that event found them despairing—as most of the trade do despair towards the end of the work, that they should see in the rending of Europe a heaven-sent deliverance. The war was forthwith made to do duty in a variety of ways. It was only to be expected, of course, that it should kill off villains, heroes, and heroines in great numbers. *C'était son métier*. But it soon rose to the level of more complicated functions than these. It threw separated husbands and wives precipitately into one another's arms or into the arms of other people, it redeemed black sheep, it rescued young men from undesirable entanglements, it removed parental opposition to desirable betrothals, it restored broken friendships, it proved the hero a hero and the villain a poltroon, by the simplest of all tests, and—the most cynical touch—it restored family businesses which had been on their last legs through many chapters. It was not long before one began to recognise the marks of a novel which had been begun, say, in February and finished in November, 1914. One saw, when the middle of the book had been passed, feverish attempts on the part of the author to fix certain dates on the reader's attention.

## Fixing the Date

As a rule, a novelist, unless he goes all out after atmosphere or is a specialist in, say, wild flowers, does not care much in what month his characters get themselves involved in the necessary entanglements. But in these books the authors took care to explain that the complicated emotional gyrations they were describing took place in July and at no other time of the year; and the more cunning of them dropped hints about Ulster and the threat of civil war. Some grew infinitely skilful in this matter, the most delicate of all being the writer who sent his hero to look at the Book Fair in Leipzig. These were the first sprinklings from the storm-cloud. One knew that danger threatened when the author let fall such sentences as these: "Roderick took little heed when on Monday [observe the increasing exactitude, this being Monday, July 27th] old Quarles spoke to him in the club about the likelihood of the Balkan trouble involving the whole of Europe. 'What Balkan trouble?' Roderick wondered vaguely. He contented himself with the reflection that Quarles had always been a scaremonger; and he went to meet Emily with a light heart." Then came August 4th, and Roderick either did or did not join the army, and his marriage to, or elopement with, or divorce from, Emily, was postponed or averted or precipitated, precisely as the author's peculiar requirements might dictate.

A great deal of this sort of thing happened. Even a number of distinguished artists fell victims to the temptation, some of them, apparently, under the delusion that the device was the product of their own genius and that it had not occurred to anyone else. But when these novels were finished and published, and still, contrary to all expectation, the war

continued, the position seemed to them a little less delightful. But the war, though no longer merely an exciting topsyturvy of all things, still held the first place in every man's thoughts. It seemed impossible to write about anything else; and very few made the attempt. Mr. Wells, for example, produced *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* as automatically as though Providence had dropped a world-conflict into his particular slot; and, oddly enough, under the stress of powerful excitement he wrote a very good book. Some authors, no doubt, were visited by what Mallarmé called "the caressing dream," not, as in Mallarmé's case, of making a really good translation of Poe, but of writing the great war-novel.

## Three Ways of Writing

It was not until 1916 or so that the novelists found that the duration of the struggle was dragging them into a very serious difficulty. They had themselves, by concentrating on contemporary events, helped to widen and emphasise the gulf which now separates us from all that happened before August, 1914. They had, therefore, three courses open to them. They could write a definitely historical novel of pre-war days, in which case they laid themselves open to the risk of forgetting what the fashions were then and when taxis were introduced, or of making their heroes walk down Kingsway before Kingsway was opened—his torical inaccuracies more easily corrected by critics than any little mistake about the court of Charles II. Or, if they liked, they could devote their ingenuity to devising reasons for the retention of their heroes in civilian life.

It is not remarkable, perhaps, that this war should have obsessed the public imagination more than any other war recorded in history. It is equally not remarkable that this obsession should have shown itself with overwhelming force in contemporary literature. It is hard, indeed, to see how novelists could have had the strength of will to ignore the new factor in life which was turning all life's landmarks upside down. A novelist, like any other imaginative writer, uses his own experience; and it is no exaggeration to say, perhaps, that many who have remained in civil life have never experienced private emotions of an intensity equal to that of the public emotions which they have suffered since the end of July, 1914. For those who have passed through the army the impression has been, of course, even deeper. It is hard, therefore, to reproach such writers as, for example, Mr. Francis Brett Young, for dealing crudely and prematurely with material which has not presented itself to them with artistic necessity. The war does not come to us in such a way. It comes to us, whether we are bored or excited by it, as something that fills the world and forces itself on our attention at every turn. It is something we cannot avoid, since there is probably no person in Europe whose actions and plans are not to some extent conditioned by it. To demand of the artist that he shall ignore it is equivalent to demanding of him that he shall empty his work of all personality and of all that is the result of personal experiences in his capacity as a human being and that he shall replace these things by "pure art"—whatever that may be.

It would be absurd, of course, to argue that the war has not yet produced any good novels. *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* is a strong point to the contrary—though even this would have been, perhaps, a better book, less diffuse and more penetrating, if it had been written from memory instead of from the excitements of the moment. It would be equally absurd to lay it down as a rule that the war may not be invoked to act as the machinery in a novel. In Miss Rebecca West's *Return of the Soldier* the war plays a perfectly appropriate part in bringing about a psychological situation which could have been contrived, but much less conveniently, in some other way. It would be most absurd of all to pretend that we have no novelists who are capable of ignoring the war. Mr. Frank Swinnerton's *Nocturne* and Mr. J. D. Beresford's *God's Counterpoint* are distinct cases in contradiction—not to mention Mr. Conrad. But, for all these entries on the credit side, the fact remains that the war intervened at a moment when a young school of English writers was just beginning to feel its way towards conscious manipulation of the novel as a form of art. They had learnt from innumerable sources, from Turgenev, from Flaubert, from Henry James, from Mr. Conrad; and they seemed on the point of manifesting their own independent merit. Now they have been diverted from their true aim; and it is not certain whether they will ever recover it.



# The Theatre: By W. J. Turner

## Wyndham's: *The Law Divine*

PRINTED on the programme of Mr. H. V. Esmond's comedy are the following verses:

Nothing in this world is single,  
All things by a law divine  
In our spirit meet and mingle,  
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,  
And its moonbeams kiss the sea,  
What are all these kisses worth  
If thou kiss not me?

The trouble is that Mrs. Jack La Bas won't kiss her husband, but has transferred her affections to a telephone, which she has had installed in her bedroom, while the poor fellow spends his night in the room below, on a couch, hugging a pillow and waiting for the war to end. The scene of Mr. Esmond's comedy is laid in Hampstead. Jack La Bas is an author who has served some considerable time at the front, has been wounded, and is now invalided home, and is serving his country in the Food Office, or some such inglorious spot. Having left the front, as he thought for good, he is dismayed to find that his wife is heavily engaged on a little front of her own, and that his house is the general headquarters of innumerable committees. His dining-room floor is like an Expeditionary Force canteen that has sold out of food, and has started dealing in paper and old clothes; and his wife, in a blouse and skirt, and with ruffled hair and a worried expression, is generally to be found seated on a heap of packages, tying up parcels, dictating letters, arranging meetings, and generally carrying on with the war. Other women, equally busily engaged, surround her. There is never an atom of food in the whole house. The cook is still with them, but that is about all. Mrs. La Bas thinks it wrong to be happy in the midst of so much suffering, and her determination not to enjoy herself is so unusual as to command admiration, although its result is simply to add a little more suffering to the total sum. Of course, every one has met these "war women"; they undoubtedly exist, and in large numbers. Women are patriots as well as men; they naturally feel that they must do something to help their country in these critical times. The best of them feel that they cannot calmly pursue their ordinary habits, take their accustomed pleasures as if nothing had changed, as if there were no guns thundering nightly in France shattering the bodies of their sons and brothers and friends. It is when they come face to face with the difficulty—the immense difficulty—of finding means to serve their country adequately, that the trouble begins. In the warmth of their hearts they would like to tuck whole armies snugly in bed, mend their clothes, make them hot drinks, cook their food, heal their wounds, write their letters, and fight their battles; but they only find themselves sitting on a committee of contentious and jealous women arguing as to whether Mrs. Brown or Mrs. Smith should call on the Vicar to borrow a teapot for use at a treat to be given to the children of wounded soldiers' aunts.

### Inevitable Results

It is not greatly to be wondered at that it needs dozens of committees of this sort to satisfy the healthy woman. Under the circumstances, the wise woman steers clear of this sort of thing, and does her bit unostentatiously and without sacrificing anyone or anything else. There are others who, craving self-sacrifice with an intensity that resembles lust, make themselves martyrs, and enjoy it. They are never happy except when they have deprived themselves and as many other people as possible of some harmless joy. Mr. Esmond has not drawn Mrs. La Bas very definitely; she is simply a nice, good-looking, rather competent woman who has gradually undertaken more work than she can do. Her husband feels, and is, neglected; and, having become acquainted with a charming young widow, bit by bit gets to spend most of his time with her. A nice girl friend of the family, who is in love with the husband, sees what is happening and expresses herself with great vigour on the subject, and ultimately offers herself as a consolation. However, she is too late; the husband is rapidly falling in love with the widow, who calls at the house to find him alone sitting disconsolately in the midst of a sea of packages in the dining-room. In a very well-acted scene

he tells her he loves her, succeeds in kissing her, and begs the key of her flat which she has dropped. She refuses, but he will not return the key; at this moment his son Bill, who has just joined the Army, comes in with a naval friend and, in order to get back her key, she tells the boys she has lost it, and asks them to look for it. While they are looking, he returns the key; but Bill's friend sees him do it, and tells Bill after they have gone. Bill is slowly made to realise what it means, and is frightfully distressed, and feels he must tell his mother. His naval friend dissuades him from this course, enjoins him to remember Nelson, and turn his blind eye to it. This scene is extremely well played; the acting of Mr. John Williams, as Bill, and Mr. Pat Somerset, as Ted Campion, is almost perfect, and the dialogue is natural and often witty; in fact, up to this point the play, as a whole, is distinctly good and thoroughly enjoyable. The next step is the arrival of the widow's mother, who has for some time watched the growing intimacy between Jack La Bas and her daughter, and thinks it is about time it stopped. She has come to open the eyes of Jack's wife; and here again Mr. Esmond is successful; he has handled this very old and threadbare situation freshly and piquantly. The old lady departs, leaving the wife determined that Jack will very soon forget all about the widow. That night, for the first time for many months, she dresses for dinner, orders a snug little supper, with champagne, for the boys on their return from the theatre, and becomes human again.

### A Turning-point

But it is from this point that Mr. Esmond's play becomes painful. When Jack La Bas and the boys come in they find the house transformed. The table, brilliantly lighted and gay with flowers, is set for supper, and Mrs. Jack La Bas is waiting for them, having obviously taken great pains with her toilet. In the scene that follows Mrs. La Bas tells, with great charm of manner and a subtle seductiveness, the story of their honeymoon in Ireland eighteen years ago. The two boys clamour for more and more details, and she describes how they let themselves down from the window of their hotel and ran across the sands in the moonlight and went bathing in the sea. The effect of this recital, together with a prolonged and involuntary abstinence on Jack La Bas is startling. Mr. Esmond's acting is partly—in fact, I think, largely—to blame for the embarrassing effect of the situation. There is a delicate distinction and faint reserve about Miss Jessie Winter, who plays the part of the wife, which keeps her attractive; but Mr. Esmond is undignified, his emotions pour out from his finger tips, he does not seem to realise that he is a man, and not a mere male; the pride and beauty of the human race is in his keeping, and he degrades it by the exhibition of an unconscious animal eagerness. If you ask me to explain why it offends so deeply I can only say that it is due to an unseemly association of ideas. It offends some strong and thoroughly sound instinct when we read of the Germans using a cathedral as a stable, and in the same way the relations between husband and wife are a sort of treasure, an inheritance, painfully plucked out of the dung-hill of animal life, and it bruises our spirits, it humiliates us, to be reminded of their origin. It would probably be inoffensive if it were done with a purpose, and had significance; not when it is casual thick-skinned blundering.

In addition to this blemish, there is another weakness in the play. We are asked to believe that the separation between Jack and his wife is due to her being engrossed in war work. Now, this might lead to her neglecting him and the house for her committees and parcel-packing, but hardly to such a state of things as is represented. The trouble would be, in reality, much more deeply seated and scarcely amenable to such a simple cure. The truth is that Mr. Esmond has dealt with a purely artificial situation, not with human life at all.

Apart from these defects, the play is witty and amusing. It is also well worth seeing for the acting. Miss Jessie Winter was extraordinarily good as the wife. It is a long time since I have seen such a highly finished piece of work. Miss Barbara Hoffe, as the widow, played her scene with a most engaging naturalness and charm. Miss Margaret Watson and Miss Doris Lytton also were both extremely good. Mr. Esmond is to be congratulated on the selection of his cast.



# The Reader's Diary

## Recent Novels

THE trouble with the modern English novel is often simply that the modern English novelist does not take enough trouble over his work. He has his rate of production. He brings out a novel once a year or sometimes twice in three years; and writers with a real talent for the novel go through their whole careers without ever producing anything of lasting value, merely because they will not put enough hard thought into their conception or enough hard work into their writing. Sometimes they fail because they will not make their books long enough, and give us sketches instead of novels, sometimes—as in the case of Mr. Wells—because they will not work up their material enough to give every page an equal intensity.

I have before me this week two books which seem to me to be adequate examples of these two tendencies. Mr. W. B. Maxwell's *The Mirror and the Lamp* (Cassell, 7s. net) is long enough for its author to have said everything he needed to say; and it is written by the same hand as that excellent novel *In Cotton Wool*. It contains, too, passages of really close work, good observation, humour, and passionate apprehension of its theme. But its hero, Edward Churchill, who begins by devoting his life to the Church, then loses his faith, runs away with the ill-treated wife of a trade union official and, after many adventures, in some vague way recovers his faith, flickers before the reader and eludes his observation like a star continually obscured by clouds. Edward's boyhood and many of the scenes in his East End curacy are presented solidly and well. The growth of his unlawful love for Lilian and his struggles against it are convincingly told. But the loss of his faith is stated in a way which is at once vague and bald; the deep psychological causes of it are barely stated; and the reader is left wondering how much, if anything, Lilian had to do with it. This is, I think, not due to laziness, but to Mr. Maxwell's inability to get a whole and clear vision of his subject. The end of the book, in which Edward becomes a famous novelist and returns to the Church, whether of his own volition or to please his wife and friend no man can tell, is merely slovenly.

The fault of Mrs. Desmond MacCarthy in *A Pier and a Band* (Chatto & Windus, 6s. net) is, on the other hand, sketchiness and not either inequality or imperfect apprehension. She has, I should judge, a talent for the novel naturally greater than that of Mr. Maxwell. Her persons come easily alive, her scenes are vivid, and her use of language is unaffected, graceful, and charming. She has, in particular, the indefinable but distinct and distinguishable quality of being able to interest a reader at once with the smallest expenditure of effort on his part. Her story, too, is good. A beautiful place in the West Country, Watersmouth, is dominated by two estates, both of which are seriously embarrassed. The owner of one, Victor Villiers, cedes to the importunities of Mr. Tippits, who wishes to convert Watersmouth into a seaside resort, and so restores his fortunes. The owner of the other, Sir John Forest, violently rejects Mr. Tippit's overtures, makes his heir, Antony, promise not to sell the estate, and passes it on to him in so crippled a condition as to forbid marriage or any decent sort of life. Antony has fallen in love with Perdita Villiers, but forbears to tell her so, and absorbs himself in the interests of an impoverished landowner. Perdita is hurt, but after a visit to the court of an exceedingly minute German principality, recovers and marries some one else. All that is wrong with the book is that Mrs. MacCarthy has not allowed herself room to use up all its possibilities. Her characters and her situations are true and good, so far as they go, but they are not sufficiently *approfondis*. Another fifty pages might well have been devoted to the change produced in Antony's character by his situation, and at least as much to Perdita's recovery from her love for him, while the German Court, amusing as it is, is by no means exhausted by the amount of attention which it receives here. But this severity of criticism is perhaps an ungrateful way of receiving a pleasant, entertaining, and promising new novel.

For those who do not fatigue their eyes watching for the Great English Novel, I can recommend *Rotorna Rex* (Skeffington, 6s. net), by Mr. J. Allan Dunn, a tale of adventure in the South Seas, and one of the most exciting that I have read for a considerable time. It has a scene of pursuit and escape which will make the reader's eyes bulge out of his head.

## The Country

I imagine that of all those who have read the minute nature studies which appear (or used to appear) every morning on the leader-page of the *Daily Mail*, more have been exercised by wondering what the initials P.W.D.I. could possibly stand for than have been enthralled by the studies themselves. This question is now answered by the publication of *Homeland: a Year of Country Days* (Richmond, 7s. 6d. net), which bears the name of Mr. Percy W. D. Izzard on its title-page. This is a style of literature which rather exposes itself to parody; and it must have needed some courage to publish a volume made up of strings of passages like this:

There are snatches of lark-song to be heard over those fields still; but the chorus of the larks is thinning. Their quiet season is at hand. Early in the morning the willow-warbler sang in his favourite copse on the common-side, and later, in the same place, the soft trilling of a greenfinch was heard. On the common itself the linnets sing now, amid the sun-warmed thickets where the gorse-pods crack.

I am inclined to think that I could do that myself without the expense of going into the country or the trouble of finding out the name of the birds and flowers:

On the common this morning an early sheep-tit was practising his flute-like notes in the boughs of a slugbe ry-bush, over a great patch of grandmother's apron in full snowy flower. The sheep-tit is a late arrival in these islands; but, like his near relative, the dog-finch, he is very fond of singing in daylight. . . .

No; after all, Mr. Izzard has had the trouble and the expense. The animals and plants in his book are all real animals and plants, and they do behave, I daresay, much as he says they do. For those who cannot get near the country (too many of us in these days) Mr. Izzard's sketches will serve as reminders of unobtainable delights. The book contains illustrations by Mrs. (?) F. L. Izzard and Mr. W. Gordon Mein. I do not think the drawings can have been very good, to begin with, but the process of reproduction has simply pole-axed them.

## Other Volumes

There are war books of all kinds—if the truism may be excused—and nothing seems to diminish their production. *On the Threshold of War*, by Mr. Nevil Monroe Hopkins (Lippincott, 21s. net), is the exceedingly naïve diary of an American traveller who visited England, France, Germany, and Russia immediately before the war, and was in Paris at its outbreak. After that he managed to get involved in the firing-line for a brief space, went to Antwerp, and was arrested successively by the Belgians and the French, and returned to America. I do not think there is much in his reminiscences to justify this large and expensive volume, which is illustrated by reproductions of German proclamations, letters to the author from ambassadors and such, and his card of identity. Still, it is written simply, and contains an entertaining though far from edifying account of the behaviour of the American tourists who were stranded in Paris by the outbreak of hostilities. These persons seem to have imagined that mobilisation, war, and all the operations of European State-craft and strategy ought to be suspended in order to allow them to return in comfort to their homes; and they besieged the American Embassy accordingly. It is only fair to remember that the tourists of any nation in any given capital would be able to produce enough of this type to obscure their more reasonable fellow-countrymen. Of Mr. Hopkins as an observer of war conditions an adequate idea is given by one sentence, descriptive of what caught his eye in London: "Lord Kitchener was the biggest man in England and boy scouts were conspicuous in all directions."

*The Flying Poilu*, by Marcel Radaud (Hodder & Stoughton, 7s. 6d. net), is an account, under the guise of fiction, of life in the French Aviation Corps. The hero, Chig ole, is a Parisian street urchin who advances from mechanic to observer, and then, because he is refused promotion to pilot, demands, in pique, to be transferred to the infantry. The translation, without being in incorrect English, gives as completely unfamiliar a twist to our language as can well be imagined.

*How we Twisted the Dragon's Tail*, by Percival Hislam (Hutchinson, 2s. net), is a good, clear narrative, founded on the official sources, of the naval operations at Zeebrügge and Ostend. The illustrations are excellent. PETER BELL.



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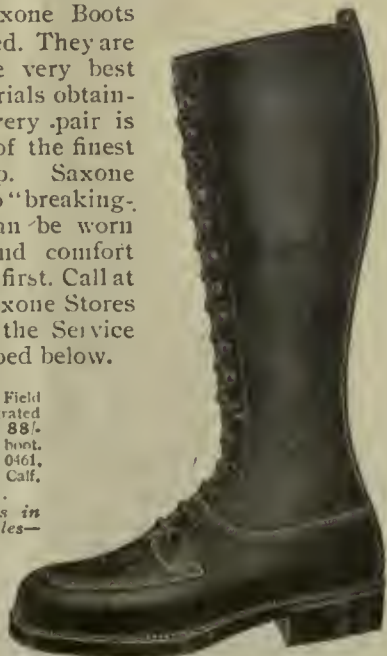
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# Profiteering: By Hartley Withers

**P**ROFITEERING" is one of the words which war has made familiar to many thousands of people who had never heard of it before. It is not one of those which the war has invented; but its use was rare in old days, and was chiefly confined to those who thought that working for profit was an evil basis for society's productive and distributive activities, and wanted to introduce some new and better system of stimulating our energies. Since the war the word has come to mean, in the minds of most of those who use it, making an undue or unfair or unreasonable profit at the expense of the needs of the country, or of the general consumer, at a time when most of the things that they want are more or less scarce. The prejudice against such unfair advantage being taken of a world-wide crisis is a very natural and healthy one; but, unfortunately, it will be seen at once that the common definition of profiteering contains a word or words which are very difficult to tie down to an exact meaning. Who is to decide as to how much profit is "unfair" or "undue"? A rough-and-ready standard has been introduced by the provisions of the Excess Profits Duty, which took pre-war earnings as the standard, and laid it down that anyone who earned any excess over that standard should be mulcted of a certain proportion of the excess which they should pay over to the State. This proportion began at 50 per cent., was then raised to 60 per cent., and finally to 80 per cent. The tax was based on a principle to which no exception could be taken—that is, the notion that when the best of our manhood is fighting for us or being trained to do so, it is not fair that those who are left behind in safety at home should be able to earn huge profits out of a war which is calling for such terrible sacrifices from the pick of our nation. But its application was unequal and so inequitable. It was not—for some reason that has never been explained—applied to professional men. Those who are doing the most useful work that can be done behind the firing line—that is, turning out the stuff that is needed for the war—have to pay the tax, if they are organisers or employers. On the other hand, professional men, such as lawyers, are let off scot free, though, owing to the many complications that arise in all kinds of business owing to the war, many of them have had an exceptional amount of highly profitable work to do, and have been relieved of competition by the fact that the best and fittest of them have gone into the Army. Moreover, the tax was not applied to wages. It was not possible to do so because few, if any, of the wage-earners would be likely to have kept accurate records of their pre-war earnings. As every one knows, there have been in many cases quite sensational advances in the sums that wage-earners can make in the course of a week's work in war time; and even when we have set against this the accompanying depreciation in the buying power of money, the fact remains that profiteering—if this means earning more in war time than before it—has been by no means confined to the well-to-do and employing classes. Thus, the attempt to apply an obviously sound principle and make it a practical basis for taxation has been haltingly and partially made, letting off many people who have been able to establish themselves on quite a different plane of livelihood owing to war profits, while taxing certain classes with a severity that is considered excessive by some of those who are best qualified to judge of its results.

## Causes of Unrest

It is merely folly to expect ordinary humanity to behave like angels, because it cannot do so, and will not be able to for many generations, if ever. If it had been possible to enact, and make sure, that no one was to benefit from the war, the war's history, on its financial and material side, would have been a much pleasanter spectacle. But it was not possible, though much more might have been done by a more vigorous policy of taxation in the early years of the war. As it is, the wage-earning classes have seen big profits made by employers and a large part of the war's cost met by loans raised at high rates of interest, and have come to the conclusion, which I believe to be incorrect, that the well-to-do classes have become richer owing to the war, in spite of the increase in direct taxation that has been laid upon them. This feeling accounts for much of the industrial unrest that has produced such unfortunate results in the way of bad time-keeping and strikes.

■ In America, also, the question of profiteering is attracting much attention. The August Circular of the National City

Bank of New York makes some interesting observations on the subject. "Profiteering," it says, "is something readily denounced, but not so easily defined, and all those who discourse upon the subject have not demonstrated their capacity to judge of profits with practical sense and discrimination." A Federal Trade Commission has been calling attention to the heavy profit made by the "low cost concern" (that is, the concern that does its work cheaply), under a governmental fixed price, and apparently implying that these low-cost concerns are more or less reprehensible. The National City Bank points out that it is surely not a revelation to business men that low-cost producers make large profits under prices which permit high-cost concerns to operate, "nor does it seem proper to single out the low-cost producers for criticism. If, as is usually the case, their low costs are due to conditions which they themselves have created, they are not responsible for the fact that prices are high; they have done their part towards lowering them, and they show the way to the others. If all producers would do as well, prices would be lower. It is the low-cost producer who is rendering the best service to the public. He is the leader, the explorer, the path-finder, in industry. When he makes mistakes he bears the cost of them alone, and both his mistakes and his discoveries show the way to his less enterprising competitors."

## Inducements to Production

"If," asks the same very practical critic, "a farmer, by under-draining and fertilising his land, gets 30 bushels of wheat to the acre instead of 15, and thereby reduces the cost per bushel, is he under obligations to sell it for less than the growing price, and would there be any public gain from having such a rule established?" Obviously, if such a rule were established, and if whatever were the cost of production, the profit to be kept by the producer were to be made the same, all inducement to reduce the cost of production would vanish, until a new race of human beings could be somehow developed which would, merely for the pleasure of working for others or for the State, put as much zest into their daily toil as they do now under the stimulus of earning higher profits or higher wages. That such a race may some day be produced is quite possible, but until it has come into being it would evidently be very dangerous to assume that, as things are, it would be safe to take away the stimulus of profit and expect some other to do its work. The high rate of the Excess Profits Duty has had, in many cases, the effect of making those on whom it falls feel little inclination to make fresh exertions and undertake new obligations, since the tax takes four-fifths of what they may make above their pre-war earnings. Among the wage-earners cases have been quoted of men who have limited their work so as not to earn enough to make themselves subject to income-tax, comparatively low as its rate is on small incomes.

These facts are very relevant in view of the belief held by many earnest and sincere seekers after social reform that profit is a bad basis for the reward of human effort. Everybody must grant that the system produces many anomalies and injustices, and that the reward of work done is largely governed by convention and habit, and often bears little relation to the benefit produced by the work. A scientist who makes a discovery that may save thousands of lives is likely to die poor; the proprietor of a trashy newspaper of a kind that tickles the fancy of a sufficient number of ignorant people with pennies to spend will found a county family. These and many other evils of the system are obvious. But what is the alternative? At present, every one gets the best price that he can for his work, and it is ultimately the fault of the consuming public and the state of education in the country, that the results of the system are so faulty. Should we be better off if the whole industry of the country was in the hands of the State which apportioned his reward to each worker? Judging from the experiences of the war, mistakes and injustice, and consequent discontent and friction, would be at least as common as they are now. And if each were given an equal reward, whatever the extent of his exertion, is it likely that work would be done with the same energy? It is possible that if each worked for all a new spirit would be created that would transform the outlook of every worker. But as things are it would seem to be extremely dangerous to rely on such a transformation until normal human nature has been raised to a higher plane.



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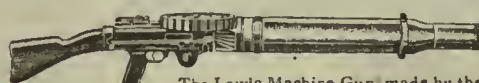
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## THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND

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The Kaiser says in his farewell message to Count Hertling : "I desire that the German people shall co-operate more effectively than hitherto in deciding the fate of the Fatherland."



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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1918

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## Bulgaria's Surrender

**A** WEEK ago—before the Bulgarians had made their move—we wrote of Bulgaria words which we may be pardoned for quoting. They ran:

The enemy are mostly Bulgars; correspondents report them to be a very dispirited lot; this squares with recent accounts of domestic events in Bulgaria, where the population (divided at the very outset) is said to be thoroughly sick both of the war and of "King Fox." Bulgaria, we may add, is the one member of the hostile alliance which is really fighting for (comparatively) so little, that an accommodation with her is conceivable. With neither Turkey nor Austria could we make peace, save on terms which would mean the end of the Turkish and Austrian Empires as we have known them.

These words had scarcely appeared in print when it was announced that representatives of the Bulgarian Government had gone to Salonika to propose an armistice to the Allied Command. The next news was that Mr. Balfour and Mr. Bonar Law had gone off to consult with Mr. George. The next was an inspired communication making it clear that we could treat with the Bulgarians only if they retired within their own territory, laid down their arms, and allowed Allied troops to march where they liked across Bulgaria. And the next was a report from Reuter, on Monday, that Bulgaria had surrendered unconditionally. The Allied offensive had borne full fruit. The Bulgarian forces had been cut in two; the Bulgarian soil had been invaded; and the politicians of Bulgaria had realised the inevitable. As we observed, there was nothing surprising about this. The Prussian Government is fighting to preserve the Hohenzollerns and Junkerism; Austria is fighting to preserve the Austrian system, and to avoid the detachment from the Empire of the Trentino, of Transylvania, of Galicia, of Bohemia, and of Jugo-Slavia. Turkey also has been fighting to keep her "subject nationalities": Arab, Armenian, and Palestinian. But King Ferdinand and his gambling clique of ministers came into the war—much against the desire of the common people—to extend their frontiers in Macedonia and on the Aegean littoral. The Allies have no designs against Bulgaria; they do not wish to liberate an acre of her soil; she can come out on easy terms; she has nothing to lose if justice is done. She has therefore come out, and her only regret will be that she ever came in.

## The Results

The results of Bulgaria's cessation of hostilities are impossible to estimate: it will certainly shorten the war. Turkey will be cut clean off from her Central European taskmasters and helpers. She has derived her main supplies of money and munitions from them; stiffening for her troops and stiffening for her politicians. She is now isolated; Bagdad and Mesopotamia have gone; and there is nothing before her but a gradual process of compression. The Ottoman Empire, unlike Bulgaria, cannot come out of this war intact; but the sooner it makes peace the better for it; and it is inconceivable that it will be able long to hold out. Whether it does or not, the siege of Central Europe is now greatly intensified. We are face to face with a crumbling and desperate Austria and a Germany which, though still immensely strong, clearly realises the inevitability of defeat. With things in this position the quite obvious deduction, even had nothing already happened to make that deduction unavoidable, must be that the Central Empires will work for all they are worth to escape more lightly than they ought to do. Austria is already baiting the peace hook as temptingly as she can; and we regret to notice that our British gudgeons are showing an inclination to swallow the bait. But now, in the moment of victory, when final success is not only possible, but certain, it is more than ever important that we should remember what we are fighting about. It is no good to compromise with Austria merely in order to detach Austria any more than it would be to compromise with Germany in order to detach Germany. The two things that led to this war were the existence of the military autocracies and the existence of Empires based on oppressed populations; unless we destroy both these causes of strife we shall have more strife, as surely as day follows night. Bulgaria has surrendered unconditionally; Austria-Hungary, too, must surrender unconditionally. We must be in a position to do with her what they think just; if we do less than that we may have scored an apparent and transient win, but we shall not have made that settlement in Europe which alone can justify us to our dead and to posterity.

## The Election

Since we last wrote about the prospects of a General Election a slight change has come over the spirit of the scene. Lord Rosebery (supposed) and Mr. Long—the latter a Minister—have publicly proclaimed their unwillingness to contemplate an electoral struggle which might split the country, and in so doing they have expressed the opinion of every moderate and patriotic man—Unionist, Liberal, or Socialist—in the country. We invite our readers to go where they will and ask whom they will; we affirm that none of them will find one man out of ten, whatever his politics, who wants a General Election this autumn. That Mr. George has some inkling of this may be deduced from paragraphs in papers friendly to him to the effect that he has never made up his mind on the subject, and that he is still balanced between the large body of opinion which does not want an election and the (as we think supposititious) large body of opinion which wants one. An election on party truce lines is now inconceivable; and in any case would not secure that regeneration of Parliament which the advocates of an election profess to want. An election on any other lines means (1) the definition, or invention, of a line of demarcation between parties which must inevitably tend to intensify differences of opinion about our War Aims, and (2) the introduction of politics into the Army in the field. The former would be disastrous, and the latter is, to say the least, undesirable. People talk about the necessity of letting the soldiers express their views; but we wonder what they would say to a poll of the Army on the question of whether or not we should have an election? We fear that the great Allied successes in the field may encourage Mr. George to snap an election, a "Win-the-Almost-Won-War Election." But we sincerely hope that he will think twice and more than twice before imperilling national unity and, incidentally, stoking the fires of discontent which have been glowing so menacingly during the past few months.



# THE WAR: BY HILAIRE BELLOC

## Opening of the Main Offensive

### The First Four Blows

**I**T was on Thursday, July 18th, that the tide of the war was turned. It was upon Thursday, September 26th—exactly ten weeks later—that the great battle of the West opened. The interval has been a series of preliminaries: preliminaries upon a large scale, but none the less preliminaries.

The present vast series of actions is the main thing. It is not necessarily the final thing, indeed the odds are against its being the final and decisive thing, but it is the main operation for which all the rest was a preface. We are only at its origin. I write this on the dispatches of Sunday night, i.e., upon the news only of the first four days: Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Four successive blows, delivered in time and place so that the opponent should be compelled to accept battle everywhere under conditions of inferiority. Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday. First the blow on the Argonne front, then the turning of the water front of Cambrai and the forcing of its open gate between the two canals, then the British second army, with the Belgians far in the north, then the fourth blow, north of St. Quentin.

I will take these four great actions (which are closely inter-dependent in motive, each forming part of one whole) in their order.

First, let us appreciate the condition of the front before the battle was delivered. Not immediately before—it is impossible to give that accurately, because the enemy was necessarily trying to concentrate southward by his left where he knew the peril lay in the days before the battle, and therefore the account I am about to make does not apply to the very last moments before the issue was joined. But my account will sufficiently explain why the battle has taken the form it has.

If you consider only the front between the Moselle (which it reaches south of Paegny, but well north of Pont-à-Mousson) and the North Sea, you are dealing with ten German Armies, and a portion of an eleventh.

These ten German Armies reading from the sea southward run thus. At the sea end opposite the Belgians and the left of General Plumer's second British Army, you have the Fourth German Army under Arnim. On his left next to the south following past Ypres and down towards Lille, opposite the remainder of General Plumer's Army, you have the Sixth German Army under Quast. Next you have, reaching down I think to at least the Cambrai-Bapaume road, the Seventeenth Army, Below's. All the way from this point to the Aisne River, that is doing the heavy work of resistance to the great pressure of the last few weeks, all the way from south-west of Cambrai to Vailly on the Aisne you have three armies in their order from the north, the army of Marwitz, which is on the left of Below's, and the right of which covers Cambrai from the southward. Then you have Hutier's Army, which did most of the work in the great German offensive of six months ago. Then you have the army of Carlowitz, which has to take the pressure of Mangin and cover Laon. This last set of armies is under the general command of Boehn, and is known as the Boehn Group. After the Aisne is crossed and the Laon corner of the great German salient is turned, you come to the army which is commanded by Eberhardt, and which has the task of covering most of the Chemin des Dames, and stretches to the neighbourhood of Rheims. Then right across the Champagne, from near Rheims to the Argonne forest you have the two armies of Murdra to the west or right, and of Einem to the left or east, up to the Argonne forest itself. Within the Argonne forest there is only one thoroughly second-rate corps, the Eighth, which could hardly be used for open fighting at all. I do not know to which of the neighbouring armies it is attached. After you leave the Argonne forest and begin going eastward again, you have the Fifth Army, which stretches round Verdun from the eastern end of the Argonne forest to the Village of Vaux. The Fifth Army stands therefore on either side of the Meuse. Lastly between the Meuse and the Moselle is the right wing of yet another army, the body under Fuchs, which covers the vital railway junction of Longuyon, the

Briey iron fields, and the communications through Luxembourg, Thionville and Lorraine.

It is important to have this order of battle clearly in mind. But a mere enumeration of these units would give a very poor impression of the real situation, for the armies differ very much among themselves in density.

In the sketch I have appended I have attempted to indicate in the most elementary fashion this difference of density as it stood, not immediately before the battle, but quite recently.



The first two armies next the sea, the Fourth and Sixth, Arnim's and Quast's, were depleted. Their lines were thinly held.

The next in order, Below's, had few men on its right, but was organised in considerable density upon its centre and left, for here one came to the water-line covering Douai and Cambrai—vital junctions. All the four armies succeeding, right away down to Rheims, were similarly dense formations. My readers are familiar with the thesis continually maintained in these pages that the Allied Higher Command had deliberately compelled the enemy to keep up this heavy concentration within the outermost bend of his great salient, because that put him into the greatest peril at what is his most vulnerable part, the south and east. By persistent pressure endured uninterruptedly for ten weeks, and occupying the enemy's every effort from Douai right away to Rheims, such a concentration has been imposed upon the Germans. After Rheims, going eastward across the Champagne, one had curiously depleted forces. Murdra's Army was stronger than Einem's, but it was, for the moment at least, not comparable in strength to those upon its right, and Einem's, in particular, was such a skeleton that, if the French reports are accurate, only five divisions held all the front covered by it. It was the same beyond Argonne. The whole of that great sweep round Verdun was held by only six divisions from the Argonne to Vaux.

With this distribution of the enemy's force in mind, we can perceive the idea underlying the great action of which the first four days are now before us. The enemy was hurriedly sending men—such men as he could spare—southward, against a blow which he might expect anywhere east and south of Rheims. He had already succeeded in strengthening considerably the nearer units, those of Murdra and Einem, but he had not yet brought a sufficient covering east of Argonne when the blow was launched last Thursday. That blow was struck, as we know, from the crossing of the Suippe River to the Meuse, a front of about forty miles, bisected into two almost equal divisions by the narrow belt of the Argonne forest, twenty miles of the front being to the east of that wood, and twenty to the west. The twenty to



the west were faced by the French Fourth Army under Gouraud; the twenty to the east by the first American Army under Liggett.

Observe what happened. From the first launching of the infantry at dawn of last Thursday, the 26th, after an ample preliminary bombardment, it was clear that the stiffest of the resistance would be in front of Gouraud; and that the weakest would be in front of the Americans, because, as I have pointed out, the parts of the line nearest to the central concentration could be reinforced quicker than those further off beyond Argonne. The French, therefore, made an advance which at first did no more than cover the deep outpost defences, almost denuded of guns, which composed what the Germans call "the fore-field" of the new method of defence, but the Americans went right through, taking a crescent of country, the deepest stretch of which was no less than seven miles, and going to the neighbourhood of Briulles.

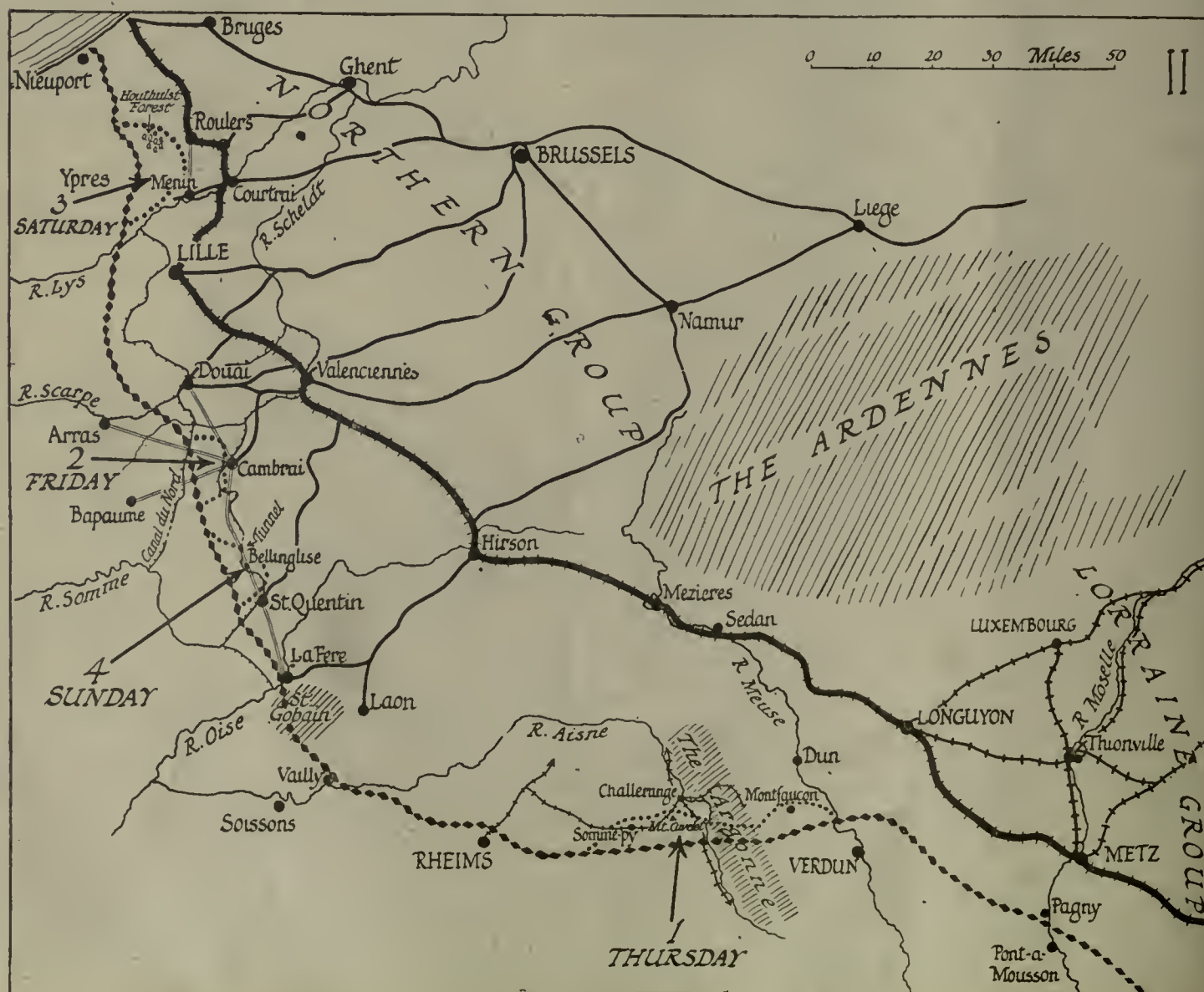
Put yourself in the position of the German Command on the night between Thursday and Friday. Here is the huge great bow stretching across and into Northern France from the sea to the Moselle, with its apex upon the pivot St. Gobain and Laon. A violent attack has just taken place upon the left or south-eastern tip of this bend; and that attack, if it progresses, especially at its extreme end along the Meuse, will threaten in a very few miles more to reach, let us say, the town of Dun; and if it reaches the town of Dun, very grave consequences will follow. Why will very grave consequences follow if it reaches, I do not say the precise geographical point of Dun, but if it pushes down the Meuse sufficiently to occupy the region of that town? Because in such circumstances the German line on the far side of the river would be in an impossible position. It would be thrusting outwards in a local salient most dangerous for the defensive. It would have to be retired. But if you retire the line appreciably on the east side of the Meuse, north-east of Verdun, you put your vital lateral communication—the railway through Longuyon—in peril. I have explained in previous articles, how the Ardennes forest compels the Germans in France and Belgium to depend upon two separate sheaves of communications: one through Lorraine and Luxemburg, the other through Belgium. I have further explained how the lateral communication which connects these two sheaves of communica-

tions is the railway passing in front of the Ardennes country, and uniting Metz with Mezieres, and on, up, with Valenciennes and Lille. Longuyon is the junction where the last of the southern communications comes in—the line through Luxemburg—and if either Longuyon Station or its neighbourhood gets under close fire, the German armies in the West are virtually divided into two groups, which cannot mutually support each other. The enemy, therefore, rightly thought it absolutely vital to prevent a further advance down the left or west bank of the Meuse. He brought all the men he possibly could down there to stop any further American advance, and he also strengthened to the best of his ability, though with less anxiety, the less important front west of Argonne, where Gouraud and the Fourth French Army had rather the task of holding than of forcing back: rather the duty of preventing the enemy from getting men away from this part than the duty of pressing it as though it were a main sector.

The enemy, then, is occupied all that Friday, the 27th, in preventing the bad situation which has developed between the Argonne and the Meuse from getting worse; because if it gets appreciably worse, his line beyond the Meuse will have to go back, and every mile it goes back is an increasing threat to the whole of the armies he has in the West.

Now, the very meaning of this great series of actions is that the Allies now being possessed not only of the initiative, but of a growing superiority in number, the enemy, whenever he reinforces one sector which has been put in peril, must do so to the grave disadvantage of another. He has no general reserve left. Though he is quite right in conceiving that the American advance between the Argonne and Meuse was an absolutely desperate peril which must be warded off at all costs, yet it was a grave anxiety to him whence he should borrow men in order to stop the American advance. He must have borrowed them from those dense formations in his centre. Therefore, it is that on the second day—Friday, the 27th—you get the second great and sudden blow delivered by the British against the junction of Cambrai.

The importance of Cambrai has been insisted upon too often in these columns to need repetition. It is a junction of roads and railways upon which the existing German line between the Scarpe and Oise depends. As we know, there is a water defence which it was hoped would be invulnerable





against tanks, stretching all the way from in front of Douai, on the Scarpe River, to Marquion, including for the latter part of the way the deep ditch full of mud where it was not full of water, of the Canal du Nord. The neighbourhood of Marquion to, say, Gonnlieu was what may be called the gate of Cambrai, a stretch of some miles without water defence. Here, under the necessity of defending his junction at Cambrai, the enemy was massed in especial strength. Here it was that the British broke through. The canal was crossed by a great combination of ingenuity (tanks passing over the backs of tanks) and courage. All the German defences were over-run that day, and the morrow the outskirts of Cambrai were reached and the water defence coming after the gap (which is the Canal of the Scheldt), was also crossed, in spite of its great breadth; not only was Cambrai thus put out of action as a junction of roads and railways, but the two canals had been proved vulnerable to attack, and all the water defence to the north along the Valley of the Agache was turned. The British were right behind it by Sunday night, and it cannot be held much longer. But when it goes, another junction goes too—the junction of Douai.

Such was the second blow.

Now put yourself again in the shoes of the enemy's High Command and see how things stand on the second night of this vast battle, Friday night.

Two sectors are heavily engaged and are demanding all the men you can send them. The absolutely vital sector between Argonne and the Meuse (including its "tail" west of Argonne, where the French are keeping a very considerable portion of your forces engaged) and the sector of Cambrai, which, though not vital to the very life of all your armies, as is the Meuse Valley, but vital at least to the line which you are holding so desperately between Douai and St. Quentin, and from which you fear to retire lest the retirement, in face of such strong pressure, should be disastrous. You must draw up something to try to save Cambrai if it can be saved. Where are you to get this new reinforcement from? You have no great general reserve. You weaken one of your remaining strong sectors to the south. Perhaps you take men from near St. Quentin, or perhaps from the St. Gobain pivot. But you cannot have your men everywhere at once, and, while you have depleted your old strength in the centre, you have left the north, that is your right wing, the two armies of Quast and Arnim, the skeleton weak things they have been so long.

Hence the third blow upon the third day of the battle. (so regular and exact is the scheme!). That third blow comes with full force upon a Saturday morning against the two armies holding the northern end near the sea and they give way. It is a complete sweep. The Belgians upon the left, the British Second Army upon the right, go forward to a surprising depth, and within the first twenty-four hours, apparently—or, at any rate, within the first thirty-six hours—they are over all the ridges, even Passchendaele itself, and on the second day are on ground which no Allied soldier has trodden as a free man since 1914. Within forty-eight hours this surprising success has actually crossed the Menin-Roulers road.

Now put yourself in the shoes of that enemy Higher Command upon the night of the third day—that is, upon Saturday night last. Is he going to let all the front defending Belgium go to pieces? Even if he must retire, is he not compelled to see that the line upon which he retires shall be strong? Of course, he is. Therefore, he must find men to reinforce the north.

The problem is now getting very acute indeed. I say again he cannot have his men everywhere. In prisoners alone he has lost since Thursday morning something like 50,000 men, and heaven knows what in killed and wounded. But the north must be reinforced somehow; the only place left from which to get those reinforcements is the remaining quiet sector of the centre. There has not yet been heavy fighting south of that Cambrai gate which he lost two days before. There are still important forces in the southern or St. Quentin portion of what used to be called "The Hindenburg Line." There is the left of Marwitz and the whole of Hutier still able to furnish from the reserves of their sectors men for the north.

Hence the fourth blow, upon the fourth day.

The dawn of Sunday last, September 29th, the last quiet sector, that between St. Quentin and the Cambrai gate, was attacked by British and American troops with the utmost violence. The Scheldt Canal was again crossed in the lower part at Bellenglise, and to the left of this village where the canal goes underground in a tunnel, where there is a belt therefore without water defence, and where the strongest type of artificial work was necessary, the Americans upon that open front of 5,000 yards equally broke those defences.

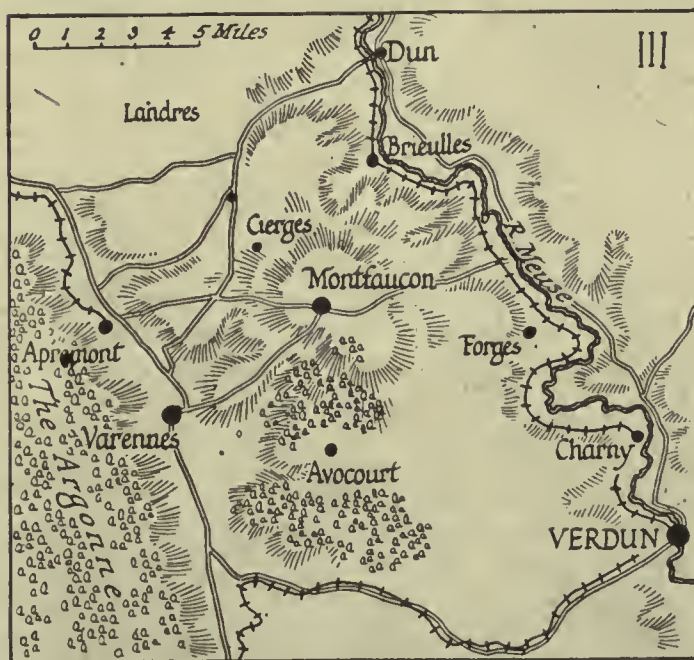
At the time of writing, the heavy battle in this sector is still proceeding, and of its further advance we as yet know nothing. There, then, is the scheme of these great four days. They have been essentially a series of strategical operations: the enemy first compelled to strengthen hurriedly as a matter of life and death the Meuse Valley. The moment he has withdrawn men elsewhere for that purpose, the next blow in the second most vital spot, Cambrai, the second weakening of his line elsewhere, to save Cambrai if it be possible: then, the third blow where he has been compelled to leave a very depleted body in the north, and on the great success of that third blow, followed as it probably was by a further depletion in the centre. A fourth blow, striking at that centre and carrying its line.

The enemy is now suffering, but on a far larger scale and with no prospect of coming recruitments, precisely what the Allies suffered in March, April, and May, when they were hurrying their rapidly dwindling reserve now here, now there, never knowing where the next blow would fall, and with the utmost difficulty finding the men to prevent local ruptures of the line.

But, if I may be allowed to say so, without that detestable note of boasting which is the ruin of military study, there is this vast difference between those days and these. In those days the Germans had not one definite strategical mind. They did not pursue one definite strategical plan. They did not think with unity. They did not concentrate with that "fundamental brain work," which is perhaps more essential in the military art than in any other, though in every art it is of supreme necessity. Any man can see for himself to-day upon the map that what has happened in these four days is the unrolling of a steady and majestic strategical conception. No one can say that of the two sporadic blows which followed the great German offensive in March, the blow north of the Oise, followed by the blow against the Chemin des Dames a month later. The German efforts were disconnected, were gambles. They almost succeeded, but not quite.

The German efforts demanded intervals of weeks and were not consecutive. They did not play into each other's hands. This great action is consecutive and articulate in every part.

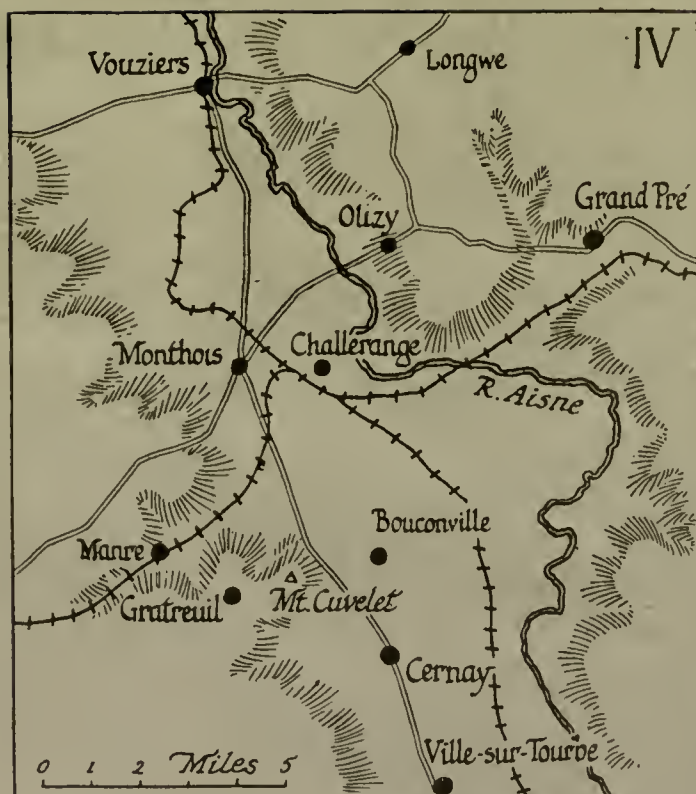
I will conclude by noting certain details of the last four days, which are of great local interest. First note the importance of Montfaucon captured by Americans in their first advance between the Argonne and the Meuse. The accompanying sketch of contours illustrates its value. It is the dominating observation post of the whole neighbourhood. But that is only one interest attached to it. It is clear that



such a point would not have been lost by the enemy if he could possibly have held. The fact that he did not hold it, but allowed it to be turned from either side and surrounded, is the main proof of the surprise he suffered in this sector.

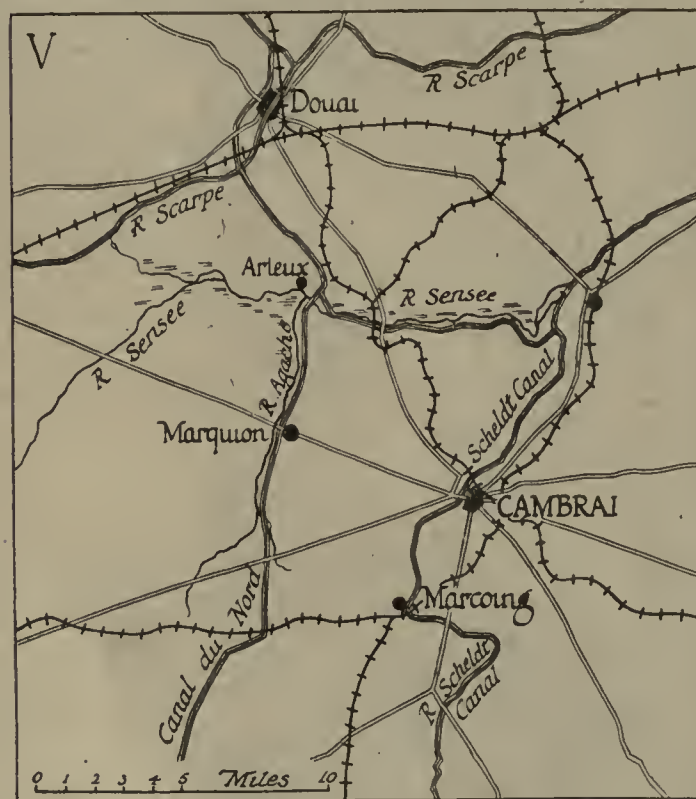
The next point to which I will draw attention is the importance of the local action fought last Sunday by the French just east of the Argonne, when (only at the expense of very heavy fighting) they seized the height called Mount Cuvelet. There was no necessity to go far forward in this sector at all. It is obviously a containing sector, but the possession of Cuvelet Hill is essential even to holding; for, as the sketch appended will show, Cuvelet Hill commands the whole of the Aire Valley. So long as the enemy had it, the French





could not see northward. Now the French have got it they can look right away for miles and see everything that goes on by the road and the railway of the valley where the Germans are based on Vouziers.

The third detail is that of the Cambrai gate. It will be seen in further detail in the accompanying sketch what the



advance to the outskirts of Cambrai means. First note the network of roads which all meet in the town. Next, the railways, particularly the main railway from Cambrai towards Douai and the main road thither, which has been the German lateral communication here for years. Next observe how the two water defences have been turned by the British success in forcing the gate between them. The crossing over the broad Scheldt Canal at Marcoing has turned the water obstacle, while the advance right up to the Cambrai-Douai road has wholly the water obstacle to the north—that is, the Valley of the Agache, and therefore the principal defence of Douai.

The campaign in Mesopotamia seems for the moment to have entered a political stage. It seems as though the role of the armies might terminate. The Struma road is not yet reached or cut but it is threatened, the two portions of the Bulgarian forces are certainly cut quite apart one from the other. Of the sixteen divisions which Bulgaria had in line, ten at least have suffered the blows of these last great actions. The complete triumph in Palestine has given us in the course

of the week sundry further details. We now know that every gun has been captured and nearly every man. A complete total of 50,000 of the total Turkish forces under arms, some 200,000, one quarter has disappeared. It should be noted how very weak are the Turkish Divisions at present. Eight divisions between the Jordan and the Mediterranean furnished less than 20,000 bayonets! That is, the average of the division was little more than 2,000 bayonets strong. Of the seven Turkish armies, three have disappeared. The first will certainly be kept to the neighbourhood of Constantinople for political reasons. Another, the Fifth, barely more than the skeleton army, is also kept for political reasons in Asia Minor. There remains the strong army in the Caucasus, and the Sixth in front of the British in Mesopotamia, but the striking power of the Turkish Army has ceased to be. The Germans talk of reinforcing both the Bulgarians and Turkey. They have no one to send but what they can spare from the few divisions with Mackensen, and these cannot turn the tables.

Postscript, Tuesday morning.—The dispatches of Monday, which arrive as we go to press, add little to the general review of the battle, though they confirm that nature in it which we have described, to wit, that it is essentially a series of actions compelling the enemy, whose general reserve is virtually exhausted, to move troops back and forth in support of threatened sections of his line one after the other. The increasing numerical superiority of the Allies forbids him to make good depletion over the whole line. When he borrows from one apparently quiet sector to relieve another which is heavily menaced, the quiet sector thus rendered thin is at once attacked and yields. See, for instance, what has happened in the north: General Plumer and the Belgians upon his left having made that astonishing rapid advance last Saturday and Sunday; and the British Second Army having actually cut the road and railway between Menin and Roulers, which is also the main line between Lille and Ostend, everything to the north of the advance, including a part of Ostend itself, was in the gravest peril. The Germans were absolutely compelled to reinforce here. When they first suffered the attack they had had to meet it in the centre with only three divisions—the 13th of Reserve, and 11th and 12th Bavarians; that centre gave way altogether westwards of Ypres. Just as it was a matter of life and death to stop the American push at Argonne and the Meuse, so it was a matter as vital to check this astonishingly rapid advance near the sea. But the enemy cannot be everywhere at once; his attempt to reinforce the north leads to a break north of St. Quentin. It is an important move which has carried the British and Americans right beyond the original line by some 5,000 yards, and, what is most important, has begun the outflanking of St. Quentin. Meanwhile, on Monday morning, yet another blow was launched west of Rheims.

It is true that the enemy has organised his defences in depth very thoroughly, but mere organisation in defence, mere material objects, mean nothing without men, and the trial to which he is now subjected is a trial due to his increasing numerical inferiority.

Whether we shall be able to put him to a still more severe ordeal by utilising the new front open to us from the Balkans only time can show, and the materials for judgment are not at our disposition. They depend upon the numbers we have available, the supplies from overseas by very lengthy communications, and the rolling-stock and condition of the roads as well. We must not talk as though the possession of Bulgaria was equivalent to the presence of great armies upon the Danube. It is not enough to open the door; we must have some one to go through the door. But, at least, we can hope that the mainland communications in Constantinople will be cut, and for the rest we must wait.

Though I do not usually allude to such things in these columns, I think I owe it to my readers to point out that here was it first said, just on three years ago when Bulgaria joined our enemies, that Bulgaria also would be the first of our enemies to defeat their cause. Military prophecy is a folly, and we have never indulged in it. Political prophecy is more possible, and in this case we were wise to have undertaken it.

## SIR VALENTINE CHIROL

will contribute to next week's issue of  
LAND & WATER an article upon the Political  
Situation in The Balkans.



# The Unbeaten Submarine: By Arthur Pollen

**I**N the last two months a change has taken place in the military situation at once so sudden and so great that there is a temptation to believe that we need concern ourselves with nothing except the supply of men and arms, so that the good work, so gloriously begun, may be quickly and triumphantly ended. But if we are to keep a balanced view of the war, we must try to escape from the glamour of our recent and rapid successes, and remind ourselves that, after all, our operations in France, Palestine, and in Bulgaria are conditioned by our command of our sea communications. There is, perhaps, little danger of our forgetting this, for the enemy, at any rate, makes no secret to his own people that all hope of victory by land-fighting is abandoned, and that it is to the U-boat alone that he still looks for that final blow which will make the Powers encompassing him desist from attack and grant the peace he so sorely needs. We are inclined to treat the enemy's boasts as being just as vain as his threats, and to do so without examination. And, indeed, if we go into the particulars of this particular threat, an examination of the available figures seems to show conclusively that the U-boat campaign has, for some months now, ceased to afford any real basis for German hopes. Yet the examination is worth making, not to prove in detail what we already know to be generally true, but first, to obtain an index as to the enemy's intentions, and, next, to find, if we can, not only the best method of thwarting these, but of turning the position to his greater discomfiture by using the results of this examination for an attack on his already tottering *moral*.

It was noted here a fortnight ago that Germany's final attempt to win on land was founded on the two suppositions that her campaign at sea had so weakened the French and British armies that, once the forces released on the Eastern front could be picked and trained for the task, a decisive victory was possible, and that no American army, in sufficient numbers to redeem the situation for the Allies, could be landed in France, in view of the attrition which the world's shipping had undergone. And it seemed a somewhat startling proof that the enemy's hopes had all been sea hopes, that on realising their disappointment in the third week in July, he at once recognised the failure, not as a military, but as a naval failure, and so dismissed, not Hindenburg or Ludendorff, but, first, von Holtzendorff, and then von Capelle.

## The Disillusionment of Germany

It is important to keep these points in view, because they show that the German Higher Command actually was deceived over the position at sea, and is, therefore to the extent of this disillusionment, already demoralised. This gives us a clue as to whether propaganda work would be effective, even if it stood alone. But the proceedings before the Main Committee of the Reichstag confirm the position for us in a very striking manner. For now the new naval régime has spoken. Von Hertling's words followed the precedent already set for him by the military leaders. "The attack has failed, but the defence is impregnable. The situation is serious, but gives no ground for deep depression. The iron wall in the West cannot be broken. The U-boat is slowly but surely fulfilling its task." All this was, so to speak, in common form. But when the spokesman of Scheer's new administration joined in to give "verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing tale," he had to go a great deal further. The governing facts of the situation, he said, were that the U-boat was sinking more cargo space than could be built; that the tonnage requirements of Germany's enemies, both military and economic, were rising day by day; that the U-boats were increasing in numbers. The German Navy always had been and was still convinced that this was the sole means by which the Anglo-Saxons could be brought to reason. The position, then, was good; but it would be still better "if the U-boat war and its immense concomitant effects upon the life of Germany's opponents could be generally understood by the German people." The whole thing is, of course, a last desperate effort to bolster up civilian courage and resolution. It is impossible to suppose that either von Hertling or the Admiralty Staff can believe a word of what they say. And Mr. Schwab is quite justified in calling the Imperial Chancellor the "damned liar" that he is.

But we can hardly leave it at this. It is surely worth while giving chapter and verse to show the actual state of things. Now, this is exactly what the Allied Governments

do not do. We get a great deal of information; indeed, all the information that is actually necessary. But it is nowhere given out in a graphic or tabular form, so that the position, as a whole, is made immediately plain. Thus, in one day in the month we get a return of the ships lost from all causes in the previous month. But the return does not distinguish between marine losses and submarine and mine losses, though from time to time we are told, as, for instance, in the August return, that the marine losses are unduly high, and losses by enemy action actually less in August than they were in June. There can surely be no reason for not giving the exact figures, if the broad facts can be generally communicated. Without these, no exact estimate of our counter-campaign is possible. Then, on another day in the month we have a second return giving the tonnage of the ships completed. But the only official figure published in this country is that for British ships. The American figure is published in the United States, but only creeps into the British newspapers as a news item that stands by itself, and very few people take the trouble to compare these figures, month by month, or to add these totals together and compare them with the losses. The fact seems to be that we proceed in this matter exactly as we did at the end of the month of March, when, in point of fact, the situation was extraordinarily unsatisfactory. For 1917 had ended with a sharp drop in the rate of loss, and a still sharper rise in the rate of replacement. But in January and February the loss-curve fell very little and the production-curve fell shockingly. It is no wonder if, in March, the Governments began to repent of their publicity, and determined first of all to hold up the weekly returns of losses and, next, to issue all the figures so as to make them mean as little as possible. But at the end of May the whole situation was changed. The replacement-curve cut the loss-curve, and in the last three months there has been a net gain in the world's tonnage. The fact that the curves had crossed became generally known.

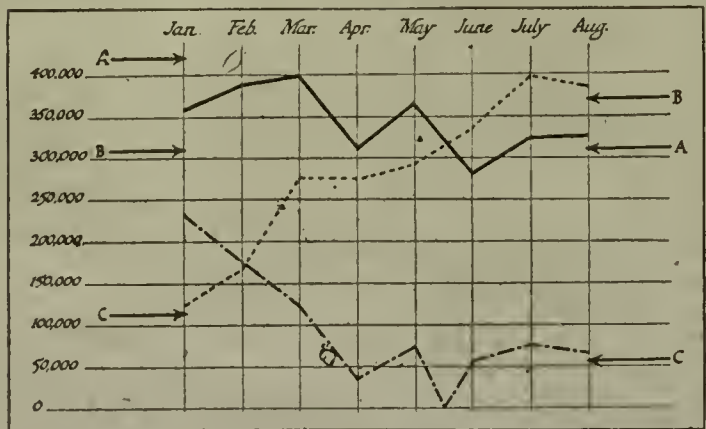
## Increased Losses, Decreased Output

But even now, though the critical point was passed three months ago, there is no official set of figures to show where we stand. Two facts only seem to stick in the public mind. While the July losses showed a marked increase over June, August has now passed July; on the other hand, it is dinned into us at every turn that the rate of British shipbuilding becomes, month by month, increasingly disappointing. In March we were told that we ought to build at least 1,800,000 tons this year, and attain a rate of three million tons before the end of the year. To reach the first figure we ought to have maintained a steady 165,000 tons a month, whereas, in point of fact, we have in eight months reached this figure only once. The public, therefore, is left with the impression that the menace of attrition is far greater than it is. Now, when you get the German Government proclaiming its continued faith in the U-boat as an agency that can stop our pushing our attack to the point of victory, when we have to admit that its claim to the possession of a larger number of submarines than ever is well founded, and when we see the losses actually increasing, and are told, on the top of all this, that our shipbuilding is a failure, is it surprising that very confused inferences are drawn, and that quite unnecessary encouragement is given to the enemy just when he needs it most?

If the present system has been persisted in with the hope of frightening the shipbuilders into greater efforts, it surely has not succeeded, for on the Clyde, at least, strikes are going forward as merrily as ever. I suggest, therefore, for the hundredth time, that the right thing to do is to tell not only the truth, but the whole truth; and not only to tell it, but to put it in a form which will be both intelligible and convincing. And, as an essay in this direction, I submit the following diagram and tables, which put together the only facts available to us from the public figures, viz., the monthly losses and the monthly replacements made by British and American yards during the last eight months. In this diagram the line A (in solid black) shows the losses month by month during the year; B (the dotted line) gives the tonnage replaced by the British and American yards; C (the dot-and-dash line) shows the net losses from January to May, and then the net gains during the three succeeding months. The arrows A, B, C, on the left of the diagram, show the average monthly loss for the last quarter of 1917:



and the arrows on the right, the corresponding averages for the last three months under review.



Expressed in tabular form, the figures are as follows :

Losses for eight months, Jan.-Aug. . . . .	2,758,000
Replacements for eight months, Jan.-Aug. . . . .	2,304,000
Net loss . . . . .	454,000
Losses for five months, Jan.-May . . . . .	1,825,000
Replacements for five months, Jan.-May . . . . .	1,176,000
Net loss . . . . .	649,000
Replacements for three months, June-Aug. . . . .	1,120,000
Losses for three months, June-Aug. . . . .	925,000
Net gain . . . . .	195,000

From the above diagram and table the following conclusions are fairly obvious. There has been a fairly steady decline in losses. The year 1917 ended with a monthly rate of loss of about 420,000 tons. The last three months show a rate of only just over 300,000 tons. It seems to show that the art of defence has been advanced, just as the machinery of defence has been extended. The replacement curve, B, is not so satisfactory. The rate of building has increased from 310,000 tons a month, at which it stood for the last quarter of last year, to 370,000—the mean of June, July, and August. This is bad, because the last three months of 1917 showed an advance of 100,000 tons a month over the preceding quarter, whereas at the end of eight months we now only show an advance of 60,000 tons a month. In point of fact, it was not till June that the rate of building this year passed the rate of the close of last year. And but for the decline in losses there would be no net gain in the world's shipping at all.

It is, no doubt, the British returns that are most disappointing in this matter. The following table shows the actual production of gross tons of completed shipping for the two countries during the last eight months :

1918	United States.	United Kingdom.
January . . . . .	64,795	58,568
February . . . . .	117,601	100,038
March . . . . .	117,145	161,674
April . . . . .	163,050	111,533
May . . . . .	194,464	197,274
June . . . . .	201,425	134,159
July . . . . .	255,025	141,948
August . . . . .	261,029	124,675
	1,374,534	1,029,869

From this it appears that from January to May the United States only produced between fifty and sixty thousand greater tonnage than did this country ; but that in June, July, and August the Americans produced nearly 320,000 tons more. Indeed, the only satisfactory part of this table is the recent rise in the American production. It has not slipped back once, and seems to be advancing to that production of 400,000 tons a month which Mr. Schwab's reorganisation of last December appeared to make possible. If there were no change in the present rate of loss, and if the British production could be brought up to 200,000 and the Americans to 400,000 tons, there would be a net gain of 300,000 tons a month : a state of things that would bring the world's shipping back to where it was in 1914 in less than a year's time. For, as we may remember, from the March return, the net loss to the end of last year was 2,632,297 tons, which, added to the net loss of this year, gives the present shortage of 3,115,859 tons.

But we should, of course, be looking at the submarine campaign from a totally wrong angle if we proposed to rest content with the losses remaining at the present figure, and relied only on replacement for dealing with this menace not only to the present military position, but to the world's

economic future. It is far more important that the attack on shipping should be prevented than that the attack, when made, should be thwarted. With the military position as it stood in March, and in the subsequent four months, the problem of the moment was to bring American troops to France, and to bring them without loss.

### The Need of an Offensive Policy

But the campaign cannot be left in this position for two reasons. First, we do not know that defensive measures alone will keep our losses to their present figure. The Germans claim, and we admit, an achieved and growing increase in their submarine forces. Skill must increase with experience, so that we have straight off two factors tending to higher efficiency. Add to these that never has Germany's necessity for success at sea been greater than it is now. The Government is pledged to it. It is admittedly their only hope. A new naval command has been substituted, and the public have been told that its special mission is to continue, and, indeed redouble, the particular form of sea attack on which our enemy has relied for victory. So far, then, as the German command can control the situation, necessity and its public pledges drive it inexorably along a very definite course.

But can the enemy command control the position ? Is he sure of the moral of his submarine crews ? The commanders may be resolute enough, but there are ominous rumours that the Kaiser's recent appearance at Kiel was made necessary by the same cause that elicited his bombastic and blasphemous speech at Essen. If he addressed the U-boat crews at Kiel because he thought their courage was going, then it is well for us to remember that it is not primarily the convoy, but our active offensive that has been the main agent in whittling that courage away. The publication of the list of U-boat commanders killed, captured, and interned, has done its work. And this is the psychological moment for resuming extensive and vigorous measures of aggression. ARTHUR POLLEN.

### The Battle of St. Quentin 1557

*In view of the importance of St. Quentin at the present moment, it is interesting to recall the first battle which was fought in that place over 350 years ago.*

*The following is copied from the MSS. of William Bray, the antiquarian and author of Manning and Bray's "History of Surrey." The original MSS. is in the possession of Sir Reginald Bray.*

"At Stoke Dabernon there was a three-quarter length of the second Lord (Bray) with this inscription :

ÆTATIS SEVÆ XXIII.

John Lord Bray a paragon in Coorte, and of sweet entertainment he dyed AFTER his return from the wining of QVNTYNES at the age of 36 A.D IIII 1557. He married Anne daughter of George Earl of Shrewsbury, in what year has not been found, but she was his wife on the 22nd June 1556 at which time he was a prisoner in the Tower as appears by a letter written by one of the Earl's servants to the Countess. He says 'At my lady's coming to London my Lord Bray was in close prison at the Flete and the Tuesday following he was removed to the Tower and there remaineth in close prison, etc., etc.' (here follows a long letter). . . . A pardon was granted under the privy seal to Lord Bray dated the 14th May 3 and 4 Philip and Mary 1557. The pardon as obtained shews the cause of his commitment to be for having used traitorous expressions respecting the Queen and King Philip; the words used were these, viz., 'If my neighbour of Hatfield might once reign (meaning the Lady Elizabeth\*) he should have his lands and debts given him again which he much wished for and trusted once to see.' At the time the pardon was granted the Queen had sent troops to France which troops were engaged at the siege of Qvntynes to which he sent the Lord Bray, whether this was a mark of renewed confidence or by way of a punishment admits of a question, anyway it seems to have cost him his life, for he returned to his house in Blackfriars and he died there on the 18th of November 1557 in the 37th year of his age."

He was buried at Chelsea Old Church, where his father, Edmund Lord Bray, was buried.

\* At this time the Lady Elizabeth, the Queen's sister, resided at Hatfield, in Herts, not far distant from Eton Bray, which occasioned him to speak of her as a neighbour.



# The Gallipoli Campaign

By HENRY MORGENTHAU

## The Turkish Threat to Allied Citizens

*ATTEMPTING to justify the placing of British and French subjects in positions of danger at Gallipoli by alleging that the British and French fleets were firing on non-combatants, the Turks really intended this measure as an expression of anger at the Gallipoli landing. Mr. Morgenthau relates his efforts to thwart the barbarous scheme, which originated with Enver Pasha.*

ON May 2nd, 1915, Enver sent his aide to the American Embassy, bringing a message which he requested me to transmit to the French and British Governments. About a week before the Allies had made their landing on the Gallipoli peninsula. They had evidently concluded that a naval attack by itself could not destroy the defences and open the road to Constantinople, and they had now adopted the alternative plan of dispatching large bodies of troops, to be supported by the guns of their warships. Already many thousands of Australians and New Zealanders had entrenched themselves at the tip of the peninsula, and the excitement that prevailed in Constantinople was almost as great as that which had been caused by the appearance of the fleet two months before.

Enver now informed me that the Allied ships were bombarding in reckless fashion, and ignoring the well-established international rule that such bombardments should be directed only against fortified places; British and French shells, he said, were falling everywhere, destroying unprotected Moslem villages and killing hundreds of innocent non-combatants. Enver asked me to inform the Allied governments that such activities must immediately cease. He had decided to collect all the British and French citizens who were then living in Constantinople, take them down to the Gallipoli peninsula, and scatter them in Moslem villages and towns. The Allied fleets would then be throwing their projectiles not only against peaceful and unprotected Moslems, but against their own countrymen. It was Enver's idea that this threat, communicated by the American Ambassador to the British and French Governments, would soon put an end to "atrocities" of this kind. I was given a few days' respite to get the information to London and Paris.

At that time about 3,000 British and French citizens were living in Constantinople. The great majority belonged to the class known as Levantines; nearly all had been born in Turkey, and in many cases their families had been domiciled in that country for two or more generations. The retention of their European citizenship is almost their only contact with the nation from which they have sprung. Not uncommonly we meet in the larger cities of Turkey men and women who are English by race and nationality, but who speak no English, French being the usual language of the Levantine. The great majority have never set foot in England, or any other European country; they have only one home, and that is Turkey. The fact that the Levantine usually retains citizenship in the nation of his origin was now apparently making him a fitting object for Turkish vengeance. Besides these Levantines, a large number of English and French were then living in Constantinople, as teachers in the schools, as missionaries, and as important business men and merchants. The Ottoman Government now proposed to assemble all these residents, both those who were immediately and those who were remotely connected with Great Britain and France, and to place them in exposed positions on the Gallipoli peninsula as targets for the Allied fleet.

Naturally my first question, when I received the startling information, was whether the warships were really bombarding defenceless towns. If they were murdering non-combatant men, women, and children in this reckless fashion, such an act of reprisal as Enver now proposed would probably have had some justification. It seemed to me incredible, however, that the English and French could commit such barbarities. I had already received many complaints of this kind from Turkish officials which, on investigation, had turned out to be untrue. Only a little while before Dr. Meyer, the first assistant to Suleyman Nouman, the Chief of the Medical Staff, had notified me that the British Fleet had bombarded a Turkish hospital and killed 1,000 invalids. When I looked into the matter, I found that the building had been but slightly damaged, and only one man killed. I now naturally suspected that this latest tale of Allied

barbarity rested on a similarly flimsy foundation. I soon discovered, indeed, that this was the case. The Allied Fleet was not bombarding Moslem villages at all. A number of British warships had been stationed in the Gulf of Saros, an indentation of the Aegean Sea, on the western side of the peninsula, and from this vantage point they were throwing shells into the city of Gallipoli. All the "bombarding" of towns in which they were now engaging was limited to this one city. In doing this the British Navy was not violating the rules of civilised warfare, for Gallipoli had long since been evacuated of its civilian population, and the Turks had established military headquarters in several of the houses, which had properly become the object of the Allied attack. I certainly knew of no rule of warfare which prohibited an attack upon a military headquarters! As to the stories of murdered civilians, men, women, and children, these proved to be gross exaggerations; as almost the entire civilian population had long since left, any casualties resulting from the bombardment must have been confined to the armed forces of the Empire.

I now discussed the situation for some time with Mr. Ernest Weyl, who was generally recognised as the leading French citizen in Constantinople, and with Mr. Hoffman Philip the Counsellor of the Embassy, and then decided that I would go immediately to the Sublime Porte and protest to Enver.

### Enver's Anger

The Council of Ministers was sitting at the time, but Enver came out. His mood was more demonstrative than usual. As he described the attack of the British Fleet, he became extremely angry; it was not the imperturbable Enver with whom I had become so familiar.

"These cowardly English!" he exclaimed. "They tried for a long time to get through the Dardanelles, and we were too much for them! And see what kind of a revenge they are taking. Their ships sneak up into the outer bay, where our guns cannot reach them, and shoot over the hills at our little villages, killing harmless old men, women, and children, and bombarding our hospitals. Do you think we are going to let them do that? And what can we do? Our guns do not reach over the hills, so that we cannot meet them in battle. If we could, we would drive them off, just as we did at the Straits a month ago. We have no fleet to send to England to bombard their unfortified towns as they are bombarding ours. So we have decided to move all the English and French we can find to Gallipoli. Let them kill their own people as well as ours."

I told him that, granted that the circumstances were as he had stated them, he had grounds for indignation. But I called his attention to the fact that he was wrong; that he was accusing the Allies of crimes which they were not committing.

"This is about the most barbarous thing that you have ever contemplated," I said. "The British have a perfect right to attack a military headquarters like Gallipoli."

But my argument did not move Enver. I became convinced that he had not decided on this step as a reprisal, to protect his own countrymen, but that he and his associates were really looking for revenge. The fact that the Australians and New Zealanders had successfully effected a landing had aroused their most barbarous instincts. Enver referred to this landing in our talk; though he professed to regard it lightly, and said that he would soon push the French and English into the sea, I saw that it was causing him much concern. The Turk, as I have said before, is psychologically primitive; to answer the British landing at Gallipoli by murdering hundreds of helpless British who were in his power would strike him as perfectly logical. As a result of this talk I gained only a few concessions. Enver agreed to postpone the deportation until Thursday—it was then Sunday—to exclude women and children from the order,





#### ANZAC COVE, GALLIPOLI

*Australian Official*

The scene of the landing of Australians and New Zealanders, and of some of the most gallant exploits of the war.

and to take none of the British and French who were then connected with American institutions.

"All the rest will have to go," was his final word. "Moreover," he added, "we do not purpose to have the English ships fire at the transports we are sending to the Dardanelles. In the future we shall put a few Englishmen and Frenchmen on every ship we send down there as a protection to our own soldiers."

When I returned to our embassy I found that the news of the proposed deportation had been published. The amazement and despair that immediately resulted were unparalleled, even in that city of constant sensations. Europeans, by living for many years in the Levant, seem to acquire its emotions, particularly its susceptibility to fear and horror, greatly accentuated by their deprivation of the protection of their embassies. A stream of frenzied people now began to pour into the Embassy. From their tears and cries one would have thought that they were immediately to be taken out and shot, and that there was any possibility of being saved seemed hardly to occur to them. Yet all the time they insisted that I should get individual exemptions. One could not go because he had a dependent family; another had a sick child; another was ill himself. My ante-room was full of frantic mothers, asking me to secure exemption for their sons, and of wives who sought special treatment for their husbands. They made all kinds of impossible suggestions: I should resign my ambassadorship as a protest; I should even threaten Turkey with war by the United States! They constantly besieged my wife, who spent hours listening to their stories and comforting them. In all this exciting mass there were many who faced the situation with more courage.

The day after my talk with Enver, Bedri, the Prefect of Police, began to arrest some of the victims.

The next morning one of my callers made what would ordinarily have seemed to be an obvious suggestion. This visitor was a German. He told me that Germany would suffer greatly in reputation if the Turks carried out this plan; the world would not possibly be convinced that Germans had not devised the whole scheme. He said that I should call upon the German and Austrian Ambassadors; he was sure that they would support me in my pleas for decent treatment. As I had made appeals to Wangenheim several times before on behalf of foreigners without success, I had hardly thought it worth while to ask his co-operation in this instance. Moreover, the plan of using non-combatants as a protective screen in warfare was such a familiar German device that I was not at all sure that the German Staff had not instigated the Turks. I decided, however,

to adopt the advice of my German visitor and seek Wangenheim's assistance.

I called upon him in the evening at ten o'clock, and stayed with him until eleven. I spent the larger part of this hour in a fruitless attempt to interest him in the plight of these non-combatants. Wangenheim said point blank that he would not assist me. "It is perfectly proper," he maintained, "for the Turks to establish a concentration camp at Gallipoli. It is also proper for them to put non-combatant English and French on their transports and thus ensure them against attack." As I made repeated attempts to argue the matter, Wangenheim would deftly shift the conversation to other topics.

"This act of the Turks will greatly injure Germany"—I would begin.

"Do you know that the English soldiers at Gaba Tepe are without food and drink?" he would reply. "They made an attack to capture a well, and were repulsed. The English have taken their ships away so as to prevent their soldiers from retreating—"

"But about this Gallipoli business," I interrupted. "Germans themselves here in Constantinople have said that Germany should stop it—"

"The Allies landed 45,000 men on the peninsula," Wangenheim answered, "and of these 10,000 were killed. In a few days we shall attack the rest and destroy them."

When I attempted to approach the subject from another angle, this master diplomatist would begin discussing Rumania and the possibility of obtaining ammunition by way of that country.

"Your Secretary Bryan," he said, "has just issued a statement showing that it would be unneutral for the United States to refuse to sell ammunition to the Allies. So we have used this same argument with the Rumanians; if it is unneutral not to sell ammunition, it is certainly unneutral to refuse to transport it!"

The humorous aspects of this argument appealed to Wangenheim, but I reminded him that I was there to discuss the lives of between 2,000 and 3,000 non-combatants. As I touched upon this subject again, Wangenheim replied that the United States would not be acceptable to Germany as a peacemaker now, because we were so friendly to the Entente. He insisted on giving me all the details of recent German successes in the Carpathians and the latest news on the Italian situation.

"We would rather fight Italy than have her for our ally," he said.

(To be continued)



# The Two Lobes\* : By Maurice Maeterlinck

## I.

A SOLDIER, writing from the front, sends me the following letter, of which I omit only that which was meant for myself alone :

"There are quagmires and skeletons in the forest. I have discovered and wondered at the ruined gods under the still living and wonderful vegetation : their spirit has evaporated. The odour of Christ has little charm for me ; I prefer that of Buddha. What I adore in him is the fundamental contradiction that seeks to assure us of our immortality by proving our inevitable annihilation. He taught, in the same breath, the illusion of the Ego and its periodical reincarnation, an obvious absurdity which implies a knowledge of the profoundest truth, of the very nature of being, at the same time and alternately collective and individual. This discovery which he did not formulate should have led him elsewhere than to Nirvana, that paradise of unripe fruits. . . .

"Man is so fashioned as to perceive only one-half of the universe ; and the mind of ordinary texture sees barely a hemisphere of truth. Afflicted with a congenital 'nervous headache,' humanity thinks with only one-half of its brain ; with the eastern lobe, or the western, the ancient or the modern ; its mind nibbles its own tail ; the antinomies pursue one another in an endless circle, which Kant believed that he had discovered, but which Buddha had striven to open. He possessed the complementary virtues ; he was religious and rational ; while he summed up within himself the mysticism of the East, his was the most scientific of the minds of antiquity, at a time when science did not exist, but was merged in philosophy. The moderns who have sought to condense into a system the collective and hardly initiated effort of science have pitifully failed, for they have thought only as Westerners, entangled in the contradiction of idealistic aspirations and materialistic arguments ; while the formula of Buddha might still, almost without giving way, contain this gigantic effort, and yet not hamper it. From the death of the prince-philosopher down to the flights of contemporary science, true philosophy has not advanced one step ; Arab or Christian spiritualism and its reagent, positivist or scientific materialism, are recoils in contrary directions, false monisms which, taking the extreme for the supreme, seek to fix the centre of gravity on the circumference of the wheel. The explorers of the Beyond must set out from the cross-roads of religious synthesis and scientific analysis and drag these rival sisters along by the hand.

"Truth blazes at the centre of a circle of onlookers, and we must pass through its flame to recognise a brother in the adversary opposite. We must reach the centre of space to discern the identity of its cardinal points : *'Totum et Nihil, Alter et Ego.'* The longing to convert others must yield to the need of completing and balancing our own point of view. In the sacred forest, which pioneers have penetrated on all sides and in all ages, the more greatly daring must necessarily draw nearer one to the other. Even if they cannot meet, they can hear one another and give one another mutual encouragement. The most modest cry of discovery may be welcome in the solitude and silence in which the truth of the future is ripening. . . ."

I thought it well to preserve this page. It sets forth, in a remarkable, though perhaps too rapid summary, two or three of the great problems which in reality are only one and to which, unless we give up everything, we are bound to attempt the answer : the problems of immortality or annihilation, of flux, and reflux, of existence alternatively collective and individual, of exteriorisation and interiorisation, which make up the mighty rhythm of existence, of which our life and death are merely infinitesimal pulsations.

## II.

But let us begin by observing that the fundamental contradiction which seeks to assure us of our immortality by proving our inevitable annihilation is by no means to be found in Buddha, and that it is not true to say that he teaches in the same breath the illusion of the Ego and its periodical reincarnation. The doctrine of the reincarnation is not Buddha's. He found it ready made ; it existed before him, and was so deeply rooted in his people that he does not even dream of disputing it. He tries only to disarm it, to deprive it of its sting, to render it harmless. He tries to reduce life to the

point where nothing is left to be reincarnated. According to Buddha, life contains naught but suffering ; and the sole aim of life is the redemption or, to probe this thought to the very bottom, the extinction of suffering. This extinction is to be found in death or annihilation. But mere death, by reason of the eternal reincarnation of the same individual, cannot suppress suffering. We must therefore find a sort of transcendental death, which makes any reincarnation impossible ; and this transcendental death can be achieved only by the man who has been striving to die all his life long and who has deliberately cut off all the ties that bind him to existence : all love, all hope, all desire, all possession ! When, at the end of this systematic and voluntary death, the actual death arrives, it will no longer find a living germ capable of achieving reincarnation. A living death, an incessant suicide : that is the essence of Buddhism. Buddha lives solely and exclusively to die, and to die more certainly, more wholly, more absolutely than any other creature, in order at length to enter Nirvana, that is to-day, total extinction.

This doctrine, as we see, is exactly the reverse of that of Christ. With Buddha, life is only the gate of death ; with Christ, death is the gate of life.

Here we have the solution offered to us by the most wonderful mind, the greatest sage that humanity has ever known ; by one who knew things which we no longer know, and which, it may be, we shall never recover. It is the foundation of the religion of five hundred millions of men. There is nothing more terrifying ; but there is perhaps nothing that comes closer to the ultimate truth.

## III.

Let us observe, on the other hand—and this remark applies equally to the Buddhistic Nirvana, or extinction—that the problem of immortality or annihilation ought no longer to be set in these terms ; since the word annihilation cannot be employed, save in a metaphorical sense, to denote a life which we no longer comprehend, seeing that Nihil or nothingness is the one thing whose existence is utterly impossible and whose non-existence is absolutely certain.

As for immortality, here again there is ambiguity, for, as annihilation cannot exist, immortality is inevitable ; and the only question that remains to be solved is whether this immortality will or will not be accompanied by some sort of continuance of our present consciousness.

But, while it is probable that the problem of immortality, more or less accompanied by consciousness, will long remain in suspense, the answer to the problem of the "nervous headache"—or, rather, of congenital hemiplegia—is doubtless easier to find. In any case, it occupies a domain which our direct investigations are able to explore. It is, after all, an historical and geographical question. It seems that there are in fact in the human brain an eastern lobe and a western lobe, which have never acted at the same time. The one produces, here, reason, science, and consciousness ; the other secretes yonder, intuition, religion, and subconsciousness. One reflects only the infinite and the unknowable ; the other is interested only in what it is able to delimit, in what it may hope to understand. They represent, employing a perhaps imaginary image, the conflict between the material and the moral ideal of humanity. They have more than once endeavoured to penetrate each other, to mingle and to work in concert ; but the western lobe—at least, over the most active part of the world, has hitherto paralysed and almost annihilated the efforts of the other. We are indebted to it for extraordinary progress in all the material sciences, but also for such catastrophes as those which we are undergoing to-day—catastrophes which, if we are not careful, will not be the last nor the worst. The time would seem to have come to awaken the paralysed lobe ; but we have neglected it so greatly that we no longer quite know what it is capable of doing.

## IV.

The same soldier, who has become my war-time, "god-child," writes to me again :

"I experience an ineffable delight in remaining the average man and in professing emptiness. I felt a great peace descend within me on the day when I resigned myself to the common lot—that is, to ignorance and death. I have found life by renouncing it and, now that I am no longer anything, I feel rich indeed. Do not tempt me in the direction of that, subtle

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spiritual vanity which constitutes one of the most formidable obstacles to the final liberation from self. Proud I certainly was, and I am still only too much so; but we cannot extract virtues otherwise than from our vices. More ardently than when I embraced the phantom of individual superiority, I stretch my arms towards homogeneous equality, towards the fullness of vacancy."

He is right; but he is thinking, here, with the eastern lobe of his brain, the Asiatic lobe; and the thoughts of this lobe commend us only to inaction and renunciation—the "enchantment of the disenchanted," as Renan used to say—or, rather, the satisfaction of despair. Certainly all that we see, all that we feel, and all that we know, pledges us to this despair, which our meditations—above all, those of this same Asiatic lobe—may, for that matter, render very spacious and as beautiful, almost as habitable as hope. But what do we know, as compared with what we do not know? We are ignorant of all that comes before and of all that comes after us, in a word, of the whole universe. Our despair, which appears at first the last word and the last effort of

wisdom, is therefore based upon what we know, which is nothing, whereas the hope of those whom we believe to be less wise can be based upon what we do not know, which is everything.

Moreover, if we would be quite just, there is more than one reason for hoping which we will not recall here; let us confess, therefore, that in this nothing which we know there exists naught but despair, and that hope can lie only in the everything which we do not know. But, instead of listening only to our eastern lobe, which counsels us to accept this inactive ignorance and to bury our lives therein, is it not more reasonable to set our western lobe to work at the same time, the lobe which seeks to discover the everything? It is possible that here, too, when all is said, it will find despair; but it is unlikely, for we cannot imagine a world which would be merely an act of despair. Now, if the world is not an act of despair, nothing that exists in it has reason to despair. In any case, and in the meanwhile, this search will doubtless permit us to hope as long as the world exists.

## The After Gun: By William Hunt

### An Early Essay at Camouflage

**I**T was my first experience of "camouflage," and I must admit for some time it took me in completely.

I had shipped my mules and I had shipped my men. I had drawn hammocks for the one and forage for the other. There was a cheerful and contented sound of rattling mugs and plates from the troop deck, and a steady munching noise from the mule stalls. I had got rid of the naval transport officer and the military landing officer, each of whom had gone ashore thoroughly happy in the possession of endless nominal rolls and lists of animals and vehicles. My stable guards were told off for the night, and as the warm curtain of dusk came down upon the busy Mediterranean port, I went down to dinner with just that right sort of tired, hungry feeling, which follows a good day's work.

My next-door neighbour at the mess-table was the First Officer, a hard-bitten old chap who had survived and apparently thrived upon incessant voyages to the West Coast of Africa, and who had proud and garrulous memories of an acquaintance with the redoubtable, original prototype of that engaging desperado Captain Kettle.

"Can you find me a guard for our gun on the poop, to be mounted day and night?" he asked me, after we had swapped a few yarns.

"Surely," I said; "but I'm surprised to hear that you have managed to wangle a gun out of the Admiralty"—for this was in 1915, when the question of arming merchantmen was still in the stage of suggestion, controversy, and newspaper correspondence only.

"You've heard of the 'mystery' ships, haven't you?" he said.

"One hears rumours, you know; but I'm blest if I know what they are."

"Well, I've got a 'mystery' gun, and I'll show it to you to-morrow. Have your guard ready to mount on the poop deck at 9.30 a.m."

"Right-oh," I said; and that was all I got out of the old bird that night.

Next morning, at 9.20 sharp, the N.C.O., whom I had appointed temporary ship's sergeant-major for the duration of the voyage, was on the boat deck with six men and a corporal.

Having inspected them and checked one or two details, I proceeded with them to the poop deck, where I found "the chief" awaiting me.

"Here's the gun," he said; and, behold, it was so—at least, as far as I could see. A long, grey, ugly looking muzzle protruding from what appeared to be a bullet-proof gun shield.

"See how obediently she answers her helm," said 'the chief,' slipping behind the gun-shields; and, as he spoke, she swung her whole length round with the gun-shield from port to starboard, and then back again, finally coming to rest aiming dead astern.

"That'll shake up Fritz and his tin fish some, I should think," I said; and I must admit I felt considerably cheered at the thought, for our probable course lay through what had already proved on one or two occasions to be happy hunting grounds for Boche submarines.

"Would you like to see her fired?" said the old man, his eyes glistening with pride, as he affectionately patted his murderous-looking acquisition. "We're well clear of

land now, and I can touch her off in half a jiffy; you'll get the best view of the effect from the boat deck."

So up to the boat deck I trotted. I saw him fiddle about with her, but, from up where I was, could not see exactly what he was doing, as by this time my guard had crowded curiously round the gun.

Suddenly there was a loud report, which struck me as being singularly different from that of any gun which I had ever heard fired before, and then, at what seemed to me a considerable distance astern, there was a big bang and a great flare, and then a heavy splash in the water.

"Magnificent," I said, as I rejoined the party on the poop; "that was quite a different shell from any I've struck, so far—on land, anyway."

I thought my men seemed rather amused at something; but all the First Officer said was; "She's pretty convenient to handle, too!"; and, as he said it, he grasped hold of her firmly near the gun-shield, and with a bit of an effort, lifted both that and the gun clean off the mounting.

"Lord Almighty!" I gasped; for this was finer than any feat of any music-hall Hercules that I had ever seen.

"D'you understand, now?" he said.

"Damned if I do, except that either it's the lightest gun ever forged, or you are the strongest man who ever sacrificed a promising career on the halls!"

"Forged!" said the old villain. "This gun is simply a good stout spar, and nothing else; it's swung on a good stout tar-barrel for a mounting; and the gun-shield is made of good stout packing-case wood, covered with canvas; the whole having been given three damned good licks o' grey paint."

"But the shell, man—the shell?" I cried. "You can't bluff me that that splendid shell was made by the carpenter, or even by the cook?"

"No," he said; "but you can get a surprising effect if you insert a brass rocket-stand into the end of a spar, and then fire a rocket out of it. I don't believe in taking any chances where we are going; and if Fritz pops up and sees this gun, I don't believe there'll be much need to fire a rocket; and even if there is, I don't think Fritz has got grit enough to wait up on top and watch us fire a second. Remember that you didn't spot it for what it was, yourself, at once, and you'd have been still less likely to if you'd been living for some days in a thing like a bob cigar, with nothing except the bottom of the Mediterranean between your perjured soul and perdition. No, if the Admiralty don't give me a gun, I make one."

Well, there was no recognised science of camouflage in those days, but I think the old reprobate really might well consider himself one of the pioneers of the movement. Be that as it may, my gun crew certainly swore that one pearly dawn, as the sun was touching up the rocky crags of one of those islands with which Providence has so picturesquely strewn those seas, a periscope popped up a few fathoms astern of us, but did not stay around long admiring our gun. Anyhow, whether their story of the submarine be true or not my story of the gun is apostolic veracity itself; and the fact remains that we made our port; which was more than many good ships did in those days; and whether or not she be still protected by her home-made gun, one thing is certain, and that is that the good old ship is still afloat.



## Bulgaria's Evil Genius

**I**T is over two years, now, since these three cartoons were first published, and they formed a prophecy, as well as a statement, of the course taken by Ferdinand, master in equivocation and treachery. There is, first, the cunning plotter; then the ruthless butcher; and, lastly, the disappointed being in fear of punishment for his crimes. "In a still more evil hour," says Sir Valentine Chirol, in a sketch of this monarch's character, addressed to *The Times*, "Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg was selected to fill a vacant throne which was going a-begging. He combined the brains and the vices of the worst type of the Italian *condottiere* of the Middle Ages, without the one redeeming virtue of personal courage which they usually possessed. . . . If ever there has been a ruler personally and directly responsible for having plunged his country in disaster, it is Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and if it is one of the chief aims of the Allies to make the world safe against militarism and autocracy, Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who is the living embodiment in the Balkan Peninsula of all that is worst in them, cannot be allowed to retain his throne."



By Louis Raemaekers

FERDINAND THE CHAMELEON

Sir Valentine Chirol speaks from personal knowledge of Bulgaria and its ruler, and he will contribute to the next issue of *LAND & WATER* an article on the political situation in the Balkans. Separating the Bulgarian people from their ruler, in the sketch already alluded to, he sums up that ruler's character by saying that "History will say of him that, prostituting his undoubted abilities to the basest purposes, he gambled heartlessly not only with the blood and fortunes, but with the very soul, of a people worthy of better things. Let us help history to place it on record, as soon as may be, that he ended by paying some part, at least, of the penalty he has so richly earned."

That is the considered verdict on this man whom Raemaekers has truly limned in the three cartoons shown here. In treachery, butchery, and in fear, he shows as a worthy disciple of the Germans whose *Kultur* he adopted, to the ruin of his country, and, let us hope, to his own downfall and just punishment.

Raemaekers' estimate is as just in the case of Ferdinand as in that of the Kaiser.



By Louis Raemaekers

OCTOBER IN SERBIA, 1915



By Louis Raemaekers

IN THE HANDS OF GERMANY



# "Forty-Seven-Forty or Fight!": By Cecil Chesterton

## The Foundations of Anglo-American Friendship

**A** FEW weeks ago I was permitted to write in these columns of that great man Andrew Jackson, the last American to sheath the sword against England, the first to offer her his hand. This week I propose to tell of the turning of a very perilous corner in the history of the friendlier relations thus established between the two peoples.

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Jackson, retiring at the end of his second term in a blaze of popularity and glory, virtually bequeathed the Presidency to his henchman Van Buren. It was fortunate that the Jacksonian tradition was thus continued, for during Van Buren's Presidency occurred the rebellion in Canada which might have offered a grave temptation to an American statesman of anti-British leanings. But the President was careful to act with correctitude and discretion, and it was not till the reign of his successor that a crisis appeared which brought with it the immediate menace of war. On this occasion the credit of averting such a disaster is due to one of the most remarkable figures in American history, John Caldwell Calhoun, then Secretary of State under President Tyler.

Calhoun's name is known in England, if at all, mainly through Lowell's amusing parody of his speeches in the "Biglow Papers"; but the man himself was of a very rare and intellectually very interesting type. He was the rational fanatic. Two or three distinctive political ideas had complete possession of his mind to the exclusion of all else. He held them with passion and would readily have suffered or persecuted for them. But when he came to defend them he did so with a cold and lucid logic to which such passion seems quite alien.

The strong passions and luminous reasoning of Calhoun were focussed mainly upon two great political dogmas. One was that of the positive blessedness of the institution of slavery. The other was the doctrine of State Sovereignty pushed to its most extreme and almost suicidal lengths. It is the former which forms the theme of Lowell's satire already referred to. Anyone familiar with Calhoun's speeches on the subject will at once recognise there, under the veil of travesty, his characteristic ideas. But his pro-slavery speeches are well worth reading seriously, for they certainly contain the most lucid and powerful defence of what Mr. Belloc has called "the Servile State" to be found in our language. How strong was Calhoun's faith in his own reasoning may be shown by a curious incident which marked his Secretaryship of State. When it was proposed to annex Texas to the United States, Lord Aberdeen had ventured to express the hope that slavery, already technically illegal in Mexico, would not be protected there. Instead of protesting, as he might not unreasonably have done, against British interference in a purely American question, Calhoun sat down and wrote an elaborate dispatch defending slavery as the ideal foundation for a civilised community—a dispatch which led Macaulay to say in the House of Commons that the United States had "put itself at the head of the nigger-driving interest throughout the world." Many Americans, Southern as well as Northern, were angry at this identification of American policy with the maintenance of slavery; but Calhoun was only disappointed that Aberdeen did not continue the debate, which he had hoped would convert Europe to his favourite thesis.

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Calhoun, as I have said, was Secretary of State when the annexation of Texas started the train of events which brought Great Britain and America within measurable distance of war. The Northern democracy was not unwilling to see Texas annexed, but it had a project of expansion of its own, for which it demanded a corresponding support. This project concerned the undeveloped territory bordering the Pacific, now represented in part by the States of Oregon and Washington and in part by our Colony of British Columbia, then called collectively "the Oregon Territory." To this territory both Great Britain and the United States laid claim. The dispute turned upon priority of discovery. It is difficult to determine which claim was really the stronger; the matter had been allowed to rest in abeyance and the territory had meanwhile been policed jointly by the two Powers. But coincidentally with the agitation for the admission of Texas

to the Union, there arose in the North a violent agitation for the immediate settlement of the question on a basis favourable to the American claims. The demand was crystallised in a political catch-word which was heard everywhere in the North and West:—"Forty-Seven-Forty or Fight!"—the demand, of course, being that England should instantly recognise that degree of latitude as the frontier or try the issue by arms.

The War Party was strong in Congress, especially among the representatives of the new States of the West. Its leader was a young man already distinguished by his eloquence and energy, and by his enormous popularity in his own State—Stephen Douglas of Illinois, later to be nicknamed "The Little Giant"—to confront Lincoln in the most memorable of public debates, and to die separated from old friends and allies, preaching a crusade against the Rebellion. On the other side was the Secretary of State. In the matter of Texas his passions were strongly engaged; in the matter of Oregon they were neutral; and his admirable intellect, so powerful even when inspired by fanaticism, had full play. He set himself against the Jingo tide, and coldly and unanswerably demonstrated the folly of war at such an hour and on such an issue. A war over Oregon must be fought in Oregon. England could without difficulty land an Army from India at a month's notice. An American Army sent to meet it must either force its way through an unmapped wilderness, or traverse two oceans in the face of the British Fleet. If, on the other hand, peace were preserved, the gradual expansion of the United States westward would redress the balance, and ultimately give to America all that she could reasonably claim.

It seemed an unequal fight; for the national temper was hot and eager, and the secretary had no party at his back. The Whigs, who had elected Tyler vice-president to conciliate the Southern wing of their party, but had never intended him to rule, were now at issue with him on almost every public question, and still more at issue with his Secretary of State who had supplanted their own leaders. Webster and Clay. The democratic opposition was clamorous for war and drunk with the expectation of an easy and overwhelming popular triumph. In the whole of Congress, Calhoun had hardly a friend. In the country he had no body of supporters, while the general opinion was dead against him. But he was right; and sooner or later those who were most eager to dethrone him had to acknowledge that he was right.

Everything fell out as he said. Driven from office he imposed his policy on his successor. Something indeed had to be done to satisfy the national temper. America, Calhoun again opposing, but this time in vain, plunged into a war with Mexico. But war with England was avoided.

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Calhoun's career closed in isolation and defeat. It was a tragic end, the more so for the terrible clarity with which he foresaw the downfall of every cause that he loved. His last speech in the Senate is a sort of funeral oration over the Old South. It reminds one continually of the sad magnificence of Hector:—"For in my heart and in my mind I know that Troy shall fall."

A dying man, he was unable himself to deliver in the Senate this last mournful testament of his—a protest against Henry Clay's famous compromise of 1850 on the slavery question. It was read for him by a younger Senator, while he sat a silent and mournful figure, staring with those great, haggard eyes into the future of which he despaired. A few days later he died. In the South his name became almost at once a legend. His own State of South Carolina marked its sense of his greatness by carving on his tomb as sufficient epitaph the single word "Calhoun." Ten years later his name and fame became the rallying point of the Great Secession. But his own gloomy forebodings proved a truer forecast of the future than the enthusiasm of those who drew the sword in his name. The cause of the South went down in blood and defeat. Slavery, of which he had been the one able and intelligent defender, was extinguished. State Sovereignty, for which he had pleaded so powerfully, suffered the judgment of arms, and was no more. In the new America, welded into unity by the sword, there was no place for him and hardly a place for his fame.

But England at least owes to this broken champion of lost causes the recollection that he saved her from again being forced to shed the blood of her children's children.



# Life and Letters by J. C. Squire

Mr. W. H. Davies

IT is a commonplace now that we are in the midst of a poetic revival. It is also true. The revival began years before the war, but the war has had some effect upon it. The war has made firm the "set" of the young contemporary mind in a direction which it was already taking before the war. By bringing men harshly against the realities of death and loss, public and private, it has revealed themselves to themselves, shown them what, at bottom, they have always most cared about and what they have most lived by. The younger generation cares less for argument and more for the expression of its elementary joys than the generations immediately above it. Instead of sitting gloomily on a fence in the middle of a wide prairie of doubts it has achieved some sort of faith; and in a world of blood and havoc it has taken a firm hold of the roots of happiness. Intellect and emotion in harmony have produced a poetic outlook and "atmosphere," with the result that many uncertain singers have greatly developed and many minor ones are writing fresh, honest, moving verse, who in a more materialistic sceptical and dialectic age would have written nothing at all. We have not—or we do not yet know that we have—the large outstanding figures; but for mass of good work fit for the anthologies and produced by many hands I do not see any age since the Elizabethan which can compare with ours.

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The new poetry—one cannot escape the word "new," but it wants qualification—has also its distinctive marks, as the poetry of any age must have. The historians will trace technical developments, and all sorts of influences exercised by elements in contemporary speculation and by scientific and even geographical discovery. There are fresh mines of material and of imagery in the human mind and in the physical world. The poetic emotion, the sources of good poetry, remain constant: poems in A.D. 10000, as in A.D. 1, will be born of a perception of strange yet familiar beauty which moves the heart to mingled exaltation and pain; and the last of the spectacles which shall touch those hidden strings will never be unveiled. Our age will have its colour and its content to be labelled when we are dead; and no living writer will have been found to have escaped the common tendencies of his age. But if there be such a writer, such a good and permanent writer, he will, I should say, prove to be Mr. W. H. Davies; still, unfortunately, known to many people only as the author of the *Autobiography of a Super-Tramp*.

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Mr. Davies takes remarkably little notice of contemporary movements, and I should imagine that he does not extensively read contemporary literature. Whatever it was that made him begin to sing it was not a contemporary atmosphere. He began writing poetry when it was still in England at a low ebb; the marks of his age, possibly apparent to posterity, are not visible in him to that age; and whatever changes have come over our literature in the last fifteen years have left him completely untouched. Practice has improved his technique since he first published a book; but his outlook, his subject-matter, his interests, and his metres, have remained essentially what they were. He wrote because a few simple things moved him to write, and had moved him before he had ever lived amongst books or the bookish. He still writes for the same reason; and he still writes about the same things. No good poet was ever less intellectual. He seldom speculates, and if he sometimes generalises he proves merely that generalisation is not his line. He has traveled widely, seen many places and many men; but his travels give nothing to his verse but an occasional strange or bright picture used metaphorically or as a foil to his English sketches. Nor is he a subtle artist; he never makes a cunning appeal to eye or ear by means of concealed or demonstrative artifice. But he is a man of genius, and his genius is still alive; and after many years of songs about girls and children, robins and thrushes, hills and the moon, cows, sheep, clouds, and beer, he still writes with a freshness of impulse that makes each song a new song and prevents him from lapsing into that habit of self-imitation which is especially dangerous for writers of his kind. He could so easily have turned into a factory of insincere prettinesses.

His *Forty New Poems* (Fifield, 4s. net) is, I think, his eighth volume of verse; excluding *Collected Poems* (Fifield, 6s. net), which is the book to which those who do not know his work should first be recommended. The new volume is as good as any; it may lack the few outstanding things, but it includes many charming ones. The first poem in the book is very typical:

Sing for the sun your lyric, lark,  
Of twice ten thousand notes;  
Sing for the moon, you nightingales,  
Whose light shall kiss your throats;  
Sing, sparrows, for the soft, warm rain,  
To wet your feathers through;  
And, when a rainbow's in the sky;  
Sing you, cuckoo—"Cuckoo!"

Sing for your five blue eggs, fond thrush,  
By many a leaf concealed;  
You starlings, wrens, and blackbirds sing  
In every wood and field:  
While I, who fail to give my love  
Long raptures twice as fine,  
Will for her beauty breathe this one—  
A sigh, that's more divine.

This shows his chief qualities, with the exception of one: the minuteness of observation with which he so frequently and unexpectedly delights us—observation not for cold observation's sake, but made in a moment of emotional apprehension. You get that elsewhere in his song about the joy he gets from looking at birds' foot-prints in the snow; and in *Till I Went Out*:

Till I went out of doors to prove  
What through my window I saw move;  
To see if grass were brighter yet,  
And if the stones were dark and wet.

Till I went out to see a sign—  
That slanted rain, so light and fine,  
Had almost settled in my mind  
That I at last could see the wind.

The effect is never produced by very exact language; no good poet who ever lived had so small a vocabulary or so narrow a range of adjectives. But his joy is so real, his statements so direct, that we do not mind that; an indefinable tone of sincerity, a simple but real music, make his verse good even when, superficially, it is a mere catalogue of white clouds, green grass, and woolly sheep, each endowed with the one obvious adjective that most people are afraid to use. Take *Cowslips and Larks*:

I hear it said yon land is poor,  
In spite of those rich cowslips there—  
And all the singing larks it shoots  
To heaven from the cowslips' roots.  
But I, with eyes that beauty find,  
And music ever in my mind,  
Feed my thoughts well upon that grass  
Which starves the horse, the ox, and ass.  
So here I stand, two miles to come  
To Shapwick and my ten-days home,  
Taking my summer's joy, although  
The distant clouds are dark and low,  
And comes a storm that, fierce and strong,  
Has brought the Mendip Hills along:  
Those hills that, when the light is there,  
Are many a sunny mile from here.

There is not an unusual word here or an epithet that anyone would ever dream of quoting detached from its context: but it succeeds, and one does not forget it. One of the most striking poems in the book is that in memory of his friend Edward Thomas, who until he left the England he loved for the front had "never left it once before." The note of grief is an unusual one for Mr. Davies, and the poem is all the more moving for that. His whimsical qualities, sometimes very attractive, are not much in evidence; but there is a charming excursus beginning "The moon is full, and so am I." That phrase, I may add, is in a manner symbolical: Mr. Davies would scarcely bother to distinguish between his enjoyment of the moon and his enjoyment of beer. The universe to him is a place full of simple and delightful things: one is as good as another, and he is content, as a rule, to let mysteries alone.





# THE THEATRE

By W. J. Turner



**A**LTHOUGH a bad play, *Eyes of Youth* (St. James's Theatre) is not a bad entertainment. The worst plays are not always the most tedious. In fact, it is quite a common occurrence for a friend to say to you: "Oh, *do* go and see so-and-so; it is the worst play in London." Of course, these are generally plays with titles like *The Girl who took the Wrong Turning* or *The Man without a Smile*, where the villain, wearing a red tie, and with protruding and shining fangs, is seen pursuing the heroine across a rope-ladder, amid shouts of "Stop it!", "Let her alone!", "Kick his face!", from frenzied partisans all over the house, who bomb him with orange pips. Just as he is about to grasp his prey, the hero, pale as death, walks slowly on; the band plays "Rule Britannia"; with a horrible yell, the villain tears at his breast, gasps convulsively for air, and, goaded to desperation by the howls of the audience, drops into the abyss. The hero smiles in a superior fashion, and says: "Darling, I have saved you." She replies: "Yes, George!"; and at this tender romantic touch the house rises. I don't know how these actors are paid, but to play the villain in such plays I should want treble the money of the hero. I should not be howled at for nothing. In fact, I should not be able to play such parts for long without beginning to feel a genuine scoundrel, and to wonder when I boarded a bus why people did not instantly throw me off.

*Eyes of Youth* is not a play of this sort. It is an American production, and, like most American plays, it has a good idea, which is spoiled by absurd and incompetent writing. The idea is that a girl who has many admirers, and offers of marriage, and the opportunity of a career as a singer, and is on the point of deciding whether she shall stay at home, marry, or become a singer, is enabled by gazing into a Yogi's crystal globe to see her future life enacted before her eyes as it would be in the event of each of the three possible decisions. In the first scene shown by the crystal Gina sees her future if she obeys the call of duty, and stays at home. It is a school-room scene, she is still unmarried, and is the school mistress; already she is half grey-haired and a nervous wreck, openly flouted by the children, and, we learn, about to be dismissed by the Board in favour of a younger woman. This change is supposed to have taken place in five years. There is a painful scene between her and her old lover, who has now transferred his affections to her younger sister; but she is so obviously incompetent and invertebrate that we have no sympathy with her, and can only look upon the lover as a man who has had a hair-breadth escape.

The curtain falls on the dismal scene of failure and disillusionment, and when it rises again she is seated before the crystal in her father's house on the night when her lovers and the operatic impresario are assembled for her decision. She is still slightly dazed from this revelation, when in enters the lover in question, having left the others dancing to come and press his suit. On seeing him, she stares and laughs a little hysterically, and when he urges how he loves her, she can only gaze at him wide-eyed. This is an excellent situation, and Miss Gertrude Elliott was extremely good in it.

The next time she looks into the crystal she sees what her life will be if she goes with the impresario and becomes a singer. It is the best scene of all; we see her in her dressing-room, at the theatre, coming in late, singing a music-hall song, and snapping her fingers at her manager and the director of the Opera House, who are nearly beside themselves with worry and anxiety due to her eternal caprice. There is a ramping, tearing scene wildly out of keeping with the character of the girl shown in the first act as incapable of holding a few children in order; but what does truth or consistency matter to an American dramatist out to write a play that "grips"? However, the scene is decidedly amusing in itself and gives Miss Elliott a chance to show that she can do some things extraordinarily well. The impresario (Mr. E. Dagnall) and the director of the opera (Mr. Herman de Tange) are done to the life; their frantic despair at her refusal to sing with the second tenor (the principal tenor being ill), their alternations of wheedling and bullying, their threats, gestures and imprecations, are delightfully comic. The second tenor, a ridiculous and yet pathetic object, adds to the effect by bursting in upon Gina's dressing-room in

*négligé*, having heard that the prima donna refuses to sing with him. He is bamboozled by the grossest flattery and dispatched. Then follows a bit of truly American melodrama. Gina's young brother, who has followed her everywhere and lived upon her, now commands her to sing; she refuses, and says she gets far more from her millionaire friends than her manager. The brother collapses, staggers to his feet, and calls her a bad, bad girl; and when she declares that her badness started with her impresario, he turns round and shoots the impresario as a signal to the stage-manager to drop the curtain.

Gina now gazes into the crystal for the last time to see what will happen if she marries the rich lawyer. She sees herself in court, the defendant in a trumped-up divorce suit brought by her husband, who has laid a trap for her, into which she has innocently fallen. Why the lawyer, after struggling to marry her, now has concocted this elaborate plot to divorce her is unexplained; perhaps there is nothing more in it than a passion for going to law. However, she is divorced, and with almost indecent haste sinks very near to begging in the streets. Her one true lover returns from Mexico, or some wild spot where impecunious young men are expected to pick up nuggets, discovers her reclining against a lamp-post at a street corner, and marries her.

The influence of the cinema—or "the movies," as I think they call it in the States—is to be seen quite plainly in this drama. All American plays are contaminated with "the movie" spirit; and in this, as in most, there is not the slightest attempt to portray character and the conflict of character, which is the true business of the dramatist. It is pure artificial pantomime, with as much coherence or structure as a set of quadrilles. It would lose absolutely nothing of what merit it has as a light entertainment if "filmed"; but it is pitiful to see the superior apparatus of the theatre and the noble craft of the actor wasted on such unmitigated rubbish. I am credibly informed that there is not many miles from Chicago a picture-palace which bears the following legend:

Come into the movies,  
And mister, sure you'll say,  
Sheridan and Shakespeare  
Have had their little day.  
Come into the movies,  
Girlie, it is grand  
To chew gum in the movies,  
And hold a feller's hand!

I must say that this rather gives the show away. It has never yet been found necessary in the cases of Shakespeare and Sheridan for theatrical managers to point out the attractiveness of being able to chew gum during the performance. As for holding hands, this is the sort of thing that very early Victorians might have imagined went on during the hearing of Ibsen's plays; but, as a matter of strict historical accuracy, it is a complete innovation. It was not even contemplated by any far-sightedness on the part of early cinema proprietors. It was entirely a discovery of the public's, and a discovery to which the great fortunes made in the cinema trade are largely due. In England, the weather, so unfavourable for sitting out of doors and listening to open-air concerts, has been an invaluable asset to the cinema trade. It is likely, however, that after the war there will be found people enterprising enough to build large winter gardens after the Continental fashion, where, in good weather, you may wander outside among shrubberies and lawns, and listen to an excellent string band, playing good music, and obtain light refreshments; or, if the weather is bad, listen to the band indoors in a large airy hall or pavilion, where you can sit at a small table with friends, and smoke and drink.

Those who have been to Frankfort-on-Main will remember the fine winter gardens there. If we had places like that, they and the cinemas would take away from the theatres all those people who simply want somewhere to go in an evening; and then the people who want good plays would get them.

"Why should the profiteers have all the wine?" a modern democratic poet has sung. And I would add: "Why should the dunderheads have all the fun?"



# Famous Men on Pelmanism

## Admiral Lord Beresford, G.C.B., G.C.V.O.

Quite frankly, the Pelman System is devised to help a man or a woman to achieve practical, material success, sometimes expressible in terms of money. Why not?

If the main principles of the system were to be defined, I should describe them as inculcating self-reliance, and the perfecting of the mind, memory, and mental equipment generally, the essential condition of success in any career.

The test of the value of the Pelman System, like the test of the value of any other system, is the result. What is the testimony of the students who have taken the course? I have read many letters written by students when they have completed their course. These epistles are signed by men in every profession and trade, and in every rank of them. The Services contribute letters from admirals down ranks and ratings to ordinary seamen and stokers, and from generals to privates, and it is remarkable that almost without exception these documents affirm the benefit received by the writers from the Pelman Course of study.

The Pelman Institute, as I understand the matter, does not profess to work miracles. What it does profess to accomplish is to enable a man to make the best use of the abilities he already, consciously or unconsciously, possesses. The first condition of success is willingness to learn. The student must be prepared to do his part. It is not always an easy part, but it is fair to say both that it is always possible and always interesting.

## Major-General Sir F. Maurice, K.C.M.G., C.B. (Late Director of Military Operations.)

The Pelman System provides mind-drill based on scientific principles, and taught by experienced instructors. It claims to produce not only a good memory, but concentration, self-confidence, self-control, initiative, and observation, and the thousands of letters received from soldiers who have taken the course, both before and during the war, show that it makes no empty claim.

I can think of no better method than the Pelman Course either for keeping the mind fit in times of leisure or slackness, or for restoring mental vigour to a soldier whose mind has become flabby from overstrain or physical weakness, and I can recommend no better investment than a Pelman Course to the soldier on convalescent leave.

The Pelman System is not cram, or trick, but a scientific method of training which has proved its value to the soldier in war, and it would, I am certain, be of the greatest benefit if it were adapted to Army training generally.

## Sir R. S. S. Baden-Powell, K.C.B.

I have been asked many times whether I recommend Pelmanism, which is a system of mental training taught by correspondence. I cannot base a recommendation on *personal* experience of the Pelman Course because I have never been through it myself; and I have made it, I am glad to think, my invariable rule throughout life never to recommend a man or a measure with whose merits, achievements, and possibilities I had not had personal experience.

This rule, however, leaves me quite free to say that the Pelman System, so far as I can judge from what I have seen of it, appeals to me because it deals with the individual, and because it offers to him in a practical form the cardinal steps to the development and strengthening of mental character, which is the foundation of success in any line of life. And many, if not most, of these steps are those which have been omitted in the average school training.

## "Sapper" (Author of "Sergeant Michael Cassidy," "Men, Woman, and Guns," etc.)

What is this thing which Pelmanism teaches, and which its students wish to be taught? It is well-nigh impossible to sum up the course in a phrase: it is altogether too big a thing. And yet—perhaps it can be done—more or less. Pelmanism, as I see it, teaches Human Nature—your own and the other man's.

There is no catch in it. It is a system developed along perfectly common-sense lines, which leads to a definite goal. That goal is Efficiency.

Pelmanism trains the untrained mind; that is its *raison d'être*. But from an intellectual point of view the thing can be put in a nutshell. It is not good to go through life blind; and yet thousands do so. Their brains are blind; they see,

and do not appreciate; they hear, and do not understand. Pelmanism brings that appreciation and that understanding. Therefore it would seem worth while to Pelmanise, for it is certainly worth while to understand.

## Sir Harry Johnston, G.C.M.G., D.Sc. (Cantab).

Pelmanism, it seems to me, is not so much an education in itself as the preparation of the mind for education elsewhere; for the education of the streets and shops and countryside; education by home reading, by foreign travel, by secondary schools, and, above all, by universities. So far from being in rivalry with sound educational institutions, with schools and colleges, it is a preparatory ground for them. Its intention is that its pupils shall be enabled henceforth to assimilate, and co-ordinate to the utmost advantage all the education they receive or seek for.

Why do I write thus strongly and convincingly? Because more than the mass of my fellow-countrymen, more—alas!—than many of those who direct our destinies in the Councils of State, in Parliament, in the Press, I realise the supreme need of a well-founded, practical, modern education if we are to attain to and maintain a supreme degree of efficiency, proportionate to the place we aspire to hold among the great nations of the world.

## Sir H. Rider Haggard.

Education, properly understood, does not merely mean something which enables people to acquire facts that are useful in the passing of competitive examinations. Indeed, I believe, as I understand that the Directors of the Pelman Institute do also, the entire system of competitive examinations, also their results, to be of doubtful value. True education, if it is to prove really helpful to a man or woman, and therefore to the nation, must have a moral side, something that strengthens the character as well as stores the mind with the details of various sorts of learning.

To me it seems that Pelmanism, as I understand it, does to a considerable extent fulfil this ideal; and for that reason I recommend it to those who, in the fullest sense, really wish to learn and to become what men and women ought to be.

Our nation, like others, is going through a period of awful strain and trouble. We hope and believe that we shall emerge from that trouble chastened but safe, if impoverished, distressed, and disorganised. Then, unless we are to sink in the world and bid farewell to the proud position which we have held for centuries, must come another period, that of reconstruction. On the wreck of the past we must rise to better things. Here it is, I think, that the applied principles of Pelmanism may help us.

## Thomas Pellatt, M.A. (Author of "Public Schools and Public Opinion," "Public School Education and the War," etc.)

Pelmanism is based upon those great and eternal principles which underlie the art of all genuine education, and which are just as permanent as the principles which underlie the art of painting, or of architecture, or of any other art.

The system, therefore, being built upon a rock foundation, is not of the nature of a quack medicine, and needs no quack device to recommend it; it makes no claim whatever to transform human nature; to change the cart-horse into the race-horse, or so to metamorphose the elephant that he will "amble nimbly in a lady's chamber to the lascivious pleasing of a lute"; but it does claim this: Success for all who follow the directions given; success in the sense that, after they have been through the course, they will find themselves "re-born," as it were, with aims, objects, possibilities—nay, *certainities*—in front of them, such as they never dreamed of before.

And this claim is verified by the verdict of thousands and thousands of people who have proved its truth. That is why I call the Pelman System *sound*.

"Mind and Memory" (in which the Pelman Course is fully described, with a Synopsis of the lessons) will be sent gratis and post free, together with a full reprint of TRUTH'S famous Report on the Pelman System and a form entitling readers of LAND & WATER to the complete Course for one-third less than the usual fees, on application to the Pelman Institute, 39 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

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# The Reader's Diary

## Recent Novels

IT is not like Mr. Wells, who, if he is anything, is acutely alive to the latest turn of circumstances, to write his longest novel in the middle of a paper shortage. But *Joan and Peter* (Cassells, 9s. net) is written; and it is really only by quite modern standards that its length is unusual. Much of the shrugging of shoulders and half-humorous complaint that it has evoked has been purely mechanical. As I have said before, the fault of most modern novelists is that they tell their stories in just as few words as will make (to the eye) a decent volume.

But though he has only allowed himself a space that no serious novelist need be ashamed of taking, Mr. Wells's book is, in another sense, undeniably too long. A great many of its 750 pages are filled with a froth that severe examination reduces to a very few drops of useful liquid. And many of the incidents are superfluous or are developed to an unnecessary length. The excess of energy which led Mr. Wells to satirise the foibles of the late Victorians is a thing to be deplored. It led him to waste his time; for not only are the late Victorians dead, but their foibles died before them. Nevertheless, though its bulk is somewhat dropsical, this is probably the best novel Mr. Wells has written since *The New Machiavelli*. Its scope is in essence the same, though it takes two persons as protagonists instead of one, and leaves them earlier and happier. It illustrates the endeavour of Joan and Peter, children born in the early 'nineties, to adjust themselves to this confusing modern world and to find their places in it. And it makes also, through the mouth of the guardian, Oswald Sydenham, a commentary on the failure of the modern world to provide a decent education not only for its poorer inhabitants, but equally for those whom Sydenham calls the "élite"—the persons whose means enable them to have the best that is going.

I confess that the commentary leaves me puzzled as to whether Mr. Wells intends it for a serious contribution to the educational problem. Sydenham is so easily baffled and produces nothing whatever of a positive nature as an alternative to the present state of affairs. But this, on the whole, matters very little. Mr. Wells's true line—if he would only admit it—does not lie in the solution of problems or the discussion of ideas, but in the delineation of manners. Twice, in *Tono-Bungay* and *The New Machiavelli*, he has painted to admiration great sections of our own times. In neither of these books did he produce any new idea which could conceivably be of the slightest use to a reformer; nor is it his business to do so. His genius lies in the fact that he can catch the decade on the wing and fix it for ever, so that any fool henceforward can see it steadily and see it whole.

The story which he uses for these purposes means nothing to him or to us. I confess to not caring a tinker's curse whether Peter married Joan or not. As a matter of fact, Mr. Wells's characters, principal and secondary alike, all have a certain shadowiness. He understands generations or groups better than he understands individuals. But this is not a matter for reproach against him. His gift is a very special and very valuable one indeed; and, if one knows his persons only as acquaintances and never intimately, one does get from him a clear conception of the general drift of a vast crowd of people whom one seems to know quite well by sight. The general impressions given of such institutions as the third-rate boarding-school in which Peter made a brief sojourn, the studio and night-club set in which Peter and Joan moved in the year before the war, and the R.F.C. in which Peter served as a pilot, are most excellently conceived and rendered. England in 1903, as it presented itself, confused and chaotic, to Oswald Sydenham on his return from opening up Central Africa, is an admirable picture; and the beginning of the war, a pageant of fateful events which has been painted too frequently, has not often been painted so well as here. As usual, Mr. Wells throws into the heap innumerable characters, smaller than minor, described in a phrase or two; and some of these are exquisitely sketched. Of the more elaborate humorous portraits, the æsthetic aunts, Phyllis and Phoebe, are well done; but Lady Charlotte Sydenham, a sort of embodiment of the *Morning Post*, often very funny in a farcical way, is laboured on the whole. Taking a general view, the book, with its large pictures and wealth of rich detail, is a book such as only Mr. Wells could have written.

## A Romance of the Trenches

In a diffident preface, Mr. John Lane introduces *The Love of an Unknown Soldier* (Lane, 3s. 6d. net) as a manuscript found in a deserted dug-out. Its publication was suggested to the finder and to himself, he says, by the feeling that it properly belonged to the nameless American lady who inspired it. They could imagine no better way of bringing its existence to her notice; and they are waiting for her to claim her property. They imagine that the writer must be dead. It consists of a series of unposted letters written by an English officer to an American lady, whom he had met in America, and again in Paris, where he was on leave and she engaged in war work. He fell in love with her, but, having always deplored war-marriages, forbore to tell her so, and wrote these pages as an outlet for his emotions. His story is told with simplicity and feeling; and it gives, incidentally, another plain little tale of life at the front. But certain considerations, which appear to have escaped Mr. Lane, have occurred to me. He says that many divisions had been in the area where the manuscript was found, and that it would be impossible to trace the batteries of the various brigades which had occupied those gun-pits. But, though it is true that the writer gives neither his name nor his unit, he does provide several clues to his own identity. He was a subaltern in the artillery. He was of good social position, had been at Oxford, had been a Member of Parliament, and had resigned his seat. He was a member of the British Mission to America. His battery contained two officers whose names are given, Bill Lane and Jack Holt. Perhaps inquiries made on these converging lines would have revealed the author without the drastic step of publishing these intimate confidences; and then the simple expedient of an advertisement in, say, the Paris edition of the *New York Herald* would probably have produced the lady. But, on the other hand, the confidences may not be so intimate, after all. Yet another possibility occurs to me. The manuscript, though found in a dug-out under circumstances of mystery, is not necessarily a genuine confession. It is quite possible that a gunner-subaltern had been amusing himself with an essay in fiction, and is at this moment deploring the absent-mindedness which led him to leave his promising fledgling behind him. If so, I trust he will turn up to take his royalties. He is not without skill as a writer.

## Mr. Lucas's Essays

I confess without shame that I have not yet read the whole of Mr. Lucas's eighth volume of essays, *Twixt Eagle and Dove* (Methuen, 6s. net). The reviewer who would think it necessary to sit down and solemnly read through a new book by Mr. Lucas before writing about it would be a man hardened beyond all decency by much devouring of books. I have dipped into it, and read here a page and there a whole essay; and I am prepared to certify that it is the genuine stuff. Does a tea-taster drink the whole pot before pronouncing an opinion? I state with confidence my belief that this is the way to test Mr. Lucas, and the way he himself would choose.

The ingredients are as usual—anecdotes, London streets and the things that happen in them, the animals in the Zoo, odd old books, dogs, and I know not what else. The principle of mixture is also as usual; and it is difficult to think of any other essayist in these times who can fling together a charming trifle—or give charm to a triviality—with so little effort as Mr. Lucas. He can make his essay out of the slenderest joke or incident—a picture that was injured by a bird, a lady telling fortunes by cards, a girl in a music-hall with three soldiers, his own resemblance to some one else. One of his secrets is that he always knows when to stop, and almost always stops very soon. He hops from subject to subject like a bird, never staying long anywhere, but always leaving a swaying twig behind him. For myself, I think I like the conqueror of the cinematograph as well as anything that Mr. Lucas has discovered. It was a horse, which was intended to look ill; but though you may have a million-dollar production and an all-star cast at will, you cannot persuade a horse to look ill when it is feeling well. That is the sort of discovery that, one feels, could come only to Mr. Lucas. If so, it is just as well. No one else could describe it exactly as he does; or weave round so slight a joke so many words without using just a few words too many.

PETER BELL.



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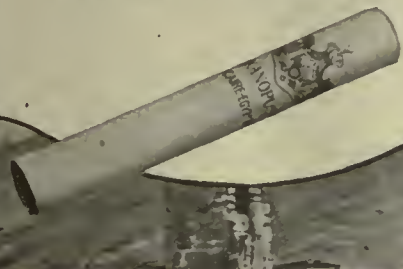
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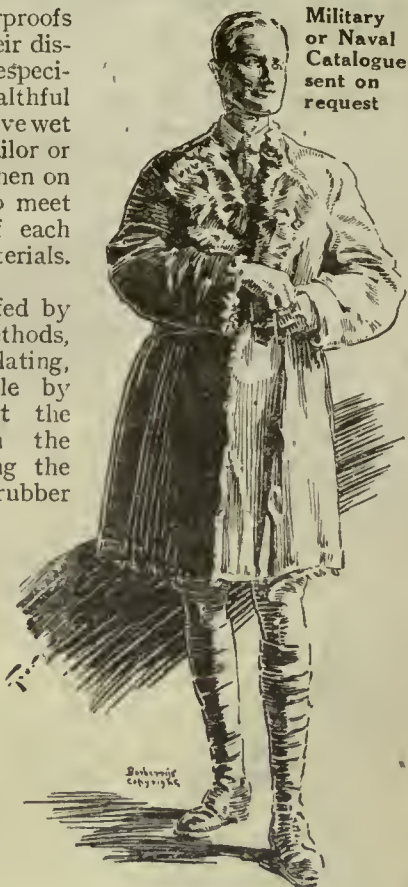
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# Who is Paying for the War?: By Hartley Withers

**T**HE people who are paying for the war are those who, whether voluntarily or owing to the pressure of taxation and high prices, and Government's restrictions, have reduced their consumption, in the widest sense of the word, since the war began.

Of the several ways in which a nation can pay for war, this one of enforcing or producing a reduction in consumption is the most practicable and effective. Practically there are only four ways of solving the problem. The nation can borrow abroad, and use the money it so raises to buy from foreigners the goods that it needs for its fighting services. Its power to do this is obviously limited by the readiness of other nations to lend to it and provide it with goods; and when most of the world is at war, this readiness is not likely to be extensive. Or, secondly, it can realise its holdings, if any, of foreign securities, and take in exchange for them the goods that it needs for the war. Here again this power is limited by the power of foreigners to repurchase the securities held by the warring nation. In so far as these two methods are used, the reduction of consumption takes place not in the nation that is at war, but in those which lend it money or buy back securities from it. For example, when the Americans took up British loans, or bought back from British investors the American railroad and other securities that we or our ancestors had bought from them before the war, the practical result was to set American farmers and manufacturers to work to turn out stuff not for home consumption, but for the feeding and equipment of the British Army and Navy. The third way in which a nation can pay for a war is by making a great productive and industrial effort, and so turning out the stuff that the fighting forces need, in addition to the original volume of its production. This is a hardly possible achievement for any people to work at a time when the best of its manhood is in the field or in training for the front. It may, by better organisation and by making better use of its stock of possible workers, go a long way towards filling the gap in production that the withdrawal of its best men from productive work has caused, but it can hardly do much more than that. All these methods we have used as far as their limits would allow us to do so. The fourth way—that of reducing consumption—also has its limits, but we are still some way from having reached them; and it has been one of the great surprises of the war, so fertile in surprises, to find what a big margin we had in this country, and how far it has been possible to reduce consumption without cutting into the supply of the necessities of life for the civilian population.

## Pre-War Extravagance

That big margin was largely given to us by the cheerful and careless extravagance which marked so much of our pre-war spending. According to calculations, made before the war, of British and German national expenditure—expenditure, that is, of all the citizens of each country, not that of the State—the average spent per year by us was £42 per head, including the whole population—men, women, and children. In Germany the average spent was £23 per head. These figures have to be accepted with a good deal of caution, because estimates of the aggregate expenditure of any nation necessarily are to a great extent a matter of guesswork. But if they are anything like correct, then we had a margin of £19 per head, which we could save and put into war or any other purpose, without stinting ourselves more than by reducing our spending per head to the German pre-war level. And £19 per head, with a population of 47 millions means a saving of 900 millions of pre-war pounds—real pounds, with purchasing power equivalent to something like 1,800 millions of the depreciated pounds that we handle in these times.

Such was the margin of consumption that could be diverted to war purposes merely by coming down to the German scale of living, as the Germans lived before the war—that is, very comfortably, on the whole, though more carefully and economically than we did, domestic management being a matter to which the German housewives gave much more trouble and thought than the average British woman of a similar class. In order to bring this reduction of consumption about, the Government was able to use three methods of compulsion or persuasion. First of all, it could tax. Every pound that it took out of our pockets in taxation meant, as a rule, that we had so much less to spend on ourselves, and so we were forced to reduce consumption, and

so we set free goods to be used for the Army, and the work of those who made them. The larger the proportion of war-cost that a Government raises by taxation, the smaller (obviously) is the pile of war debt that it heaps up, and the smaller (less obviously) is the cost of the war because taxation usually forces people to cut down consumption, and so there is less competition for goods between the citizens and the Government, and the rise in prices is less. In the matter of taxation, our war Governments have dealt with us gently.

## The Burden of Taxation

War taxation seems heavy if we look at it by itself; but when we consider it in relation to the cost of the war, to the tremendous question that is at stake, and, above all, to the sacrifices that the best of our manhood is making all day and all night at the front, its burden is a very small thing to complain of. In this fifth year of war we are rising to a total revenue, from taxes and State services, of 842 millions, according to the Budget estimate. It looks enormous at first sight when we compare it with the 198 millions that we so raised before the war; but we have to allow again for currency depreciation, and then we see that these 842 millions are worth, in actual buying power, only about 420 millions of pre-war pounds. So that when we measure our war effort by this test we find that we are only handing over to the State, in revenue, little more than double the buying power that we paid to it before the war, which is not such a gigantic achievement, in view of what is at stake. The second way of reducing consumption that the Government could use was by borrowing. This method it has used with so much vigour that the estimated gross debt of the country will be, according to the Chancellor's estimate, £7,980 millions on March 31st next—an increase since the war began of over £7,200 millions. Borrowing is, at first sight, a comfortable way of paying for war, because it makes people think that thereby part—not to say most—of the business of paying for the war is put on to the shoulders of posterity. In fact, we have to pay for the war now, as it goes on, and every million of debt makes us taxpayers immediately so much poorer in proportion to the taxation that we have to pay in order to meet the interest-charge. There is also this very serious objection to the policy of paying for war by borrowing that it involves great unfairness to the men who are fighting for us or doing war work for a soldier's pay. They, owing to their low rate of pay, can subscribe little or nothing to war loans, but when they come back to civil life they will be expected to take their share of the high taxation that the debt charge will involve, for interest which will be pocketed by those who were able, out of high war profits and high war wages, to make big investments. Apart from this serious evil, borrowing has less effect in reducing consumption than taxation. When a man pays taxes he knows that the money is gone; when he subscribes to War Bonds he has got an asset; it is also a liability which he shares with other taxpayers, but he probably forgets that aspect of it, and so is not so likely to be stimulated along the path of economic austerity. So that borrowing even of money saved by the investor is a much less satisfactory method of war finance than taxation. When borrowing is not done by means of money saved by investors, we come to the third method by which Governments can enforce reduction of consumption, namely, inflation of the currency. This is too complicated a question to be discussed fully now. It wants a page—not to say many pages—to itself. For the present, I must be allowed to assert, without further explanation, that when a Government prints paper-money in hatfuls, as our Government has and all the other warring Governments have—either themselves or through their bankers—or when a Government borrows from you and me not money that we have saved, but money that we have borrowed from banks. or, again, when a Government borrows not from investors but from banks, then there is an increase in the supply of purchasing power instead of a transfer of it, such as takes place through taxation, or borrowing of saved money. But if you increase the supply of purchasing power with no corresponding increase in the supply of goods to be bought, up go prices, and so everybody's consumption is reduced by a financial process which in effect amounts to a tax on all purchases. Which, again, is quite the unfairer way of taxing because it hits hardest those least able to bear it.

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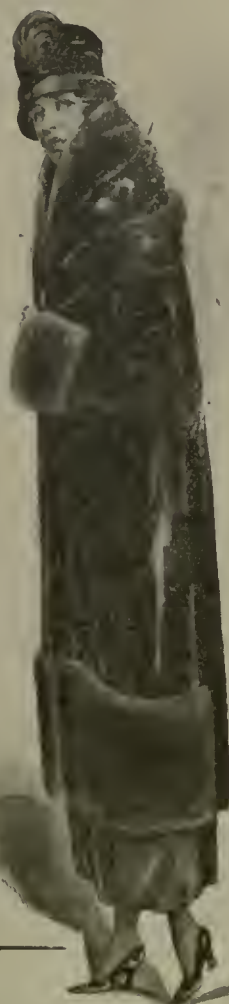
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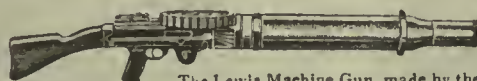
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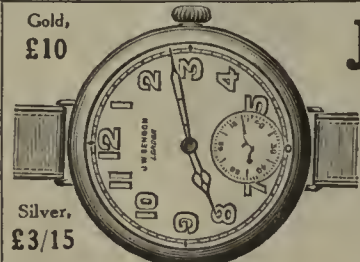
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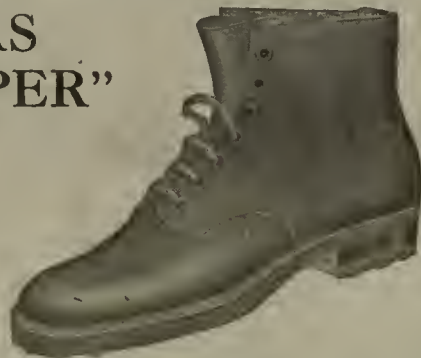
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# LAND & WATER

Vol. LXXII. No. 2944. [56TH YEAR] THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1918

[REGISTERED AS  
A NEWSPAPER] PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
PRICE ONE SHILLING



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## A WORD FROM THE WISE

Ferdinand : "It's no good, Bill ; the only words they'll listen to are 'unconditional surrender.' "



THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1918

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## The German Peace Offer

GERMANY has made a peace offer. Prince Max of Baden, who (as Chancellor) has been put at the head of a pseudo-democratic government, has expressed his country's willingness to accept President Wilson's programme as "a basis" for negotiation. Beaten in the field, deserted by one ally, and threatened with the desertion of another, Prussia now plays the cards we have all expected her to play. She tells us (1) that she has democratised herself, and (2) that she is willing to negotiate with our terms as "a basis." Unfortunately, neither of her concessions takes us very much farther. Her democratisation is on the surface. She has given posts to majority Socialists and she has given the Chancellorship to one of the few civilised German princes. But democratic control and ministerial responsibility are still out of sight; all that has been definitely promised is that in purely non-military matters civilians shall be allowed the right of having their opinions considered—which, practically, marks a very small advance indeed. The autocracy and its military-Junker buttresses remain in control, although they have with reluctant graciousness conceded the German people the right, not of decision, but of expressing opinion. And the acceptance of President Wilson's terms as "a basis" means nothing at all. What is a basis? When the Austrian Peace Note talked in this strain President Wilson's answer was that the terms of the Allies were before the enemy. If they cared to accept our terms the war would end. If they did not, the war would go on. To draw up what we believe to be the elements of a just settlement and then to allow these elements to be treated as mere theoretic resolutions, the mere formal agenda of a conference, would be to stultify ourselves. Mr. Lloyd George in the spring named in detail Britain's terms; the President has named, in a more general way, America's terms. The Germans have accepted neither. They have merely (Prince Max says "magnanimously") proposed, whilst retaining their army intact, preserving the autocracy and saying no word about Austria-Hungary, where the war originated, asked us to suspend our victorious operations whilst we discuss with them the application of President Wilson's principles. If the discussion comes to anything it will come to a compromise. If it comes to nothing it will have given them time to reconstruct their defences and prepare for a withdrawal upon a shorter line.

The Expected that Happened

The extraordinary thing to us is that certain English papers should treat the new German offer as a surprise, when the whole world has known for a long time that it was coming. The British Press has been saying for months that the Germans this autumn would lay themselves out to split the Allies and to divide the Allied peoples. We may be permitted, as evidence, to quote our own words of August 8th last (two months ago):

When the shadow of inevitable defeat begins to creep over Germany we may be certain that, while putting up the most desperate military resistance, she will lay herself out as she has never yet done to divide the Allied Powers and the Allied peoples. . . . When things get worse, a public and detailed offer of terms is not inconceivable, an offer "generous" to an extent not yet dreamt of, but securing the domination of the Hapsburgs, the skins and the power of the Hohenzollerns. . . . We know what would happen. Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Snowden would certainly say, "Here we have a basis for negotiation," and the hope of Germany would be that they would get sufficient recruits from among our politicians to secure a serious crumbling of public opinion, a crumbling which would begin by impeding our effort and end by stopping it.

That was two months ago; we reproduce it not as evidence of a foresight peculiar to ourselves, but as a specimen of what was at the time being written in many British papers. We *knew* this was coming. We *knew* in July that Germany would be "converted" in October. And yet when October comes many among us treat the conversion as something completely unexpected which is to be taken seriously. Let the Germans (who are at present engaged, as though to show the extent to which the military chiefs have been curbed, in burning one ancient French city after another) agree to retire from all occupied territories, to yield Alsace-Lorraine and Posen, and to give the Czechs, the Rumanians, and the Jugo-Slavs the right of choosing under which flag they will live, and we will believe that their desire for a just settlement and a League of Nations is genuine. Failing such concessions, we must go on until Germany has done as Bulgaria has done—surrendered unconditionally, to receive from us no less and no more than justice. It would not be a bad thing if the Allied Governments reiterated their maximum (which are also their minimum) terms once a week until the war ends. Our enemies, and some of ourselves, seem to have very short memories.

## Trafalgar Square

We cannot congratulate the Government upon its action in turning Trafalgar Square into a very poor imitation of a ruined village in Flanders. This is not the first—though we trust it will be the last—of a series of publicity devices which have been setting the teeth of patriotic people on edge. The motive is, no doubt, excellent: the Government desires to encourage the public to buy War Bonds. But, in the first place, the public which buys, or is likely to buy, War Bonds is a newspaper-reading public, and does not need this reminder that there is a war on, and that the Germans are destructive vandals. In the second place, almost every family in the United Kingdom has now lost members in the war, and is consequently in no need of a miniature Earl's Court to assure it that a war is actually raging. And, in the third place, if it be argued that, granted all this, visual pictures impress people as nothing else does, we must reply that one paltry little show in Trafalgar Square can have very little effect upon the population at large. We do not know what these plaster ruins have cost in labour and material; nor do we know from whose fertile advertising brain the idea of them sprang. But we do feel pretty certain that the receipts directly assignable to this enterprise will not be proportioned to cost, and will decidedly not be sufficient to justify its vulgarity. Nelson stands on his column above this grotesque exhibition. We can only trust that if he looks downwards at all he will put his telescope to his blind eye!



## Military Significance of the German Offer

### The Line of the Arnes

I WRITE from Paris, on Sunday, October 6th, and a day earlier than usual, as this article must reach London in time for the present week's issue.

The enemy's great and sudden effort to obtain a favourable peace, and to avoid disaster, was known privately rather late upon Saturday evening. I have not been told at what hour it first reached this city. It was already the subject of conversation between eight and nine o'clock. It was not received by the evening papers, however, in time for their last issues.

The moment was exactly chosen—like the first air-raids on London. It was calculated—crudely enough—that, coming late on a Saturday evening, when many would be absent, and with the delay of Sunday to work on, those who were already advised of the move could steal a march in favour of its authors. The intention had leaked out already. Every one had noted the sudden rise in English consols, and the French Government had wisely forestalled the enemy's action by a strong declaration—twenty-four hours earlier—that the subjects of Prussia, collectively as well as the individuals responsible for particular orders, would be called upon to pay—to make reparation—for the abominations of which they have been guilty. They must expiate them not only in money, but in service and in person.

I say the knowledge that the enemy would make such a move had already leaked out. Thereby, it lost much of its effect. Nevertheless, that effect was very great. From the early hours of this Sunday morning, when the newspapers first put it into the hands of the general public, the whole city has thought and talked nothing else but the *meaning* of the act. To its *terms* little attention is paid; they are thought neither sincere nor possible. No one, except a few word-spinners out of touch at once with the populace at home, the common soldiers, and the directing staffs (civil and military), has a word to waste upon the limits or possible extension of the enemy's offer; but its *meaning*—why it was made, just when it was made—is another matter. Every one is discussing that. And the popular mass—the humble people upon whom the war has laid its chief burden; the private soldiers here on leave; the women working in the factories and on transport; the refugees who come from the villages which the Prussians and their subjects have destroyed, and whose own flesh and blood are even at present enslaved and digging trenches for the enemy—these are discussing it more thoroughly than does the Press.

What is the meaning of the moment chosen for such a step? A nation subject to invasion, conscript for nearly fifty years, and well acquainted with war from centuries of its practice and tradition, has answered this question with something like unanimity. The Prussian offer (for it is Prussian in origin) is made at this moment because nothing but a compromise upon the part of the Allies can now save Prussia, her dynasty, and the system of predatory war by which she and her reigning family live, from complete ruin and annihilation. It is true that if the criminal is destroyed, civilisation will breathe freely again; it is true that if the criminal is *not* destroyed—if his system survives and his crimes go unpunished—Europe will see no end in our time to the threat at least, and, more probably, to the actual succession of wars. But it is natural that the criminal should try to save his own life; and he is trying to save it. That is the meaning of the move.

To understand its moment we must return to something with which my readers are more familiar in these columns than with political discussion. We must examine the military situation at the time when this new policy was launched. It was decided upon in Berlin during the late evening of last Friday, October 4th. Why was it decided on at that critical time? Why was that time critical?

One might answer that question with some exaggeration, and perhaps too dramatically—but fully all the same—by saying: "*Because Gouraud had reached the Arnes.*"

I know well the defect of such sentences. They are rhetorical and, taken by themselves, they are ridiculously

insufficient. What has decided Prussia to this forlorn hope, this attempt to save something from the wreck, is a vast deal more than any detail of the front. The entry of America, the unexpected excellence of the American units so rapidly pushed into the field, the *tank* (which is British), the strategy of Foch, at once continuous and triumphant since July 18th; the triumph of Allenby—wiping out a whole third of the Turkish armies at a blow; the collapse of Bulgaria and the consequent opening of incalculable ports in the south-east—all these have between them made up the gravity of this moment for Prussia and her subjects.

But Gouraud's reaching the *Arnes* brook is at once the symbol and the test of all this:—and I will say why; for when we see that little advance of a few thousand yards in the light of the last few weeks and their military record, we shall appreciate its historical importance.

#### PREPARATIONS FOR THE MAIN BATTLE

It will be remembered that up to the middle of September all the great things done by the Allied armies upon the West were in the nature of a preparation. They were the laying of foundations. The main building had not begun. The two months mid-July to mid-September were the "laying out" of the main battle, the establishment of its conditions. Until that main battle was joined, until its fortunes grew even after its first phases had unrolled, one could not make certain of the issue.

Especially could not and *would* not the enemy despair of such issue. He could still hope on to the last moment in his power to reconstitute a strong defensive, when he should have been able to retreat to prepared lines, and to make a stand in conditions—as he hoped they would be—of his own choosing.

When the German offensive broke down on July 15th east of Rheims the result might yet have been only negative if the Allied Higher Command had not seized the opportunity with the utmost rapidity. The opportunity was seized; ten divisions were swung round behind the whole battle line and appeared suddenly in front of Soissons upon Thursday, July 18th. It was a repetition on a gigantic scale of Carnot's work at Wattignies, or of Joffre's movement of the 4th Corps from the Verdun front to Paris during the first battle of the Marne.

The bold manoeuvre succeeded—as it had succeeded at Wattignies 125 years ago. The 150,000 were not too fatigued to resume the offensive. They struck at dawn on that Thursday, and, by ten in the morning the face of the war had changed. It was certain that the enemy must, henceforward, fight defensively and for time.

But, even so, though the face of the war had so suddenly changed, it was not and could not be known whether the enemy might not re-establish a long and very difficult defence. He stood upon three great salients of his own making—that of Chateau Thierry thrust forward from the base Soissons-Rheims; that of Amiens, thrust forward from the base Arras-St. Gobain; and that of St. Mihiel. The Allies must first reduce these salients. That done, the German armies would still be intact and standing on a shorter unindented line. There would their power of resistance be proved. They publicly announced that they would attempt such a retirement. They publicly boasted that once it was established they could stand indefinitely; and there were plenty of people among ourselves, especially men controlling newspapers, ignorant enough, foolish enough, and timid enough to believe them.

The salients were reduced. But they were reduced not at the enemy's time nor in his way. They were reduced at the dictation and after the fashion chosen by the Allied command. The Chateau Thierry salient went between July 18th and 30th. Then came Haig's great attack of August 8th, and the Amiens salient was reduced in ten days.

But the enemy could not retire and straighten his line as he would. The pressure upon him extended and increased enormously. It spread out all the latter part of August



from Rheims right up to Arras. He withdrew under enormous losses, and, in face of the heaviest and most perilous pressure retarding his every step. It was not a case of rearguards covering a retreat; it was a case of whole armies compelled to face round and save themselves by exerting their whole strength. For instance, when, just after the end of August, the British broke the Drocourt-Queant line, was that an action against a strong rearguard? Nothing of the kind! It was an action against men packed for defence in the density of *one division to 1,200 yards*: a density almost as great as that needed for a German *offensive* in the old days, of only a few months ago. When, therefore, at long last, the enemy in the West had reached his prepared line and made his dispositions to stand, he was thus situated. He had lost, of his bayonet-strength, one-tenth in prisoners alone—certainly more than a fifth (more probably a quarter) in total casualties. He had lost in those two months material which he could not replace in six. Most serious point of all, he was fatigued. The continuously increasing numbers of the Allies permitted them to rest *their* divisions with increasing periods of repose; *his* were less and less relieved. The tired units had to be flung in again and again.

The last movement in his falling back on to a straightened line, the retirement of the St. Mihiel salient, was caught in full manoeuvre. Most of his guns he saved. But of the men holding his line more than a third were taken prisoner at a blow, and only a little less than another third killed or wounded.

Nevertheless, it might still be possible to hold. The St. Gobain pivot was immensely strong. The whole line was now (September 15th–18th) not only straight, but strong—even against tanks. It had water covering from in front of Douai till in front of Cambrai; then, after a short open “gate” of five miles water covering again right down to St. Quentin. Beyond the pivot it had the Chemin des Dames, the Rheims heights, the strongly prepared positions of Champagne up to the Argonne, and thence eastward to the Meuse the old lines in front of Verdun.

It was not yet the moment to feel for peace—though the moment was already anxious.

There came the little lull of a fortnight (it was, of course, only a lull in *news*; in the field it was an interval of intense preparation, night and day). Then on Thursday, September 26th, the storm broke: the main battle was joined.

I wrote last week a sentence which expressed the opening of that battle: four blows on four successive days (Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday)—the Argonne, Cambrai, Flanders, St. Quentin. I said then that we could not yet tell the issue; but that the enemy could not be everywhere at once, that he was outrivalled and out-generalled. We know the issue to-day. He is beaten.

The first blow, on either side of the Argonne, was at the very heart of the enemy line. In front of Longuyon and the Ardennes Railway, which is the wasp-waist of the German armies, he parried. He drew in twelve, fourteen, sixteen divisions. The second blow, at Cambrai, he barely parried—but just. Not, however, without a further exhaustion. The third blow, delivered by Plumer and the Belgians far to the north, he failed at first to parry at all. They got right in—up to and past the Menin-Roulers road. Then he felt the fourth blow north of St. Quentin; that, again, got right through, and he lost the town.

At the end of these four heavy blows, however—say, by Monday, the 30th—he might breathe again. It was to be seen whether he could not hold. The Americans he seemed to have stopped between the Meuse and Argonne. In Flanders the Belgians and the British Second Army were halted; the fighting for Cambrai was maintained.

It is here that the significance of the brook *Arnes* appears and the fashion in which that insignificant object clinches the lesson of the week.

If you will look at the map (I have no opportunity of drawing one this week for the paper) you will see running from east to west, well north of the positions of Somme and the Mont Cuvelet (which Gouraud took the week before), the little water-course with its ruined villages—such as *St. Etienne sur Arnes*, called by its name. On Thursday evening the French IVth Army, under Gouraud, had reached that line. What was its significance? Look at the map again, and you will see.

Its line is so far north that the road and railway pass of Grand Pre through the Argonne is now closed to the enemy. He cannot use it. It will shortly be open to the Americans in the east, as it already is to the French on the west.

Its line is so far north that it turns the Rheims heights. The moment Gouraud reached (and held) the line of the *Arnes* brook, those heights—the pillar of the German Champagne defence for four years—the gun platform whence

Rheims was destroyed and the cathedral shelled—had to go. The order to retire was given on Friday morning. Berlin knew it by noon.

But with the Rheims heights gone, how much longer will Craonne and St. Gobain and Laon itself stand?

The *Arnes* marked the strong second line in that organisation of the defensive in depth which the enemy himself invented a year ago, and which Gouraud this summer so greatly perfected.

The *Arnes* line was the test. It would hold or break. What can be certain of standing?

The enemy may talk of the “line of the Meuse.” But (1) It takes us to the Ardennes, difficult of passage and without lateral communication. (2) It involves the holding of Lille, and Lille is half gone, thanks to Plumer. (3) The enemy has to reach it with a vigorous pressure pursuing him. (4) It does not save Lorraine—and Lorraine still awaits its time for action: the gap of Chateau Salins still stands open.

All this is the reason of the demand for an armistice—and if the public had but a hold of these plain truths upon the situation, that demand would *certainly*—or *probably*—be made in vain. I know not what its fate may be by the time these lines are in print. I know well enough what its fate would be if the A B C of the strategical situation could only be publicly proclaimed to all opinion in its singularity. The enemy is beaten.

### THE NUMERICAL POSITION

Those who are not fatigued by simple arithmetic nor ignorant of the effect of battalions in war, have noted the varying chances of the Central Powers in terms of numbers.

They know that a great superiority in numbers of men, multiplied by numbers in material, multiplied by the inverse of distance and time and transport and peril in communications, gave the enemy a preponderance up to 1916.

They knew that, as 1916 came to a close the numerical odds—in spite of interior communications, safe, and by land, and in spite of material—lay at last with the Allies.

They knew that the dissolution of the Russian state upset that state of affairs, that, through 1917, Prussia and her dependents gradually recovered the upper hand in numbers, used it for specially training men in the winter, and thereupon appeared in overwhelming *tactical* and considerable *strategical* ingenuity upon the west in the spring of 1918.

They knew how the very elastic and very rapidly used American system redressed the balance: how by the great date of July 18th we were already in the west nearly equal; how, by early September we were already superior; how far superior we are to-day.

Very well. In the light of such knowledge, and adding to it some judgment of the enormous losses the enemy voluntarily accepted in his great gamble of last March, look at the following facts:

1. The Germans had, about seventeen days ago, 191 divisions between Switzerland and the North Sea. (His losses had reduced him to that figure from 205; the remaining 191 were by no means all of them near full establishment of 9,000 bayonets to a division.)

2. Of these 191 divisions there were, four or five days ago (I am writing on Sunday, October 6th) no less than 130 actually engaged against the superior Allies, in line, under fire where the battle rages. Thirty at least (perhaps 31) held the so-called “great sectors,” notably from the Meuse to the Swiss frontier. The remaining 31 or 30 include some 20 which cannot be put into the line from their quality: divisions of the garrisons and of communications. There is no general reserve, nor has been for a long time. There is only a perpetual rushing of units from one threatened front to another—and less and less opportunity for repose.

3. When the counter-offensive began, on July 18th, the enemy had some three million men—rather less than two million bayonets—in line. He had, to recruit his coming losses, (a) hospital returns, (b) class 1920, i.e., the boys who attain their eighteenth birthday during the present year. These were all under training, many in depot, some few behind the line, none (save a few volunteers) in the field.

Since that date he has lost over a quarter of a million in *prisoners alone*, and a total loss of certainly 600,000—probably more. What chance has he of recruitment? How can he maintain his numbers?

The enemy appeals to be saved because he is beaten. He is beaten because, when he had numbers he did not know how to use them. Now the numbers are on the other side, and without numbers his cause is hopeless. Moreover, the powers of domination will henceforward be very rapid indeed.



# Enemy Crisis in the West : By Edmund Dane

**D**URING the past week the Allied drive through the Hindenburg defences south of Cambrai has been maintained and affirmed notwithstanding the extraordinarily costly efforts of the enemy, in part at least and for the time being, to restore the situation. Coincidentally, owing to the American pressure in the Argonne, the carrying of the French line to Challerange, and the capture by the French of Mont Blanc in Champagne, the German front there gave way. At the time of writing the Germans were in Champagne in full retreat, and their elaborately fortified and strong positions round Rheims had been surrendered without a blow.

In short, the German military situation on the West—the tendency towards it since the Allied advance in Flanders had been rapid—*has reached a crisis.*

This is the real background of the German request for an armistice.

A very general impression has prevailed that the capitulation of Bulgaria was the event which mainly influenced the new orientation in German politics, and countenance is given to that view in German declarations, among others the Kaiser's Proclamation to his Army and Navy. Important though that development was and is, the capitulation of Bulgaria cannot however be considered as more than a convenient peg on which to hang the much more momentous issue—the evasion on the West of a crushing military disaster, and at the same time to hide that fact from the German public. Concurrently with the changes of political personnel at Berlin and the peace demarche of Prince Maximilian, stress has been laid in German communiques on the prowess of the German troops, and the manner in which they have been holding their own. *They have not been holding their own.*

Strictly political events are outside the scope of a military review, but it is advisable to refer to them both because they show what in Germany the military situation is in truth officially judged to be, and because, now as always, the conduct of the real rulers of Germany, who continue to retain in their hands the substance as distinguished from the semblance of control, is shaped above all by military prospects. However the fact may be disguised, we have still to deal in Germany with a military clique, and, if willingness be now professed to drop the national trade of war as the easy and royal road to public riches and Imperial expansion, it is because that clique at last know that in the present adventure they have lost.

Beyond question the surrender of Bulgaria came upon both the real and the nominal rulers of Germany as an ugly surprise. And it was only one among a complication of difficulties. There was the military failure in Syria; the increase of obligations arising out of Allied intervention in Russia; the probable repudiation of the so-called Treaty of Brest-Litovsk; the pressure of Austria for the opening of peace proposals; the objection at Vienna towards the employment of Austrian troops on the West; the insistence of the German Staff on the immediate necessity of such aid; and the uneasy outlook in Rumania.

*But before everything the trend of the Western battle was the determining factor.*

It is almost a truism to say that, had the Allied offensive on the West failed, the breaks in the Balkans and in Syria—even if the Allied attacks there could have been ventured upon, which is doubtful—would have disturbed the real rulers of Germany but little. Secure on the West, they would readily have found the means to render the Allied blows in the East politically abortive. Assuredly there would have been no capitulation of Bulgaria, and assuredly the German régime in Turkey would have been bolstered against the consequences of the Syrian debacle. Immersed, however, as the Germans are on the West in a struggle beyond anything foreseen three months, or even two months, ago the effect of these Eastern blows has been to strain them to the breaking point, and the results have been political changes which represent at once a bid for peace—on terms; a national rally; and an effort to elude decisive defeat. Nothing has more clearly disclosed the gravity of the military position as officially estimated in Germany than the fact that the bid for peace was addressed to the President of the United States. It is a recognition of how profoundly the weight of the great Republic has changed the balance of the conflict.

On these grounds it is well worth while, indeed essential, to study the Western situation under its strictly military aspects. Three causes have tended to obscure its more important features.

(1) To political manœuvring in Central Europe has to be joined the fact that British habits of thought, become permanently and deeply political, are only temporarily and *pro hac vice* military. This, a complete contrast with the prevalent habit of mind in Germany for a generation past, at least, fastens upon political symptoms as of primary interest. It has its value and utility, but it also has its dangers. The contrast may be expressed by saying that the rulers of modern Germany look upon politics as the supplement of force—an expansion of the operations of war; the British look upon war as the supplement of politics—an expansion of politics into the field of violence as a necessity and ultimate resort. In the one case material and organised violence is the basis; in the other reasoned aims and common security. The British standpoint and principle is that of the other Allies. It tends however, whenever political manœuvres are afoot, somewhat to discount the military efficiency and prowess of the Allied armies, and to lose sight of their now demonstrated superiority, more especially in commandship and in moral. And it offers a temptation to overlook the truth—the fundamental truth of the war—that the one foundation of a peace worth the name, are feats of arms at sea or in the field, for those feats of arms alone must be the future deterrent of the Prussian militarism which trades on war and plunder, and their memory fatal to its revival. In a word the real work in the issue of a challenge to arms has to be done and can only be done by sailors and soldiers. If the League of Nations or whatever it may be called is not founded upon supremacy in arms, and upon the manly valour which, as the root and shield of justice and compassion, is the first of human virtues, it can be nothing save a resounding imposture.

(2) Communiques couched in terms of geography, though that cannot be avoided, lead many to infer that "gains" are the be-all and the end-all of operations, and the recovery of territory, as such, the first as well as the ultimate consideration. Many of the public for example would regard the evacuation of France and Belgium by the enemy as far and away more important than whether or not the Germans go out still able to carry on the campaign, and that too despite the fact that were they to go out still able to carry on, it would either commit us to a prolonged struggle in Germany, which would cost vast sums of public money, and many more thousands of lives, or force us to patch up a compromise which would make the League of Nations a scrap of paper combine, and leave Poland, the Baltic Provinces, and European Russia in the Prussian maw.

(3) Accounts of correspondents on the spot dealing day by day with incidents of the fighting, illuminate it in one respect, but draw attention off its perspective.

These several causes of obscurity cannot, it may be admitted, be avoided altogether, but the misjudgments to which incidentally they give rise, and the passing doubts on the one hand, and exaggerated expectations on the other which they often breed are all to the enemy's advantage, and always open to be exploited by his propaganda.

It is out of the question to grasp the true import of the Western operations as they stand without to begin with detachment from these sources of distortion, and next keeping constantly in mind the phases through which the battle has already passed.

Let us take those phases in order. They have been (a) defeat of the enemy's offensive with the result of wresting from him the initiative, tactical as well as strategical; (b) as a further outcome of the German defeat a greater Allied elasticity or freedom of manœuvre, giving ability to use the initiative to the best effect; (c) attack at an advantage, and compulsion upon the enemy to fight at a disadvantage; (d) because of that, the infliction upon him of disproportionate losses; (e) because of his suffering and having suffered such losses, Allied successes which but a little while ago would have been deemed impossible.

These developments it will be seen have arisen one out of another, and *the initiative, wielded with skill, is their starting point.*

For example, the Allied advance in Flanders—with its corollary—the German abandonment of La Bassée; the breach of the defences covering Cambrai, and the enemy's evacuation of Lens; the recapture of St. Quentin, and the advance to the Oise above Moy; the turning of the Craonne ridge, and the direct menace to Laon; the clearing of the enemy from the plateau between the Vesle and the Aisne, and the forcing of him out of his positions round Rheims;



the breach of his defences in Champagne, and the capture of his zone of covering works north of Verdun, form a record for one week beyond any precedent in the war.

To what are we indebted for that record, if not to the disproportionate losses the enemy has during the past two and a half months met with? Does anybody for a moment imagine that had he not met with such losses, these results, or anything like them could in one week have occurred? But to what are such losses to be attributed if not to his having to fight at a disadvantage? And is not the enemy's having to fight at a disadvantage the consequence of the Allied freedom of manœuvre, and the choice of time and place? Finally is not all that the result of compelling the enemy to conform, and by compulsion dictating his dispositions?

Manifestly it is, but since doubt on such points is not always readily dispelled, we may apply several tests which are undebatable.

The first test is the capture of guns. It is valuable as an index. Last week the French General Staff issued the statement that since July 18th the Germans had lost by capture up to that time 3,665 pieces of artillery. The total apparently did not include the 350 guns of various calibres taken in the Allied advance in Flanders, nor the pieces which have between the publication of that statement and now fallen into the hands of the Allies on other sectors of the front. To date the total exceeds 4,000 pieces. Now guns are not left behind for the fun of the thing, and they are never left behind at all except when the retirement is too hurried to admit of their removal; nor do retirements of that character take place unless the defending troops are overpowered. How are troops overpowered if not by losses or by failure of moral, which is just as serious? When to this tale of artillery, a considerable percentage of the enemy's equipment, we have to add tens of thousands of machine guns, and a corresponding mass of other material besides that destroyed to evade capture, the proof is striking, and it is the more striking because *the Allied losses of guns and material have since July 18th been negligible*. We have in short either to assume that the Germans have let their equipment go in this wholesale way as not worth saving, which argues a disastrous fall of moral, or we have to conclude that their casualties are the explanation.

The next test is prisoners. Again, on the authority of the French Staff we have it that up to a week ago the enemy had lost since July 18th rather more than 265,000 men by surrenders. Since then, in Flanders and other sectors of the front, another 20,000 or thereabouts have been taken. The total, therefore, cannot now be far off 300,000 men. *Prisoners mean units broken up*; commonly, they are when rounded up in batches the last remnants of units. Once more that broadly indicates severe casualties.

A third test is reserves. We have been informed that in the fighting south of Cambrai the enemy's Second Division of the Guards, withdrawn from the line, was twice over recalled within an interval of twenty-four hours. No military man needs to be told the significance of such an incident. Here was for the Germans the crucial sector of the battle-line. On that sector, if anywhere, reserves, if existent, would be massed. But on that sector a tired and battered division had twice to be re-employed without relief. *If that was the state of affairs as regards reserves on a crucial sector, was the stress likely to be less on sectors not so crucial?* Every probability is against the conclusion.

A fourth test is method. It is the German practice when emergency is acute to meet it with measures regardless of their cost—for the time being. An instance is the massing of eleven divisions on the five miles of front north of Cambrai and with the special object of crushing the Canadians. The Canadians are, if anything, more dreaded than any others of the Allied troops. Extravagant, therefore, as the German losses might be in the effort, it was judged necessary to incur them. Like measures were taken against the Australians—dreaded also. These extravagant German counter-attacks in mass on the Cambrai front, however, materially helped the French operations in Champagne, and the proof of the emergency is that either that risk had to be incurred or the German defence on the Cambrai-St. Quentin flank would have completely given way.

Taking all the evidence, the proof of disproportionate losses is overwhelming, and it is as patent as noonday, even if the political reshuffling in Germany did not endorse the fact, *that the first and main aim of the Allied offensive—the destruction of the enemy forces—is surely being achieved*.

But coincidentally with this decline of the enemy's strength there has been imposed upon him the extra strain of open warfare. To all intents, from the sea to the Meuse, he has now to maintain an open front. Fortified, such a front

might be held with half the number of troops. The first military object of field fortification is, of course, to economise forces. That economy has disappeared. Fewer troops have to do more work—much more work. What is the consequence? *The consequence is that there can be no reliefs*. Practical abolition of reliefs means an aggravated wastage from fatigue.

By now inferior in numbers, the enemy can no more afford that wastage than he can afford to incur disproportionate losses in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

The final demonstration of all this is afforded by the manœuvres. The more marked the enemy's inferiority, the more insistent the compulsion to which he must in his dispositions submit. If, therefore, it be true that, fighting at a disadvantage, he has been losing disproportionately, then the command over his dispositions by compulsion should have grown more stringent. Is it so, or is it not?

## Insistent Obligations

Contrast the present control with the situation on July 18th. *Then* there was a compulsion to save and extricate the forces in the Marne "pocket," but elsewhere on the front there was no more than the obligation to provide against possibilities. *Now* there exists the obligation of meeting the attack in Flanders; the obligation of holding at all costs the line between Cambrai and the Oise, since it covers the lines of supply through Belgium, and the best avenue of retreat; the obligation of getting out troops, material, and stores south-west and south of Laon; and the obligation of meeting the French pressure in Champagne, and the American pressure in the Argonne. In truth, *between the measure of compulsion applied then and the measure of compulsion applied now there is hardly any comparison*, and the upshot has been evacuation of the defences before Lille and of Lens, and the giving up of the positions round Rheims, independently of direct attack.

Now, it would be far-fetched to maintain that with a practically open front the trace of the battle-line between the Meuse and Cambrai represents for the Germans anything more than the burden of accident. It is not a line on which any competent commander would for a moment choose to fight a great defensive battle. It is a vast convex, it is crowded, and its outlets and inlets both north and east are flanked. To ensure those lines constant and heavy losses have to be incurred. Were they not incurred, the Germans force would be crushed together, and in that state, one of inevitable confusion, forced back upon the plateau of the Ardennes. The defence alike of Belgium and of the Moselle gap would in that contingency be ruined. It is purely idle to assert as presently feasible a German intention of retiring to the Meuse by pivoting, let us say, on Metz, and as a pivot implies an impregnable position there is no other. *That manœuvre is jammed by the thrust south of Cambrai*.

The stress there, after the enemy's heavy reverse of last week, is too severe. The stress involves density of forces at that point. The battle occupies and obstructs the roads. Opportunities of rapid and orderly manœuvre in mass do not exist. All the strength is wanted in the line. Movements have of necessity to be made as chance offers. *The bulwark designed to ensure an orderly straightening out of the front, should necessity arise, was the Hindenburg system*. The Hindenburg system has gone. Without it, such a manœuvre has become to the last degree hazardous and must be appallingly costly.

It is no exaggeration then to say that on the West the military situation of the enemy has reached a crisis. The elements of the crisis are the Allied initiative; the employment of that initiative in a grand and masterly scheme of continuous attack; German inferiority in numbers; steady aggravation of that inferiority by disproportionate losses in killed, wounded, and prisoners; heavy losses of equipment and material; compulsion to go on fighting at a disadvantage; disappearance of reserves; suspension of reliefs; difficulty—in face of the growing Allied control over German dispositions and the insistent pressure almost and impossibility—of manœuvring out of a position badly adapted for defence, and representing merely the accident of a defeated offensive.

*The fighting of the past week south of Cambrai was the critical phase of this vast Western battle*. Had the Germans held that Allied attack, they might, by readjustment, have hoped to enter upon a stone-walling stage of the campaign. They failed to hold the attack—failed with heavy slaughter. *From that moment, as events since have shown, defeat—and final defeat—could only be eluded by negotiation*. The offer to negotiate was made. It is no mere coincidence



# The Balkan Situation: By Sir Valentine Chirol

## The Harvest of Hatred

THE capitulation of Bulgaria, following upon the destruction of the Turkish armies in Syria, sounds the knell of the Kaiser's dreams of world-dominion. People in this country, hypnotised not unnaturally by the awful vicissitudes of the four years' struggle in France, which has been and still remains the vital theatre of war, have too often failed to grasp or to remember that Germany's *political* objective from the day when she decided to embark on the great adventure has been the East, and not the West. France, as the ally of Russia, had to be crushed, and as, contrary to German expectations, we too came into the war, Britain had to be castigated and her sea-power broken or paralysed. But these were only means to an end, and remained so even when, flushed with victory and believing that she could hold Belgium and Northern France indefinitely in pawn, Germany began to bluster loudly about the retention of the Channel ports and of some fat slices of French territory particularly attractive from the point of view of industrial development. At the worst, the Kaiser always relied, especially since the Russian *debacle*, upon the East to redress any adverse balance in the West. For the mastery and exploitation of the East had been the Kaiser's own life-dream. The first serious difference on foreign policy between him and Bismarck arose out of the Imperial visit to Constantinople the year after William's accession to the throne. The old Chancellor merely wished to strengthen Germany's position in Turkey so that she could exercise a ponderating influence and avert the danger of a conflict between Russia and Austria-Hungary in the Near East, which he dreaded, lest it should force him to "break the wire" to Petrograd or to part company with Vienna. The Kaiser, indoctrinated even as Prince William by General von der Goltz, who was head of the German military mission at Constantinople, had vastly greater ambitions, which he unfolded to Bismarck in order to make him, too, realise that "Turkey must be Germany's bridge-head to world-dominion." Bismarck retorted that world-dominion was an expression he could not find in his political dictionary; and because he could not find it there, the Kaiser dropped the old pilot overboard a few months afterwards.

### The Kaiser's Steam-Plough

Austria-Hungary, on the other hand, was to be the Kaiser's steam-plough to break up the ground across the Balkan States for German expansion towards her Turkish "bridge-head." The Near East crisis of 1908, when, in collusion with Vienna and Berlin, King Ferdinand proclaimed the independence of Bulgaria, and Germany, "in shining armour," frightened Russia into leaving Serbia in the lurch, marked as big a step forward to the appointed goal as had the Bagdad Railway concession, which had been the price of Germany's acquiescence in the Armenian massacres. But the Turko-Italian War, in 1911, proved an embarrassing episode, and the extremely disappointing outcome of the two Balkan Wars, of which the first was disastrous for Turkey, and the second exalted Serbia and Greece over Bulgaria, badly queered the Kaiser's pitch. Serbia, especially, once more blocked the road to William's Turkish "bridge-head," and had to be removed at all cost. Hence the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia, and, as Russia was not this time to be frightened by Germany's "shining armour," the world war.

The Kaiser felt confident that in Turkey and Bulgaria he held two big trump-cards in his hand, and also strong, though more doubtful, ones in Greece and in Rumania. The Hohenzollern King Carol was the first to prove a broken reed, for at the great Crown Council held at Bukarest a few days after the outbreak of war, only one Rumanian statesman stood by him when he urged an immediate mobilisation of Rumania on the side of the Teutonic Powers, whilst an influential minority wanted her to throw in her lot at once with the Entente, and neutrality, modelled on the attitude of Italy, was finally adopted as a compromise, and largely out of deference to the feelings of an aged and respected sovereign who, it was feared, would abdicate rather than break with Germany. With his death, two months later, Rumania's entry into the war on the side of the Entente became largely a question of time and opportunity. King Constantine was able to hold the Greek fort much longer for his Imperial brother-in-law, partly out of sheer hatred of

Venizelos, who, when called to office by King George in 1910 to save the dynasty, had insisted that the heir-apparent—then intensely unpopular—should be sent abroad for a time. Constantine proceeded to Berlin, and returned ultimately to Greece imbued with Prussian militarism and a profound belief in the invincibility of Germany. The victories of the Greek armies under his command during the Balkan wars suddenly made him the idol of his people, and his recovery from death's door in the summer of 1915, which they attributed to a visible miracle wrought through a most sacred ikon brought up from the Peloponnesus, confirmed their faith in his predestined name. A protracted course of perfidy, and especially the betrayal of Eastern Macedonia and of the Greek forces that held it into Bulgarian hands, opened his people's eyes; but it required two years to convince the Allies that the heart of the Greek nation was no longer with him, but with the Provisional Government, which had been in the meantime established in defiance of Constantine at Salonika by the indomitable energy of Venizelos, whose faith in the Allied cause and in the future of the Greek race which he believed to be bound up with it, had never wavered.

### Exploiting the Turk

In Constantinople the Young Turks, backed by the big guns of the *Goeben* and the *Breslau*, promptly fulfilled the Kaiser's most sanguine expectations. The failure of our ill-directed effort at Gallipoli, though its ultimate effects in wearing down Turkish man-power have perhaps been under-rated, served for the time being to make good for Enver the failure of his own pet scheme to drive us out of Egypt, and even the menacing achievements of the Russian armies during the first two years of war in Asia Minor. So whilst the Kaiser, as Hajji Muhammed Wilhelm, exploited Turkish Pan-Islamism, of which he had proclaimed himself, twenty years ago, the protector in front of Saladin's tomb at Damascus in the hope of mobilising Mohammedan fanaticism all over the East against the Allies, and especially against Britain, the Young Turks gambled on Pan-Turanianism—the Turkish facsimile of Pan-Germanism—and dreamed of establishing an Osmanli Empire on the model of the German Empire, in which the Shah of Persia, the Ameer of Afghanistan, the Khans of Central Asia, and even the Mohammedan princes of India, were cast for parts similar to those played in Germany by the federal sovereigns who fetch and carry for the supreme Hohenzollern War-Lord.

No other of his trump-cards did the Kaiser play so effectively as Turkey. Not even Bulgaria. For though the crafty King Ferdinand rendered Germany an immense service by bringing Bulgaria down on the Teutonic side of the fence, the Bulgarian war-aims were from the very first too definite and too circumscribed to ensure the permanent and unquestioning acquiescence of the stiff-necked Bulgarian people in every order that might issue from Berlin. In fact, the rapidity with which Bulgaria achieved most of her war-aims went far towards Germany's and Ferdinand's undoing. The object of the Bulgarians was to undo the disastrous Treaty of Bukarest and to recover the hegemony and the territories to which they had taught themselves to believe they were imprescriptibly entitled in the Balkan peninsula. Revenge, too, on the once-despised Serbians, who had shattered the results of Bulgaria's prolonged and intensive propaganda in Western Macedonia, was sweet—and easy. For the Bulgarians had only to attack Serbia in the rear whilst she was being overwhelmed on her other fronts by German and Austro-Hungarian hosts. In Eastern Macedonia, King Constantine himself placed the Bulgarians in possession of a large part of what they most coveted from Greece. When Rumania came into the war, they promptly recovered from her Silistria, and with Mackensen's armies ejected her from the whole of the Dobrudja. What was then left for the Bulgarians to fight for? Turkey was their ally, and so long as the Alliance endured, Adrianople and Thrace were sour grapes. They no doubt still hankered after Salonika; but with Anglo-French troops covering it, the Greek Army, in process of reorganisation after Constantine's fall, and even a new Serbian Army reforming steadily out of the old shattered fragments, Salonika was too hard a nut for the Bulgarians to crack unless the Central Powers could send very considerable forces, which they



could less and less spare as the decision in their favour on the Western front continued, in spite of the Russian *débâcle*, to hang fire.

But many other besides military considerations began to weigh more and more with the Bulgarians. A large part of the Bulgarian people had from the first disliked the idea of being at war with the Western Powers, to whom their essentially democratic instincts had always attracted them much more than to the Central Powers, and with Russia, who had, after all, been their liberator. German propaganda and German bribes had been lavishly and not unsuccessfully employed amongst the politicians and governing classes whom Ferdinand had systematically laid himself out to debase in order to strengthen his own hold upon them; and though the time has not yet come to inquire how far the lamentable absence of any unity of purpose and vigorous leadership amongst the Entente Powers contributed to the whole Balkan imbroglio, British diplomacy unquestionably played a singularly piteous part at Sofia until the arrival, when it was far too late, of Mr. O'Bryne, one of the most promising of the younger British diplomats, afterwards drowned with Lord Kitchener, whom he was accompanying on his ill-fated mission to Petrograd.

After the first intoxication of victory and revenge had worn off, the Bulgarians began to count the cost of the Teutonic alliance, and it was not altogether to their liking. The Kaiser had promised them a short and merry war; but it was not short, and it soon ceased to be merry when he commenced to insist on Bulgarian divisions being sent to fight on other fronts far away from their own country. Two are believed actually to have been sent to the Russian front. To the Western front they were never sent. Then when difficulties arose between the Bulgarians and the Turks, and especially of late over the Dobrujscha, the Kaiser displayed an unpleasant inclination to favour the Turks rather than the Bulgarians. But still more intolerable to the Bulgarians was the heavy hand of the German taskmaster; the arrogance of the German staff, which gave even the highest Bulgarian officers a taste of Prussian militarism; the brutality of the German soldiers, which gave even a stronger taste of it to the Bulgarian people at large; the endless requisitions of food supplies for Germany, which left the Bulgarian peasantry to starve in a land until then of plenty. The Bulgarians grew sick not only of fighting, but of being bled white for the sake of hectoring allies, whom they had learnt to know at close quarters, and when once they realised that King Ferdinand, whom they neither trusted nor respected, had perhaps, after all, jockeyed them into putting their money on the wrong horse, they determined to retrace their steps as best they could. Malinoff's return to office was doubtless the beginning of the end, for of all the party leaders I saw whilst I was in Sofia in the summer of 1915, not even those whom King Ferdinand placed under lock and key during the war for their anti-German tendencies professed greater anxiety than he did to see the Entente adopt a policy which might stiffen Bulgarian resistance to the German tempter. The victorious onslaught of the Allied forces precipitated the process of conversion, for the Bulgarians knew that even if they were made to disgorge, they were not threatened with dismemberment, and they could therefore afford to surrender with a relatively light heart, perhaps even with the hope of some future consolation stakes in a slice of Turkish Thrace.

### Turkey's Prospects

Not so the Turks. They know that though analogous terms of capitulation may be offered to them, the fate that ultimately awaits them is a very different one. Mesopotamia, Syria, Arabia, with its Holy Places, are lost to them for ever. Such Armenians as have not yet been massacred must be liberated from the Turkish yoke. Turkey can no longer be allowed to possess—or, at any rate, to control—the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. Public opinion amongst even the Mohammedan people of Turkey, if it were articulate or organised, would probably agree to anything in order to be quit of the war and of the Germans, who have made themselves no less hated in Turkey than elsewhere. In our "cages" in Palestine we have not always been able to prevent Turkish prisoners from flying at the throats of their German fellow-prisoners. But Enver and his friends can still defy their people as Ferdinand could no longer do in Bulgaria, and even if their fortunes were not irretrievably bound up with those of their German paymasters, and if the new Sultan, as some believe, is not the mere puppet that his predecessor was in their hands, the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* still command the Palace and the Porte. So long as the communications between Germany and Turkey are

not entirely severed, the present rulers of Turkey, who have no comfortable estates in Central Europe to which they can safely retire, like King Ferdinand, can hardly be expected to commit suicide.

How long those communications will remain open is largely a military problem which I am not qualified to discuss. But the Central Powers can scarcely now hope to hold against the victorious Allies the great trunk line right through Bulgaria to Constantinople without withdrawing from Rumania and Ukraina forces which can ill be spared if they are to preserve their alternative lines to the Black Sea. And how long can they preserve even these? For neither the Rumanian people nor the population of Ukraina have yet been subdued. They are merely held down by brute force. The Germans themselves are quite aware how weak their position has remained, and of late they have betrayed great anxiety as to what they call the rebellious attitude of the Rumanian Court at Jassy. They know they have failed to conquer the spirit of King Ferdinand of Rumania and of his consort—half-British and half-Russian by birth—and in that corner of Moldavia there is still a small Rumanian army in being with which they may have to reckon. Through Bulgaria the Allies may before very long get into touch with it, and then Germany's hold on Southern Russia and the Black Sea will depend in the last resort upon the precarious good-will of her Bolshevik friends. For the resurrection of Rumania may well prove no less wonderful than the resurrection of heroic little Serbia. Nowhere, indeed, has the Kaiser played his winning cards with more crass stupidity than in Rumania. When she came into the war there was no strong anti-German feeling amongst her people, nor even any strong anti-Austrian feeling, except in so far as the Germanic Powers stood for the perpetuation of the Hungarian yoke on three millions of Rumanian necks. Germans were not individually popular. They never are. But they and the Austrians had done a great deal for the industrial and commercial development of Rumania, and they had the Rumanian business world pretty well in their grip. German propaganda, nowhere carried on with more profuse extravagance, appealed moreover, to the Rumanians intense distrust of Russia ever since she filched Bessarabia from them after the Russo-Turkish War. Rumania's entry into the war was dictated mainly by political considerations, for which the masses had but little understanding, and the enthusiasm was for the most part confined to the *intelligentsia* of the large towns. Her military disasters produced a rapid revulsion of feeling against the Entente Powers, and especially against Russia, who laid herself open to the charge of having dragged Rumania into the war, and then left her in the lurch. Had the Germans only dealt decently with the Rumanian people, and shown the slightest generosity towards the rulers, they might easily have turned Rumanian discontent with the Entente into something like friendliness towards Germany. But as in Bulgaria and to a perhaps lesser degree in Turkey, because more remote, and as in Serbia, too, where the Germans now are even more detested than the Austrian and Magyars, German "frightfulness" has sown in Rumania a harvest of popular hatred which Germany yet has to reap. The characteristically "German" peace of Bukarest, which grafted economic on to political enslavement, has completed the lessons already taught to the Rumanian people for two long years by the truculence of the German soldiery and by the systematic plundering of villages and cities to feed and supply the Fatherland.

### The Dominant Factor

Paradoxical as it may seem, it is the very magnitude of Germany's military successes during the earlier stages of the war which, when once they have been turned to disaster, will be found to have permanently and irretrievably wrecked the Kaiser's dreams of marching triumphantly through South-Eastern Europe to world-dominion. For enemies and allies, Serbs and Rumanians, Turks and Bulgars, Russians and Greeks have come to know, as never before, what the German stands for when he is victorious and unshamed, and if, when peace comes, he tries to resume the old innocent mask of "peaceful penetration," they will remember "the great, blonde beast" grinning behind it, whose teeth have left so many enduring marks upon their bodies. This is for the future, long after peace shall have been restored, the dominant factor in the Balkan situation. The military and political liberation of the Balkan States, though in sight, is not yet consummated, but the souls of their peoples are already and for ever redeemed though untold sufferings from Germanic thralldom, and the Kaiser's policy has perished even more shamefully by his own ruthless sword than by the heavy but honourable strokes of enemy swords.



# Durazzo and After: By Arthur Pollen

**T**HE Allied attack on the harbour at Durazzo, which took place on October 2nd, has—as is, indeed, not unusual with naval operations—been reported to us in such exceedingly vague terms that it is not very easy to say either what was attempted or what was done.

What appears to have happened is something as follows. A small force, according to the Austrian account, thirty vessels in all, after sweeping a passage through the mine-fields, got within gun-range of the port, its works and defences, and brought the whole under such gun-fire as the squadron possessed. Under cover of this, destroyers were sent into the harbour itself, and torpedoed a destroyer and steamer, but spared a hospital ship. By these means the "complete destruction," both of the base itself and of all the Austrian ships moored there—except the Red Cross vessel—is said to have been effected. The naval bombardment was supplemented by extensive bomb-dropping by both Italian and British aircraft. The operation was covered by a second force stationed "in battle order" against any ships which might "emerge" to aid Durazzo. This force presumably was placed somewhere near Cattaro, which is the main base for the enemy's submarines operating in the Mediterranean, and is probably a destroyer and cruiser base also. The Austrian account says that one of the "gliding boats"—no doubt a submarine-chaser is meant—was sunk in the attempt to penetrate the harbour. The Italian Premier says no loss or damage was suffered by the "fighting units," except that a British cruiser was hit in the stern by a torpedo from a submarine—a blow which could not have been serious, for she continued in action and returned under her own steam. As neither the Italian nor the Austrian account suggests that capital ships were employed, the bombardment was probably carried through by cruisers, and possibly monitors. As it is very improbable that either of the surviving Austrian Dreadnoughts was in Cattaro, it is not to be supposed that battleships were sent out with the covering force either. It should be noted that no attempt was made to block the harbour by the methods employed at Zeebrügge and Ostend.

At a first reading, one gets the impression that the attack on Durazzo was the main operation, and the covering force posted outside Cattaro was simply placed there to prevent its being seriously interfered with. But the reverse of this may really be the case. The real object of the attack on Durazzo may have been to draw the enemy forces from Cattaro into a general action. If the enemy's main force had been in the port actually bombarded, we probably should have been told that important war vessels had been sunk. We are told that the harbour works and all the enemy vessels were "completely destroyed"; but only one warship—a destroyer—is actually mentioned. Had any cruisers or more important forces been lying there, much surely would have been made of these trophies.

If this interpretation of the story is correct, a new and interesting light is thrown on the *moral* of the Austrian Navy. For now that the surrender of Bulgaria has uncovered the Austrian left flank in Albania, so that the Austrians may have to contemplate falling back to Cattaro itself, and then perhaps further still, the importance of coast-wise communications is of the utmost moment to them. When the capture of Mount Lovtchen in the autumn of 1915 gave Cattaro as an advance post to the Austrian Navy, military progress by land was enormously facilitated from the fact that supplies could be sent down the Dalmatian coast by sea, and so Cattaro converted not only into an invaluable submarine base, but into an advance base for the land forces as well. The subsequent establishment of Durazzo as a still more advanced base was no doubt the determining factor in enabling the enemy to push his attack home as far as Avlona. And unless he is willing to protect his sea communication now, there can be little doubt that the position of his troops all the way from Berat northward will seriously be imperilled.

## Combined Operations

But they will only be imperilled if the active offensive which the Allied navies have begun in these waters is resolutely continued. If it is continued, we shall at last see in the Mediterranean a thing which many observers of the naval war have demanded—almost since the beginning of the campaign. This, I need hardly say, is some kind of co-ordination between the naval and military effort. There

are no doubt many reasons why such a co-ordination has not previously existed. Its absence may have been inevitable. It may have been due to lack of unity of command, or to the lack of command rightly equipped with the staff necessary for so intricate and difficult a business.

In one of the accounts of General Allenby's recent victory in Palestine, when a destroyer or two seems to have supported his left flank by the fire of 4-inch guns on the Turkish coastal positions, I notice that the writer spoke about this participation of naval artillery as investing the whole evolution with the character of a "combined operation." The expression does not seem to me to be well chosen. Literally, no doubt, if naval artillery takes part in a military action, sea and land forces are certainly acting in combination. It was in this sense that the Japanese Navy assisted the army at Nanshan, and more recently that Admiral de Robeck's battle-fleet supported General Hamilton's operation on the Gallipoli peninsula. But when the expression "combined operation" is used, it suggests something much more ambitious than the mere establishment of new gun positions on a sea flank. It seems to imply the strategical use of sea-power to introduce an entirely new element into the campaign, and it nearly always implies a sea force accompanied by infantry for which a landing can be forced, and so some extension of the military plan made possible which, but for the sea force, would have been out of the question.

History abounds in instances of naval contributions to military campaigns of this kind. They may range from undertakings so small and so fugitive as the destruction of semaphore positions—such as was systematically carried out by Cochrane in 1808 on the French Mediterranean coast, and have been repeated in this war in the form of raids on wireless stations in the Red Sea and elsewhere—to such operations as Cochrane carried out when he held the forts of Rosas against General Duhesme with marines and seamen landed from the *Impérieuse* and other ships at his disposal. Had the two men of greatest genius in the respective spheres, which the British Navy has ever produced, had their way, such operations between 1795 and 1810 would have been far more extensive. Those who are interested in this subject might do well to read Chapter VII. of Mahan's *Life of Nelson* and Chapters XIV. to XVIII. of Lord Dundonald's *Autobiography of a Seaman*. Mahan's account of Nelson's effort, with *Agamemnon*, another 64 and two frigates, to co-operate with General Beaulieu is exceedingly instructive; and there can be little doubt that, had either of these great men been entrusted with an adequate military force, Bonaparte's invasion of Italy might have been greatly hampered and Spain's value to us as an ally enormously increased.

But even the kind of operation which Nelson and Cochrane had in view would not, it seems to me, come strictly within the term "combined," for there was not, either in 1796 in Italy, nor on the Mediterranean coast of Spain in 1808, any British military force at work which these highly mobile naval raiding parties could have assisted. But this war has afforded ideal opportunities, and they have always been very obvious. When, in December, 1914, it first became known that the Turks were organising a great army for the invasion of Egypt, I said in an article published in the *Westminster Gazette*: "Turkey is not likely to forget, if she undertakes the hazardous adventure of sending any very large forces through Palestine and across the desert to Egypt, that the British and French fleets command the Mediterranean, and that there is many a point between the Bay of Aboukir and Alexandretta, at which a formidable force might be landed in their rear. History repeats itself in war, and, just as we stopped Napoleon's progress from Egypt to the East, so we may, if it suits us, cut off the Young Turks in their eager run from Syria to Egypt. We shall be quite at home in our old battlefields."

Surely there never was a greater opportunity for a naval expedition, accompanied by adequate infantry, tank and armoured motor forces, than that which the Palestine campaign offered on the eve of Allenby's master stroke. For could such a force have landed and seized Haifa, it could seemingly have done everything that Allenby's cavalry did. Perhaps the Durazzo bombardment portends a change of policy in the Middle Sea. If sea and land force could combine, the enemy might have some disagreeable surprises. There must surely be many vulnerable points between the mouth of the Piave and the port that has just been bombarded, and between Haifa and Alexandretta.



# The Gallipoli Campaign

By HENRY MORGENTHAU

## German Designs and Turkish Execution

*GERMAN "slimness" is well exemplified in this part of Mr. Morgenthau's story, which tells how Wangenheim, the German Ambassador, furthered the scheme for placing hostages at Gallipoli, yet tried to claim credit for Mr. Morgenthau's efforts to save these hostages from exposure to Allied and Turkish guns.*

WANGENHEIM'S use of the words "concentration camps in Gallipoli" showed that the German view was at last prevailing and that I was losing my battle for the foreigners. An internment camp is a distressing place under the most favourable circumstances; but who, except a German or a Turk, ever conceived of establishing one right in the field of battle? Let us suppose that the English and the French should assemble all their enemy aliens, march them to the front, and place them in a camp in No Man's Land, directly in the fire of both armies. That was precisely the kind of a "concentration camp" which the Turks and Germans now intended to establish for the resident aliens of Constantinople—for my talk with Wangenheim left no doubt in my mind that the Germans were parties to the plot.

My talk with Wangenheim produced no results; so far as enlisting his support was concerned, but it stiffened my determination to defeat this enterprise. I now called upon Pallavicini, the Austrian Ambassador. He at once declared that the proposed deportation was "inhuman."

"I will take up the matter with the Grand Vizier," he said, "and see if I can stop it."

"But you know that is perfectly useless," I answered. "The Grand Vizier has no power—he is only a figure-head. Only one man can stop this; that is Enver."

Pallavicini had far finer sensibilities and a tenderer conscience than Wangenheim, and I had no doubt that he was entirely sincere in his desire to prevent this crime.

"I must go strictly according to rules in this matter," he said. And, in the goodness of his heart, he did speak to Said Halim. Following this example, Wangenheim also spoke to the Grand Vizier. In Wangenheim's case, however, the protest was merely intended for the official record.

### Bulgarian Aid.

However, there was one member of the diplomatic corps who worked wholeheartedly on behalf of the threatened foreigners. This was M. Koloucheff, the Bulgarian Minister. As soon as he heard of this latest Turco-German outrage, he immediately came to me with offers of assistance. He did not propose to waste his time by a protest to the Grand Vizier, but announced his intention of going immediately to the source of authority—Enver himself. Koloucheff was an extremely important man at that particular time, for Bulgaria was then neutral, and both sides were angling for her support.

Meanwhile, Bedri and his minions were busy arresting all the doomed English and French. The deportation was arranged to take place on Thursday morning. On Wednesday the excitement reached the hysterical stage. The nervous tension was frightful; I seized the telephone, called up Enver, and demanded an interview.

He replied that he would be happy to receive me on Thursday. By this time, however, the prisoners would already have been on their way to Gallipoli.

"No," I replied; "I must see you this afternoon."

Enver made all kinds of excuses; he was busy; he had appointments scheduled for the whole day.

"I presume you want to see me about the English and French," he said. "If that is so, I can tell you now that it will be useless. Our minds are made up. Orders have been issued to the police to gather them all by to-night and to ship them down to-morrow morning."

I still insisted that I must see him that afternoon, and he still attempted to dodge the interview.

"My time is all taken," he said. "The Council of Ministers sits at four o'clock, and the meeting is to be a very important one. I cannot absent myself."

Emboldened by the thought of the crowds of women that were flooding the whole Embassy, I decided on an altogether unprecedented move.

"I shall not be denied an interview," I replied. "I shall

come up to the cabinet-room at four o'clock. If you refuse to receive me then, I shall insist on going into the council-room and discussing the matter with the whole cabinet. I shall be interested to learn whether the Turkish Cabinet will refuse to receive the American Ambassador."

It seemed to me that I could almost hear Enver gasp over the telephone. I presume few responsible ministers of any country have ever had such an astounding proposition made to them.

"If you will meet me at the Sublime Porte at 3.30," he answered, after a considerable pause, "I shall arrange to see you."

When I reached the Sublime Porte I was told that the Bulgarian Minister was having a protracted conference with Enver. Naturally I was willing to wait, for I knew what the two men were discussing. Presently M. Koloucheff came out; his face was tense and anxious, clearly revealing the ordeal through which he had just passed.

"It is perfectly hopeless," he said to me. "Nothing will move Enver: he is absolutely determined that this thing shall go through. I cannot wish you good luck, for you will have none."

The meeting which followed between Enver and myself was the most momentous I had had up to that time. We discussed the fate of the foreigners for nearly an hour. I found Enver in one of his most polite but most unyielding moods. He told me before I began that it was useless to talk—that the matter was a closed issue. But I insisted on telling him what a splendid impression Turkey's treatment of her enemies had made on the outside world. "Your record in this matter is better than that of any other belligerent country," I said. "You have not put them into concentration camps, you have let them stay here and continue their ordinary business, just as before. You have done this in spite of strong pressure to act otherwise. Why do you destroy all the good effect this has produced by now making such a fatal mistake as you propose?"

But Enver insisted that the Allied fleets were bombarding unfortified towns, killing women, children, and wounded men.

"We have warned them through you that they must not do this," he said; "but they do not stop."

This statement, of course, was not true; but I could not persuade Enver that he was wrong. He expressed great appreciation for all that I had done, and regretted for my sake that he could not accept my advice. I told him that the foreigners had suggested that I threaten to give up the care of British and French interests.

"Nothing would suit us better," he quickly replied. "The only difficulty we have with you is when you come around and bother us with English and French affairs."

I asked him if I had ever given him any advice that had led them into trouble. He graciously replied that they had never yet made a mistake by following my suggestions.

"Very well; take my advice in this case, too," I replied. "You will find later that you have made no mistake by doing so. I tell you that it is my positive opinion that your cabinet is committing a terrible error by taking this step."

"But I have given orders to this effect," Enver answered. "I cannot countermand them. If I did, my whole influence with the Army would go. Once having given an order, I never change it. My own wife asked me to have her servants exempted from military service, and I refused. The Grand Vizier asked exemption for his secretary, and I refused him, because I had given orders. I never revoke orders, and I shall not do it in this case. If you can show me some way in which this order can be carried out and your protégés still saved, I shall be glad to listen."

I had already discovered one of the most conspicuous traits in the Turkish character; its tendency to compromise and to bargain. Enver's request for a suggestion now gave me an opportunity to play on this characteristic.

"All right," I said. "I think I can. I should think you could still carry out your orders without sending all the French and English residents down. If you would only send



a few you would still win your point. You could still maintain discipline in the army, and these few would be as strong a deterrent to the Allied Fleet as sending all."

It seemed to me that Enver almost eagerly seized upon this suggestion as a way out of his dilemma.

"How many will you let me send?" he asked quickly. The moment he put this question I knew that I had carried my point.

"I would suggest that you take twenty English and twenty French—forty in all."

"Let me have fifty," he said.

"All right—we won't haggle over ten," I answered. "But you must make another concession. Let me pick the fifty who are to go."

This agreement had relieved the tension, and now the gracious side of Enver's nature began to show itself again.

"No, Mr. Ambassador," he replied. "You have prevented me from making a mistake this afternoon; now let me prevent you from making one. If you select the fifty men who are to go, you will simply make fifty enemies. I think too much of you to let you do that. I will prove to you that I am your real friend. Cannot you make some other suggestion?"

"Why not take the youngest? They can stand the fatigue best."

"That is fair," answered Enver. He said that Bedri, who was in the building at that moment, would select the "victims." This caused me some uneasiness; I knew that Enver's modification of his order would displease Bedri, whose hatred of the foreigners had shown itself on many occasions, and that the head of the police would do his best to find some way of evading it. So I asked Enver to send for Bedri and give him his new orders in my presence. Bedri came in, and, as I had suspected, he did not like the new arrangement at all. As soon as he heard that he was to take only fifty, and the youngest, he threw up his hands, and began to walk up and down the room.

"No, no, this will never do!" he said. "I do not want the youngest; I must have the notables!"

But Enver stuck to the arrangement, and gave Bedri orders to take only the youngest men. It was quite apparent that Bedri needed humoring, so I asked him to ride with me to the American Embassy, where we would have tea and arrange all the details. This invitation had an instantaneous effect which the American mind will have difficulty in comprehending. An American would regard it as nothing wonderful to be seen publicly riding with an Ambassador—or to take tea at an embassy. But this is a distinction which never comes to a minor functionary, such as a Prefect of Police, in the Turkish capital. Possibly I lowered the dignity of my office in extending this invitation to Bedri; Pallavicini would probably have thought so, but it certainly paid, for it made Bedri more pliable than he would otherwise have been.

When we reached the Embassy, we found the crowds still there, awaiting the results of my intercession. When I told the besiegers that only fifty had to go, and these the youngest, they seemed momentarily stupefied. They could not understand it at first; they believed that I might obtain some modification of the order, but nothing like this. Then, as the truth dawned upon them, I found myself in the centre of a crowd that had apparently gone momentarily insane; this time not from grief, but from joy. Women, the tears streaming down their faces, insisted on throwing themselves on their knees, seizing both my hands and covering them with kisses. But finally I succeeded in breaking away and secreting myself and Bedri in an inner room.

"Cannot I have a few notables?" he asked.

"I'll give you just one," I replied.

"Cannot I have three?" he asked again.

"You can have all who are under fifty," I answered.

But that did not satisfy him, as there was not a solitary person of distinction under that age limit. Bedri really had his eye on Messrs. Weyl, Rey, and Dr. Frew. But I had one "notable" up my sleeve whom I was willing to concede. Dr. Wigram, an Anglican clergyman, one of the most prominent men in the foreign colony, had pleaded with me, asking that he might be permitted to go with the hostages and furnish them such consolation as religion could give them. I knew that nothing would delight Dr. Wigram more than to be thrown as a sop to Bedri's passion for "notables."

"Dr. Wigram is the only notable you can have," I said to Bedri. So he accepted him as the best that he could do in that line.

Mr. Hoffman Philip, the Counsellor of the American Embassy—now American Minister to Colombia—had already expressed a desire to accompany the hostages, so that he might minister to their comfort. This manifestation of a humanitarian spirit was nothing new in Mr. Philip.

Although not in good health, Mr. Philip had returned to Constantinople after Turkey had entered the war, in order that he might assist me in the work of caring for the refugees. Through all that arduous period he constantly displayed that sympathy for the unfortunate, the sick, and the poor, which is innate in his character. Though it was somewhat irregular for a representative of the Embassy to engage in such a hazardous enterprise as this one, Mr. Philip pleaded so earnestly that finally I reluctantly gave my consent. I also obtained permission for Mr. Arthur Ruhl and Mr. Henry West Suydam, of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, to accompany the party.

### Bedri's Little Joke

At the end, Bedri had to have his little joke. Though the fifty were informed that the boat for Gallipoli would leave the next morning at six o'clock, Bedri, with his police, visited their houses at midnight, and routed them all out of bed. The crowd that assembled at the dock the next morning looked somewhat weather-beaten and worse for wear. Bedri was there, superintending the whole proceeding, and when he came up to me, he good-naturedly reproached me again for letting him have only one "notable." In the main, he behaved very decently, though he could not refrain from telling the hostages that the British aeroplanes were dropping bombs on Gallipoli!

I returned to the Embassy, somewhat wearied by the excitement of the last few days, and in no particularly gracious humour for the honour which now awaited me. For I had been there only a few minutes when His Excellency, the German Ambassador, was announced. Wangenheim discussed commonplaces for a few minutes and then approached the real object of his call. He asked me to telegraph to Washington that he had been "helpful" in getting the number of the Gallipoli hostages reduced to fifty! In view of the actual happenings, this request was so preposterous that I almost laughed in his face. I had known that, in going through the form of speaking to the Grand Vizier, Wangenheim had been manufacturing an alibi for future use, but I had not expected him to fall back upon it so soon.

"Well," said Wangenheim, "at least telegraph your Government that I didn't 'hetz' the Turks in this matter."

The German verb "hetzen" means about the same as the English "sic," in the sense of inciting a dog. I was in no mood to give Wangenheim a clean bill of health, and told him so. In fact, I specifically reported to Washington that he had refused to help me. A day or two afterwards Wangenheim called me on the telephone, and began to talk in an excited and angry tone. His Government had wired him about my telegram to Washington. I told him that if he desired credit for assistance in matters of this kind, he should really exert himself and do something.

The hostages had an uncomfortable time at Gallipoli; they were put into two wooden houses, with no beds and no food, except that which they had brought themselves. The days and nights were made wretched by the abundant vermin that is a commonplace in Turkey. Had Mr. Philip not gone with them, they would have suffered seriously. After the unfortunates had been there for a few days I began work with Enver again to get them back. Sir Edward Grey—then British Secretary for Foreign Affairs—had requested our State Department to send me a message with the request that I present it to Enver and his fellow ministers; its purport was that the British Government would hold them personally responsible for any injury to the hostages. I presented this message to Enver on May 9th. I had seen Enver in many moods, but the unbridled rage which Sir Edward's admonition now caused was something entirely new. As I read the telegram his face became livid, and he absolutely lost control of himself. The European polish which Enver had sedulously acquired dropped like a mask; I now saw him for what he really was—a savage, blood-thirsty Turk.

"They will not come back!" he shouted. "I shall let them stay there until they rot!"

"I would like to see those English touch me!" he continued. I saw that the method which I had adopted with Enver, that of persuasion, was the only possible way of handling him. I tried to soothe the Minister now, and, after a while, he quieted down.

"But do not ever threaten me again!" he said.

After spending a week at Gallipoli, the party returned. The Turks had moved their military headquarters from Gallipoli, and the English fleet, therefore, ceased to bombard it. All came back in good condition and were welcomed home with great enthusiasm.

(To be continued)



# I.—The Fifth Man\*: By Centurion

*This is the first of a new series of stories by Centurion which will appear simultaneously in LAND & WATER and, in America, the "Century Magazine." The earlier series of Centurion's stories has now been published by Mr. Heinemann under the title of "Gentlemen at Arms."*

SIX officers, each of them young in years, but incredibly old in experience, sat over their port one summer night in the mess of the Downshires. The hospitality of the Downshires has been famous; a silver loving-cup, a tribute from the Green Jackets, was there in the middle of the table-cloth, its votive inscription an epitaph of guest-nights that are gone never to return, festive nights when, after the mess-sergeant had withdrawn and the cloth was removed, the mess president solemnly locked the door and threw the key out of the window. That gesture had been part of the ritual of the Downshires for two hundred years; in these days, when all things have passed away, it is forgotten, for there is no one left to remember it. Except one. He sat apart in a morose silence. His eyelids twitched incessantly, his pupils were dilated, and when he passed the decanter his hand shook—which is a way shell-shock often takes you. Letcher's questing eyes roved from the snarling leopard on the wall to the right of the entrance-door to the heads of kudu, oribi, and sambur on the left, until they finally came to rest in a fixed stare on the loving-cup in front of him. Of the other five of us, four were honorary members of the mess—temporary officers of other units posted to the depot for an Army "cure." These four had endured more service in the field in three years than fell to the lot of the regular officers of the old Army in a lifetime, and it had left its mark upon them all. One had the pallor of anæmia, the skin of another was yellow as a piece of chamois-leather, a third had cardiac trouble and that hint of premature asthma which betrays the effects of gas. The fourth had been "knocked out" by a H.E. shell on the Somme. He was under thirty, though his hair at the temples and behind the ears was already white. But the mind has its wounds as well as the body and the *stigmata* that they leave behind them, though less visible to the eye, are indelible. These men's minds were seared with memories. The wounds of the soul never heal.

"Damn that bugler! He does it every night." Letcher uttered that same malediction at the same hour every evening; the others let it pass like an expiration. The night was too hot for protest. A moist heat hung over the barrack-square as though the earth were perspiring from fever; the candles drooped in the silver sconces like the stalks of dying lilies, with an efflorescence of melting wax; the sweat ran down our faces and each man exhaled into an atmosphere that was close and stifling as that of a gas-mask. The windows were wide open. The corners of the room were dark. Rutherford, whose eyes were still sore from the African sun and a sharp touch of *dengue* fever, had switched off the electric light. Silence fell upon the room like sleep as the notes of the "Last Post" died away upon the barrack-square. The buzz of an infatuated moth, as it danced round the candles, was as distinct as the ticking of a clock. Suddenly it "crashed" to the table-cloth, and lay there with a convulsive movement of its scorched wings.

"His number's up," said Tracy, as he gazed at the dying insect. "Some scientific Johnny calls them the *minor* horrors of war. Flies, I mean. He hadn't been in Gallipoli. The Turk slew his thousands, but the fly his tens of thousands. Dysentery, you know! My bully-beef was black with them."

"Wait till you meet the jigger," said Rutherford. "It burrows under your toe-nails. Lays its eggs there. After its *accouchement* you get twinges like the gout. Only worse."

"The most loathly thing in Mess-pot was the water," interjected Penruddocke. "It was a case of

*'Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink.'*

Every drop of it was rank poison. And no wonder. I remember when I was evacuated down the Tigris, after Ctesiphon, our dhow passed scores of swollen corpses. They were chucked into the river, and on the third day they rose again inflated with gas, like a balloon. A swollen body's a beastly thing. It looks like a man who's died first and got blind drunk afterwards. Look at that ruddy candle."

A taper was drooping into a note of interrogation, and the hot grease dripped on to the pedestal of the silver candlestick. He stretched out a hand to straighten it.

"The Wiltshire rustics call that a winding-sheet," remarked Tracy languidly. "They say it always means a death in the village. They're a superstitious lot."

"It's a curious thing," said Penruddocke, "that though we've all seen hundreds of dead men, we've never seen a ghost. Out there, I mean. At least, I haven't. And I never met any fellow who had. All the spooks of these spiritualist cranks seem to be home on leave."

"There's nothing curious about that," snapped Letcher. "The trenches are about the last place a dead man would want to return to. He wouldn't be such a bloody fool."

"Well, you won't believe what I'm going to tell you—" began Meredith.

"No, I shan't," interjected Letcher. "I never do. Damn this heat. Pass the syphon."

"But it's true, all the same," continued Meredith quietly. "I've never told this story before—"

"Which is more than you can say of any other story of yours," snarled Letcher.

"Dickie, Dickie, dry up," said Tracy. "Don't be so cross. If you don't behave yourself, I shall put you to bed. It's time little boys went to bye-bye." Letcher was six foot two, a dandy with the gloves, and topped Tracy, who was a lightweight, by eight inches. Which may have accounted for the fact that Tracy was the only man who could do anything with him.

"And I hope it won't go outside this room," pursued Meredith dispassionately. "My C.O. didn't want it talked about. You know a C.O. doesn't exactly like people jawing about his battalion having got the wind up. One never hears the end of it."

The mess nodded, and lit their cigarettes.

"Well, it was near Fromelles; in March of last year. We had just taken over a new bit of the line, and nine-tenths of the battalion were new drafts. We were a Welsh regiment. There'd been nothing doing in that part of the line except a *strafing* with 'Minnies,' and the fire-trench had been thinly held. My company had only one platoon on a front of 800 yards, distributed over four posts; I kept the other three platoons in support. On the first night I sent certain details over the top for patrol and working parties. It was their first experience of No Man's Land, and they were curious. Perhaps a bit 'windy,' too, as new men generally are; the fellows they were relieving had been trying to make their flesh creep, which is a way the old hands have. The night was as black as a hat. The Boche suddenly sent up a star-shell, and the men stood as still as statues—which, as you know, is the only thing to do. All except one or two, who moved. They never moved again. Then night descended once more like a drop-curtain. But that peep had been quite enough for the drafts. They'd seen hundreds of bodies lying out there among the rank grass—they'd been there for months, their uniforms bleached by sun and rain, loose and shrunken on their bones like the clothes of an old man. They were Australians—eight hundred of them. They'd attacked and been caught in No Man's Land by machine-guns, and no stretcher-bearers or burying-party had ever been able to get near them. So they had lain there till they died, and rotted. The rats had done the rest. The new drafts didn't quite like it. I heard one of the platoon-sergeants next morning talking to them like a father, and explaining to them, gently but firmly, that war was quite a bloody business, and the sooner they accepted the fact the better. They were a tough lot—Welsh miners, in fact—and they were afraid of nothing alive. But they had the civilian's unfamiliarity with the dead, and one doesn't get over that all at once."

"The words of the wise are as goads," said Penruddocke; "you're right, my son. It all depends on whether you're used to the point of view. I've got accustomed to seeing scores of dead men at the front without turning a hair; but when I came home on leave, and saw my old uncle washed and combed like a baby, and laid out in his coffin, with a face like wax, and not the trace of a wound, it gave me quite a shiver. It seems so unnatural to die in your bed."

"Well, that's the converse of my proposition," resumed Meredith. "It seemed so unnatural to my fellows to die anywhere else, and especially in such a multitude. However, the mood soon passed, and they slept like dormice the next day, after the night's shift. On the second night I went my rounds of the front-line trench, visiting each post in turn with my runner and my batman, and found everything O.K. I'd better explain the configuration of that trench, as it



has a good deal to do with my story. It was built up of breast-works, and the intervening sectors were not straight—in places they curved so that you could not see the whole length of them. There was the usual duck-board floor, covered with springy wire-netting. Each post was in charge of a corporal and a section; the intervening stretches of trench were not manned, but were visited irregularly during the night by a 'duck-board patrol.' At one point the trench crossed a shallow stream, which ran at an angle to it, and this gap in the parapet was filled up with 'gooseberries'—big balls of barbed wire—you know what I mean. The German trenches were about 150 yards away. The intervening landscape was desolate beyond belief—the face of the earth pitted with shell-holes as though the earth had been attacked with small-pox, and not a sign of life anywhere. Behind our support trenches were the skeletons of ruined farms, and here and there a mound of earth with a white cross. Just before 'stand-to,' a ration-party of five men used to come up the fire-trench carrying 'dixies' of hot tea, and so on, for the men at the posts. Well, just before dawn, as I was visiting Number 2 post, the corporal in charge said to me 'Have you seen the Australian, sir?' and then, seeing my look of astonishment, he added: 'Some of the men say they saw an Australian walking up the duck-boards.' 'Then some of the men have been talking through their hat,' I replied. 'There's no Australian within ten miles of here.' No more there wasn't, except the eight hundred dead ones on the other side of the parapet, who didn't count. 'That's what I tells them, sir,' replied the corporal, taking his cue from me.

'Half an hour later I encountered four men carrying a man on a stretcher down the communication-trench. 'What's this?' I said. 'Number five of the ration-party, sir,' they answered. 'We found him lying on his face on the duck-boards. We think he must have had a fit.' They carried him to the battalion aid-post. The M.O.\* took one glance at him. 'He's dead,' he said. 'But the body's still warm.' He examined it, but could find no trace of a wound; not even a bruise. There was no froth on the lips, but the face was very white. 'Hum!' said the M.O., 'if he's had a fit, I don't know the name of it. Heart disease, I suppose.' A battalion M.O. hasn't much time for post-mortem work, as you know, and the coroner's writ doesn't run in the trenches; a M.O.'s too busy with the living to think of the dead. The body was handed over to a burying-party, after the man's identity-disc and pay-book had been removed, and we thought no more about it.

'The third night passed off as usual, though it was, if anything, blacker than before. You could have cut the darkness with a knife. The men of Number 1 platoon were posted, visited, and relieved—the usual routine. When dawn broke, the rum ration was served out. I had seen the ration-party go up about half an hour before—five in all; the fifth man's place had been taken by another, and he was already forgotten. You've no time to remember out there. Is it not so? . . . As I was passing Number 1 post I heard the corporal arguing with the men. 'I tell you there ain't no blinking Australian,' he was saying. 'They're as dead as Australian mutton.' The men must have been 'seeing things' again, and I felt a bit shirty about it. I was about to intervene and tell them not to make fools of themselves when the platoon commander, a chap named Wrottesley, came up to me with his platoon-sergeant. He asked me to follow him along the trench, and when we were out of hearing of the men he said to me, in a low voice: 'I've just found something, sir,' and as we turned the corner of a traverse he pointed to the duck-boards ahead of us. A man lay face downwards. His helmet had slipped and covered the back of his head like a great toadstool; his hands were convulsed and his legs spread out; an overturned dixie lay by his side. I went up to him and turned him over. He was dead. 'He's Number 5 of the ration-party, sir,' said the platoon-sergeant. 'And he ain't got a scratch.' The dead man was not pleasant to look at; his lips were blanched, his face ashen-grey, and his mouth distended in a mirthless grin, while his clenched hands were full of mud. But what struck me most was the look of horror on his face. I had the body sent down to the aid-post, and I paraded the ration-party. None of them had heard or seen anything. They were pretty scared, especially the fourth man. I then ordered Wrottesley to muster his platoon. I questioned them closely, but none of them could tell me anything. Except one man, who said he'd seen 'the Australian.' 'I seen him, sir,' he said, 'but I wass never hear him—his feet wass never make a sound. *The likes of them never do.*' I turned on him pretty sharply, and asked him

what the hell he meant by talking like that. It was a mistake, for after that I couldn't get a word out of them.

'I went to the aid-post. The M.O. seemed puzzled. He had stripped the body naked: it lay there in the dug-out gleaming in the cold grey dawn. 'He may have died of shock,' he said, 'but it looks to me more like a case of internal hemorrhage, or *angina pectoris*.'

'I couldn't make it out. One's heard of murder in the trenches, of course—a private with a grudge against a sergeant, a quarrel of two men about a girl in billets, a homicidal objection to another man's voice, or his laugh or his squint. It's very easy to lose one's sense of proportion out there! But this case was too damned impersonal to admit of that sort of explanation. No one knew beforehand who would be Number 5 in the ration-party, and it was the fifth man who had been 'outed' each time. I guessed there wouldn't be much competition in that ration-party the next night for fifth-place, and that Number 5 would tread pretty close on the heels of Number 4. Of course, they were generally strung over about fifty yards, each man ten yards behind the other—to distribute the risks from a 'Minnie.'\*

'D'you know the symptoms of an epidemic of cold feet? I mean when your company's got the wind up. Unpleasant, isn't it?—and very catching. The men, instead of sleeping in their dug-outs, hung about all day in little clusters, talking to one another, and suddenly drying-up as I came along. I knew what they were talking about. You see I'm half a Welshman myself—enough of one to understand their temperament but not enough of one to share it, for which I'm not sorry. They've got superstition in the marrow of their bones. Their very hymns are enough to make your flesh creep—they are all in the minor key. They used to sing them in the trenches, weird dirges like '*O fryniau Caersalem, ceir gweled*'—or something like that. Sang them damned well, too. But there was mighty little singing that day. I didn't like the look of things at all.

'As the day drew to its close, there came a change in the weather. The wind died down, the sky turned to the colour of dirty wool, and the air grew very cold. It looked as if it might snow. There was a faint moon. I gave Wrottesley orders to double the patrols, and determined to keep a sharp look-out myself. After I had made these dispositions, I went to Battalion Headquarters to report them to the C.O. As I was coming away, the M.O., a quizzical devil with a bullet head and hard as iron—he'd been a famous Welsh three-quarter in his day—said to me: 'I say, Meredith; do any of your men carry hat-pins?' 'Lord, no,' I replied. 'Nor powder-puffs. And they don't use hair-curlers. What are you getting at?' 'I'll tell you to-morrow,' he said, 'but it's my opinion there's something in the Australian theory, after all.' I looked at him. 'Have you got the wind up, too, doctor?' I said. 'I didn't know you believed in ghosts.' 'I don't,' he retorted, 'but I do believe in devils.' And with that he turned away. I thought him a damned fool, and said so.

'As the night wore on I went round the whole front of 800 yards twice, but saw nothing. I carried my revolver in my hand ready to fire 'double action,' and I had my runner and my batman with me. The men were very jumpy, and I was challenged every time by every man I met, let alone the sentries. I made up my mind to go round a third time a few minutes before the ration-party came up. As I pulled aside the vermored blanket of my dug-out and looked up at the sky, which was now obscured by clouds, something soft as lamb's wool, but very cold, gently touched my cheek. It was a snow-flake. In a few seconds it was followed by others. Soon everything in front of one was veiled by a speckled curtain like a moving screen of muslin. The incessant weaving of this great white curtain, a warp without a woof, woven upon a loom without a shuttle, affected me strangely. Motion without sound is always uncanny, and the snowflakes fell like shadows, and not less noiselessly. You know how snow seems to numb one's brain? It's like an anæsthetic.

'I proposed to vary my itinerary for my third round—deliberately and with malice aforethought. Hitherto I had always gone my rounds from right to left, beginning with Number 1 post. This time I determined to reverse the order. I had visited Number 4 and Number 3, and had just reached Number 2 and been challenged when the corporal in charge suddenly let his rifle fall with a clatter on to the duck-board. His teeth were chattering and his hands shook as though he were going to have a fit. 'Christ' he stuttered, looking down the trench. '*It's the Australian!*' I could see nothing, but at that very moment I felt the duck-boards give under my feet; as though a movement

\* Medical Officer.

\* Minnenwerfers (German trench mortars).



some way on was being communicated along them. It was a stealthy tremor—motion without noise. I could hear no footfalls. Then I heard a slight clink like the sound of side-arms. By this time the snow had stopped, and the moon was struggling through the clouds, shedding a ghostly light upon the desolation around us. The next moment I saw the figure of a tall Australian, in a wideawake hat, coming noiselessly round the bend of the trench. I can't deny that an unpleasantly cold feeling ran down my spine, and for a moment I stood absolutely inert, with my revolver hanging loose in my hand. Before I had time to raise it, my batman, a stout little chap, was down on one knee, and had the butt of his rifle up to his shoulder. He fired. The 'Australian' stopped, did a kind of half-turn, and suddenly fell forward on his face. I rushed up, with my batman at my heels, and flashing my torch on to the body—for it *was* a body, and damnably material—turned it over. The man had his hand clutched over his heart—it was a fair bull's-eye. Even as I looked at him, it struck me that his face was not that of an Australian at all; there was nothing aquiline about it—it was broad and flat, with rabbit-like ears. He seemed to have a lot of clothes on him. I tore open his tunic. Underneath was the field-grey uniform of a Prussian officer. 'Dot and carry one,' I said to myself, and I went through his pockets—tail pockets first: the Hun always carries his papers there. As I was looking through the contents, my batman suddenly said: 'Jesus! . . . look at his wrist, sir!' And then I saw that he had a long piece of steel, thin as a knitting-needle, but sharply pointed, fitting into a cork handle, and loosely strapped to his wrist. And on his feet he wore a pair of rubber shoes.

"It didn't take much more to work it all out. We followed his tracks in the snow with some difficulty, and traced them to the place where the trench crossed the stream. He must have entered by that gap, in spite of the 'gooseberries.' No doubt he then concealed himself in a disused sap, and waited for the ration-party to pass until he sprang out on the last man, and, putting his hand over his mouth, stabbed him through the heart from behind. As a matter of fact, his second victim had not yet been buried, and the M.O. after-

wards showed me a tiny puncture just to the left of the spinal cord, so small that it looked more like the bite of a flea than a wound. That Hun was a dirty Thug, but I must say he had a nerve. He must have established just where our posts were by some pretty cool reconnaissance, and I dare say he had crawled near enough to one of them to hear all the men had to say about it until he became so confident he had struck the fear of the supernatural into all of us that he was prepared to stalk us in the open."

"Yes," said Tracy, after a pause; "but I don't quite see the point of it all."

"I know what you mean," said Meredith. "Why should a Boche officer take all those risks merely to stab one poor devil of a ration-carrier in the back? I'll tell you why, my friend. You've been fighting the Turk in Gallipoli, and the Turk's a gentleman—more or less. He's a clean fighter. But the Hun doesn't confine himself to carnal weapons, and he's not exactly a perfect gentle knight. Do you remember that passage in their War Book where their General Staff says that to down the other fellow you must smash him 'spiritually' as well as physically? 'Terrorismus,' I think they call it in their ugly lingo. I've often thought of it. Well, the Boche was trying to put the wind up among our fellows. He knew we had only just taken over, he knew the Welsh temperament, and he knew we were full of new drafts. How did he know? You've not served in France, or you wouldn't ask that. But I admit it used to puzzle us ourselves in the early days, till we discovered their telephonic tricks of eavesdropping—amplifiers, buried cables, and all the rest of it. The whole forward area's a perfect whispering gallery. Our 'signals' have countered all that now. But just think of it all!—the brute had worked out every psychological detail, like a plan of operations. Yes! The Hun's a devil. . . . Isn't it hot? Pass the soda-water, please."

"All the same," said Letcher, at length, subdued by the sedative of Meredith's quiet recital, "your story doesn't refute my proposition; it confirms it. The dead do *not* return. They've had enough of it."

And he stared at the empty chairs in the mess.

## Four Poems: By Enid Bagnold

### Time was when the Saint . . .

Time was when the Saint  
Had another word yet,  
His last, his best card,  
His fabulous threat,  
When his blue mantle flew  
Round his shadowy frame  
And he rushed on the flame  
Crying: "Glorious Death!"  
Now I die,  
And my ashes speak louder than I!"

In the gleam of his halo of gold,  
He cries: "Glorious Death!"  
From the glass of the churches of old.  
But his ashes are dumb  
At the bottom of Time  
In a stone-covered tomb.

Time, oh! when the wild lover cried:  
"I sink, I bleed at your side,  
If I die, you will love!"

When man had this knife  
To his hand lying—  
When we couldn't plead with our breath,  
When we couldn't dazzle by living,  
We could astonish by death,  
We could conquer by dying.  
We could empty our body of breath  
And man would fall dumb and implore,  
Grow white, grow whiter, and mourning,  
Hear the voice of the corpse evermore.

But man isn't shocked any more . . .  
Though we lie as flowers in a border  
When a child has hit head after head  
And brought them all down in disorder,  
Sick, dying, dead. . .  
The child passes on to the door  
Of the garden, hearing a call.  
And man isn't shocked any more,  
And death wins nothing at all.

### Before Dawn

After the little stars, the roses of the night  
Had withered on her cheek and left her pale;  
When the down-diving moon had fall'n from sight,  
Slipt into the river and set sail.

Then in the cottage in the wood the dreamers turn  
And rustle in the embraces of their dream;  
Then even the wind stirs nothing in the fern. . . .  
Then even the fish stirs nothing in the stream.

### The Last Down Trains

At the bottom of the meadow, the dim, moving meadow,  
Night in a clatter came clinging to the trains.  
Night in a rattle came all among the cattle,  
Caught like a spider in the last-loosed chains.

The old hag night for a minute in the meadow  
Woke up the bat-broods breeding all awry,  
Woke up the cat-broods breeding in the nettles . . .  
And scandalously screaming round the curve of the metals  
Passed out clinging as the trains went by.

### Solitude

Dear Solitude, beside my fire  
The other chair is yours,  
My dearest friend does not desire  
To burst these shuttered doors.  
The memory of my dearest friend  
Is long, too long for me,  
My secrets in his hollow ear  
Echo eternally.  
Dear Solitude, my heart is bare,  
And any traveller you find there  
Will not return to me.



# Life and Letters by J. C. Squire

## Two Escapes

WHATEVER epic agonies millions of men may be suffering, the sufferings and the courage of isolated individuals still make a greater appeal to the imagination. However vast and bloody the struggle which is displayed before us, the single stroke and the single death fascinate us more than the pooled anguish of crowds. We are made like that. We want experience and character concentrated and typified; the vivid diary has a wider appeal than the comprehensive history. How dominant remains our interest in the actions and motives of the individual, when we can get really elaborate details about them, was illustrated rather disgustingly and depressingly in the first winter of the war, when the attention of the public was for days diverted from the desperate struggle in Flanders by the story of the murderer who had killed the "Brides in Bath." Less offensively it is illustrated by the peculiar curiosity and interest with which we read individual narratives of adventure in the war.

The most personal class of all are those books which deal with escapes from German prisons. These books carry with them no general topical instruction, save in so far as their authors describe the character of our enemies as shown in their attitude towards prisoners. In the light of the great issues at stake it does not much "matter," save to themselves and a few friends, whether Lieutenant Jones and Captain Brown got safely across the Dutch frontier or whether they were stopped on a wooden bridge. If we were purely political animals we should certainly postpone our interest in such stories until the war is over. But we are not; and no battle, however important, can move us more strongly than the personal narrative of a single man matching his courage and cunning against tremendous odds, the narrative in which nothing material is at stake but the liberty of one person, and which has no bearing at all upon the fate of nations. Or, rather, no obvious bearing; for it would not be difficult to justify our interest by showing how the qualities which intrigue us in these accounts are the qualities which nations themselves must contemplate and cultivate if they would live, and that all difficulties bravely met are symbolical of all other difficulties. One may, however, leave justification alone; the fact remains.

I reviewed here a few months ago what I still think one of the most fascinating and heroic books written since the war: the vivacious and debonair work by Lieutenant P. O'Brien, *Outwitting the Hun*. This book has now been followed by two others so good that it is hardly worth while discussing their relative merits. It must be said that neither Captain J. A. L. Caunter (*13 Days*: G. Bell, 4s. 6d. net) nor Captain H. G. Gilliland (*My German Prisons*: Hodder & Stoughton, 6s. net) writes with the impudent gaiety of Mr. O'Brien, with his eye for the picturesque or his knack for raising one's hair. Captain Caunter's style is a terse, restrained style: one statement in one compact sentence, a perfect sequence, no trimmings. Captain Gilliland's is the ordinary conversational. But each of them has the gift of saying what he wants to say, and each has the story of escape to tell: the story that is old in its main lines and in the nature of its details, but that never palls.

Captain Caunter was taken in 1914; he went to Crefeld and thence to Schwarmstedt, in Hanover. His escape from the camp was extraordinarily ingenious and of the prolonged nerve-racking kind. He got on a top shelf in the parcels-room, before the very eyes of a German; lay there, cramped and stifling, for hours; then stole out of the window while a sentry on each side turned his back. He crossed two rivers—there is a thrilling account of his wait by one bridge while the sentries carried on a conversation with two girls who seemed as though they would never go away and leave the men free to move or doze—and then, under a hedge, amazingly met two brother officers who had escaped after him. His chapters on the crossing of the

Weser, the long walk along a railway track, and the final agonising wait in the marshes by the Dutch frontier, are wonderfully vivid; one's heart stands still when a townful of dogs starts barking at him in the moonlight, and when Major Fox, an Irishman used to bogs, sidetracks the frontier guards into a morass. Major Fox, slightly sketched, is revealed as something of a Titan for strength and audacity. Captain Caunter's exact wash drawings greatly elucidate his tales.

Captain Gilliland, en route from one gaol to another, doped a sentry with potted meat and politeness, and leapt (with others) from a moving train. He and a companion went for five days with virtually no food, wet through, and often chattering with cold. The country through which they walked was thickly populated and inadequately provided with cover. Their most terrible experience came when they had to lie for a day, tightly wedged together, under some branches at the bottom of a water-logged drain four feet deep and only two feet wide. It took them a quarter of an hour to get out and twenty minutes to recover the use of their leaden legs. Their evasion of three lines of sentries, between block-houses and over a deep-sunken and patrolled road, by the frontier was a miracle; and the account of it keeps one on tenterhooks throughout. But the author does not lay himself out to do this. Both these authors are content with bald facts; and these facts are so remarkable that even the most sluggish imagination must be moved by them. They do not attempt to render directly the intensity of moments like these; nor do they say much at any time about their own states of mind. Generally speaking, I suppose the person who habitually analyses his own state of mind is not the man to escape from a prison or react instantaneously to the subsequent hourly need for swift decision. But one is conscious of all that must go on in the minds and hearts of these desperate hunted men, the strength of the first resolve, the continual battle not to give in to the promptings that come from great hardship undergone in loneliness, and one is left marvelling at the sublimity of human endurance.

It is impossible to boil down or to comment upon the detail of books so full of incident. One's only criticism is that neither author leaves us clear about the fate of officers with whom they escaped. Captain Caunter, especially, had he been a trained novelist, would not have left the pathetic Lieutenant Blank, from whom he parted company near the frontier, "hanging in the air." The reader's curiosity needs satisfaction. Did he get through? Captain Caunter had a terrible time at first—spat on, insulted, tortured. But his experiences seem to have deepened his humanity, if anything, and his last paragraph is a prisoner's appeal for sporting treatment of German prisoners, whose efforts to escape he regards with sympathy. His experiences in camp do not seem to have been so terrible as Captain Gilliland's, who, were it not for the fact that humble Gerinans occasionally showed him kindness, might excusably have contracted a life-long hate of the whole nation. He saw wounded Englishmen, including his own comrades, deliberately murdered; for months, although he was a sick man with broken ribs, he was refused medical attention; and the last part of his stay, when he was still ill, was spent thirty feet underground in the fortress of Ingolstadt. In each small cell were six officers and their furniture:


The roof being arched like a tunnel, it was not possible to get the full benefit of the floor space, since one could not stand upright if near the walls. These walls were made of granite, badly whitewashed over, and exuding moisture. During any kind of damp weather the festoons of cobwebs which helped to adorn the ceiling glistened like a long grotto.

A drain let water into the cell; the passage stank; in winter "we did not suffer from damp, since everything was ice." In both his camps he suffered from the brutality of German officers. Of one, who deliberately put prisoners' letters into the wrong envelopes and jeered at them, he says that "there are two or three French officers and half a dozen British who are waiting for him after the war, and then I think he will have a short shrift."





# THE THEATRE



By W. J. Turner

**M**R. ELLIS achieved notoriety as the author of *A Little Bit of Fluff*. I think it ran for two years, or some incredible time. I remember being taken to see it and feeling glad, in the middle of the performance, to think that some one else had paid for the seats. I pretend to no superiority on this question of fluff. A nice "fluffy" girl, like the one whose picture adorns the posters of the Gaiety show *Going Up* is as attractive to me as to any flying man. Often, as I get off the bus at the Gaiety corner, where I lecture to flag-sellers every month on "The Spirit of the Bayonet," I am tempted to steal one of those posters and take it home to my study to put alongside my bust of Beethoven. I am afraid, however, of the commissioner, who looks as though he ought to be a sergeant; he has been listening to me, and is growing more and more ferocious. I shall have to ask him if he would like to go to the front. But although "fluffiness" may be exceedingly attractive, a certain sort of joking and winking on the theme is very boring. There was a great deal of that sort of thing in *A Little Bit of Fluff*. The married man taking a girl out to supper, and telling his wife he is working late at the office, is, perhaps, a common enough occurrence in real life; but needs handling lightly to be tolerable. What humour there is in it will be due entirely to the incident being unique, and this can only be contrived by an interplay of character; the moment we get the feeling that we are seeing merely one day's, out of a year's habitual, trickery it becomes disgusting. To deceive once is human, to deceive constantly is degrading; therefore, there must be some exceptional cause, something to make us, at any rate, slightly sympathetic.

Then, the humour of bedroom scenes I find extremely thin. Just as some people are furtive about money, so some people are furtive about sex. We instinctively dislike a man who hums and hahs for about half an hour, and finally winds up with a request for half a sovereign; so I loathe people who whisper, and nudge and giggle, and make oblique jokes about sex. What they have got in their dirty little minds, God alone knows! Downright coarseness is a thousand times better, just as it would be better to punch your friend in the head and say "lend me half a sovereign!" I am not narrow-minded on the subject. I have no sympathy with the people who hold up their hands in horror at the sight of girls arm-in-arm with soldiers in the Strand; in fact, I think that the greater freedom of intercourse brought about by the war is all to the good. There is no greater enemy to lust than the free mingling of the sexes in the common daily work of the world; it is then that the finer delights of comradeship, intellectual and physical, are appreciated and the taste educated. Anyone who lived in Latin countries will agree to the importance of this freedom. The one serious enemy of vice—which, after all, is merely distorted virtue—is the extraordinary attractiveness and passion of virtue itself; mere negative inhibition hasn't got the ghost of a chance against it. The way to show up a bad joke is to tell a good joke—not to frown. This elementary truth has never entered the skulls of many well-intentioned people. It is fashionable in certain quarters to point to the popularity of such plays as *A Little Bit of Fluff*, and this new farce by the same author, as examples of the complete degradation of the theatre in England. All hope of regenerating the theatre, it is said, must be abandoned until after the war; and there is no very strong conviction that there will be much improvement then. This very week a writer in the *Times Literary Supplement* expresses his astonishment, in reviewing a book by an Army captain on the theatre, that "here was some one who in 1918 still believed in the theatre; found the theatre interesting, even important"; and he comes to the conclusion that the author has not been in London during the last four years. It is undoubtedly true that you may generally look in vain at your morning paper to find a good play, but it is the absence of the first-rate rather than the presence of much bad work that gives the impression of bankruptcy. I doubt very much if the general standard of books published annually is any worse than the standard of plays produced; and productions like *The Loving Heart*

and *Anthony in Wonderland*, to name two which occur to me at random, were probably as good as sixty per cent. of the novels of their year. Again, people will persist in judging plays from a literary standpoint. You have to judge a play from its effect on you in the theatre, and from that standpoint a play like *A Week End* will be seen to have merits that entitle it to rank at least with a Phillips Oppenheim romance or a Sax Rohmer shocker. You guffaw with laughter during three-parts of it, you are never really bored, you never have the slightest inclination to go out and ask for your money back, and if the author's humour is not exactly subtle, the genius of the theatre adds many transforming touches so that you get as much pleasure from it as you would from a George Birmingham novel or an average *Punch* article, and far more laughter.

Personally, I preferred *A Week End* to *A Little Bit of Fluff* on account, mainly, of the character of the station-porter who aspires to be a great singer. This is a really comic idea, and in the hands of a good comic dramatist might have been made a great part; but Mr. Ellis has done nothing more than think of it, and then leave it. It is worth remarking that the whole of the humour in this farce lay in the acting. There is no wit or humour in the lines, but Mr. Ernest Thesiger as the station-porter was extremely funny, and Miss Evelyn Roselle, as Sybil, only had to appear to set the house rocking; she was so true to life that she did not seem to be acting at all. Mr. Sebastian Smith was also good. Of course, it is all very crude; there is no enlightenment in your laughter, and five minutes after leaving the theatre you are almost certain to mutter "What trash!" and go home in a far from buoyant mood. But, then, that sort of thing happens even after the society of congenial friends. Has not Mr. L. Pearsall Smith described it in one of his incomparable Trivia, where he says:

The servant gave me my coat and hat, and in a glow of self-satisfaction I walked out into the night. "A delightful evening," I reflected, "the nicest kind of people." What I said about finance and French philosophy impressed them; and how they laughed when I imitated a pig squealing. But soon after, "God, it's awful," I muttered, "I wish I were dead."

The majority of people have experienced this feeling more or less frequently when coming home from the theatre; in most cases, they do not stop to analyse it, but vent their spleen on the weather or trains and taxis, and suddenly wish they had stayed at home or gone somewhere else. The explanation is, of course, that their emotions have been aroused without having been purged or satisfied, which is only done when something really beautiful is put before them. On the rare occasions when they have seen something noble, heroic, or beautiful, they find themselves going home exhilarated, treading on air. It is by this that you may always judge good art from bad. Good art enriches you, makes the world seem a thousand times more attractive, fills you with the sense of power, and gives a new meaning to everything. In a quite special sense it awakes you; that is why it is enormously important and a factor in civilisation impossible to overrate. From this standpoint, which really is the only one worth considering, *A Week End* is negligible; but if it is a long time since you have laughed, by all means go to the Kingsway Theatre, and you will find there a good substitute for these amusements.

It will be interesting to see what sort of a run *A Week End* has compared with *A Little Bit of Fluff*; the ingredients are much the same, but the title of the latter play must have been responsible for half the seats nightly. I should very much doubt if *A Week End* will have as long a run; for many people never read the notices in the daily Press, and except for these and the comments of friends, there is nothing to go by, except a play's title. Of course, there are many, and they perhaps are wisest, who simply decide where they shall have dinner and take seats at the theatre which is nearest. The obvious development is that restaurants should include in their table d'hôte prices for dinner and seat at the theatre. The fact that you would never know where you were going would not matter in the least under present conditions; and you would always be able to balance the dinner against the show.



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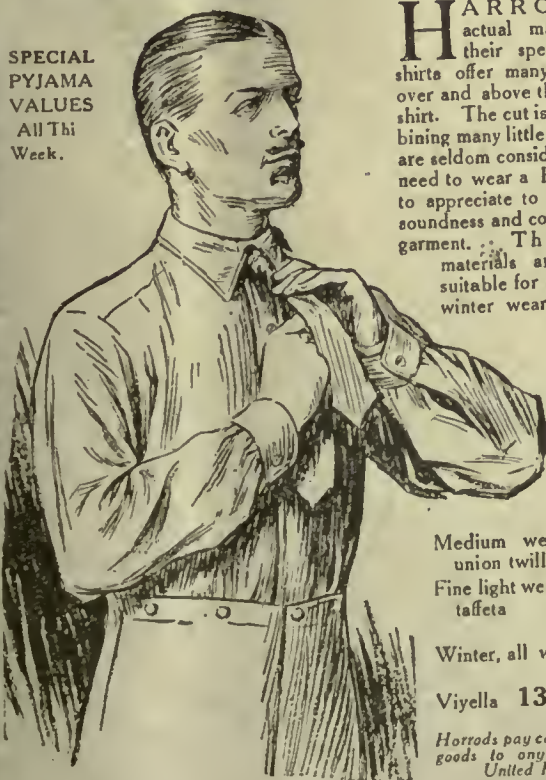
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# The Reader's Diary



## Recent Novels

THE critic who called Mr. Compton Mackenzie's *Early Life and Adventures of Sylvia Scarlett* (Secker, 6s. net) a "movie" novel was aiming pretty close to the mark. The cinema thrives on incident and wastes away on psychology. It would be easier to make a film of Sylvia's escapades than of a novel by Mr. Henry James. This means that Mr. Mackenzie has flung away almost altogether his passion for beautiful writing and dispensed to a noticeable degree with his gift for characterisation in order to produce a novel in which something happens on every page.

Sylvia had a talent for adventure, and her escapades began pre-natally. Her mother was the illegitimate daughter of an English nobleman and a Parisian grisette, and had her own fling in youth. Sylvia herself had a taste of life with a travelling circus in very early childhood, and thereafter fled to England, disguised as a boy, with her father, who had somewhat prosaically committed petty peculations in the office in which he was employed. But the summary, which already begins to be crowded, cannot be continued. The epitaph which she wrote for herself at an early age contains the *mot juste*: "Here lies Sylvia Scarlett, who was always running away. If she has to live all over again and be the same girl, she accepts no responsibility for anything that may occur." Her adventures mostly arose from her habit of running away; and it mattered little whether she ran from a person or the consequences of her own actions.

It follows that in the course of her life she passed through a great many odd places. The house of the Emperor of Byzantium, in West Kensington, was one of them; the house of the cabman, Fred Organ, another. "The toughest dancing-saloon in Buenos Aires," whither she was escorted by Carlos Morera, stands high in the list and there is much to be said for the Plutonian Hotel, Sulphurville, Indiana. But Mr. Mackenzie has got more events and changes of scene into fewer pages than any other novelist I can remember; and it would be absurd to attempt to outdo him in condensation. The utmost that can be done is to give an impression of an invention moving as freely as its author wills—revolving, indeed, with something of the terrifying pace of a fly-wheel that is not hitched on to anything.

And in this image of the fly-wheel lies, perhaps, the most serious criticism that can be directed against Mr. Mackenzie's book. His invention is able to move with this bewildering and really rather enchanting speed only because his characters are as light as feathers. Sylvia, who was a well-sketched and convincing minor figure in *Sinister Street*, is here not much more than a formula. Nothing more can be postulated of her than that she attracts adventures to her. One feels that Mr. Mackenzie was attracted by the rapid sitting she gave him, but that he found her not so easy a subject for a more elaborate picture. He was led to make some radical alterations in his first impression of her; and in his effort to do this, and at the same time to retain all that originally made her interesting, he has just failed to bring her fully into existence. At the same time, this criticism may be unfair, since the portrait is not yet complete. Another volume is to come, *Sylvia and Michael*, in which, presumably, the life of Michael Fane will also be continued; but it will be only by a really remarkable feat of virtuosity that Mr. Mackenzie can so add to this picture of Sylvia as to make it wholly and credibly alive. My own hope—and belief—is that he will substitute another and more convincing Sylvia. I say "belief," because in many ways this book seems to me to promise, though it does not actually contain, a considerable advance on its author's previous work.

On another level, Mr. E. R. Burroughs, in *The Beasts of Tarzan* (Methuen, 6s. net), rivals Mr. Mackenzie in the oddness, if not in the variety, of his invention. But it seems to me to have been mere folly in Nikolas Rokoff that led him to kidnap the wife of an English peer, who had been brought up among apes, and was able to enrol and carry about with him a bodyguard consisting of "five snarling apes, . . . a giant black warrior, . . . [and] a panther with gleaming jaws agape and fiery eyes." His ultimate fate (the panther ate him) was a suitable penalty for a clear error of judgment.

## Oxford Poets

At this moment Oxford men (and women) are writing verse in such great profusion that it becomes impossible to do more than select here and there for comment among the volumes which fall from the Press of the ingenious Mr. Blackwell. I have before me now two volumes which seem more suitable for selection than most—Mr. Aldous Huxley's *Defeat of Youth* and Miss Edith Sitwell's *Clowns' Houses* (Blackwell, 3s. net each). Mr. Huxley is a poet whom it is as difficult to praise outright as it is to overlook him altogether. He is much influenced by the French poets of the later nineteenth century (he includes an exceedingly good translation of *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*), and he derives from them a distinct pleasure in being more subtle and mysterious than perhaps is necessary and a certain tendency towards feats of virtuosity with emotion and language. The title-poem is a somewhat obscure sonnet-sequence in which a young man in love recoils from his own desires and from the surrender to them which the beloved offers him—a rather too complex description of the shrinking from fulfilment which is a genuine thing, though Mr. Huxley seeks to pin it down more definitely in words than it is capable of. Perhaps his best piece is that which he calls, unassumingly, *Poem*, and which ends:

But a time came when, turning full of hate  
And weariness from my remembered themes,  
I wished my poet's pipe could modulate  
Beauty more palpable than words and dreams.

All loveliness with which an act informs  
The dim uncertain chaos of desire  
Is mine to-day; it touches me, it warms  
Body and spirit with its outward fire.

I am mine no more; I have become a part  
Of that great earth that draws a breath and stirs  
To meet the spring. But I could wish my heart  
Were still a winter of frosty gossamers.

If Mr. Huxley could abandon his search for the rarer emotions for rareness' sake, and if he could manage to be a little less ingenious all round, he would be a better poet. Probably he will. Meanwhile, his virtuosity makes good reading. Miss Sitwell's book is all tricks and *tours de force*; but they are very amusing tricks. When she calls a poem *Strawberry Paths*, and writes:

. . . Dame and poppet, each frilled rose  
That in dark leaves lies close—  
Nursing her buds, will curtsy low  
To see me as I go.

Upon the gravelled paths; my plait  
Escapes this broad-brimmed hat;  
My lips are like ripe strawberries;  
One little bird that flies.

Hid in a brown cloak with a tail  
Like some small nightingale  
Whose hidden name is "Love," would fain  
Peck them again—again.

it affects me like devilled almonds in comparison with the solid fare of poetry to which one is accustomed. I see no reason why I should not read as much of this as Miss Sitwell cares to write; but she is less amusing when she composes tragic verses on *The Madness of Soul*.

## Flower Fancies

M. Guy Pierre Fauconnet came into notice last year with some admirable animal drawings in *Form*. He has now published a book of designs in which flowers are made to look their names—*Flower-name Fancies* (Lane, 5s. net). His drawings, Beardsleyesque without the horror, are almost uniformly exquisite; and he secures the effect of plants and flowers with a really remarkable economy of means. His Buttercup, for example, is a pure delight. Merely as a design, perhaps the Love-in-a-Mist is the best thing in the book. It is to be hoped that M. Fauconnet will now produce a similar book of animals, for those that appear here reveal in him a special talent for their portraiture. His own French descriptions are lighter and more amusing than the English verses supplied by Mr. Hampden Gordon.

PETER BELL.





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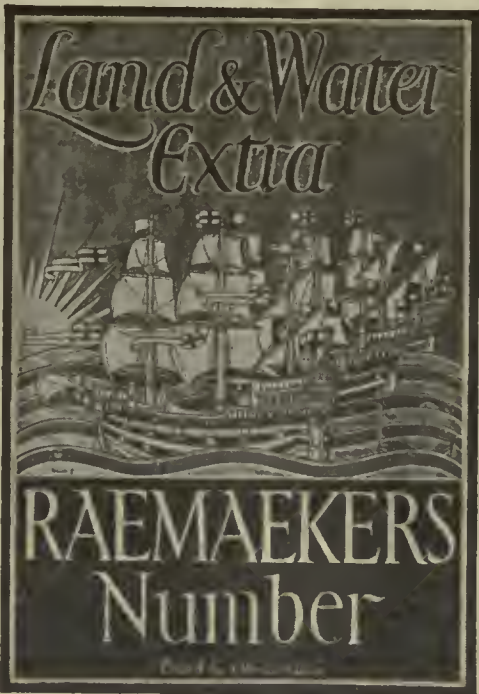
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# The Sinews of War: By Hartley Withers

IF the second half of the financial year is as good as the first, which ended on September 30th, the Chancellor of the Exchequer will find that the deficit to be covered is very much smaller than he expected. He budgeted in April last for a revenue of £842 millions, a total expenditure of £2,972 millions, and a consequent deficit to be made good by borrowing of £2,130 millions. In the first half-year the revenue came to £342 millions, which looks at first sight bad because it is not nearly half the year's anticipation—£842 millions. But it is really very good, since the first half is the lean half in tax payments, and the increase over last year's revenue in the corresponding period is over £80 millions. The expected increase in the whole year was only £135 millions, so that if the present rate of increase is maintained, and an improvement of £160 millions is secured, the year's revenue will be well over the £842 millions expected. It has been a regular feature of our War Budgets that the revenue has come in far ahead of the estimates; this has been to a great extent due to the inflation and high prices which have been a blot on our war finance, and have swollen profits and consequently income-tax and excess profits duty; so it is not altogether an unmixed blessing. Hitherto expenditure has more than followed suit, having outstripped estimates even more vigorously than revenue; but in this past half-year the tide seems to have turned, the total spending chargeable to revenue being £1,356 millions—a good deal less than half the year's total estimate of £2,972 millions. This big saving is rather mysterious in view of the increases in wages that must be adding so heavily to the cost of so many things that the Government has to buy. It is possible that our loans to Allies have been reduced below the estimate, owing to the modification of the roundabout system by which America used to lend money to us so that we might lend it to Allies. There is also the less pleasant possibility that the money passing out of the Exchequer has been less than was expected because of the slowness with which ships and other material required by the Government have been turned out. Perhaps these matters will be explained when Parliament meets. In the meantime, it is pleasant to note that revenue rolls in well, and that the so far constant tendency of expenditure to outstrip estimates has been checked—at least, for the time being. When we look at the details of the revenue we find that a usual war-time feature is repeated—that is to say, the tremendous yield of the excess profits duty, which in the past half-year brought in £134 millions—an increase of £46 millions, though no addition was made in the last Budget to the rate of the tax. This much-abused impost brought in well over a third of the total revenue of the half-year; we shall miss it badly (except those who have to pay it) when the war is over, for it has always been regarded as a war-tax pure and simple, and if it were kept on in peace time it would have a most discouraging effect on industry and enterprise just at the moment when they will be most in need of confidence and encouragement. Income-tax, which makes its best effort in the second half of the year, contributed £11 millions to the increase shown, customs and excise £20½ millions between them, and "miscellaneous" £7½ millions. This last item is a notable war profiteer. In peace time it used to produce a million or two out of silver coinage and other oddments; during the past half-year its yield was no less than £36 millions; but it nowadays includes items such as contributions from India and perhaps (though it is impossible to tell from the statements published) profit on the big trading and producing business done in these times by the State.

## Incomplete Analysis

As to details of expenditure, as usual they are not to be found. Out of the total of £1,356 millions, £1,234 millions are put down in one lump as Supply Services, and most of the rest consists of debt charge—£117½ millions against £80 millions in the half-year to September 30th, 1917. On Supply Services there was actually a decrease, against the corresponding period, of £9 millions. But besides the expenditure "chargeable against revenue," as the official return humorously calls it, though it exceeds the revenue by £1,013 millions, some £60 millions more had to be found to meet redemption of unfounded debt and the depreciation fund, by which the Government brings a certain amount of 1917 War Loan in the market every month in which it is below the issue price of 95. During the past half-year just under

£16 millions were required for this purpose. So that the total sum to be found by borrowing during the half-year came to £1,073 millions. It was found thus:

By National War Bonds' .. ..	£493 millions
„ War Savings Certificates .. ..	45 „
„ "Other Debt" .. ..	251 „
„ Treasury Bills and Ways and Means .. ..	279 „
„ Draft on Exchequer Balances .. ..	5 „
	<hr/>
	£1,073 „

In other words, very little more than half of the huge sum that had to be found by borrowing during the half-year was raised by the best kind of borrowing—that is, by money produced by the savings of the home investor, through sales of National War Bonds and War Savings Certificates. These two items between them raised £538 millions, leaving £535 millions to be got in otherwise. "Other Debt," as the above table shows, provided £251 millions, and it is under this informing title that our State book-keepers are believed to wrap the total of the sums borrowed abroad. It is obvious that a debt to foreigners implies a heavier burden than a debt to our own citizens, since it means, after the war, that so much of our annual output has to be shipped abroad to meet interest payments and debt redemption, instead of being available for consumption or investment by debt-holders at home, and so is a direct reduction of the national wealth. And so it is not pleasant to find so large a proportion of the half-year's deficit met by this method of borrowing abroad.

It is true that the sum so raised is considerably smaller than in the corresponding period of 1917, when the net addition to "Other Debt" was £332 millions. But, on the other hand, our loans to Allies and Dominions have, we may fairly hope, shown a still greater decrease. In his Vote-of-Credit speech at the beginning of August, the Chancellor gave the figure of our loans to Allies and Dominions for April 1st to August 1st, 1918—four months—as £84½ millions, at the rate of, roughly, £250 millions a year, as against £552 millions in the financial year 1917-18. If we are only lending at the rate of £250 millions a year to Allies and Dominions it is not well that we should be borrowing abroad at the rate of £251 millions in a half-year.

## Creating Fresh Credits

Another feature that we would like to see improved on is the addition of £279 millions to Treasury Bills and Ways and Means advances. The amount outstanding of this form of debt was, on September 30th, £1,443 millions, against £16½ millions when the war began. It is not a satisfactory way of raising money for the war, partly because Treasury Bills and Ways and Means Advances are largely subscribed to by banks, and so do not take money out of any of our pockets but, by creating fresh credits, increase the amount of money—in its widest sense, of buying-power in general—that is circulating or available for circulation, and so force up prices, increase the cost of the war, and produce friction and discontent. Moreover, these forms of borrowing are for short dates, and this means that when the war is over, and the holders of them want all their cash and credit for industrial enterprise or for financing it, the Government's financial position will not be made any the more comfortable by the huge amount of this floating debt, falling due day by day. The Government, of course, will have no difficulty about renewing it, but if the forecasts of some of the prophets about the price of money in the first few months after the war are only half-true, the rates that it may have to pay will not be at all comfortable for the taxpayers' pocket.

And the moral of this sermon, on the evils of borrowing abroad and raising the wind by Treasury Bills and Ways and Means advances, is evident. These bad ways of raising money had to be used because investors during the half-year did not buy enough National War Bonds. They were asked to buy them to the tune of £25 millions a week, or £650 millions in the half-year; instead of which they only took £493 millions' worth, at the rate of less than £19 millions a week. Now, the Chancellor has made another appeal at a great meeting at the Guildhall, and every one of us has to do his utmost to support the heroism of the men at the front by "feeding the guns with War Bonds." It is little enough to do, when we think of what they are doing for us.





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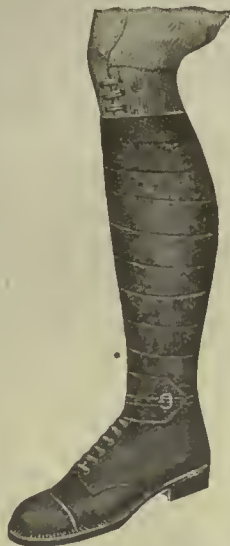
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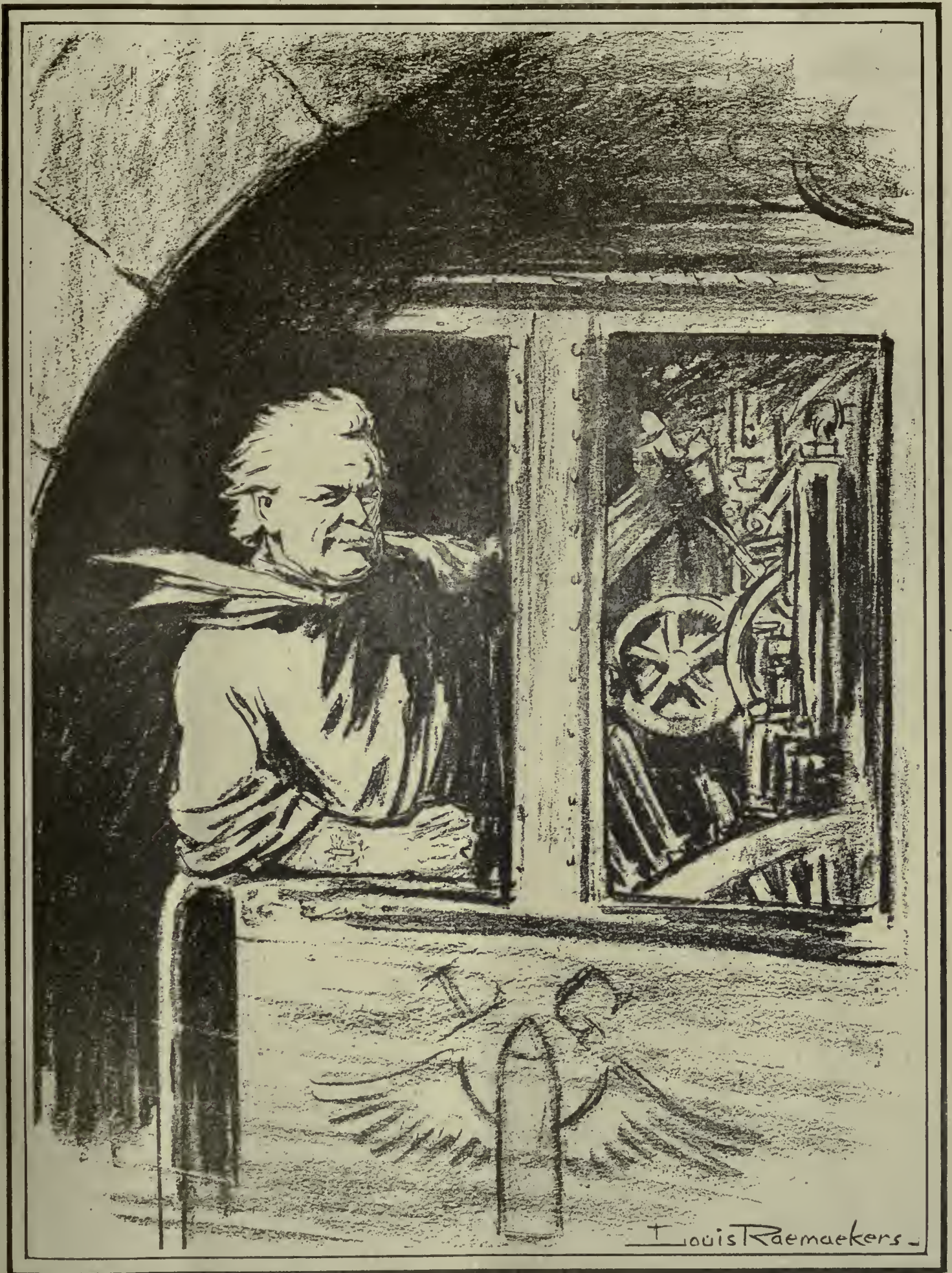
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# LAND & WATER

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FULL SPEED AHEAD



# LAND & WATER

5 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2. Tel. Holborn 2828

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1918

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## Germany and Our Terms

THE Germans have accepted President Wilson's fourteen points and agreed to evacuate the occupied territories. It is a tremendous advance but it does not yet take us the whole way, and—as was made clear in the most remarkable and powerful American reply published here on Tuesday—the Germans will have to agree to a good deal more than this before we shall concede an armistice. Discussion is obscured if we begin in the middle; the whole object of the Germans, and the unintentional result of a good deal of newspaper comment here is to switch our attention off the grand objects of the war. People start leading articles with questions as to whether or not it is essential that the Germans should evacuate Alsace-Lorraine, and whether or not the armistice should be coupled with the occupation of German frontier towns. This is not the way to approach the subject. The way to approach it is, first, to decide—and duly to bear in mind—what it is we want, and, second, to formulate precisely what steps, no less and no more, are necessary to secure what we want. What do we want? The *Times*, endeavouring on Monday to formulate it, finds itself compelled to fall back upon Mr. Asquith's Guildhall speech:

We shall not sheathe the sword, which we have not lightly drawn, until Belgium recovers in full measure all, and more than all, that she has sacrificed, until France is adequately secured against the menace of aggression, until the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe are placed upon an unassailable foundation, and until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed.

This is a vague but comprehensive statement of the principles which will determine our peace terms. Mr. Wilson's fourteen points and his supplementary points covered the ground far more elaborately, and on them every specific demand we shall make will be based. That Germany has been forced to give a general assent to them is much; but before we can agree to suspend our pummelling of her she must put us in a position to enforce our interpretation of those principles. And as we interpret them, as both Mr. Lloyd George and President Wilson interpret them, they imply that Alsace-Lorraine should be surrendered, that all occupied territories should be evacuated, that the outlying parts of Turkey should be lopped off, that the Brest-Litovsk Treaty should be reversed, that Italy should have the Trentino and Rumania should have Transylvania, that Prussian Poland should be given to the independent State of Poland, that Bohemia should obtain independence, and that the Jugo-Slavs should be left free to determine their future.

## Germany must Surrender

All these things are implicit in Mr. Asquith's sentence and in President Wilson's elaborate points. We have to secure them. Germany, as yet, has shown no inclination whatever to concede them. If she is willing to, she has only to say so; if she is not, it is perfectly evident that we cannot secure them—and we must add to them the indemnity for Belgium and whatever other guarantees and penalties the Allies may think necessary—save by (1) beating her to a standstill, where she will surrender unconditionally, as the Bulgarians did, or (2) granting her an armistice on conditions so drastic that they are *virtually equivalent to the imposition of unconditional surrender*. An armistice which was a mere suspension of hostilities on the present front would be no use whatever. An armistice which left the Germans free to retire to the Rhine with their stores, there to reconstruct their defensive measures, and offer a compromise which might tempt a world sick of war, and unwilling to resume it, would be almost equally useless; for it would probably lead to our foregoing our just terms, and would thus lead to more bloodshed. It becomes clear that if the Germans are allowed to retire on the German frontier they must surrender whatever arms, artillery, stores, and whatever things further—from the cession of individual hostages to that of whole armies and key fortresses—the Allied commanders, who are the only judges of the military situation, may deem necessary. In other words, we cannot afford to grant an armistice save on conditions which would, by their very nature, make it certain (1) that the military power of Prussia, for the time being, at any rate, had totally disappeared, and (2) that we should be in a position to impose on the enemy the last deduction from those principles of justice and security, which in the interests of individual peoples and of the whole future of the world order have been laid down by President Wilson and other Allied statesmen. In a sense, what we want is not unconditional surrender, for it is surrender conditioned by—briefly—the “fourteen points.” But in a practical sense, it certainly is unconditional surrender, for the German and Austrian Governments can have *no voice at all* in the settlement.

## Allied Progress

Meanwhile part, at least, of the problem of evacuation is being solved by the Allied forces. Roulers, La Fère, Laon, the St. Gobain Forest, the Chemin des Dames, have all gone, and in Champagne the French have been hard on the heels of the retreating Germans. At any moment now we may find that they have been forced to leave the Flanders coast, and with all November before us the Americans may yet have great surprises in store on both sides of the Meuse. In the Balkans the Serbians have re-occupied Nish, which was for a time their capital, and the capture of which cuts the Constantinople Railway. The Germans maybe are retreating very efficiently and putting up—as, to do them justice, they have always done—a very stiff fight as they go. But the Austrians seem to have nothing left in them. And the reason is simply that the Dual Empire, morally and materially, is at the last gasp. The population is starving, the army has lost heart, and (most important of all) the subject races, emboldened both by the Government's impotence and also by its nominal acceptance of Wilson's terms, are manifesting a daily increasing independence. They demonstrate in the Reichsrath; they cannot be trusted in the front line trenches; and they hold great mass meetings, categorically asking for independence, under the noses of the helpless authorities. Any day may see the convocation of Constituent Assemblies in both Bohemia and Jugo-Slavia, and half the work of the Peace Congress done for it in advance. It is a just nemesis on the Hapsburgs whose endeavour to frustrate—this should never be forgotten—the movement towards Serbian unity precipitated (whatever may have been the ultimate causes) the war.



# THE WAR: BY HILAIRE BELLOC

## The Attack on Strength

## The Occupation of Nish

**U**PON Tuesday and Wednesday of last week, October 8th and 9th, there was won by the British Army a great general action which has wholly decided the present form of the war. This great action it is which has determined the general retreat of the enemy, and to it, if to any particular cause, must be ascribed the origin of that phase which we are now undoubtedly starting, a phase of complete victory.

I will first proceed to explain how and why this particular action has this great characteristic here attributed to it.

After all the preliminaries of the counter-offensive had been accomplished, after the two great salients of the Marne and of Amiens had been reduced, after the salient at St. Mihiel had been reduced, and after the enemy had been thrown back everywhere on to their main organised defensive positions, from the water-line in front of Douai to the Meuse, the Germans were standing upon a comparatively simple large bend stretching from in front of Douai to the north, passing in front of Cambrai and St. Quentin, turning round the pivot of St. Gobain Hill and Forest, hence on past Rheims to the Argonne, and so to the Meuse near Verdun.

Upon September 26th there opened the great general action which was to compel a wholesale retirement, and in the course of it to bleed the enemy in men and material. This great action opened upon a forty-mile front east and west of Argonne from the Meuse to a point twenty miles east of the Forest. Between Argonne and the Meuse it was an American attack which was held by enemy concentration after an advance of from three to seven miles. East of the Argonne it was a French attack which gradually pushed its way day after day northwards. It was clear, from the shape of the line and from the nature of the operation undertaken, that this attack upon the southern limb of the great bend, this attack upon the German left, would need for complete success a corresponding attack upon the northern limb. We have often spoken in these columns of the water defences in front of Douai, of the gap in front of Cambrai, where there is no water defence, and of the critical character of all the country south of Cambrai to the maintaining of the German line. While this strong but slow pressure was being exercised from east of Rheims to the Argonne, and maintained, though without advance, by the Americans from the Argonne to the Meuse, the failure or success of the general plan would clearly depend upon the failure or success of the co-relative attack south of Cambrai. The southern battle had been in progress between ten and twelve days when the northern attack was ordered. The Germans, seeing, as well as we did, the necessity of meeting that northern attack if they were to hold at all, massed upon the threatened front no less than twenty-four divisions. We must note this point carefully because, as we shall see later, one of the chief characteristics of the battle was that the assault was delivered upon the *strongest* part of the enemy's line. Against those twenty-four divisions the British force came, aided only by a few Allied contingents, with certain French divisions upon their extreme right. It was a battle and a victory achieved by the British Army, and that in a moment of the war when the exhaustion of the original belligerents lends particular meaning and value to such a success.

If the attack had resulted in no more than a slow and steady pressure, gradually pressing back the enemy line, but permitting the organisation of further defences, the great German salient would still stand. To put it more accurately, the general retreat upon which the enemy had probably already determined would in such a case have come at his time and have been conducted in his way. As it is, it has come at our time and is being conducted in our way, with political results upon which I do not for the moment touch, but which are in all our minds.

The British attack upon the sector of Cambrai and to the south of it, effected a full rupture of the German defensive system. It was not a break-through after the type of the great German blows of last autumn and early in this year,

for it was a blow delivered against an enemy still possessing considerable room for manœuvre, and prepared, if necessary, to retreat. But it was a full rupture, and the enemy had no choice but to fall back with the utmost rapidity. It was not until he reached the line of the Selle river that he could rally, and the advance thus covered in three days to Le Cateau made it certain that he would not longer hold his centre at St. Gobain.

### COMPULSORY RETIREMENT.

With the prophecies of disaster to that centre it was difficult to sympathise for there never seemed to be any good ground for them. Its flank was completely protected by the marshy valley of the river Oise. Its front, a series of hill positions, was immensely strong. There was every opportunity of organising a retirement, and, as we see, the retirement has been successfully conducted. Nevertheless, that retirement has been imposed upon the enemy at our time and not at his, being the direct result of our offensive success south of Cambrai, and of his failure to defend, it has in the total been exceedingly expensive.

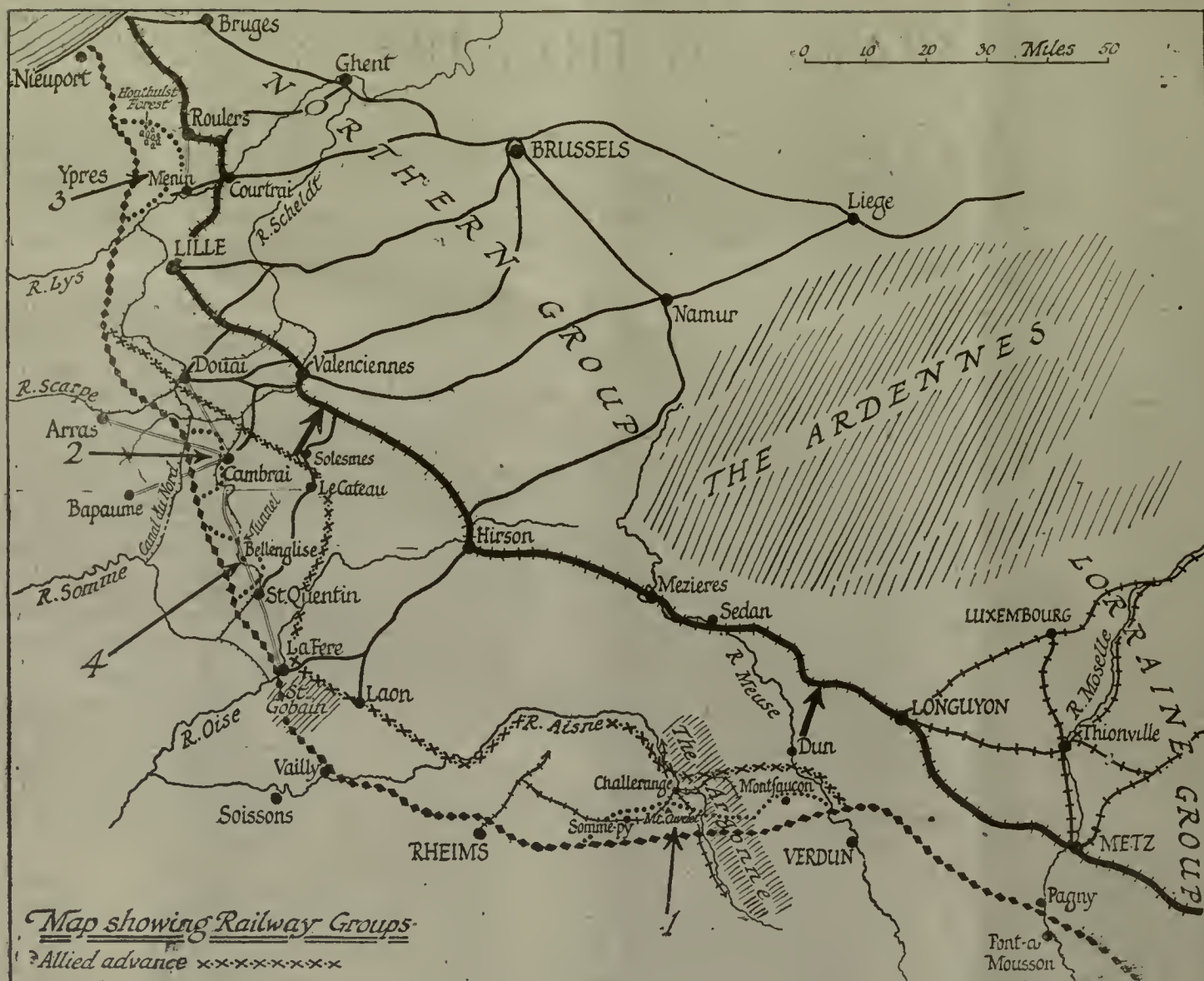
Since the main battle opened upon the 26th September, between 60,000 and 70,000 new prisoners, and an as yet uncounted number of guns, certainly over 700, have weakened the forces opposed to us. There has been no breakdown as yet, nor disintegration of any of the enemy commands, nor any dislocation in his line. We have no reason to prophecy any such good fortune in the immediate future. But what has been clearly present is the decreasing of already rapidly waning strength, and a strategical situation which will not hold.

There is some danger of a confusion in the public appreciation of such a military situation, just as there was a danger of a misunderstanding of the Bulgarian situation the other day. There was no very large Bulgarian surrender; the capture of guns, indeed, was very insignificant, and of prisoners nothing like what a breakdown would have led one to expect. The Bulgarian army and its command had come to the conclusion that it would not win; it saw defeat to be inevitable, and since victory and defeat are moral, not material terms, such a conviction is in itself the end of an offensive effort. It was said in these columns some weeks ago when one of the German authorities—the Emperor, I think—made the ridiculously unmilitary remark that the war would henceforth be “wholly defensive,” that such a thing as a purely “defensive war” had no military meaning. It was a phrase which no soldier could use; it was a politician's phrase. So true is this that within that short time since the phrase was used we find what is called a “defensive war” becoming an admission of defeat.

The times are past in which a calculation of ground and time and space were of particular value. We are dealing now with moral elements, mainly the result (as we shall see in a moment) of previous exhaustion upon the enemy side. But there is still some interest in appreciating how ground and time work against the enemy in his retirement. Every one is familiar now with the diagram first printed in these pages, and since copied in various forms throughout the Press (a reproduction is here given), whereby one sees how the German armies depend upon two sheaves of communications, the one passing through Belgium and the other through Lorraine, and the two linked by the lateral line of railways which unites Metz and Lille by way of Sedan, Mezieres, and Valenciennes. Every one is equally familiar with the way in which the block of the Ardennes has thus compelled communications to go round to north or to the south, and is itself unsuitable for the passage of supplies towards any great force. Every one is familiar with the situation which will be created in the enemy's centre when forced back to the Ardennes, and when his armies are virtually separated into two blocks which will no longer have the power of supporting one another because the lateral communications which formally ran behind their fronts will be cut.

What we have to appreciate at this moment, when the enemy is crying for peace, is the rate at which we have





approached such a state of affairs. That lateral railway is at the present moment only twenty miles away from our advance upon the right or south, and less than six miles away from our advance upon the left or north. That is ample covering, it is true. It is greater covering than we had in our lateral communications in the worst days of April. But there was this difference between the two situations: that the enemy, though still covering the vital line, is in retreat, whereas we, in that critical moment of April, had brought our opponents to a stand. If we only consider the two points where the enemy is holding the Allied advance—that is, the line between the Meuse and the Argonne, where their lateral communications are threatened in the south, and the line of the little River Selle, from Le Cateau to beyond Solesmes, where the lateral communications is closer still—it looks as though their retirement did not imperil that vital railway line. But this is a superficial way in which to view the problem. The enemy is resisting strongly and is able to resist upon these two critical points because he has there heavily massed men and material. Further right, by Douai, he is falling back, and in the centre he is falling back rapidly. In other words, outside these two points, where he has for the moment stabilised the line, his line is in flux. Now, when his retirement is halted at some point in the centre—say, in front of the lateral line communication—then will be the test of whether he can everywhere protect that line. He will have in front of him a closely pursuing enemy, stronger in numbers and material, therefore fresher because of more frequent reliefs, and capable of striking at will upon any point, and it remains to be seen whether in such a situation he will be able to continue covering the lateral line from Metz to Lille. It is very rarely that a guess has been permitted to enter these articles, but I will venture to say here that I think he will find the task an impossible one.

There is another way of putting it. An object which you have to defend at all costs, a line (in this case a railway line) has so far only been approached at two points. You can, whatever your inferiority in men, material, or moral, stand to defend those two points; but when your whole line is threatened it will be another matter. So far as one can judge, the problem the enemy now has to solve is how to fall

back yet further, and yet maintain intact the mass of his armies. It may be an exaggeration to say that that problem is insoluble, or that a statement of its solution is a contradiction in terms. But it is not an exaggeration to say that the solution has not occurred to any student of the war, and that the enemy, at any rate, is in despair of its solution as to be making suddenly, with emphasis, and with a very considerable measure of humiliation, a demand for peace. If it were merely a question of space in the abstract, there is no reason why the two main fragments of a divided force should not retire, the one by the north and the other by the south of the Ardennes; why a weak centre should not be drawn back through the Ardennes itself (such as the weak centre-offensive through the Ardennes in the triumphant German march at the beginning of the war), and there is no reason why the German armies should not find themselves re-united upon a shorter and stronger front behind the obstacle, covering Liège, passing through the Ardennes, and covering Lorraine and Alsace. But ground cannot be treated in this abstract way at the end of the war, when defeat is in the air, and the political consideration of saving one's own soil from invasion has an overwhelming importance.

There is another strategical consideration attached to the problem. If the enemy will not fall back on his southern half because he regards the invasion of Lorraine as a preliminary to political disaster; if he intends his remaining retirement to be on the northern half, pivoting upon Metz, then he has all the communications of that northern half passing through the bottle neck of Liège. The situation is not in itself an impossible one. Space is not the only element; there is also time. With time to organise and time to defile a force of any given magnitude can evacuate a front of any deployment through any neck, however narrow. But this element of leisure the enemy most certainly does not possess. He does not know how long, in how many weeks, or even days, such a retirement could be effectively covered, or at what rate it will be pressed.

Look at it how you will, the effect of the battle of Cambrai, the second and enormously successful step in the general plan of the main battle which opened upon September 26th, is to put the enemy in a strategical situation from which he cannot escape without loss so serious and disloca-



tion of his armics so considerable, that even if they do not suffer immediate disaster, they are faced with certain ultimate disaster.

Before leaving this technical side of the effects of the battle, I would like to return to what I said in the first part of this article; the mass against which the British attack was delivered. It is a point of signal importance.

There are two strategical theories which are not so much opposed one to the other (save in the sense that certain minds incline more to one than to the other) as opposed in circumstance and opportunity. The first may roughly be defined as the theory of attack upon weakness, and the second as the theory of attack upon strength. The first is the soul of manœuvre; the second of shock. The first is the triumph of Wattignies and of Blenheim; the second of, say, Ligny. It was also the soul of the attempt wherein Napoleon failed two days later at Waterloo.

Apart from battles of encirclement, all battles employ one of these two methods. Either by manœuvre one brings his weight to bear upon the place where his enemy is weak, thereby breaking his line, and this is the obvious system which every student of war recognises the value; or—what seems at first sight paradoxical—his attack is against strength. To use Carnot's phrase: You make for the centre of gravity of the enemy's mass. It seems, I say, a paradoxical manœuvre to attack on strength instead of on weakness. But the circumstances which makes such a paradox reasonable are those in which surprise is impossible, in which to waste time in manœuvre would be to waste something vital; and essentially those in which you are fairly confident of success. For if in attacking upon strength you succeed, if you break your enemy where he is strongest, you break him at once and altogether. A manœuvre against weakness, even if, as at Wattignies, it succeeds, often succeeds but partially. At Wattignies the enemy retired. The attack upon strength, when it succeeds, must necessarily have a complete result.

Now, the battle of Cambrai, from which we see such great results developed in this last week, the victory won by the British on October 8th, was of the second type; it was an attack upon strength. The enemy's dispositions between the North Sea and the Meuse show two sectors of especially dense concentration; one in front of Gouraud, and one in front of the Third and Second Armies upon the sector of Cambrai, and the latter was the densest of the two. As we have seen, the battle front as a whole included not less than twenty-four enemy divisions. It was the largest, massed strength of the Germans at any front on their line, and it was precisely this dense concentration suffering defeat which produced the great effects we have seen. So densely a collected force suffering defeat had nothing strong in its neighbourhood to help to make good and to rally. But behind all these particular considerations there is a general truth in regard to the enemy's situation which cannot be too constantly repeated, for upon a public appreciation of it will depend a proper use of victory.

As the paper goes to press news comes of a fresh blow in Flanders, delivered north of Lille with the object of further menacing the salient in which that town stands. The day brought the Allied line so far forward that Courtrai Junction is now certainly out of use, though the important junction of Mouscron, through which Lille has an alternative line of supply, is still at a range of at least 10,000 yards, and perhaps a little more. The most advanced posts (Belgian, it seems), near the Ingelmunster-Courtrai Railway, are now 25,000 yards—more than fourteen miles—east of, that is *beyond*, the outermost German positions west of Lille. The salient holding that town is now, therefore, very pronounced. The positions at Gits are also well east of Ostend, and the pocket between the new advance and the sea cannot hold. The country to the north of the salient is dry—the advance has got past the water meadows, and there is no natural obstacle here to defend the strip of coast. On the other hand, any further advance north-eastward comes up against the thickly wooded and highly defensible country which covers Bruges.

In the largest aspect of the affair, what has broken down the enemy is exhaustion. I may fairly boast that during all these four years of analysis of military affairs, LAND & WATER has consistently kept to the forefront the essential importance of numbers. It is not a picturesque side of war, and it is not one which you can illustrate by photograph in the newspapers, or over which you can use any of the customary rhetorical adjectives, but it is that side of war which is most perpetually present to the eyes of those who actually conduct or organise operations. How many divisions has the enemy brought into the field? What has he in his depots? What are his sources of future recruitment? What is his rate of loss? What is his real strength

as compared with his paper establishment? and so forth. When you can answer these questions—and you can never answer them perfectly—then you understand the military situation.

Now the enemy's present exhaustion depends upon three factors which we ought to realise clearly. In the first place, he lost very very heavily during his great gamble in the spring and early summer. Those who leant towards a high estimate were at that time ridiculed because recent experiences had led men to a gloomy sort of mood; they did not want to hear good news; they thought it was misleading. But those who were indifferent to moods of any kind and were, occupied with the dry bones of statistics, knew what the enemy losses must inevitably have been. The whole series of offensives, from March 21st to the last one, which so pitifully broke down on July 15th, were conducted almost recklessly in expense of men; and, after all, that was what one would have expected considering that the whole theory of these attacks was to obtain a decision before American numbers could appear in the field upon a large scale. It was a win or lose policy with no sufficient reserve behind it, and therefore it was necessarily as expensive as it could be. After this the counter-offensive on the Marne salient, and after that that counter-offensive on the Amiens salient were enormously expensive to the enemy. His attempts to disentangle himself and retire met with repeated and ceaseless blows, continuous and increasing. It is not too much to say that at the present moment the total enemy casualties since the beginning of the year, must, upon the Western front, have been something between one million eight hundred thousand and two million, and of these considerably more than half—considerably more than a million—are definitive casualties which will never return; that is, death, grievous sickness, capture. There is not the material left for replacing such losses.

We have the history of certain divisions. We know how they have dwindled. Our press still often talks as though the German paper establishment of 9,000 infantry to a division were maintained. Three regiments of three battalions each, and each battalion upon an establishment of 1,000 men. The present reality is an utterly different affair. Divisions after divisions among the best must be estimated at from 5,000 to 5,500. There are particular cases in which the division is startlingly depleted; cases in which the equivalent of not more than a couple of old battalions could be mustered for fighting at the end of the struggle. Remember that the German army is no longer in the position it was even during the strain of the Schme. It cannot take divisions out and rest them thoroughly, fill them at leisure, and return them restored. It is now in the situation in which a division may be out for a week and yet may be technically called by its commander a fresh division when it returns to the line. - It is in a situation in which a division on its way to a brief repose is suddenly sent for and thrown back into the line. Indeed, the great advantage of superior numbers in the present phase of the war, the supreme advantage, is the opportunity which superior numbers afford of resting one's men and replacing them by fresh units. The army we are attacking is an army sinking from increasing and intolerable fatigue.

#### THE OCCUPATION OF NISH

The occupation of Nish by the Serbians on Saturday last, the 12th, is obviously an event of very high importance, both military and political; but it also has a local strategical significance which we must not miss, for it is an index of the enemy power in the east. Such an index has long been lacking. We have known approximately the number of divisions kept by the Central Powers in Rumania and Poland, and, also approximately, the forces kept for the holding down of Albania, Montenegro, and Serbian occupied territory. But we did not know even approximately (1) how far these units had fallen below full establishment, (2) what was their internal condition apart from numbers, e.g., their moral, their health, their composition as to recruitment (the age of their men, for instance, and the regions from which the men were drawn), nor (3) the full character of the police task they had to undertake: whether they were a minimum or an ample force for the functions they had to fulfil.

Upon an answer to the latter unknown, especially turned the problem of whether the enemy could check the Allied action in the Balkans after the disintegration of the Bulgarian Army; and that problem no one, soldier or politician, in the west could pretend to solve.

On the whole, instructed opinion seemed to lean to the possibility of German and Austrian interference and to the defence, perhaps prolonged, of the vital railway Belgrade—



Constantinople. Some said Mackensen could detach six divisions—presumably at full strength or near it (a quite insufficient force). Some even put the possible combined effort of Austria and Germans in this region at *eleven* divisions: a force which—were the units of reasonable strength—could certainly have held.

We now know that the enemy was unable to do anything. For if he could have covered any point at all costs, that point was Nish.

Nish is perhaps the most important nodal point in any theatre of the present war. The Balkans are so made that the line by which road and railway communications join all the East through Constantinople with the Dardanelles is naturally protected with most formidable barriers of mountains running parallel to, and well in front of, its course; and these ranges have no roads across them for the passage of artillery, while their sparse habitation and lack of supply, as well as their naked ruggedness, make them as difficult a set of obstacles to advance from the south as anything in Europe. Through such country the only effective avenue of approach with a base behind it is the long trench of the

Vardar Valley, continued by that of the Morava, along which all armies attempting a northern advance through the mountains have had to proceed since the military history of this region began.

Now, it is at *Nish* this sole avenue of approach from the south, based on the one good port of Salonika, comes into the great transversal east and west which carries the sole communication between Central Europe and the Orient. Who holds Nish and is supplied from Salonika cuts off by land Turkey and all the Near East from the German and Austro-German empires. To have saved Nish, therefore, had it been possible, would have been the first act of the enemy the moment he had heard of Bulgarian weakness—long before the Bulgarian collapse. He failed to save Nish simply because he had not the men. The particular situation was part and parcel of the general situation which is marked everywhere by the enemy's lack of numbers. He may have had the divisions. They may have been of good material. But they were not divisions of 9,000 nor of 5,000 infantry. They were skeletons. That, I think, is the explanation of this event in the Balkans.

## Surrender the Submarines: By Arthur Pollen

WE cannot this week complain that there is any lack of sea news or that the events that crowd upon each other are wanting in importance. The difficulty, indeed, is in the available space to deal only with those that have an immediate bearing either on the campaign or on the negotiations which the enemy is so anxious to initiate. This limits the subjects to be discussed to two. The crucial influence that combined naval and military operations may have at this stage of the war is one that cannot be passed over, though it must be dismissed in a paragraph; the new development of submarine activity—which may affect the campaign seriously, and must affect enemy negotiations decisively—must be dealt with at greater length.

Of the Durazzo bombardment we have now a far fuller report sent us by the *Times* correspondent in Rome. From this it appears that the operation was on a larger scale and employed a more formidable force than Signor Orlando's somewhat rhetorical first account suggested. It illustrates the secrecy with which the use of sea-power is always enshrouded that it is only now that we hear, not only that Italian battleships have been in action for the first time, but for the first time that they have even left their anchorages! It was seemingly a squadron of the smaller of the capital ships that undertook the destruction of the Austrian vessels and works in the Albanian port of Durazzo. Probably a second battle squadron kept watch outside Cattaro. The expedition was under the command of Admiral Count Revel, formerly Chief of the Naval Staff in Rome, a man of great force of character, and regarded by his contemporaries as at once the soundest and most brilliant of the younger generation of Italian seamen. The story, when told in full, will no doubt afford a great number of points for technical discussion. For the moment it must be looked at from a wider standpoint. The nature of the force employed, the selection of a leader of marked initiative and exceptional powers of command, are guarantees that it is not intended that this operation should be an isolated event. So far, it seems to have been not only an operation purely naval in character, but strictly limited, as I at first supposed, to the destruction of the port by gunfire. There was, that is to say, no attempt either at landing troops or of blocking the port permanently. It remains, then, a success the full value of which will depend upon the use that is made of it. If it is succeeded by similar attacks on Cattaro or Ragusa; if the coast-wise communications of the Austrian Army operating in Albania, Montenegro, and Bosnia can be cut—or, what would be better still, if a mixed naval and military force could be interposed from the sea, and so the enemy's land communications be compromised as well—then Durazzo may be the beginning of a new development in Allied strategy. Of what crucial importance such a development, had we all been ready for it, might be now, is certainly suggested by the news—apparently trustworthy—that the Germans have withdrawn their long-range guns both from Zeebrügge and all other points along the Flanders coast. There are further rumours that not only all submarines, but all destroyers have been retired from the Flemish ports, so that—in the literal sense of the word—the coast is clear, so far, at least, as these methods of offence and defence are concerned. I suggested last week that a military force landed

on the Syrian coast might have precipitated, and in a most decisive manner, the destruction of the Turkish Army. Is it possible to exaggerate the military value of a similar force landed in the rear of the enemy on the Flanders coast to-day—if such a thing were possible? We cannot now go beyond the mere suggestion of such a possibility before passing to the very grave question raised by the sinking of the *Leinster* and the *Hirano Maru*.

There is no necessity to dwell upon the shocking and wicked character of these outrages. The world is past being shocked, and the wickedness is acknowledged. The American troops, we are told, have again and again charged with the cry "Remember the *Lusitania*." Well, if the memory of that crime were in danger of fading, the enemy has, with singular fatuity, revived it, by his work of last week. For, not since that dreadful day in May, 1915, has so large a toll been taken of non-belligerent life. But it is not this aspect of the question that concerns us most now. Two others take precedence. What do these events tell us of the enemy's war plans? What influence are they bound to have upon his peace manœuvres?

As to the first of these questions, the known facts of the case are curiously striking and suggestive. Ten days ago I was able elsewhere to publish the singular fact that, during September, there had been more submarines in operation than at any previous period of the war, while the number both of sinkings and of attempts to sink had been considerably less than in any month during the last two years. Admiral Sims has just informed some compatriot editors that, until recently, the average number of U-boats known to be at large at any one time varied from nine to thirteen. During August the number was nearly doubled. During September there was a still further increase. How, then, are we to explain why the number of attacks in British waters, the Atlantic, and the Mediterranean, were fewer in September than in August? Only one interpretation is possible. And it is the interpretation suggested by Captain Brüninghaus. At the first meeting of the Main Committee of the Reichstag, after the naval command was reconstituted, this officer explained with great precision how, notwithstanding all the previous disappointments, the German Navy was not only still convinced that the U-boat was the most powerful weapon at the disposal of the Fatherland, but was one with which the Anglo-Saxon world could surely be "brought to reason." And he did not fail to suggest that, just as Germany possessed to-day a larger fleet of submarines than at any time during the war, so, too, this fleet would, if only the confidence of the nation in its potency could be maintained, now be employed to achieve the end which every German desires. Now, put the known facts of the campaign, such as I have recorded, and this official declaration of policy together, and what do we find? For the first time since the Tirpitz threat was uttered the German Admiralty has at its disposal and ready for work at sea more than 150 submarines, apart, that is to say, from obsolete boats and those retained for instructional purposes only. Never till within recent months—as the gallant American Admiral informs us—were more than nine to thirteen employed at any one time. In August and September—that is, immediately after Admiral Scheer took control of the Marine Amt—the previous maximum was



doubled. In September the numbers at sea rose higher still. And, notwithstanding this, the attacks were limited. The explanation is obvious. The plan must be not only to train the greatest possible number of commanders and crews for their work, but to restore the highest possible confidence.

The importance of this last objective is no doubt paramount. The casualties suffered by the enemy's pirate fleet during last winter and the spring caused much talk, and had provoked many and specific denials. But there was no getting over the list of 150 commanders, dead, imprisoned, or interned. There was nothing for it but to restore the moral of a much shaken service. It is this which explains why, with so many more boats out, so far fewer risks had been taken. Had U-boat moral been what it should have been, the great campaign, for which Scheer has evidently made himself responsible, would have begun earlier. We do not know for certain that the *Leinster* and *Hirano Maru* murders and the attack on the *Ticonderoga* even now mark its actual beginning. But that, assuming the German plans to continue as they have been laid down, a new edition of ruthlessness—or, rather, an extension of it on a scale hitherto not conceived—is about to be made, cannot be doubted. The submarine is, at last, to come into its own. It really does look as if the new men at the German Admiralty supposed that von Holtzendorff had failed, not because he had claimed more for the submarine than it could do, but because he had not seen to it that all the submarine could do was done. If this interpretation of German intimations is correct, it would seem as if, failing success in keeping the American armies out of France, the U-boat was now to be used to secure their starvation, once they are in.

Nor can anyone of sense doubt the gravity of the situation that must result should the submarine once more reach the level of success that it attained in April last year, and be able to maintain its success at that level for even a very few months. For, we must not deceive ourselves into supposing, wonderful as the American shipbuilding effort has been, that the means of communication at sea, now available to the Allies, can long survive the strain to which they were exposed last year. We must bear in mind that we start in October, 1918, with a far smaller fund of tonnage than we possessed when ruthlessness began in February, 1917. We have got accustomed to complacent views on this matter, partly because the rate of loss has steadily declined, partly because the rate of shipbuilding has sensibly increased. But it is surely obvious, if the enemy's means of destruction can suddenly be multiplied, not by two or three, but by six or seven, and if, as suddenly, those who operate these means can be induced to act in a more courageous, if not in an actually reckless way, that the entire situation may be changed even more rapidly and more dramatically than it was changed in the spring eighteen months ago. How should this affect our attitude towards the proposed armistice?

I have dwelt, with some insistence, on the military aspect of this matter because it is only when we have fully realised what the enemy *believes* is within his power that we shall be armed to meet him at the council table. What the enemy desires is exactly what he has asked for. He assures us that he agrees to the principles which we desire to see applied in the re-settlement of Europe. He protests that his government is no longer military, but civilian. He implores us to believe that, in these circumstances, we can safely stay our arms and begin with him those discussions that are to result in the peace that all desire. To this seeming innocent invitation Mr. Wilson has responded not, as the American Press observes, with a reply, but with inquiry. Are the fourteen points accepted as terms of peace, and not as principles open to discussion? Will the enemy undertake to evacuate the invaded territories as a condition of the armistice? Has the Government of Germany reconstituted itself in accord with the fifteenth point? Is it, that is to say, no longer the Government of the Kaiser, but the Government of the German people? To some of us it was a matter of extreme astonishment that President Wilson should have insisted on the evacuation point without mentioning the renunciation of the submarine campaign. For it was the submarine, and not either the rape of Belgium or the devastation of France, that brought America into the war. It was difficult, at first sight, to say why that which had made America a belligerent should not be the first matter on which she should seek satisfaction.

### A New Constitution Needed

The explanation of the President's silence on this point may perhaps be found in the following considerations. Of the three points Mr. Wilson raises one is fundamental.

The Central Powers have shown their Government to be bereft of all sense of honour. With such a Government neither America nor the Allies can have any dealing. Such was Mr. Wilson's fifteenth point. Erzberger replies—and Erzberger is a Secretary of State!—that General Stein has been dismissed, and that militarism is therefore dead. We do not need to be reminded that Erzberger is appointed by Prince Max, and Prince Max appointed by the Kaiser, and that the whole non-military Government of to-day could be replaced by one seven times worse than the first. *There can be no fundamental change in the German Government without fundamental change in the German constitution.*

Further, it is possible that he omitted to mention the evacuation of the sea by submarines simply because so much is involved in the acceptance of the land evacuation as to make an additional condition unnecessary. For, observe, the other two points were conditions of *peace*. The evacuation is a condition of the *armistice*. Before an armistice can come into existence, the conditions on which it is granted must be settled, not by Governments and statesmen, but by the commanders of the forces engaged. Assuming, then, that Germany acknowledged her willingness to accept the principle of evacuation as the condition of an armistice, it would be for Marshal Foch and those associated with him in the land war, and for the Allied Naval Command, who have control of the sea position, to define the technical conditions which Germany would have to observe, while the evacuation was in process of accomplishment.

It is inconceivable that the German Army will be allowed to retire from France and Belgium with guns and munitions and their whole military apparatus; it is equally inconceivable that a cessation of arms at sea can be held to have commenced until every submarine had been retired. Evacuation on land, then, could have only one meaning, to wit the virtual disarmament of the German Army. Now, the sea equivalent of this would be not only the retirement of the submarine from the present hunting grounds. For they would be available to strike at any chosen moment. They must, therefore, be incontinently surrendered into Allied hands. If the case for limiting evacuation to the personnel of the German Army is unanswerable, the case for the elimination of the submarine, as a possible future German weapon, is irresistible.

But here a further point must be made. The purpose of the evacuation is not merely to assuage the wounded pride of outraged Belgium and France, but to bring instant relief to the tortured and enslaved inhabitants of the unhappy districts over which the enemy has tyrannised so long. Similarly, the evacuation of the sea is necessary, not only so that the conscience of mankind shall no longer be outraged by such horrors as the *Leinster* and *Hirano Maru* murders, but that the straitened populations of Italy and France shall *forthwith* enjoy the benefits of sea communications, now cruelly reduced by submarine action. These reductions must, so far as possible, be made good. Not only must the submarines be surrendered; all German shipping must be instantly put into Allied service.

The German submarine has destroyed over ten million tons of non-belligerent merchant shipping in the last four years. It is this shipping which, to use a hackneyed phrase, has made the modern comity of nations what it is. It is shipping which has created the wealth, the tastes, the standard of life of every civilised country. Whether any particular ship belonged to England, Germany, France, or Norway, was really immaterial. Whatever the ownership might be, the ship was in the world's service. To destroy shipping indiscriminately, then, without just excuse, regardless of the laws of war—to the making of which Germany was just as sacredly a partner as in the creation of the instruments that guaranteed the integrity of Belgium—action of this kind was public treason, not only to the moral standards of the world, but to its prosperity, its comfort, even to its power to meet the bare necessities of life.

Full reparation is, unfortunately, not within her power. In August, 1914, Germany and Austria possessed between them something over six million tons of merchant shipping, a considerable portion of which was only coast-wise or river shipping. Of this, the Allies have captured two and a half million tons, and have in the operations of war destroyed perhaps one or two hundred thousand tons besides. There are in neutral ports—Spain, Holland, and elsewhere—a few more hundred thousand tons, leaving perhaps two and a half million tons in German and Austrian harbours. Neither country can have added greatly to this during the war. *If the enemy were to surrender the whole of his existing tonnage to the Allies he would not be making good more than one-quarter of the wanton damage he had done.*

ARTHUR POLLEN.



## Flying Sailors: By Herman Whitaker

**M**OST folks, soldiers or civilians, was a bit nervous toward the end of the passage from America to England or France; a general feeling that was well expressed by a young Scotswoman on our boat when reproached by a fellow countryman, the bath steward, for her cowardice in refusing the morning tub: "Ye can think what ye will—I simply refuse to be torpedoed in my bath!"

It goes without saying, then, that two things are etched with acid sharpness on the memories of all transatlantic travellers. First the grim snake forms of the destroyer convoy zigzagging through sea mists ahead; next the seaplanes booming like giant wasps out from the land to guard the last dangerous lap of the journey. But of the million and a half of souls who watched the latter during the past year, how many knew, and of the few who knew how many realised the enormous travail in mental and physical labour that lies behind the easy grace of those flights?

I had seen them myself, poised like golden insects in the tawny African sunshine between the smiling seas and deep blue skies of the Mediterranean. But though I had even flown with them repeatedly on convoy patrols, not till I stood the other day "on the concrete" of our largest English station, did I realise in full the size and efficiency of the organisation behind the American Naval Aviation Service.

Take a look with me at one of a score of stations that Uncle Sam has scattered with a free hand up and down the coasts of Ireland, Italy, England and France. This single station has a personnel of over a thousand men representing every skilled craft; all at work in a veritable hive of industry. Its camouflaged hangars, each hundreds of feet deep and wide, run continuously along the concrete which, in turn, lays its hundreds of feet of width between them and the water. All were crammed with seaplanes and Liberty flying boats. The latter are really enormous, yet the perfect adaptation of their parts give easy graceful lines that take from their size.

One by one they slid down the runways, floated off their trucks, shot out on the wide estuary, then, as the motors warmed to the work, lifted in low flight.

After they disappeared I headed into the pilots' room where history is to be learned in the making. One had only to listen to find out just why "Bill crumpled his left wing yesterday;" or how "Tom came to take his famous nose dive into the estuary mud." I egged the boy who happened to be sitting next to me to talk about the others.

"Zeppelins?" he repeated my question. "Yes, we run into them now and then—but not if they see us first. They are scared to death of a seaplane, run screaming for help the moment they spot us. Though you cannot blame them." He made the charitable addition: "It is really no fun being burned to death between the sea and the sun. Usually a Hun destroyer answers their screams. But if they happen to be well out from their base, we give them a run for their money."

Equally dramatic, though more one sided are the brushes with U-boats. In this the seaplane excels, for an expanse double that of a destroyer look out opens to the aviator's vision. Also, he can see the U-boat below water—if not down too deep. Time is also a vital factor; time to overtake the U-boat after it is sighted; and swift as is the destroyer, the swiftest thing afloat, it moves like a tortoise compared with the swoop of a plane. But to continue the boy's story.

"We see more U-boats than Zeps. A good many were reported off this sector last month, some of which we engaged with two probable sinkings. The last one happened to be mine, so I can give it to you straight. We were on convoy duty that morning. The weather was lovely. Flecks of mist draped the water in successive curtains like the flies of a giant theatre seen from above. But up where we flew golden sunshine flooded the world between sun and sea. Perhaps Fritz had come up to get a smell of that beautiful morning. Anyway, we saw him down between two mist curtains, slowly steaming along the surface. At the sight of us he dived, but his periscope was still showing when we swooped down and dropped a bomb from five hundred feet. Though it was not a direct hit, the explosion wrecked him internally so that he had to come up—unfortunately for him—under the bows of a destroyer that waltzed right over him."

Life at this station also carries a liberal seasoning of those misadventures which are easier to read about than to endure. Rescues are usually effected by surface craft, but have been

effected on one or two occasions by other flying boats. When a small battle plane of ours crashed off the coast of France the seaplane consort it was guarding nose-dived four thousand feet and picked the pilot out of the water. On another occasion four men stood for nine hours on the tail of a slowly sinking plane and were up to their necks in water when found by two flying boats. By splitting the crew, they succeeded in rising and, albeit like gorged fish hawks, still flew back to their base.

Carrier pigeons are carried, of course, to bring back word of disaster. But they must not be fed for twenty-four hours before the trip. Otherwise they will not fly home—as one aviator found to his cost—when sent out with a pair of birds that had full crops. One was killed by the fall. When released, the other merely circled and alighted on a wing tip beyond his reach. Language had no effect on the recalcitrant and when the aviator threw something at it his aim was too good. He knocked the poor bird off into the water. Though he picked it up, it was too badly hurt to fly, and he and it floated four days and nights before they were picked up.

Another instance surpasses the wildest melodrama. After crashing, the plane took fire and burned down until only a wing tip was left floating on the water. It would only hold up two persons, so the third man had to swim around while his fellows rested. By the time they were rescued six hours later—a hungry pigeon having done its duty—each of the three had put in two good hours' swimming practice.

A still more interesting story comes from a more southerly station where American Naval aviators are training and fighting side by side with veteran English pilots.

"We had been ordered to carry out a reconnaissance and hostile aircraft patrol. It was a perfect morning for the work, visibility good, wind light, clouds floating ten thousand feet high. Our three machines started at noon and were joined later by two others; whereafter we flew over to the enemy coast, so close in that we could see squat houses and fat bellied windmills shaking their long grey arms behind a line of breakers that rolled up a golden beach. After we had flown for about a quarter of an hour, the squadron leader had to plane down to the water to repair a broken petrol pipe, and while we circled above him, five German planes came flying out from the land on a course that would soon bring them upon us.

"We could not, of course, leave our comrade down on the water. Returning, we circled above him till the enemy plucked up courage for a second attack, but ran away again. After a third unsuccessful attempt, we saw a small scout plane fly off at top speed—undoubtedly to bring reinforcements—for as we gave chase to his comrades for the fourth time, we saw the scout returning with ten more German planes. It was now fifteen to four of us, and feeling secure in their numbers, they now met us squarely. Four rose to our level, about fifteen hundred feet, on the port side. Five swung to starboard. The others passed beneath shooting up at us from below.

"In a very few seconds the air was blue with tracer smoke. I concentrated on the four to port. There wasn't much time to look around, but as my glance moved with the passing planes, I saw out of the tail of my eye Lieutenant C—in a stooping posture as though he were reaching for something, his head resting on the second pilot's seat. As I had seen him do it before, I thought nothing of it until, looking again, I saw that his head was lying in a pool of blood.

"From that moment I have no clear idea of our manoeuvring; only know that we made a running fight of it surrounded by seven Hun planes that had cut us off from our friends. Seven to one? And they were not trying to keep away from us either; would sail right in and turn loose a burst of fire at a hundred yards. Yet, somehow or other, we carried on for ten miles and finally drove them off—not a bit too soon, for our port engine was popping badly. While the petrol pipe was being repaired, I attended to Lieutenant G—. His heart was still beating feebly, but though we flew swiftly home at once, the case was hopeless. He died that night."

*Hopeless?* Surgically, but not spiritually. The man had fought his fight bravely and passed out leaving behind him an inspiring example. As one English aviator put it in a letter to his mother the night before he was killed: "Of what value, after all, is forty years of life more or less in this disordered scheme of things? The longest life is but as the flitting of a bat across the firelight; a flash in the pan of Eternity. Here we live splendidly—while it lasts."



## Chasing the U-Boat



**FERRETS OF THE SEA**  
Submarine Chasers at full speed



**A BRITISH SUBMARINE**  
An officer finding his position by a sextant.



**A ROUGH DAY IN THE NORTH SEA**  
Typical weather encountered in the hunt for the enemy



# The Gallipoli Campaign

By HENRY MORGENTHAU

## The Value to Turkey of Bulgarian Aid

*WITH a glance at the way in which a British statesman was responsible for the liberation of Bulgaria, Mr. Morgenthau relates in this part of his story the inner history of Bulgarian participation in the war, and shows that Ferdinand was desirous of selling his country to the highest bidder.*

THE failure of the Allied Fleet at the Dardanelles did not definitely settle the fate of Constantinople. Naturally the Turks and the Germans felt immensely relieved when the fleet sailed away. But they were by no means entirely easy in their mind. The most direct road to the ancient capital still remained available to their enemies.

In early September, 1915, one of the most influential Germans in the city gave me a detailed explanation of the prevailing military situation. He summed up the whole matter in the single phrase:

"We cannot hold the Dardanelles without the military support of Bulgaria."

This meant, of course, that, unless Bulgaria adopted the cause of Turkey and the Central Empires, the Gallipoli expedition would succeed, Constantinople would fall, the Turkish Empire would collapse, Russia would be recreated as an economic and military power, and the war, in a comparatively brief period, would terminate in a victory for the Entente. Not improbably the real neutrality of Bulgaria would have had the same result. It is thus perhaps not too much to say that in September and October of 1915 the Bulgarian Government held the duration of the war in its hands.

This fact is of such pre-eminent importance that I can hardly emphasise it too strongly. I suggest that my readers take down the map of a part of the world with which they are not very familiar—that of the Balkan States, as determined by the Treaty of Bucharest. All that remains of European Turkey is a small irregular area stretching perhaps one hundred miles west of Constantinople. The nation whose land is contiguous everywhere to Turkey is Bulgaria. The main railroad line to Western Europe starts at Constantinople and runs through Bulgaria, by way of Adrianople, Philippopolis, and Sofia. At that time Bulgaria could create an army of 500,000 well-trained, completely organised troops. Should these once start marching towards Constantinople, there was practically nothing to bar their way. Turkey had a considerable army, it is true, but it was then finding plenty of employment repelling the Allied forces at the Dardanelles and the Russians in the Caucasus. With Bulgaria hostile, Turkey could obtain neither troops nor munitions from Germany. Turkey would have been completely isolated, and, under the pounding of Bulgaria, would have disappeared as a military force, and as a European State, in one very brief campaign.

I wish to direct particular attention to this railroad, for it was, after all, the main strategic prize for which Germany was contending. After leaving Sofia it crosses North-Eastern Serbia, the most important stations being at Nish and Belgrade. From the latter point it crosses the River Save and later the River Danube, and thence pursues its course to Budapest and Vienna, and thence to Berlin. Practically all the military operations that took place in the Balkans in 1915-16 had for their ultimate object the possession of this road. Once holding this line Turkey and Germany would no longer be separated; economically and militarily they would become a unit. The Dardanelles, as I have described, was the link that connected Russia with her Allies; with this passage closed Russia's collapse rapidly followed. The valley of the Morava and the Maritza, in which this railroad is laid, constituted for Turkey a kind of waterless Dardanelles. In her possession it gave her access to her Allies; in the possession of her enemies, the Ottoman Empire would go to pieces. Only the accession of Bulgaria to the Teutonic cause could give the Turks and Germans this advantage. As soon as Bulgaria entered, that section of the railroad extending to the Serbian frontier would at once become available. If Bulgaria joined the Central Powers as an active participant, the conquest of Serbia would inevitably follow, and this would give the link extending from Nish to Belgrade to the Teutonic powers. Thus the Bulgarian alliance would make Constantinople a suburb of Berlin, place all the resources of the Krupps at the disposal

of the Turkish Army, make inevitable the failure of the Allied attack on Gallipoli, and lay the foundation of that Oriental Empire which had been for thirty years the main spring of German policy.

It is thus apparent what my German friend meant, when, in early September he said that, "without Bulgaria we cannot hold the Dardanelles." Everybody sees this so clearly now that there is a prevalent belief that Germany had arranged this Bulgarian alliance before the outbreak of war. On this point I have no information. That the Bulgarian king and the Kaiser may have arranged this co-operation in advance is not unlikely. But we must not make the mistake of believing that this settled the matter for the experiences of the last few years shows us that treaties are not always lived up to. Whether there was an understanding or not, I know that the Turkish officials and the Germans by no means regarded it as settled that Bulgaria would take their side.

## The Bulgarian Exodus from Turkey

I had my first personal contact with the Bulgarian negotiations in the latter part of May, when I was informed that M. Koloucheff, the Bulgarian Minister, had notified Robert College that the Bulgarian students could not remain in Constantinople until the end of the college year, but would have to return home by June 5th. The College for Women had also received word that all the Bulgarian girls must return at the same time. Both these American institutions had many Bulgarian students, in most cases splendid representatives of their country; it is through these colleges, indeed, that the distant United States and Bulgaria had established such friendly relations. But they had never had such an experience before.

Everybody was discussing the meaning of this move. It seemed quite apparent. The chief topic of conversation at that time was Bulgaria. Would she enter the war? If so, on which side would she cast her fortunes? One day it was reported that she would join the Entente; the next day that she had decided to ally herself with the Central Powers. The prevailing belief was that she was actively bargaining with both sides and looking for the highest terms. Should Bulgaria go with the Entente, however, it would be undesirable to have any Bulgarian subjects marooned in Turkey. As the boys and girls in the American colleges usually came from important Bulgarian families—one of them was the daughter of General Ivanoff, who led the Bulgarian armies in the Balkan Wars—the Bulgarian Government might naturally have a particular interest in their safety.

The conclusion reached by most people was that Bulgaria had decided to take the side of the Entente. The news rapidly spread throughout Constantinople. The Turks were particularly impressed. Dr. Patrick, President of Constantinople College, arranged a special hurried commencement for her Bulgarian students which I attended. It was a sad occasion, more like a funeral than the festivity that usually took place. I found the Bulgarian girls almost in a hysterical state; they all believed that war was coming immediately, and that they were being bundled home merely to prevent them from falling into the clutches of the Turks. My sympathies were so aroused that we brought them down to the American Embassy, where we all spent a delightful evening. After dinner the girls dried their eyes and entertained us by singing many of their beautiful Bulgarian songs, and what had started as a mournful day thus had a happy ending. Next morning the girls all left for Bulgaria.

A few weeks afterwards the Bulgarian Minister told me that the Government had summoned the students home merely for political effect. There was no immediate likelihood of war, he said. But Bulgaria wished Germany and Turkey to understand that there was still a chance that she might join the Entente. Bulgaria, as all of us suspected, was apparently on the auction block. The one fixed fact in



the Bulgarian position was the determination to have Macedonia. Everything, said Koloucheff, depended upon that. His conversations reflected the general Bulgarian view that Bulgaria had fairly won this territory in the first Balkan War, that the Powers had unjustly permitted her to be deprived of it, that it was Bulgarian by race, language, and tradition, and that there could be no permanent peace in the Balkans until it was returned to its rightful possessors. But Bulgaria insisted on more than a promise, to be redeemed after the war was over; she demanded immediate occupation. Once Macedonia were turned over to Bulgaria, she would join her forces to those of the Entente. There were two great prizes in the game then being played in the Balkans; one was Macedonia, which Bulgaria must have, and the other Constantinople, which Russia was determined to get. Bulgaria was entirely willing that Russia should have Constantinople if she herself could obtain Macedonia.

I was given to understand that the Bulgarian General Staff had plans all completed for the capture of Constantinople, and that they had shown these plans to the Entente. Their programme called for a Bulgarian army of 300,000 men advancing upon Constantinople twenty-three days from the time the signal to start should be given; but promises of Macedonia would not suffice—they must have possession.

Bulgaria recognised the difficulties of the Allied position. She did not believe that Serbia and Greece would voluntarily surrender Macedonia, nor did she believe that the Allies would dare to take this country away from them by force. In that event, she thought that there was a danger that Serbia might make a separate peace with the Central Powers. On the other hand, Bulgaria would object if Serbia received Bosnia and Herzegovina as compensation for the loss of Macedonia—she felt that an enlarged Serbia would be a constant menace to her, and hence a future menace to peace in the Balkans.

One of the best-informed men in Turkey was Paul Weitz, the correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. Weitz was more than a journalist; he had spent thirty years in Constantinople, and he was the confidant and adviser of the German Embassy. His duties there were really semi-diplomatic. Weitz had really been one of the most successful agencies in the German penetration of Turkey. I had several talks with Weitz about Bulgaria during those critical August and early September days. He said many times that it was not at all certain that she would join her forces with Germany. Yet on September 7th Weitz came to me with important news. The situation had changed over-night. Baron Neurath, the Counsellor of the German Embassy at Constantinople, had gone to Sofia, and, as a result of his visit, an agreement had been signed that would make Bulgaria Germany's ally.

Germany, said Weitz, had won over Bulgaria by doing something which the Entente had not been able and willing to do. It had secured her the immediate possession of a piece of coveted territory. Serbia had refused to give Bulgaria immediate possession of Macedonia; Turkey, on the other hand, had now surrendered a piece of the Ottoman Empire. The amount of land in question, it is true, was apparently insignificant, yet it had great strategic advantages and represented a genuine sacrifice by Turkey. The Maritza River, a few miles north of Enos, bends to the east, to the north, and then to the west again, creating a block of territory, with an area of nearly 1,000 square miles, including the important cities of Demotica, Kara-Agatch, and half of Adrianople. What makes this land particularly important is that it contains about fifty miles of the railroad which runs from Dedeagatch to Sofia. All this railroad—that is, except this fifty miles—is laid in Bulgarian territory, this short strip, extending through Turkey, cuts Bulgaria's communications with the Mediterranean. Naturally Bulgaria yearned for this strip of land; and Turkey now handed it over to her. Besides the railroad, Bulgaria obtained that part of Adrianople which lay west of the Maritza River. In addition of course, Bulgaria was to receive Macedonia as soon as that province could be occupied by Bulgaria and her allies.

I vividly remember the exultation of Weitz when this agreement was signed.

"It's all settled," he told me. "Bulgaria has decided to join us. It was all arranged last night at Sofia."

The Turks also were greatly relieved. For the first time they saw the way out of their troubles. The Bulgarian arrangement, Enver told me, had taken a tremendous weight off their minds.

"We Turks are entitled to the credit," he said, "of bringing Bulgaria in on the side of the Central Powers. She would never have come to our assistance if we hadn't given her that slice of land. By surrendering it immediately, and

not waiting till the end of the war, we showed our good faith. It was very hard for us to do it, of course, especially to give up part of the city of Adrianople, but it was worth the price. We really surrendered this territory in exchange for Constantinople, for, if Bulgaria had not come in on our side, we would have lost this city. Just think how enormously we have improved our position. We have had to keep more than 200,000 men at the Bulgarian frontier, to protect us against any possible attack from that quarter. We can now transfer all these troops to the Gallipoli peninsula, and thus make it absolutely impossible that the Allies' expedition can succeed. We are also greatly hampered at the Dardanelles by the lack of ammunition. But Bulgaria, Austria, and Germany are to make a joint attack on Serbia, and will completely control that country in a few weeks. So we shall have a direct railroad line from Constantinople into Austria and Germany, and can get all the war supplies which we need. With Bulgaria on our side no attack can be made on Constantinople from the north—we have created an impregnable bulwark against Russia. I do not deny that the situation has caused us great anxiety. We were afraid that Greece and Bulgaria would join hands, and that would also bring in Rumania. Then Turkey would have been lost; they would have had us between a pair of pincers. We gave up that piece of land because we saw that that was the way to win the war."

### Effects of the Dardanelles Defeat

The outcome justified Enver's prophecies in almost every detail. Three months after Bulgaria accepted the Teutonic bribe, the Entente admitted defeat, and withdrew its forces from the Dardanelles, and with this withdrawal, Russia, the country which, properly organised and supplied, might have brought the Allies a speedy triumph, disappeared as a vital factor in the war. When the British and French withdrew from Gallipoli they turned adrift this huge hulk of a country to flounder to anarchy, dissolution, and ruin.

The Germans celebrated this great triumph in a way that was characteristically Teutonic. In their minds, January 17th, 1916, stands out as one of the great dates in the war. There was great rejoicing in Constantinople for the first Balkan express—or, as the Germans called it, the Balkanzug—was due to arrive that afternoon! The railroad station was decorated with flags and flowers, and the whole German and Austrian population of Constantinople, including the Embassy staffs, assembled to welcome the incoming train. As it finally rolled into the station, thousands of "hochs" went up from as many raucous throats.

Since that January 17th, 1916, the Balkanzug has run regularly from Berlin to Constantinople. The Germans believe that it is as permanent a feature of the new Germanic Empire as the line from Berlin to Hamburg.

(To be continued)

*Note.*—Since Mr. Morgenthau's story was written, the march of events has destroyed German belief in the permanency of the Balkanzug as an accessory to the German Empire. Having joined in the overrunning of Serbia, Bulgaria was able to ensure the clear through line from Berlin to Constantinople that Germany desired, and to hold the lines from Lake Doiran to the north of Monastir, until General Franchet d'Esperey launched his offensive with the Allied forces based on Salonika, early in this autumn of 1918. The Serbian Army led the offensive, in conjunction with French troops, striking from the north and east of Monastir, and breaking the first defensive line held by the Bulgarian armies. As soon as the retreat in this portion of the line had begun, British and Greek troops, in the vicinity of Lake Doiran, moved forward, and the retreat became general along the whole line, while masses of prisoners were captured. On the left, the Serbian and French troops successively took Veles and Uskub, thrusting a wedge in to northward that divided the eastern and western halves of the Bulgarian forces, and cut the western forces totally from their bases. The downfall of the Bulgarian Army was complete, and toward the end of September a new Bulgarian Government, with Malinoff, a pro-Entente statesman, asked for an armistice in order that terms of peace might be discussed. General D'Esperey offered only unconditional surrender as the price of peace, and this was accepted on September 30th, when Bulgaria went out of the war. At this present time of writing, the Serbian troops, advancing against the thin screen of Austrian and German troops left in Serbia, have captured and advanced beyond Nish, and the Balkanzug now runs only between Berlin and Belgrade, on the Austro-Serbian frontier. With the breaking of this line of communication, the cause for which Bulgaria was bought as an adherent by the Central Powers ceases to exist.



## Our Arabian Allies



### ARABS AT WORK

Making Bricks for Camp Construction

*It is to be noted that this study of the forces at command of the King of the Hedjaz was written before the recent advance took place, and the suggestion that Arab troops should get astride of the railway between Medina and Damascus has since been carried into effect. The article itself is an illuminating study of Arab character and tendencies, written from intimate knowledge of the subject.*

CERTAIN officers occupying quarters in Beersheba, immediately after the capture by our troops, had their attention drawn to an artistic effort, obviously that of a German officer, on the wall of the tenement. It depicted in the lines of that gross caricature, at which the Hun is an adept, a series of figures on the march who were apparently intended to portray an Australian, an Indian, an Algerian, an Annamese, and a Bedouin, and it was subscribed "The Army of Civilisation."

The irony of this little sketch is a symptom of the acute sense possessed by our enemy that whatever his prestige in Europe, outside it in those continents which hold the future heritage of the dominant races his importance is practically nil. And one of the greatest disappointments he has had to endure is, after successfully placing his foot on the neck of Turkey, and imagining that he had thereby secured the gate of the teeming East, to find the long dead and forgotten Arab race rising out of the dust to thwart him. For, at best, he hoped now to conquer both Egypt and India—at least, he expected to consolidate his power as far as Bagdad, and render the Red Sea intolerable as a thoroughfare of our commerce. But, thanks to a policy initiated long before the war by a master mind which foresaw the necessity of a counter-mine to the German diplomatic triumphs of Constantinople, the Arab had by the time the war broke out, practically decided to throw off a yoke which had always been

light, and to join hands with the Power that had always been the best friend of Islam.

The benefit we have derived from this alliance has been important and cheaply bought. The Red Sea has been a perfectly safe highway, the expeditions to Palestine and Mesopotamia have been greatly facilitated, and, above all, the sentiment of Mohammedan India has been kept wholesome and loyal. To those who carp against extravagant war expenditure it might be added that all this has been achieved for a sum considerably less than a single day of the country's general expenditure on the war.

Take the military operations. Their campaigning is unaccountably timorous and tentative. There seemingly at their mercy lies the last Turkish stronghold in Arabia, the city of Medina, with its hungry and diseased garrison dependent on a railway which is equally at their mercy. Of course, it may be urged that this would be a formidable operation for which the Arab levies are neither fit nor armed. Let it be granted. Why, in that case, should they not get astride

the railway in some strategic position, and finally put an end to all communication between Medina and Damascus? The whole Arab forces are free to operate on the communications of the enemy, and yet not even this seemingly simple objective has been achieved.\*

The Arab is no coward. When the initiative and the leadership is forthcoming he is capable of the most amazing exploits, and will face superior forces with the most admirable courage. The story of the capture of Akaba, when it comes to be written, will be an instance of this; and there are others. But whence came the initiative that inspired and carried through these exploits? Did it come, for instance, from that dignified sheik in khaki with the crossed sword and scabbard on his shoulder, and with all the airs of a field-marshal? Alas, no. You will probably find on inquiry that this Arab general, though



### TWO COLONISTS

These Men are now acting as Officers in the Arabian Army

\* This was written before General Allenby's advance northward.



he did hold the rank of second-lieutenant in the Turkish Army, is, militarily speaking, only a creature of mushroom growth, and entirely ornamental. Tell it not in Gath, but the initiative of all these exploits came from an infidel ally of the Faithful.

There is a grim desolate tract of country over which to operate, and things do not become any easier with the advance to the north. True, the country when you get to Amman begins to be more hospitable in character, and there are Arab tribes about who are not unsympathetic; but, on the other hand, the cause of the Turk is espoused here-about by levies of Kurds, who have indeed been purposely for some time settled in this disaffected region on account of their loyalty. The Kurd is usually a tougher fighter than the Arab, and he has got to be reckoned with in any future redistribution of dominion. He must certainly be induced to withdraw from Greater Arabia when the Arab starts ruling it.

Unfortunately, the Arab character is not of the type from which genius easily springs, nor has the art of government ever been understood by them. They have always been either too high in their ideals or too keen in the pursuit of private interests to study it, and are still the same. As a people, they have many attractive qualities, but none of those that are usually possessed by leaders of men. There is the aristocratic type; his dignity is splendid, his manners charming, his tongue of silver. But these graces are not as they would be in a European race, a throw-back to an ancestry of heroes. They merely illustrate the fact that this stately gentleman is one of the chosen of Allah. He is far too superior a person to dream of being troubled with the daily irksome stress of human affairs. Then there is the literary type: the man who has read and is, more than anyone, conscious of the true greatness of the Arab race, but for that very reason is more aloof than the other, and his education is for practical purposes useless.

The Arabs, in fact, present the pathetic picture of a cultured race fallen, and yet trying to keep up appearances. Their substance lost, through the brutal domination to which they have had to submit, they cling yet to the faded flower. A few generations of freedom will, no doubt, set this right; and if they could be left like a South American republic to worry out their own salvation, who can say that they would

not find it? But, unfortunately, the region in which they would conduct their experiments is likely to be surrounded by neighbours who are watching them with critical and covetous eyes. We cannot afford to permit experiments in Greater Arabia. Neither will it be fair to the various peoples other than Arab who dwell side by side with them over the country, after being delivered from the Turks, to be handed over to a race which has yet to learn how to rule.

It comes to this, then: that the Arab alliance saddles us with a new and heavy responsibility. Having expelled the devil from the wasted body, it lies with us so to reanimate the soul of the new nation as to forestall the return of that devil, and others worse than he. Federation is the probable solution; but it must be a federation with a strong central authority to control the working and curb the jealousies of the different States. And there is the crux of the problem. How to find a man or body of men both possessed of the requisite ability

and acceptable to the whole of the Arab world? All Arabs have this thought in their mind. Distrust of us and distrust of each other, and the consequent uncertainties of the future, is indeed what accounts for much of the inertia and hesitation of the revolt. The most enlightened men of the Arab race are only too well aware of this, and realise the danger. A sheik, in the course of an address to a body of troops under training, used the following words:

O sons of Kah-tan, you must rise like one man without distinction of religion or belief, that you may in your joint efforts and brotherly union obtain the realisation of your high and noble aims. Do not let the difference of religion be a stumbling block on the road that leads to your highest wishes. Before everything we are Arabs. Children of Arabia, whatever your religious belief may be, you are Arabs. Do not impair your cause. The Arab revolt will fail unless you throw aside the ways of ignorance.

Well, this good old sheik is aware of

the now smouldering fires of fanaticism and mountains of prejudice that lie between the Arabs and their ambition. Now doubts and questions are beginning to take shape and it is time they were dealt with. Not yet have we got anywhere near to the great heart of the nation. And it is only when we have done so that we shall be able to show to the Hun, in making the Arab our ally, that we backed a better horse than he did.

C. T. A. H.



**A GROUP OF DISTINGUISHED ARABS**  
Emir Faical, General Diaafar, Dacha, and their Staff.



**A TYPICAL ARABIAN SCENE**  
The Camp in the Palm Groves at Akaba.



# A Revival of Paganism: By M. A. Czaplicka

IT is being more and more universally recognised, under the searchlight of the Great War, that religion—I mean in the wide sense of the word—is a factor of life which calls for readjustment, if in the future it is to satisfy those cravings of human nature which it apparently met in pre-war time.

Those who regard religion as co-ordinate with education, art, industry, and similar spheres of activities, aiming at bringing large groups of people sharing similar interests under general rules would like to bring the idea of reconstruction to religion as well. Others, for whom this term means the most private and confidential desires and humiliations of soul, would prefer to avoid discussing in public church reorganisation in the same way as trade union reorganisation, and divide off from the big established religious institutions into smaller organisations wherein they think they can find more privacy. On the whole, the religious movement which is taking place during the present war is characterised by this: that it is not new ideas or dogmas that are sought for, but a new form of life wherein religion would play a larger part.

Anyone who takes the trouble to observe the families of men killed at the front would probably be amazed at the number of cases where *spiritualism*, or an attempt at communicating with the dead, has been resorted to. It is to be questioned whether this spiritualistic state of mind is a religious one, i.e., whether the communication of the spirit can take the place of prayers, and the belief in the bodily presence of the dead can satisfy the necessity of the belief in God. According to official psychology such a thing is inadmissible, but in practice it is only too true that people endowed with some amount of imagination, great passion, small capacity of reasoning, and still smaller will-power, do not find any room for other comfort when once they fall a prey to spiritualistic practices. The book which played such an enormous rôle in the spiritualistic revival in this country—it need scarcely be said that its title is *Raymond*\*, by Sir Oliver Lodge—according to the author's intention was not meant to be taken as a Bible for "all bereaved persons," but, as a matter of fact, serves as a text-book for all attracted to such kind of comfort. And it is often doubted whether Sir Oliver Lodge is more sincere when he says "I am a student of the subject, and a student often undertakes detailed labour of a special kind," or when he says "Some may get it (this peaceful comfort) from the consolations of religion, some from the testimony of trusted people, while some may find it necessary to have first-hand experience of their own for a time." (*Raymond*, pages 342-3.)

Out of the mass of literature written about, against, or for, *Raymond*, two books especially are noticeable as the expression of two opinions contrary to one another, but both strongly opposed to *Raymondism*, by which name must be understood epidemics of spiritualism excluding all the other forms of religious beliefs and practices. These two books, standing at opposite poles, and both bringing a remedy for those whom there is still hope to save, are: *Immortality, an Essay in Discovery co-ordinating Scientific, Psychical, and Biblical Research*, by Canon Streeter, A. Clutton-Brock, C. W. Emmett, and others†; and *The Question: "If a man die, shall he live again?" A brief history and examination of Modern Spiritualism*, by Edward Clodd.‡

*Immortality* is a perfect expression of the most profound, scholarly, and earnest spirit of the Church of England of to-day. It will be read with real appreciation by all people with creed and scholarship of whatever belief, and will disperse such doubts as may arise in an educated Christian mind whose beliefs are disquieted by spiritualistic or other mental adventures. But it is scarcely probable that this book will be known to the hundreds and thousands who read or only heard of *Raymond*, who have fallen into the hands of some dishonest medium, and who live in the kind of nervous ecstasy which does not qualify them for urgent medical assistance, and yet cuts them off from the normal and healthy life of community.

Mr. Edward Clodd's book is not addressed to students of psychic research, who take spiritualistic experiences as materials for the enlargement of our knowledge of the human mind in its various stages of development. Nor will philo-

sophers busy with research on "immortality" be pleased with Mr. Clodd's conclusive remarks, "there has been . . . no advance in knowledge of the conditions of existence in any after life, from the dawn of thought to the present day." (301). He addresses primarily those people for whom spiritualism is not a subject of study, but a belief and passion. The title Mr. Clodd has chosen, or the second part of it, is so overwhelmingly large that one feels almost discouraged from looking into it. Surely, Mr. Clodd did not want to settle in this work the enormous and hopelessly complicated question of the immortality of the soul! Though all know he is inclined to answer it in the negative, his opinion is expressed in a more moderate way. He writes, on page 301: "To Job's question, 'If a man die, shall he live again?', science can answer neither 'yes' nor 'no.'"

## Spiritualism as Magic

Yet it is not Job's question which forms the subject of this book, and it seems that a sub-title "Is Spiritualism a Modern Revival of Paganism," would, if less æsthetic (?) be more accurate. For it is the history and examination of modern spiritualism, and a skilful analogy between its practices and magic as found among the existing primitive races which forms the main contents and value of Mr. Edward Clodd's most interesting book. He deals with the various phenomena of spiritualism, such as clairvoyance, crystal-gazing, telepathy, and with the well-known mediums.

Except for these particulars which are open to questions still debatable, the book answers its purpose. It is accessible to a large public. It is rich in ethnological data showing that the magical rites of the Patagonians, Fijians, or North American Indians have revived in a similar form in Mrs. Piper's and others' séances. Thus the classics of ethnology as "Primitive Culture" or "The Golden Bough" are used by the author as "antiseptics to Spiritualism."

Since Mr. Clodd does me the honour of quoting my experiences of the shamanistic rites (witnessed in Northern Siberia—page 194), it is only fair to admit that, but for the difference in climate, implements, and habitat, the Samoyed shamanistic religious ceremony was strikingly like a spiritualistic séance which I have witnessed in this country. In the first case, the spirits of ancestors were called upon to deliver the clan from leprosy and the dry winds; in the second, the dead relative was called upon to deliver one or two people of his family from the moral pain of separation and loneliness. It would be difficult to witness in England a Spiritualistic séance aiming at some material advantage assuming the medium is honest; but, then, if the Samoyeds lived under the care of a well-organised State, protecting them from epidemics and climatic disasters, perhaps their séances would also be of a merely moral character.

The contents of the book would gain if more spiritualistic experiences were analysed, because, on the whole, the author is more familiar with the practices as found in *The Childhood of Mankind*, than with those which can be considered as survivals or reversion to the state of mind familiar to the Stone Age ancestors of European nations. Such analysis would add to the success of the book among those who are well acquainted with the spiritualistic life of Western Europe, since the tendency of the author is obviously to reach these people.

As regards the utilitarian side of the book, it may be doubted whether the method of Mr. Edward Clodd is not too surgical, too brusque, for those who, after all, in most cases come to Spiritualism through some mental shock, and therefore need to be treated with sympathy and delicacy. Still, it is difficult to know exactly how such a book ought to be written. For people brought up on false assumptions that the civilised races are made of a clay and soul of a higher quality, the mere fact of their most intimate experiences being compared with the heathen practices of uncivilised savages comes as a disagreeable shock. For others, in whose mind a belief in the immortality of soul is deeply rooted, it might be not altogether successful to oppose their spiritualistic idiosyncrasies by upsetting their belief in a different and more fundamental category.

*The Question* will, no doubt, be read widely—perhaps even more widely than Mr. Edward Clodd's other books. One can only hope that the number of those whom he guides to reason and tranquillity will be greater than those whom he merely vexes and hurts.

\**Raymond, or Life and Death, with Examples of the Evidence for Survival of Memory and Affection after Death.* Methuen. 1916.

† Macmillan, 1917.

Grant Richards, 1917



# Life and Letters *by J.C. Squire*

## Dickens's Friends

ONE of the fattest and fullest books of the year is Mr. J. W. T. Ley's *The Dickens Circle*, just published (at a guinea) by Chapman & Hall. Mr. Ley has tabulated about a hundred of Charles Dickens's friends and, taking them individually or in groups, brought together from memoirs and letters a great pudding of information about his hero's relations with them. I have enjoyed the book. It is about a writer who, to my taste, could be less easily spared than all subsequent novelists put together. And it is the sort of book which demonstrates what interesting literary works may be produced by men who altogether lack the gift of writing.

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Mr. Ley resembles many compilers of literary memoirs, and most "students of Dickens" in that almost his sole literary gift is a mastery of the cliché. At the very outset, when one finds the sentence "If it be true that the proper study of mankind is Man, it is equally true that men most reveal themselves in their relations with men," one knows that all the other old sticks will parade across the scene. They do, and one greets each with a cheer. "My difficulty has been to decide what to omit," "Of the books I have consulted, I could not possibly give a complete list. Their name is Legion": thus proceeds the preface. And the opening sentence of the book proper is: "There is no surer test of a man's character than to ask, 'Who are his friends?'" Mr. Ley is the sort of devotee who continually refers to Dickens as "Boz"; on the strength of that alone one could be certain that he would, when occasion arose, remark, "'Tis true, and pity 'tis, 'tis true"; that he would say, "It must have been a red-letter day for the obscure young newspaper reporter on which he learned that his first book was to be illustrated by the great George Cruikshank," and that he would speak of death as the passage into the Great Beyond. And so he does. It is as well to make this clear lest in recommending this book to the leisured reader I be supposed to imply that its author is another Walter Pater. But though Mr. Ley is not an artist in words, it does not matter. His labour has been mostly research, and its products are mainly quotations and anecdotes. He has collected them in such number that the publishers are justified in claiming that his is the most informative book of the kind since Forster's *Life*.

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It is not necessary to read the book straight through. If you do you may get tired of the *Dickens Circle*. Nobody could justly call it a Vicious Circle; but a hundred accounts of the beginnings and developments of friendships taken in sequence are apt to seem a little monotonous. Besides, there is no chronological or other order which demands consecutive reading. As a book to "dip into," with or without a preliminary reference to the index, it is delightful. You get an immense number of extracts from Dickens's letters, many stories, many portraits of "Eminent Victorians," mostly of the not-quite-great kind, and an unsystematic but very illuminating picture of London in the 'forties. You also get the charming oddments dear to that superficial antiquary who lives in most of us. For instance, Dickens, Forster and Harrison Ainsworth used to go rides:

On through Acton's narrow High Street, with its quaint raised pavement and ancient red-tiled houses, past "Fordrush" Fielding's last well-loved home, past Ealing's parks and long village green, round through orchard-bordered lanes to Chiswick, with its countless memories, and so by Shepherd's Bush to Wood Lane and the Scrubbs, home again.

The thought of that sylvan ride on horseback now gives one a shudder. It is all new bricks and trams; but then the Bush really was bushy, Wood Lane was a woody lane, and the Scrubbs no doubt covered with scrub. There is no mention of a meal in this passage. This is unusual. Dickens's contemporaries ate on the slightest provocation, and a new novel was invariably celebrated by a tremendous and uproarious tavern dinner.

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One is impressed again with the unparalleled hold that Dickens had upon his generation, a hold far wider and firmer

than that of Walter Scott or of Pope, who commanded the cultured world of his day as Dickens never did, but whose influence was confined to that world, and was purely an influence on taste. Before he was thirty, Dickens was one of the most popular men in the English-speaking world, and years before that he had established friendships with many of the most famous men of the older generation. His numbers were waited for in the mining camps of Australia more eagerly than letters from home; and he was only just over forty when a Lord Chief Justice paid him one of the greatest, though not one of the most decorous, compliments ever paid to an author. Dickens had been summoned to a jury, and the judge said:

The name of the illustrious Charles Dickens has been called on the jury, but he has not answered. If his great Chancery suit had been still going on I certainly should have excused him, but as that is over he might have done us the honour of attending here that he might have seen how we went on at Common Law.

The whole of English-speaking manhood was, in a sense, his friend; and he had as large a personal acquaintance with individuals as any other man could conceivably have had.

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Mr. Ley ropes them all in from Samuel Rogers to Carlyle, from Lytton to Augustus Egg, of whom he says: "In the novelist's home no one was more welcome than Egg." Macready, Longfellow, Thackeray, Browning, artists, actors, and politicians—they are all there. They met Dickens in an atmosphere of excessive geniality and, one is bound to add, of generous eating and drinking. To scores of them, and of scores of them, the emotional and open-hearted man wrote with an effusiveness that sometimes verges on gush. It is possibly significant that numerous though his friends were, they did not include many of the reticent type; it is noticeable that the Tennyson chapter is very short and perhaps symbolical that the name of Matthew Arnold does not even appear in the index. The air of Dickens was a little warm for some. He longs to hold his friends in his arms; he tells one that "I will fall on you with a swoop of love in Paris"; he is very free with "Again and again, and again, my own true friend, God bless you," and "God bless you," and "God bless him," and "God bless her," are phrases even more common in his letters than in his works.

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He was Tiny Tim, with some of the defects of that noble but rather wearying child; all men liked him for his generosity, humanity, willingness to work his hardest for others, cheerfulness, and gallantry; but they reacted variously to his, as some must have felt, almost too opulent benevolence, his almost too jolly joviality, his almost embarrassing affectionateness. Those who like to watch straws to see which way the wind is blowing may find a perfect straw in the nomenclature of Dickens's children. To name one's children after one's friends and the objects of one's reverence is a natural and excellent habit. But Dickens overdid it. He was not content to do the ordinary thing, and his children went through life branded with names like Alfred Tennyson Dickens, Walter Savage Landor Dickens, Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens, tokens at once of his sentimental promiscuity and of his intemperance of expression. It is odd—no, it is not odd—that with all this, all his communicativeness and sympathy and his multitude of friends, he leaves one nevertheless with the impressions that the last intimacies of friendship he never experienced. He is the same to hundreds, very easily ready to catch fire if a sympathetic spark showed, eager to establish a contact of hearts with people at first meeting. But his friendships, I think, though they strengthened with the accumulation of mutual memories, did not greatly deepen. All that his friends were likely to know of Dickens they knew soon. That is to say, they none of them thoroughly knew him; and I have the idea that he did not know himself. After reading the whole of Mr. Ley's long story of correspondences, collaborations, and convivialities, after one has seen Dickens a thousand times as a ministering angel inspiring life-long gratitude, one still thinks of him not as this man's friend or as that man's friend, but as the friend of the human race.



# THE THEATRE

By W. J. Turner

ON Tuesday evening I went to see that "entirely new play," *The Female Hun*, at the Lyceum. If, I thought, the play lives up to the title, I should have an amusing evening. On my way, I speculated vaguely on the fact that though we can speak of the Frenchman and the Frenchwoman, we do not speak of the Belgian man and the Belgian woman; while such a phrase as the female Belgian is felt instinctively to be hardly complimentary. It is even doubtful whether one would talk like that of a camel; and the average Englishman, confronted with the difficulty of referring to a camel of the opposite sex would endeavour to denote by some subtle inflection of his voice what sort of a camel he meant; a cruder mind might be found carrying bravely on with "the lady camel," but it would be an extremely tactless and unromantic man who in the presence of the beast referred to it as "the female camel." This camel business is doubly relevant, for on my way to *The Female Hun* I actually saw a camel. It is the camel used in *Chu Chin Chow*, and it lives in a stable not far from Jermy Street. Any night it may be seen issuing from the garage, where it lives all day disguised as a horse, and progressing through the grey London weather to His Majesty's Theatre, where it sniffs sardonically at Mr. Oscar Asche's desert. It is a painful thought to contemplate that thoroughly sincere camel lending its unique countenance to all that flummery, having to listen to those Allahs! and Wallahs! and pretend it believes them. I would go a long way to see a camel, and if Mr. Oscar Asche wants *Chu Chin Chow* to run another two years I would suggest his adding an elephant, a gnu, an Arabian pig, and a few hyenas. As for *The Female Hun*, I am afraid there is nothing that would make her last two years, except, perhaps, a collection of real Huns. It is an extremely dull play, not bad enough to be funny, and quite unworthy of its title. It is not even melodramatic; it is—middle class. It gives the impression that the author had attempted to tone down the old crudities and extravagances, and write a genteel melodrama. The best thing in it is Mr. J. C. Aubrey's outburst in the last act. Mr. Aubrey is the old style of villain, and he does his best to get hissed and be incredible and ridiculous, but he doesn't get much of a chance. Most remarkable is the inability of Mr. Walter Melville, who has been writing this sort of play for many years, to construct a better plot. *The Female Hun* is unmasked in the very first act, and what follows is a series of more or less disconnected scenes, in none of which is there any attempt to build up a climax or get a crescendo of effect. One feels that one's patriotism is expected to take all the strain of listening, without any effort on the part of the author; and certainly the immense audience present seemed quite willing to do all that was expected of them. When the first spy was arrested, one of the stage hands asks: "What is to be done with him?" And, without hesitation, a voice from the audience shouts: "Burn him!" A German officer exclaims: "But for these accursed English, we would now be masters of the world"; and a woman's voice promptly interjects: "Never!" This is the way to write plays, you know! Get half your dialogue from the audience; it will save you a great deal of trouble and time, besides being more effective than anything you can do! In fact, there is no reason why, if one became skilful in inventing suitable openings for the audience, the whole plot should not depend on the audience, and vary from night to night according to its character. There would be some fun in going to the theatre then, and no play need ever come off until all its possibilities had been thoroughly exploited. As *The Female Hun* stands, most of the fun comes from the audience—although there are one or two bits of unconscious humour from the author. The General's daughter is asked: "Are you afraid?"; and replies: "Not a weeny bit!" The General, too, has a taste for out-of-the-way expressions; probably his head is still full of the Deadwood Dicks he was educated on, for when the Cabinet Minister, Lord Pilcher, arrives at his house, he addresses him thus: "Welcome, Lord P., to my humble dwelling!" and Lord P., whose speciality was probably Pirates, replies: "Pleased to meet you, Captain!" These are the best things; but another good remark was, I think, the General's, who, when the hero goes to rescue the heroine, says: "Take my

revolver; 'tis not a service weapon, but it may save her!" Lord P. has rushed from his allotment down to the General's country house because Haig has wired that he would like to attack at dawn, and wants a strategic plan. With the aid of a pair of compasses, an eraser, and a threepenny bit (I couldn't see the exact implements) the strategic plan is drawn up, and Lord P. departs. After he has gone, the General paces up and down his study with anxiety gnawing at his breast bone. Suddenly he hears a noise: a faint rustle. What is it! Silence! He returns to his meditations. Again he hears it. There is some one there. Who is it? IT IS THE FEMALE HUN!

Does he know who she is? No! Who is she? *She is his wife.* At this point no bard can resist breaking into song:

'Tis sad to see a soldier brave  
Discover the bride he has won  
Is a dumped importation from over the wave,  
In short, a female Hun.

Dragging her from behind the curtain into the middle of the stage, he shoots her, with that disregard for the law so necessary in stage generals. It is nowhere stated what fee the Female Hun was paid by her Government, but she would have been dear at any price. Her habit of hiding behind curtains and stealing papers when people were about showed an aptitude for doing the wrong thing, fatal in a spy. After the heroic battle with the Female Hun, the General, whose blood is now up, sends his aide-de-camp to capture a submarine which has abducted his niece, and is floating about in the sea near his house. With the help of a serio-comic lieutenant, the aide-de-camp captures the submarine, and the war is won.

The extraordinary thing is that the audience liked the play, and certainly its sentiments were irreproachable, and its scenes varied. I have said nothing about the wonderful record-breaking aeroplane which crawls crab-wise across the background at twenty miles an hour, or the prisoners' camp in Germany, defended by one line of barbed wire and an over-fed sentry; but one must leave something to the imagination. Personally, while the audience was enjoying all these acts of valour, I found my thoughts returning to that camel I had seen making its way through the dim twilight of the evening. What a strange life for a beast to be hidden away in a small dark stable all the day, and at night to emerge like a dream and stand for a little while before thousands of faces, and then return to the darkness of its stall, and chew grass or walnut shells, or whatever it is that a camel is provided with by the Food Controller. People with imagination might very easily find more entertainment wandering among the "props," at the back of the stage than before the curtain. Imagination is not to be expected in a melodrama; but, in fact, the greatest difficulty the dramatist has in writing any play is to give rein to the imagination, which is absolutely cramped and rendered immobile by the dead litter of the stage's innumerable shams and pretences. A poet or a novelist can summon up the very scents of Arabia by describing a camel travelling over the desert; but bring a camel on to the stage, and you may get a scent, but it will not be of Arabia; in fact, the camel will probably seem a mere lumped beast having lost all character. The stage is frightfully matter of fact. It is next to impossible to get "atmosphere." When it is got, it is by dialogue, which in itself is extraordinarily dry and uncoloured. There is more "atmosphere" in Ibsen than in all Maeterlinck and Yeats, though Ibsen is writing what seems to be a direct matter-of-fact prose. Everybody knows Chesterton's description of Yeats' plays, as plays, in which there is but one hero, and his name is Atmosphere; but this in only true of the plays when read. When acted on the stage, all atmosphere fades away from them, because it has been got by literary and not by dramatic means; it simply does not carry across the footlights. The consequence is that many of our best young writers believe that you cannot get atmosphere into a play, and that confirms them in their dislike of the theatre. The author of *The Female Hun* was not troubled by considerations of atmosphere; his was the simpler task of producing a stirring, patriotic, and wholesome play. It had to meet the average man's query about a play which is, in the words of Mr. Montagu, "can it be seen without giving me any disease?"



# Rejuvenating the Mind

By Julius M. Price

*The famous War Artist Correspondent.*

It does not seem so long ago that our best-known newspaper proprietor committed himself to a sweeping statement that, so far as useful activity was concerned, men were too old at forty. He is himself an interesting example to the contrary, for it is now many years since he passed what he considered to be his grand climacteric—yet he is at the present time one of the greatest centres of energy in the cause of the Allies. The reason for this is that he has what I am tempted to designate a highly "Pelmanised" mind, and so far as men over forty are concerned the *raison d'être* of his existence is largely, as Voltaire said, *pour encourager les autres*.

Naturally, the question arises, what is meant by a "Pelmanised" mind? In his case unquestionably it means capacity for the most intense concentration on the affair of the moment linked with a memory which forgets nothing. Such a mind as this is analogous to a fine vintage wine which improves with keeping. It is unnecessary to repeat the trite remark that brains cannot be created when they do not already exist, for it is much more important to realise that the dulllest child or the most tired-out old man in all reasonable probability possesses mental capabilities which have never been exercised.

If we take the question of physical strength, we shall find that a man like Sandow was a comparative weakling in his youth, but the muscles in embryo were there, and, above all, the determination to develop them to the uttermost. In my own observation a child under pressure is too apt to give way to despair, and a man over forty too much inclined to become blasé and allow the poisonous thought to creep into his mind that his best days have gone by. It is here that Pelmanism comes to the rescue. Taking the analogy of physical strength, no one need worry as to the precise quality of his brain or his increase of years; his great ambition should be to exercise, and exercise to the limit, the mental equipment he possesses.

In the course of the inquiries I was invited to make at the Pelman Institute nothing astonished me more than the testimonials—or, rather, human documents—that arrived by every post. Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, and, indeed, members of every craft and trade or profession have written quite fascinating and oft-times pathetically touching letters describing the benefits they have derived from taking up Pelmanism, and these letters are written with the most candid enthusiasm.

This coming in contact, as it were, at first hand with the most diverse students, as I have done by perusing many of these documents, is undoubtedly the cause of such well-known men as Lord Charles Beresford, Sir Rider Haggard, Sir William Robertson Nicoll, Sir James Yoxall, M.P., Sir A. Quiller-Couch, Sir E. T. Cook, Sir R. Baden-Powell, Jerome K. Jerome, Max Pemberton, and a great many others of undoubted probity and perspicacity giving their public approval of the Pelman System of training the mind and the memory.

In the course of my travels I had already heard so much of Pelmanism that I had actually decided to take it up at the first opportunity, when by the long arm of coincidence I received the flattering invitation to visit the Institution myself and express my opinion on its work; with the result that I was so much impressed that I had no hesitation in enrolling myself as a student. I will frankly admit, therefore, that I did not pay my visit as a sceptic—very much to the contrary, in fact, as during the two and a half years I was on the Italian front I was constantly hearing the System praised both by officers and men, thus proving that it had a large following of disciples who were determined not to let the enforced mental stagnation brought about by trench life bring on complete atrophy of their brain-power.

In the course of a varied career I have come across many clever men who just missed being geniuses. By "missing" I mean that they just managed to get to a certain point and to achieve a certain degree of success, and then, as it were, mysteriously to get no further. I have often asked myself what could account for this. Why some distinguished general, for instance, has failed lamentably at a critical moment; and in all cases that have come within my immediate knowledge I have been forced to the conclusion that in these semi-failures—for they were not to be classed as actual failures—their process of thought has not been based on any logical principles—it has not been sufficiently drilled,

so to speak, and in consequence they have either done the wrong thing swiftly or the right thing too slowly.

Following up this train of thought, I found myself wondering whether Pelmanism would not have helped to correct this weakness of the nervous system and of the cells of the brain, much the same as a judicious course of dumb-bells will strengthen the muscles.

In his innermost self there must be many a man who knows that he has displayed at times a certain hesitancy that was difficult to explain, and which he scarcely ventured to probe into, dreading that it was, perchance, a sign that the advancing years were making themselves felt, much the same as one fears to consult a doctor when one is assailed by some subtle pain that may mean a great deal or nothing. Pelmanism, as I grasp it, fills the part of the friendly doctor, but with this difference—the doctor keeps the knowledge from which he has involved his diagnosis to himself, whilst Pelmanism lets you into the secret of your failings, and thus helps you, as it were, to act as your own physician. But there is no nonsense about it, no mystery, nor is it a dodge for getting your fees. If you are in earnest, and you must be in earnest when taking up Pelmanism, you will not be long in discovering that Pelmanism is just another word for scientific stabilising the mind and memory, and entails a regular, but not at all uninteresting, study to bring it to a successful issue, and that if it is carried out with serious intent there is no doubt that it develops self-confidence in young people and a rejuvenation of the mind in those getting on in years.

To sum up, therefore, an investigation of the System forces one to the conclusion that it is a practical form of mind and memory training, of such value to young and old alike that one of these days it appears certain a course of the applied principles of Pelmanism will enter into the curriculum of every student's life and influence him in his career.

## Famous Men on Pelmanism

### Admiral Lord Beresford, G.C.B., G.C.V.O.:

The Pelman Institute, as I understand the matter, does not profess to work miracles. What it does profess to accomplish is to enable a man to make the best use of the abilities he already, consciously or unconsciously, possesses. The first condition of success is willingness to learn. The student must be prepared to do his part. It is not always an easy part, but it is fair to say both that it is always possible and always interesting.

### Major-Gen. Sir F. Maurice, K.C.M.G., C.B.:

I can think of no better method than the Pelman Course either for keeping the mind fit in times of leisure or slackness, or for restoring mental vigour to a soldier whose mind has become flabby from overstrain or physical weakness, and I can recommend no better investment than a Pelman Course to the soldier on convalescent leave.

The Pelman System is not cram, or trick, but a scientific method of training which has proved its value to the soldier in war, and it would, I am certain, be of the greatest benefit if it were adapted to Army training generally.


### Sir R. S. S. Baden-Powell, K.C.B.:

The Pelman System, so far as I can judge from what I have seen of it, appeals to me because it deals with the individual, and because it offers to him in a practical form the cardinal steps to the development and strengthening of mental character, which is the foundation of success in any line of life. And many, if not most, of these steps are those which have been omitted in the average school training.


"Mind and Memory" (in which the Pelman Course is fully described, with a Synopsis of the lessons) will be sent gratis and post free, together with a full reprint of TRUTH's famous Report on the Pelman System and a form entitling readers of LAND & WATER to the complete Course for one-third less than the usual fee, on application to the Pelman Institute, 39 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

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# The Reader's Diary



## Recent Novels

IT is not very long since Miss E. M. Delafield startled and delighted a number of weary reviewers and, I hope, a considerable section of the less weary but no more easily surprised novel-reading public with a very remarkable first novel called *Zella Sees Herself*. In this she made a detailed and exceedingly acute study of a young girl whose sincerity was open to suspicion—even to her own suspicion. She followed this with an equally clever study of insincerity called *The War Workers*, in which, however, it seemed that she was developing a feeling of dislike for her own characters which might eventually spoil her talent. The opening chapters of her new book, *The Pelicans* (Heinemann, 6s. net), appears to invite the same criticism; but as the story proceeds the conception surprisingly develops and reveals in Miss Delafield much more than the cleverness of observation and expression which one knew her to possess.

It would be a poor compliment to her, perhaps, to suggest that the purport of her story could be conveyed in a single sentence. But I think she has written from the novel and useful theme that the affected parade of virtues does not necessarily indicate a complete lack of them. We may at least draw this lesson from her book as we should draw it from life; but she gives us, of course, a good deal more than the illustration of an abstract proposition. The story of the two orphan children, Rosamund and Frances, who are adopted by the domineering, affected, kind-hearted, and able Bertha Tregaskis contains too much life and movement to be merely the clothing of a thesis. It is in her exposition of "Cousin Bertie's" character and of the relations between her and Rosamund that Miss Delafield scores her most remarkable triumph. Rosamund is a sensitive, secretive child, who is devoted only to her younger and weaker sister Frances, and who suffers passionately under what she considers Bertie's failure to "understand" either of them. But Frances, who has an inflexible religious sense under a timid exterior, deserts Rosamund to follow her vocation into a convent, and there dies, her end being hastened by the severity of the convent life. Rosamund, thus desolate, turns instinctively to Bertie; and the story closes with Bertie still parading her efficiency and her unselfishness and her comprehension of the young, and finally convincing the reader, as well as Rosamund, that her persistent claims are perfectly justified.

Perhaps a recapitulation of the story does not convey very much. But I must record my impression that I have not in recent years read any novel by a new writer in which there were so many characters so completely and subtly realised. Rosamund is perhaps the least satisfactory; but the interest of the story does not really centre in her. Bertie Tregaskis is done to the life; and the portrait of Frances, the young predestined *religieuse*, is admirable. Minnie Blandflower is an excellent comic—or, perhaps, farcical—character. Nina Severing and her son Morris are persons in the best vein of high satirical comedy. A less discerning writer would have given Nina a son who would have been a foil to that accomplished *poseuse*. But Miss Delafield has given her the son she would have had; and the duels between the two are delightfully described. I find the book, in short, that rare thing, a novel which leaves the reader's powers of attention and apprehension satisfied. The persons are solid and whole, not sketchy; and every episode is worked up to its full value—not least, the very fine description of Frances's novitiate.

Mr. Sax Rohmer has been known hitherto as the author of lurid and enjoyable shockers about Eastern magic and villainy. His new volume, *Tales of Secret Egypt* (Methuen 6s. net), departs rather from this *genre*, and is made up for the most part of stories of more or less humorous intrigue in Cairo. Some of Mr. Rohmer's admirers will perhaps be disappointed by this, though sorcery pokes up its head here and there. For my part, I found the book very entertaining; and the last story in the book, "Pomegranate Flower," is a comic invention of really high merit, which actually survives the comparison it challenges with *The Arabian Nights*.

## Clive

"What I like about Clive," says the poet, "is that he is no longer alive"; but, though there is indeed a great deal to be said for being dead, I conceive it to be the biographer's duty to present his readers with something more than a book about a corpse. I cannot say that I think that Sir George Forrest has wholly fulfilled this duty in his new *Life of Clive* (Cassell, 2 vols., 36s. net). And yet surely it must require an unusual degree of perversity to write a dull account of Clive's careers and adventures. He was much more than a mere Empire-builder. He was a dæmonic genius of a type which has figured little in English history. Nelson is the nearest parallel to him that I can think of; and in neither of these heroes is our interest exhausted when we have learnt what battles they fought and how their victories affected the history of the time. We very rightly want vivid and life-like pictures of the men themselves. It is not enough to tell us that Clive defended Arcot for so many days under overwhelming difficulties or that he defeated the army of Surajah-Dowlah against absurd and incredible odds. We want to know what sort of a man he was to be able to do these things; and it is just this that Sir George Forrest seems unable to tell us. But it must be admitted that he allows Clive and his contemporaries to tell us as much as they can, though he himself adds no reconciling interpretation of the evidence. Certainly, from the human point of view, the most valuable part of this book lies in its great wealth of quotation from letters and from contemporary and native narratives and documents, some of these excerpts containing passages of extraordinary force and vividness. These alone make it worth the attention of the general reader and atone for the dryness and dullness of Sir George's connecting narrative, which, however, is very full and painstakingly drawn from the original sources.

## Women

I do not know who can be the anonymous author of *Women* (Secker, 5s. net) unless it be the ghost of Stendhal. It is true that some of Stendhal's decisions are here disputed; but it is not to be expected that he would not have altered his opinions in some particulars in the time that has elapsed since his death. I do not mean, of course, that this essay is really equal in wisdom to *De l'Amour*; but it would take, I imagine, no less than Stendhal's enterprise to write so simple an essay on so large a subject. And though Stendhal, if it be he, is not now the man he was, this *jeu d'esprit* is not without its merits. The generalisations are, of course, all of them wrong; and nearly all of them contain a good deal of common sense. One cannot, after all, make generalisations which will satisfactorily cover the larger half of the world's population; and this is not so much a giving of judgment as the first speech in a debate. One is thankful, at least, that it avoids undue solemnity, and is neatly and wittily written.

## Various Volumes

*The Last of the War Lords* (Grant Richards, 10s. 6d. net); is a series of anecdotes (all unpleasant) about the Kaiser, designed for lovers of scandal. I love scandal myself, and I dare say that many of these stories are true; but I find that gossip, to thrill me, must have at least a semblance of substantiation. This collection has not even the writer's name. The memoirs of the Duc de Saint Simon contain scandal which, while it is not so up to date, is of a better authenticated sort. The concluding volumes (the fifth and sixth) of an abridged translation have just been published (Stanley Paul, 12s. 6d. each net). These cover the period 1714-23 at the Court of France, and make a very agreeable field for browsing and a pleasant contrast to the "Criminal Queens Series," which forms so much of the historical reading of the library subscriber. The Duke's parting remark: "My readers will have no difficulty in finding cases in which I have been grossly taken," will show perhaps what a charming fellow he really was. The author of *The Last of the War Lords* is hardly capable of so convincing a confession.



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The monarch of the Dark Ages, when in need of funds for war purposes, was wont to put base metal into his coinage to make it go further, and so was enabled to get round an awkward corner, until his subjects and others from whom he bought found him out, and adjusted prices. Governments in these days of economic enlightenment would scorn such devices, especially as they are made unnecessary by the invention of the printing press, which does the job much more cheaply. They just print hatfuls of new notes, or, by borrowing from banks instead of from investors, create with the help of the banks new credit; these new forms of money, or buying powers, are added to the existing stock, and as there is little or no addition to the stock of goods to be bought, the amount of buying power in relation to goods is increased, and so prices go up by the process that is called inflation of currency; everybody's money buys less, and the depreciation of currency is just as effectively done as it was by the mediæval monarch. The Government, by reducing everybody's buying power and increasing its own by its paper issues, gets the goods that it needs.

The evils that result are obvious. Prices go up, the war costs much more than it need have cost, the public, which does not understand what has happened, is angry and suspicious, strikes happen because workers think they are being exploited, and numbers of well-meaning people come to the conclusion that a new way of creating wealth has been discovered, and that all that is needed to make the world happy and comfortable is to give it enough paper to handle, forgetting that comfort can only be increased really by increasing the output and improving the distribution of good things that we need—good food, clothes, houses, fuel, transport, and all the other goods and services that we consume.

So pernicious is this effect of the bad example set by the warring Governments that anyone who is nowadays cursed—however undeservedly—with the reputation of being a financial expert is continually bombarded with highly explosive memoranda from gentlemen who have discovered a way of dealing with the cost of the war, and whose schemes nearly always boil down into a proposal for paying off the debt with new currency. Sometimes these schemes get into print. A notable one, because it is on a magnificent and international scale, is contained in Mr. A. E. Stilwell's book, called *The Great Plan: How to Pay for the War*, lately published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. I have sometimes wondered whether Mr. Stilwell is not an incorrigible humorist, who is taking a gigantic pull at the legs of all the extant Finance Ministers. But I have reluctantly decided that he means to be taken seriously.

This is his great plan. Each nation appoints an additional member of the Cabinet, to be called the Secretary of Peace, and the various Secretaries of Peace form the first International Congress, "to meet as soon as possible." Each nation in the meantime totals up its own war cost, by adding the total that it has raised in war taxation to the total of its War Loans. Neutrals, who have had to mobilise, etc., are included in the programme. If the total of all the war costs is £25,000 millions sterling, then the International Congress authorises an issue of 100-year Sinking Fund Bonds for this amount. These bonds increase in value 1 per cent. each year for fifteen years. When they are ready, they are distributed to the nations to the amount of their war cost. With these bonds each nation is able to deal with its war debt, since, as we have seen, each one receives the exact amount that it has spent on the war. First of all, the nations pay off their debts to one another. "We will assume," says Mr. Stilwell, "that all the financial representatives of the nations when the distribution of certificates is made are seated at the same table. As soon as the distribution is made, all the nations to which England has made allowances . . . hands the English representative enough of their shares of these certificates to liquidate at once their nation's debt to England. If the United States has advanced to England 200 million pounds, then the English representative hands to the representative of the United States certificates to that amount." And so on all round. "All debts between nations are at once cleared off at this meeting—a wonderful settlement of debts, and a payment of debts that might otherwise never be made in

some cases, or that could be paid only after long years of struggle on the part of the weaker nations." It is, indeed, a most wonderful settlement of debts, because, so far, it is not a settlement at all; it is merely an exchange of one kind of security for another. For instance, the United States, which previously held England's promise to pay, which it rightly regards as good to the last penny, now holds International Bonds instead, for which all the nations involved, some of which will not be nearly as solvent as England, will be liable. These bonds are to be secured as follows. All the contracting nations will agree to reduce their armies and navies to a certain proportion of their population, and the amount that they thus save, on the sums that they spent on armaments before the war, is to be paid each year into a Sinking Fund, which will be paid to the holders of the International Bonds in proportion to their holdings. If they fail to do this, they are to be proceeded against, first, by boycott and, finally, by armed force. But if, as seems very likely, the nations that have more to pay into the International Sinking Fund than to receive from it (that is, the debtor nations) are in a majority on the Congress, and come to the conclusion that they can make a better use of the money saved by reduction of armaments than by "muddling it away in paying their debts," as Sheridan said, how can the creditor countries rely that their debts will be paid, or that the Congress will put in force the proposed measures against recalcitrant debtors? If not, the "wonderful settlement" would ultimately become very much like a composition of debt on the part of the less solvent peoples engaged in the war. That such a composition may have to be faced is possible enough, but we shall not improve matters by giving one security of questionable value in exchange for another, and then pretending that debts have been paid.

## How to Liquidate Debt

Still more "wonderful" is Mr. Stilwell's proposal for dealing with internal debts. Having taken its net share of the International Bonds, each nation will then proceed to issue currency against them. England, for example, is supposed to have in hand, after paying her debt to the United States, and after all the nations have paid their debts to her, 5,400 million pounds of these World Bonds. "This amount of bonds is deposited in the Bank of England, and the Bank issues an equal amount of currency in notes of £5, £10, £100, £1,000, £5,000, etc." This currency is handed to the English Government, which "passes a law that one-fifth of its war loans is arbitrarily called in and payable in ninety days, and each ninety days thereafter one-fifth becomes payable. Thus in five periods of ninety days all subscriptions to England's war loans are repaid. This is contrary to the terms in which the issues were made, . . . but if a nation has power to conscript wealth—and no one doubts that it has—in order to carry on war, it must also have the power to call in and redeem its bonds before they are due"—in other words, to cheat all the people who subscribed to its loans on terms which are to be set aside under Mr. Stilwell's proposal. But if it prefers not to compel the holders of War Loans to accept the Bond Currency for their stock, it could pay off all those who were willing to sell, and the remaining sum of Bond Currency could be "loaned to railroads, manufactories, and industrial enterprises." As the sums received from the International Sinking Fund come in, each nation is to use them in redeeming the Bond Currency at a premium, to be derived from the premium at which the Bonds that it holds are redeemed. Thus the world, already suffering severely from the effects of inflation of currency, is to be flooded with an enormous mass of new currency the effects of which on prices is easily imagined, but does not seem to occur to Mr. Stilwell as an evil. He notes that "one of the first objections which will occur to the reader is that this plan involves inflation of currency." But he dismisses this objection with airy *insouciance*. How prosperity is to be brought back by cheating debt-holders (who would be repaid in depreciated currency), and by pouring out a mass of new money with fatal effect on the prices of everything that we had to buy, Mr. Stilwell does not demonstrate. Nor does he explain why, if printing paper has all the beneficial effects that he claims for it in highly rhetorical passages, he makes such elaborate provision for its redemption. If we can all be made happy by the printing press, why call in and destroy its beneficent output?





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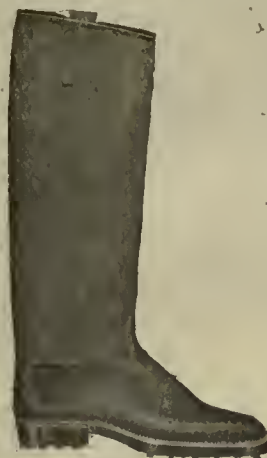
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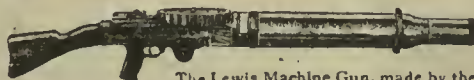
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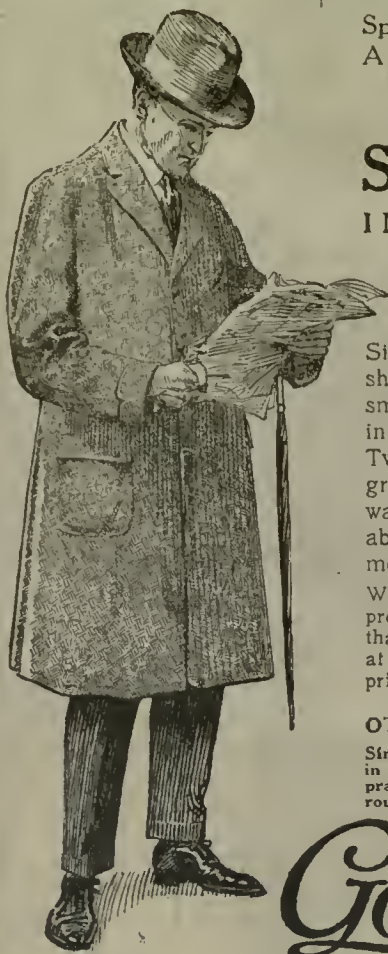
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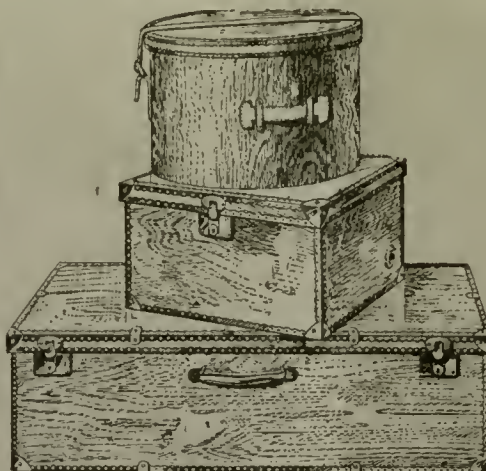


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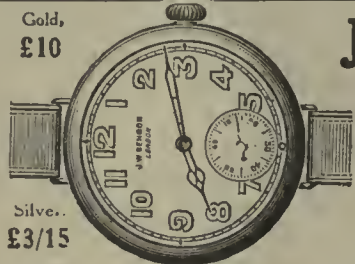
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# LAND & WATER

Vol. LXXII. No. 2946. [56TH YEAR] THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1918

[REGISTERED AS  
A NEWSPAPER] PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
PRICE ONE SHILLING



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- "It's quite easy, General, for every witness who swears we've murdered innocent people we will produce two who will swear they did not see it."

*The German troops have the strictest instructions to respect private property and to care for the population according to their ability. Where, notwithstanding this, excesses occur, the guilty are punished. The German Government also denies that in sinking ships the German Navy has purposely destroyed lifeboats together with their occupants. The German Government suggests that in all these points the facts shall be cleared up by neutral commissions. Berlin, Oct. 21.*

—Extract from the German reply to the American Note of Oct. 14.



# LAND & WATER

5 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2. Tel. Holborn 2828

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1918

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## Victory

PRESIDENT WILSON'S Note last week appeared too late to allow of more than a slight reference here. Its reception in all the Allied countries was favourable without qualification; its argument followed the lines which we had presumed to be inevitable; the Germans have formally answered it, but their answer gets nowhere. We are very glad to see that there is no response to the obvious German attempt to rouse jealousy of President Wilson in Allied countries; even those timid persons who trembled lest the innocent President should fail to perceive things which were as clear as daylight to themselves were reassured by his clear and crushing Note. The Allies, who desire no better spokesman than President Wilson has proved himself to be, are not going to be set at loggerheads by the Germans. If there are any small points we desire to clear up between ourselves, we certainly shall not allow them to obstruct our vision of the great common purpose we have: victory. That will have been achieved when we are in a position, and the Germans acknowledge it by submission, to impose upon the enemy those terms which we regard as the essentials of a just settlement and the foundations of future security. It will be attained not necessarily when we get to Berlin and march Lord Curzon's Bengal Lancers down Unter den Linden; but when the Germans see that it is quite inevitable that we shall be able to do so if the war goes on and consequently throw up the sponge. When that point is reached what we shall get (however its name may be disguised) will be virtually unconditional surrender. We shall be in a position to dictate what we think right and the Germans will not be in a position to resist us. The sooner they realise the situation and give in, the more bloodshed they will save; but President Wilson's clear-cut remarks about the armistice must have made it very plain to them that however they go to work, whether by sword or by tongue, the Allies do not propose to allow them to escape from the iron gin in which they have deliberately put their feet.

## Austria Breaking Up

President Wilson's answer to Austria is less crushing and less detailed than his answer to Germany; but there is less to be said, and it is quite adequate. When he formulated his fourteen points he was careful to leave his references to the subject-nations of Austria-Hungary sufficiently vague to admit of a Home Rule solution. President Wilson—like Mr. Lloyd George—never wished to break up “the ramshackle

Empire” by force. He believed in “self-determination,” which phrase connotes a nation's right to define the limits of its own self-government. Since then the horizon has changed. Both Britain and America have recognised the Czechoslovaks (*anglice*, Bohemians) as a belligerent nation with an independent Government and army; and the Southern Slavs are now, to all intents and purposes, on the same footing. Until, therefore, the rights of these two nations have been recognised by the Hapsburgs it is no good negotiating with them. Events are marching so rapidly that there will soon be no Dual Empire to negotiate with. We observed last week that the Hapsburgs were at the “last gasp.” Since that date we have heard of declarations of independence by Bohemians at Prague, by Jugo-Slavs, and by Hungary. The Hungarian move (if it be real) should not be taken at its face value. If it has happened it merely means that the Magyars (who govern a majority subject population) desire to keep their own subject-races down, whatever may happen to Austria. Meanwhile, the Germans of Austria are showing an inclination to ask for federation in the German Empire—a thing which tough Lutheran Prussia has always regarded with apprehension lest the German balance should be shifted. The Dual Empire is not such a hopeless hotch-potch as its friends make out; and a glance at the map will convince any man that (although scattered racial islets exist whose claims will not be satisfied) a territorial arrangement which gives independence to Bohemia-Moravia, Italia Irredentaa to Italy, Transylvania to Rumania, Galicia to Poland, and throws the South Slav provinces into a Serbian union will not produce a very complicated map.

## The Rescue of Bruges

It seems at first sight strange that, when millions of men have been killed and thousands are dying daily, we should still feel so intense a concern for the fate of stones and mortar in the area of war. The statement of a German general, when Rheims was being destroyed, that no cathedral in France was worth the life of a single Prussian grenadier, shocked civilisation; yet most men would have been hard put to it to say why it shocked them, since all hold human life to be the most sacred of things. Yet the instinct was sound which classed the remark as a fellow of Blücher's observation on London, “What a city to loot!”, a remark which would not have occurred to anyone who had not the barbarian lust of destruction and the barbarian jealousy of the triumphs of human achievement. The way in which to test it for oneself is not to say “Would I rather kill my uncle or destroy Rheims?” or “Would I die to save Rheims?”; but “Would I take the risk, not the certainty, of death to save Rheims, or the Abbey, or such and such a monument?” The affirmative answer is given every day when the material object involved is not half so precious. None of us would take a ton of coal if it meant killing a specified man, and no miner would go down to die for the sake of a ton of coal. But every year's workings of the mines and the railways, every year's building and navigation, means—and must mean—many deaths, and both the community and the men involved think it worth it. The monuments of France and Belgium are on a higher plane; they are the embodiments of human aspiration, a perpetual challenge and criterion handed down to us from ages which were in some respects superior to our own. If they go we cannot replace them, and our whole nature will be the poorer for their loss. Even soldiers, therefore, who carry their lives daily in their hands, rejoiced when they found that Douai was intact and that much remained of Cambrai. The preservation of Ostend may be welcomed for other than spiritual or æsthetic reasons; at worst, it is the home of a great many harmless people, and its walls cost money to build. But the salvation of Bruges is an event worthy to be celebrated. Had its belfry, its square, its Hotel de Ville, its Hospital, its old streets, its canal bridges, gone the way of so many things on which the Germans have laid their brutal hands, the loss would have been felt and deplored by a remote posterity to which the war and all its issues may be merely a tale of things “done long ago, and ill done.”



# THE WAR: BY HILAIRE BELLOC

## A War of Movement

### The Enemy's Alternative Lines

**T**HE military situation is to-day, as it has been ever since the counter-offensive of July 18th, dependent upon numbers more than ground. The enemy's retirement is voluntary in the sense that he intends a retirement, but compulsory in the sense that it is perpetually taking a form which he does not choose; and it is this factor in the situation which is of greatest promise to the Allies.

Granted this, after an analysis of the movements of the present week there is another matter of interest in an examination of the line or lines the enemy might choose to rally upon, and of what his chances would be upon these, granted (which is improbable) that his numbers will, by the time he reaches such lines, suffice for their maintenance.

Three things have marked the movement of the past week. The first has been the big stroke in Flanders effected by the British Second Army, under General Plumer, the French upon their left, and the Belgians up to the sea, with its immediate consequence, the evacuation of the Lille salient, and the retirement of the enemy away from the whole of the sea coast and back to a line running due north and south (last Saturday) from just west of Tournai to the road between Bruges and Ghent. At the moment in which I write that line is presumably no longer due north and south, but bending far eastward in its northern part. Perhaps the news will come before these pages are published that it has even uncovered Ghent.

The second matter of the week has been the continued resistance of the enemy at the two points where his great lateral railway is chiefly menaced: the first, in the (for the moment) absolutely vital sector just north of Solesmes, on the right bank of the River Selle, at the point marked by the villages of Haspres and Haussy; the second, between the Argonne and the Meuse, in front of Buzancy, where the enemy is holding against the Americans in order to prevent that same lateral railway coming under fire at its southern end between Montédy and Sedan.

The third matter of the week is again a matter of movement, and consists in the combined French and British advance south of Le Cateau—that is, in the centre of the belt which the enemy still holds, covering and served by this lateral railway.

I will take these three matters in their order, the first being, for the moment, the most important.

#### THE ADVANCE IN FLANDERS

When the advance of the British Second Army, flanked by the Belgians and the French, had, at its first blow, cut the railway and road between Roulers and Menin, though the number of prisoners and guns taken was not very large, the considerable advance effected menaced the salient of Lille to the south and the strip along the sea coast to the north.

It *menaced* but did not yet *compel* the evacuation of either of these bulges. Courtrai was approached, but not occupied. This junction was indeed out of use, but the geographical point was not passed. On the north of the great bulge of Lille this menace did not destroy the very excellent water protection in which the enemy had the shape of the course of the River Lys. On the south of the bulge, against the Belgian sea coast, there was no water protection, but this bulge was less pronounced, and apparently could hold.

Were it true that the enemy had intended a retirement, was withdrawing his material at his leisure with that object, and proposed to fall back both from Lille and from the sea coast at his own moment, he could have done so in the interval following the first attack in Flanders many days ago. In a sense, of course, it is true that he intended that retirement: in the sense that sooner or later he knew he would have to make it. But the proof that it came at our moment, and not at his, is to be discovered in the fact that it immediately succeeded the second blow, and that, but for the second blow, it might have been indefinitely delayed.

All opinion whatsoever of students in this campaign or

of actors in it was agreed, and none more than the enemy higher command, that the immediate line of resistance lay from Lille to Metz, covering and supported by the great lateral communication by rail which unites these two terminal strong points.

The organisation of defence round Lille was extraordinarily strong. When the time comes for the publication of reconnaissances by air, and when the photographic maps are before my readers, they will agree with me that the enemy intended to hold Lille to the last; that is, up till the moment when further retention of it would be gambling with disaster.

Lille and Metz were the two bastions between which the curtain of the German defence was unrolled. Once Lille went, a large retirement at the north end of their line was inevitable. Now, this retirement meant the abandonment of the Belgian coast. The abandonment of the Belgian coast meant the abandonment of exceedingly important bases for submarine work upon the sea and of the emplacements from which spasmodic but powerful air attack had been directed against London. The neutrality of Holland caused the abandonment of this strip of coast to mean the denial of access to the sea at one blow over a distance of more than 250 miles, from Westende to Borkum. German action by sea was at a blow thrown back upon the Bight of Heligoland.

There was no prepared line behind the line thus abandoned, and the political effect of the retirement had also to be considered by the enemy. No wonder he delayed it!

What compelled that retirement was the forcing of the Lys water line, coupled with the advance secured by the second blow delivered this week. When the British had passed Courtrai, when the French and the Belgians had approached Thourout and Thielt, still more, when the water line of the Lys had proved vulnerable below Lille, both the salients necessarily disappeared. All the Lille salient was evacuated, and all the sea coast as well.

It is important to grasp the elements of this affair, because it is the model upon which we shall see the remainder of the retirement proceeding. At its best (for the enemy), this retirement will be a succession of such "pinching out" movements; at its worst, the successive blows may cause him a far greater expense than that to which he has hitherto been put and by such actions as this last in Flanders, until his armies break.

#### THE ARGONNE AND THE MEUSE, AND THE LOWER SELLE

This week, as in the week before, and indeed ever since the Franco-American attack on September 26th on the right, and especially since the great and (as I believe it to be) decisive battle of Cambrai—delivered by the British on Tuesday and Wednesday, October 8th and 9th—the enemy has been under positive compulsion to save the two points of the lateral railway Metz—Sedan—Mezières—Valenciennes which are most gravely menaced: that is, the two points where the Allies come nearest to that railway. Until he has found the time to abandon the belt which covers that railway, this lateral communication is absolutely vital to him. Further, when he shall make up his mind to abandon it, even if he does so voluntarily, he will find himself necessarily in a country devoid of similar opportunities, the country of the Ardennes, not difficult of defence, indeed, but very difficult of supply. Therefore does he till the last moment defend that line.

Now, as I have pointed out several times in these columns, to defend a couple of menaced points is still well within his powers. Severe as is the strain upon his man-power, rapid and inevitable as is its decrease, he can continue (so long as only these two sectors are menaced) to mass specially in their defence. Upon the north especially, upon the front just below Solesmes, the sector marked by the two villages of Haspres and Haussy, is it essential for him to hold, and there I think if we were to look at the maps of the staffs we should find his densest disposition of troops. There seems to have been a moment when the farthest outposts



of the Allies here beyond the Selle were within 8,000 yards of the line. Counter-attack apparently recovered some very narrow belt here, but the range is still approximately 8,000 yards or very little more. Let him lose at all seriously here, say another 3,000 or 4,000 yards, and the line is out of action. He has between it and the present positions no line of defence at all save the little stream of the Ecaillon, with good rising ground behind it, it is true, but far too near the line to serve as covering. Were he forced back to this stream of the Ecaillon, his lateral railway would be in the position that the Amiens railway was after the fighting of April 4th, when the enemy got well over the Avre; as we know, that advance put the Amiens railway out of action for four months and more—right up to the British advance of August 8th in front of Amiens. On the other menaced sector, on what may be called the Buzancy front, the danger is less pressing. There has been no very appreciable American advance, and the range from the first outposts of the Allies to the nearest point of the lateral railway is more than double that of the danger point to the north at Solesmes.

It is none the less vital. Any considerable advance achieved here, by bringing the railway under close range, would have an even greater effect than cutting it farther north, for it would at a blow destroy all the supply of what lay north and west of the point attacked. The enemy has therefore massed first and last twenty divisions on this narrow sector of 12,000 yards between the great wood and the river, and the ordeal to which the American army has been subjected has been correspondingly severe.

#### THE MOVEMENT SOUTH OF LE CATEAU

But it remains true that this concentration for the defence of the only two points menaced for the moment has compelled the enemy with his insufficient resources of men to weakness elsewhere, and the great series of actions which have been fought this week by the French and English south of Le Cateau are evidence of this truth. The advance here made has been remarkable, especially upon the British side. There is a canal running from the river Sambre to the high waters of the river Oise, and this canal is the water line upon which the enemy here depends for resistance. It has not yet been passed. The British have reached it at Catillon and farther south, and the thrust thus made into the enemy line is at once deep, peculiar in shape, and an evidence of his inability to resist in any sector less vital than those which he is defending at all costs. None the less his water line here still holds. Farther south the French have made a corresponding advance, reaching the canal at its point of junction with the Oise, but not crossing it. But they have crossed, and permanently maintained bridge-heads beyond, *the water line of the Oise*, which defended upon the north the big salient held by the enemy south of that river. This forcing of the upper Oise valley is important. It compels the centre to fall back. The French have crossed the Oise at Mont d'Origny and at Ribemont. The enemy had dammed the upper river and flooded the valley, and recent rain has rendered the bridge-heads at one moment (apparently last Friday) rather difficult to hold; but at the last news, that of Saturday, they were maintained.

Now the effect of this advance especially by the British well east of Le Cateau, and of this crossing of the Oise by the French, is exactly parallel to what Plumer and the French and Belgians did in Flanders. It proceeds from exactly the same cause, the inability of the enemy to mass in sufficient strength everywhere, the power of the Allies to strike where they will, the insufficient protection even of a water defence against our new tactics and numbers, and it has had exactly the same effect.

The advance beyond Le Cateau and across the canal is beginning to outflank the positions north of Solesmes, exactly as Plumer's advance past Courtrai began to outflank the positions up to the coast. The French crossing of the Oise corresponds to Plumer's crossing of the Lys, and must inevitably reduce the German salient to the south of that river precisely as the crossing of the Lys compelled the evacuation of the salient of Lille. Any great further advance of the British beyond the canal will turn the German positions beyond the Selle to the north and bring the lateral railway under close fire.

Meantime the evacuation of the German salient south of the Oise and the straightening of the line there brings the sector some miles nearer to the same lateral railway at Avesnes. The belt held here in the centre is still considerable; even when the French are in Guise, which cannot be long delayed, they will not be within 30,000 yards of the lateral railway, but with every such advance the sector to be

guarded gets longer, and when the central sector is back near to the railway, the general Allied advance will, I may venture to guess, have rendered that railway untenable. In other words, there must, as the pressure continues, be ultimately an abandonment of the belt in front of the railway, and a resolution, should the German line still stand intact, to attempt the holding of a line across the Ardennes, in spite of the difficulty of communication behind such a line, and the virtual separation of the armies of the Belgian plain from the Lorraine armies. We are approaching this crisis with every yard of the Allied forward movement here in the centre.

Meanwhile, in the face of this ceaseless pressure, it is clear that the enemy has determined to swing back all the northern end of his series of positions. His pivot is, for the moment, Mezières, and he proposes to relinquish point after point north and west of that pivot. The consequence of this successive abandonment of positions is to deprive one sector after another of the lateral railway of its importance. For instance, when he gave up Lille, no cutting of the line west of Valenciennes would have had much effect. Again, if he gives up Valenciennes, the pressure at Haussy, menacing the lateral railway, at once loses its strategical value—and so forth.

The situation here is a sort of race between the Allied advance by successive thrusts (creating successive salients which are successively pinched out) and the enemy's hurried removal of material back in his retirement. Much of this material he abandons and destroys, but it is the necessity or desire of saving the rest which delays him.

Such a retirement implies some line of resistance. The enemy may not be able to reach such a line intact; he may not be able to hold it if he reaches it. He may find it (like his second positions in the first week of October, after the British victory south of Cambrai) already pierced before he establishes himself on them. But a rallying line is still his necessity, and we must study what opportunities there are for such a line behind his present unstable positions. The first and most obvious line may be called that "of the Scheldt and Meuse." It does not follow, from its being the most obvious line that the enemy will either be able to stand upon it or will even attempt to do so. I only propose to show its advantages and disadvantages, *supposing* his forces to be coherent and his line unbroken when he reaches it.

The Scheldt affords a really formidable obstacle, as far as Termonde, at least. Nearly the whole way the river, like the lower Thames, is a tidal estuary. No direct attack upon it by infantry is possible, apparently, and in all this sector, which has Antwerp in its midst, he could save a great number of men.

From Termonde on southward he has the water line of the Dendre, a small stream, but one affording up to the level of Brussels as good a protection—at least, from direct attack—as the Lys did, and a better one than the Selle, which, as a water line, he has already partly lost.

Up the Dendre to a point covering Brussels he has, then, a water line. He would rely precisely, as he did in France, upon the Allies sparing the Belgian towns. He would, therefore, have excellent communications and billets behind him, for the road centres (which are also the towns) and notably Brussels, he could rely upon to be secure, both for his traffic and for his billets, and for his stores. It is a great advantage which he has, as an invader, over the invaded under modern conditions and with modern ranges of fire.

The sector next south of the Dendre, which stream the line would abandon at a point very slightly south of west from Brussels, would be his first anxiety. He must here defend open country with no good water line, and decide where, after a trajectory of anything between 50 and 60 miles, he would propose to strike the Meuse. His shortest line would lead him past Charleroi and to the Meuse just at the mouth of its gorge near Mezières. If he proposed to strike the river lower down, covering Namur, and holding the right bank of the Meuse, he would, in the gorge itself, be in easily defended country, but also on ground where rapid lateral movement is very difficult. He would, presumably, prefer to strike the river higher; and near Mezières.

The one advantage he has in this, which may be called his "open sector" (because he has there no good water line, so that, on a large scale, it is like the vital sector he lately lost in front of Cambrai), is excellent communications behind him. All the northern part of it is a net of roads and railways, and there are good lateral lines serving him all the way, as well as ample road and railway service back from and to his bases.

The last sector, that along the Meuse itself, to, say, Dun and the present front before Verdun, has the advantage of



an excellent water line, but the two heavy disadvantages of bad communications behind it—for it has nothing behind it but the Ardennes, with their deep ravines, sparsely inhabited country, few roads, and insignificant roundabout railways—and of largely separating his Belgian from his Lorraine-Luxemburg group of armies.

The Meuse is a broad and deep stream nearly all the way—with no fords till quite its upper reaches, and these easily flooded. It is a straight line, with the narrow mouths of the river-loops easily defended, and consequently a saving in men. But to supply the line holding it and, still more, to retire any considerable body across the Ardennes under pressure, would be a heavy task. Further, he would have behind him the deep ravine of the Semois, the few roads crossing which meet at very few bridges, the principal (and necessarily congested) nodal point being at Bouillon. The deep woods which dominate the east bank of the stream up to and past Sedan are to his advantage. But lateral movement on any large scale, to reinforce Lorraine from the Belgian plain, or the Belgian plain from Lorraine, would be impossible. That would be the main and probably fatal disadvantage of such a line: his armies would fall into two.

Further, the line—which now lies only a few miles behind his present positions—would be no great saving in length. Its considerable proportion of water rather than its shortness would be his asset in the saving of men.

Supposing this line to be denied him either by the nature of the pressure to which he is subjected, or because of the lack of men on his side, there remains as an alternative what is much the shortest line of all and what, had he retired upon it long ago, might have offered the opportunities for a prolonged defence. It is the line covering Liège and going across the "Haute Fagne"—that is, the high desolate moors of the eastern Ardennes to cover Luxembourg and Thionville, and rejoin the present lines in front of Metz.

It is a line which saves *nearly half* of the length he formerly defended between Metz and the North Sea. It has excellent lateral communications not far behind it, and, within two hours petrol delivery, the railway system of Western Germany. It is close to supplies, for it covers at no great distance his main factories. Nevertheless he will not take up that line, I think, even if the pursuit should permit, and that for this reason: that to take it up would bring the great and growing armies against him to the very borders of his own country.

Such a line is *politically* perilous in the extreme for him; even *strategically* it is, under modern conditions, perilous. It would put his chief industrial centres under ceaseless attack from the air, even so long as it held, a score of large German towns would become hardly habitable and, should it break, invasion would at once follow, and invasion *with no line to hold it*. Every line east of the Liège-Metz line is longer and longer as you go east: that of the Rhine is of an impossible length.

The Liège-Metz line would be an immediate promise of disaster, and it is probable he would accept the terms of defeat before attempting to hold it.

All this discussion of the two possible rallying lines of the enemy is, we must remember, very theoretical. What really governs the situation is the appalling drain in men suffered by a force already insufficient, and losing effectives twice as rapidly as it can remit. But, theoretical as the analysis is, it is worth making, because it instructs us on the remaining slender opportunities of defence which the enemy still possesses.

#### RESULTS SINCE THE FIRST COUNTER-OFFENSIVE

- (1) *War of movement restored to the enemy's disadvantage, and that disadvantage maintained and increased.*

Every movement, without exception, is a movement of advance on the part of the Allies and a retrograde movement on the part of the enemy. These movements, unlike those imposed by the enemy in the period immediately preceding (March 21st-July 15th), are continuous. The enemy in the period just mentioned had intervals of four weeks, thrice repeated, and this on account both of his losses in attack and of his lack of elasticity and rapidity in preparation, to which add his strategic habit of massed attack upon the largest possible scale. No interval between main actions has lasted a full week since the initiative passed to the Allies.

- (2) *Cumulative fatigue imposed upon the enemy.*

This ceaseless pressure, exercised at every part of the line successively from the Meuse to the North Sea, and maintained by a number of attacks upon comparatively narrow fronts, steadily extending, has left the enemy less

and less opportunity for resting his troops as the manoeuvre proceeded. There is to-day *no* "quiet" sector west of the Meuse. Of the enemy's total force, ten days ago, less than 20 per cent. were on "quiet" sectors, 50 per cent. were in line, against the full action of the Allies. Of the remaining 30 per cent., 23 per cent. were battered divisions withdrawn exhausted from the line, and unfit for action pending rest and recruitment; only 7 per cent. were fit recruited and rested divisions held in reserve. Such proportions have never been seen before in this war. And they are actually increasing to the enemy's disadvantage as time proceeds. For the rate of recruitment is less by far than the rate of loss. To this form of fatigue imposed must be added that of *increasing lateral movement*. As one's reserves decline, so one is under the necessity of making units travel further to reinforce threatened points or to relieve broken units withdrawn from the line. So long as you have ample reserves, you can distribute them evenly all along the line ready to support from each point on which they are placed the sections immediately in front of them. But when you have few and dwindling reserves, you have to send them now here, now there, at a moment's notice, and as your opponent strikes unexpectedly, at points widely separated, both the movement of your reserves and of your units in line is increasing active up and down the front—that is, laterally. This was the great asset of the enemy against ourselves last spring. He imposed a fearful strain upon the French and British armies by attacks widely separated which imposed exhausting journeys of concentration to meet them. For example, hardly was he held by concentration south-west of Amiens on April 4th, when, on April 9th, he attacked far off in the north, imposing on a number of French and English divisions journeys of 100 miles by congested lateral communication. To-day it is we who are putting a similar pressure on him.

- (3) *The losses inflicted on the enemy have been crippling.*

In men he has lost, as prisoners alone, *one-third of a million*, since the counter-offensive began. His total losses cannot be accurately estimated, but if we double the loss in prisoners we are certainly within the mark. His rate of loss is much more than double all his possible sources of recruitment, and it continues without interruption. His total losses since the opening of the year are approximately two millions, of which more than a million are definite losses—that is, men who cannot return. His divisions never approach, to-day, the old reduced establishment of 9,000 infantry (three regiments of three full battalions each). Their *average* to-day is certainly less than 6,000, and probably has fallen to less than 5,500. Their best, and therefore most tried, divisions are often to-day only skeleton divisions—from a quarter to a fifth or (in one recorded case) a *sixth* of full establishment. Of guns they have lost in this brief period the equivalent of one quarter of their whole artillery, and one-third of that present upon their Western front; and of this loss seven-eighths is loss by direct capture. The loss is at the rate of 9 per cent. a month—it cannot be replaced even at the half-rate at which the loss in men can (on paper) be replaced. More German guns by far have been taken since the counter-offensive began than were taken from the Allies by the Austrians and Germans combined in all the great attacks between October 17th at Caporetto and July 18th in front of Rheims. All our losses are already replaced. Theirs can never be.

- (4) *The conditions of aerial bombardment are reversed.*

Before the period under review the two capitals of the Allies were under perpetual bombardment from the air; the main western towns of the enemy had but little experience of such raids. The line so stood that all advantage in this matter was with the enemy. To-day the line so stands that some of his great centres are directly menaced.

The organisation has been produced which continually uses this advantage. The Belgian coast, essential to the raiding of London, has been lost.

- (5) *The southern submarine bases are lost to the enemy.*

His distance from the Straits of Dover, for instance, has increased at one blow from one or two hours to twelve.

- (6) (And much the most important—inclusive of all the rest) *The enemy has accepted the certitude of defeat.*

He is at the stage when a beaten commander with an army still in being manoeuvres no longer on the field for victory, but politically for time and the least disastrous terms.

What our attitude should be in the face of such manoeuvres is generally admitted. We should ignore them. But we also need a positive programme: concrete conditions of victory; and to these I propose to turn next week.



# What is Victory?: By Arthur Pollen

*In this article Mr. Pollen analyses the nature as well as the results of victory, and proves, by historical parallels, that justice is the only foundation of a durable peace.*

I HAVE been asked to explain what is meant by the word victory. It is a matter on which it is highly important that we should have clear and precise ideas. War took all the Allies, but especially ourselves, by surprise. We fought because in honour bound to resent the attack on Belgium and had this motive been lacking, we should have had to fight in self-defence. We fought without premeditation, without preparation, unready mentally, militarily, navally. Nor in fighting did we define our purpose more closely than to say, that the injury to Belgium should be made good and the military power of Prussia—the true and only begetter of this hateful tragedy—should once and for all be ended. And now, when after many vicissitudes, the Allies have victory in sight, the plain character of the war's ending is to many almost as great a surprise as the thunderclap of 1914. But there must be an interval between the certainty of victory and its achievement, and we shall do well to spend it in making plain to ourselves and to those who are to speak for us, what we intend our victory to mean.

## Definitions

Let us proceed from simple definitions of "war," "victory" and "peace."

1. WAR. War is a condition which follows, when between peoples there is a conflict of national wills, so bitter that no solution by an appeal to justice or reason is possible; when therefore the conflict inevitably passes to the arbitrament of force.

2. FORCE. Force means opposed armies on land and navies at sea. They operate against each other by *battle*, and against both each other and the enemy's entire polity, by *siege*. The object of battle is to reduce and annihilate the enemy's force by killing his men, destroying his material and sinking his ships. The object of siege is to hamper and straiten the enemy nation, to make civil and military supply difficult, so that ultimately the country and its armed forces are incapable of effective action.

3. VICTORY. When the armies and navies of one side suffer complete defeat or, fearing annihilation, have to withdraw from the field, so that resistance—hitherto maintained in the hope either that the enemy will weaken or that some reinforcement will come—is at last recognised as futile, then the complete and final paralysis of national life becomes imminent, and the worsted nation has no choice but to surrender. When this occurs the stronger side has achieved the victory.

4. THE PURPOSE OF WAR. By victory the fighting men have achieved what their country has entrusted them to do. The conflict of wills has issued in the will of one side being triumphant, and hence enforceable. It then becomes the province of the statesman to translate the victorious will into action. This is the peace, or treaty, or settlement, that follows from the war. Thus, it has been said that the purpose of war to the soldier is *victory*, and to the statesman *peace*.

5. PEACE. If war is an irreconcilable conflict of wills, peace should mean the negation of this, that is, a reconciliation of wills. The ideal peace is then not merely a state of non-war, but a condition in which no originating cause of war exists.

6. JUSTICE. Clearly then, if we are to put victory to its right use, victory in action should produce a peace that results in all parties, victors as well as vanquished, agreeing that the settlement conforms to something permanent and universal in all human wills. If it does not so conform, then the peace that follows is not peace at all, but latent war. This element pre-eminent in the human soul and common to all human souls is the sense of justice.

7. SECURITY. The test of peace then, is not that the will of the stronger side is made effective after war, but that its provisions are universally and always recognised as just. Unless this condition is ensured the chief condition of peace must be lacking, and that is security.

## Is an Ideal Peace Conceivable?

With these definitions before us, let us proceed to the case in hand. We are at once faced with this question. Has war ever ended in a peace which both belligerents agreed was right? If victory is the triumph of one of two conflicting wills, is a reconciliation of these conflicting wills ever conceivable? Is it not indeed almost inevitable that the victor must impose *his* will, so that, though force has failed the vanquished, though superior force has constrained his action into submission, must not his will remain in perpetual conflict? Does it not follow, from the bare meaning of the word victory, that the conquered's submission is unwilling, and hence that for active revolt the conqueror has only substituted hatred and the determination to revolt at the earliest opportunity? Must it not then almost follow from war that the peace is that contradiction in terms, a "bad" peace? The best reply to these questions is to show that

in history, and in quite recent history, there are cases of wars that have ended in a bad peace and others that have ended in a good peace. And if we are to distinguish these, we must go behind the peace and inquire into the nature of the will conflict that produced the war.

Take three salient cases. The Civil War in America; the Franco-German war of 1870; and the South African war at the end of the 19th century. In 1870 both Germany and France were originally

ally, wrong. Before the Civil War the Southern States were egregiously in the wrong. Before the South African war there was a situation intolerable to the non-Boer elements in the Boer republics, which was intolerantly maintained, and the remedies for this situation were ignorantly conceived, and unsympathetically propounded, and menacingly proposed. In a measure, then, both sides were in the wrong here too. Now if in a war both sides are originally in the wrong, it must be unthinkable that the war can end with both agreeing that one is right. And if one is right and the other wrong and the latter wins, wrong admittedly prevails. If one is right and the other wrong and the first wins, then indeed what is right may prevail. But such are the resentments and passions that war produces, and so great is the temptation and opportunity for wrongdoing which victory bestows, that the side originally in the right may be tempted into wrong action when the war is over. War indeed may reverse the moral relations, so that the conquered, originally in the wrong, may be left rightly irreconcilable, because victory inflicts intolerable injustice upon him.

## Settlements Bad and Good

Now if we take the three wars that I have quoted and look at them in the light of their ultimate results, we shall surely agree that the Treaty of Versailles was a bad peace, because whether France was right or wrong before the war, that treaty left her the victim of an unconscionable spoliation. Forty years after the war was over, every Frenchman and every impartial person of other nations, still felt that act of oppression to be an outrage on the world's sense of justice. Take next the North and South War. It would be hard now to defend all the measures that the victorious side took when the war was over. But to-day, just as there is no sane Englishman that does not rejoice that George Washington defeated George the Third, so there is no sane man in the former rebel States who, so far from being merely reconciled to the issue of the Civil War, does not heartily rejoice that Northern arms prevailed. In the Boer war we get a more striking instance still. If you could find a man with an intimate knowledge of South Africa up to the invasion of Natal, but ignorant of all subsequent events there until the invasion of Belgium, and explained to him how the Transvaal, the Orange Free State, Cape Colony and Natal were now all united as a confederated Union under a single government, of which the Boer Commander-in-Chief was the

**The Purpose of War to  
the Soldier is VICTORY  
—to the Statesman—  
PEACE.**



head; that the forces of this free, united, independent Republic were fighting alongside the soldiers of the British Empire in many a field; that General Smuts was a member of the Imperial War Cabinet, and the most eloquent defender of the principle of constitutional monarchy—what inference could such a man draw except, first, that the Boer Republics had won, next, that, as enlightened and honoured conquerors, they had voluntarily joined the association of free countries which, for excellent practical reasons, owe allegiance to the British Crown? Would he not see in these events, in other words, not only an alliance between the late combatants, but the weaker of the two in the seat of power? The peace of Versailles, then, ended in the French nation pledged for ever to revenge; the North and South war ended in the rebel countries whole-heartedly condemning their rebellion; the South African has ended with the Boers recognising the principle of political equality, and Great Britain in applying that principle to South Africa so thoroughly, that its destinies are now in Boer hands. Thus a "bad" peace created the cause of war; and a good peace made the conquered, in one instance, rejoice in defeat, in another the heirs of victory.

### Immediate Reconciliation Not Necessary to a Good Peace

Yet the defeated South and the defeated Boers at the moment of submission felt just as bitter resentment as did the French when they had to submit to Bismarck's terms. What is it that differentiates these cases? Why was not Versailles ultimately just as happy a negation of war as was Vereeniging, completed by the wise statesmanship of Lord Elgin? The answer is obvious. The first treaty was not in conformity with justice. The completed dealings of Great Britain with South Africa did so conform. Let us then start with the principle that, whether one side or both are in the wrong at the beginning of the war, there is no reason in the nature of things why the settlement after it should not result in a reconciliation of wills. So much at least these examples teach us. But they teach us something more, and it is that, it is no test of whether a settlement is right or wrong, that the conqueror and conquered should think alike when it is made. And from this we shall get the two principles to guide us in the peace it will be within the Allied power to enforce. The first is, that the peace must conform to justice. The second is that, while we may desire things which are unjust, the enemy's acceptance of our settlement is no test either way of its being fair or unfair. The principle that is to guide us must be justice as it is interpreted to us by the conscience of mankind—the monitor that has as its guide "the light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world." We must then appeal to constant and universal principles of right and wrong. We must assure ourselves by the maxim of Vincent of Lerins: "*Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*"

There also follows a third principle from the application of which we must not flinch. However just the terms of settlement, this cannot be willingly acquiesced in by all Germans immediately. Many will see in our terms nothing but a bare and merciless use of force, and simply because the national sense of right and wrong in Germany differs from ours. Some day the Germans may come to an acceptance of a code of right and wrong, identical with the rest of the world and, accepting that, may acknowledge their sentence to be just. But till that time comes, they must be constrained, not only to carry out the tasks and sacrifices their own ill deeds have brought upon themselves, but so that the power of repeating their crimes is taken from them. It follows then for a period at least that Germany must be disarmed, and that her capital, communications, frontiers, fortresses and ports must all be occupied. This and only this will give us the power of compelling Germany to accept and carry through the new order. Only so will the German conscience be brought to the realisation of its infidelity.

### The Terms of Peace

Now what are the universal principles that must be applied in the settlement of Europe and the world's debate? The old wrongs and the new must be set right. Oppressed people must be made free. The evils that have followed from conscienceless conquest must be redressed. In part this simply goes back to the original conflict of wills before the war, and war has created new causes of conflict. It was in itself a new crime. It has been marked by a succession of crimes abhorred and denounced by the whole civilised world. If there can be no security without justice, all the conditions of justice must be fulfilled. The conditions are simple and obvious. There must be chastisement of the

guilty, reparation of material injury, indemnification for personal suffering. If justice demands these things, security demands further that the repetition of the crimes punished shall be made humanly impossible. Thus we get amongst others the following as the elementary conditions of peace.

1. The complete freedom of the oppressed nations.
2. The personal chastisement of those who, by the cult of frightfulness, have plunged the world into barbarities more cruel than the worst of savages have ever practised—the murder and ill-treatment of prisoners of war; the enslavement of civil populations; the worse than enslavement of their women; the outrages on non-belligerents at sea; the sheer lust of destruction shown in the destruction of sacred shrines and of priceless libraries and of irreplaceable works of art; the lust, pillage and arson which have been pursued regardless of military purposes as ends in themselves. The most conspicuous of those who have originated and prosecuted these things must be made to suffer in their persons.
3. All stolen property must be restored, all wanton unjustified damage made good. The victims of all cruelty must be indemnified. The relatives of the murdered must be compensated. The detailed application of these principles in the form of territorial and political arrangements need not be elaborated, and I pass on to the specific application of these principles to the situation which the war at sea has created.

### The Sanction of the Sea

Here there are three matters of the utmost moment as to which the broad rights of the case must be left in no ambiguity. They are, first, the restitution due for the tonnage of the world destroyed; secondly, the future of the German colonies; thirdly, the future of submarine war. With these justice and commonsense require that Germany should receive a fair ration of sea service and raw material.

As was said in these columns last week, there must be no hesitation in dealing firmly and promptly with the tonnage question. It is the typical case of conflict in moral standards. Over twelve million tons of the world's shipping has been destroyed by enemy action, and practically all of it by action condemned by every code, national or international. It has been destroyed in obedience to the German belief that where their country can be advantaged, no treaty, no obligation voluntarily incurred, no moral precept, shall have the least weight. Right up to October 6th, when Prince Max of Baden asked President Wilson for peace, the leading German papers were publishing lying articles revelling in the achievements of the submarine, pointing to the alleged nineteen million tons of shipping it has sunk as if it were a great German triumph, as if these activities only had to continue to make Germany safe. Even Perseus—by far the sanest of the German naval and patriot writers—cannot hold back his tribute from this stupendous result. In mere justice "to the magnificent work of our submarine crews" he must point out that no one could have imagined, that in the second year the monthly figures of loss would still exceed 600,000 tons! And he quotes, with approval, Admiral Scheer's message to the Reichstag: "You may tell the country with a good conscience, that I have not a moment's doubt we shall bring England to negotiate yet by means of our submarines." Here then is a question on which Germany is truly impenitent. I make no point of the fact that her submarines are still at work, that the *Leinster* was sunk before the President could answer the appeal for peace. For the submarines are probably beyond recall. My point is, that here is a type case of what is involved by "justice."

First, there must be the arraignment and trial of those guilty of such horrors as Fryatt's judicial murder, the outrage of the *Belgian Prince*, the sinking of hospital ships, etc. Next, the cargoes lost must, at least in part, be made good, and certainly the families of every seaman and passenger wrongfully murdered, compensated for their loss. Clearly, until these moral and material debts are paid, the civilised world can have no sea dealings with Germany at all. It goes without saying that the damage to shipping must be made good without delay. To the extent to which the tonnage now in German ports fails to make this good German shipyards must, for so many years as are necessary, be devoted solely to this task. Finally, it is so to speak a part of the disarmament of Germany, not only that every submarine shall be surrendered; but that every shipyard, arsenal and engineering shop that can be used for making submarines should be kept under close Allied supervision.

I put these sea questions first and call them type questions, because the injury here is not one solely against Great Britain, but is an outrage upon the world. The declaration of ruthlessness was a declaration of war against all countries; and



in insisting upon its condemnation and punishment and on reparation for the evils it has done, we should have with us, as on no other matter, the support of all the world. Here at least there can be no question but that the maxim of St. Vincent will apply.

### The German Colonies

The German colonies cannot be restored for three reasons. First, the whole of their colonial enterprise has been a moral enormity. The Germans have but one method in treating natives. It is the method they have exhibited nearer home in the treatment of Belgium and conquered France. To those who doubt this I would commend the study of that admirable volume, von Hügel's *The German Soul*. It is the work of one who knows the German intimately and treats him with an insight that is as sympathetic as it is severe. Colonial enterprise has more than anything fostered the brutality to which Germans are prone. Von Hügel dissects and analyses this tendency with the precision of a demonstrator in physics. His case is completed by this extraordinary incident. "Not a decade ago," he says, "at a centenary celebration connected with the town and university of Heidelberg, one of the scenes enacted, which symbolised German colonial rule, began with German colonial officials in tropical costumes bastinadoing their native subjects, and ended with these same officials stringing up on trees these same coloured men."

The next reason against the restoration of the colonies is that the Germans have been as bad neighbours in Africa as in Europe. They have introduced there exactly the element which the United States in the days of Monroe resolved should never disturb either of the American continents. And it is a final point that, just as the German colonies have been made starting points of treason and rebellion in neighbouring states, so their seaports might in future be made available for outrages at sea. The security of the world's trade demands that this opportunity, like the possession of submarines, should not be given.

### The Future of the Submarine

There is, lastly, a question that affects the future of all sea war, and that is: what rules, if any, can be made to secure a tolerable use of the submarine in future times? As my readers know, I have for three years maintained that the simplest solution of all would be for the great Powers to declare the submarine contraband of humanity, to forbid its manufacture in their own countries, to see to it that it is

not manufactured in any of the late enemy countries, and to threaten any country that attempted to contravene this regulation with a ruthless boycott. There can be no *practical* difficulty in the elimination of the submarine if Great Britain, the United States, France, Italy, and Japan agreed to make it effective. Had this been proposed by Great Britain before the war it might have been objected to on the ground that the nation with the strongest surface fleet had the greatest motive for abolishing that form of naval force that threatened to drive the surface fleet into obsolescence. But war has fortunately proved that for practical purposes the submarine has not affected surface warfare materially. As an instrument in battle, or as an instrument to be used against the principal battle units, it has failed almost completely. But the most conspicuous of its disappointments is, as we have so often seen, its total inability to prevent invasion by a power possessing superiority of surface craft. It has lost, that is to say, the one rôle universally assigned to it in pre-war days—that of being a cheap substitute for navies for weak Powers. The argument is familiar, and need not now be developed at length.

But if there is any reluctance to accept it as conclusive, then at least restitution for all damage done by submarine should be established for all times as a law of future wars. It is possible that, if it is once clearly understood that the civilised community will insist upon the replacement of every ship and every cargo that the submarine destroys, that there may be some hesitation in employing it in an outrageous manner.

It cannot be too strongly emphasised that in the forthcoming peace discussions the conduct of sea war will be among the most debated of all matters. There are many in England who are prepared to abandon the right of search, and to accept those principles loosely associated with the phrase, the freedom of the seas. The fallacies underlying this discussion are many, and this is not the time to expose them. But from one observation I cannot forbear. In the wars in which the sea rights of Britain were the most relentlessly asserted, the sea service of the world suffered not at all. Few of the prizes that were taken or lost were destroyed. Neutrals during war had every facility for trading with the most powerful of the sea belligerents, and, when war was ended, the total sum of the world's tonnage was vastly greater than at its beginning. It is the new and not the old principles of war that have produced the present lamentable state of things.

*Mr. Pollen will continue in our next issue his analysis of the results of peace on the future of sea war.*

## Soldiers of Fortune: By J. O. P. Bland

**P**LUS ça change, plus c'est la même chose" is a saying probably more generally true of China than of any other country, for the reason that the nation's characteristics have become rigidly fixed by long centuries of self-centred isolation and the unbroken continuity of the Confucian system. Nevertheless, in the application of philosophic thought to human affairs, it is also true that out of the East we may always expect something new. The latest phases of the eternal struggle for place and power that absorb the activities of the intellectual bureaucracy of China reveal the growth of a type of militarism which no other race could possibly have invented or endured. This new system of arts and crafts, whereby the profession of arms has been made not only extremely lucrative but also practically devoid of personal danger for those who practise it, could only have been evolved and applied by the genius of a passive Oriental people, steeped in those traditions which combine deep reverence for wealth with an instinctive shrinking from personal violence. It is true that the rudiments of this philosophic conception of militarism have been known and practised at intervals by exceptional minds throughout the course of China's history, and, even in our own days (as witness the military career of that pre-eminent mandarin, the late Li Hung-chang), but there has never been in the past anything to equal the recently developed scientific combination of non-combatant militarism with the best principles of modern high finance. Two factors have chiefly conduced to the evolution of a new and very interesting species of mandarin, viz., the Republican military millionaire: these are, firstly, the lack of any effective central authority at Peking possessed of the requisite

sanction of public opinion; secondly, the gradual recognition by the leaders of the "military" faction of the fact that it is possible to feed and finance troops by means of loans from abroad when, through sheer lack of material, the plundering of native cities has ceased to be remunerative.

For those who look to the League of Nations to establish permanent peace on this planet, and to make a regenerate world "safe for democracy," there is food for serious thought in the methods by which the military governors (Tuchuns), who now control the destinies of China, are making life and property unsafe, in the sacred name of democracy, for a quarter of the human race. Remembering what happened at Peking in 1900, one wonders by what machinery of compulsion or persuasion the League would proceed to the restoration of law and order in Cathay?

### The Passing of Yuan Shih-k'ai

Before we come to consider the ingenious devices by which the Tuchuns and a handful of professional politicians are systematically exploiting the country, it may be well to review briefly the causes which have provided them with the opportunity of so doing. When, in 1911, the benevolent despotism of the Manchu dynasty collapsed as the result of its own internal decay, and of the popular unrest created by foreign aggression, the Government of the country passed into the hands of the Intellectuals of the Young China party, as ripe fruit falls from a tree, simply because the old bureaucracy became completely disorganised by the very suddenness of the crisis, and because Sun Yat-sen and his followers represented the only political force possessing any cohesion



and definite aims. But the Republic was never much more than a name, both for those who proclaimed it, and those who, *faute de mieux*, accepted it. Very speedily was the truth of Mill's dictum made manifest, that when a people of excessive passivity are given representative government, or have it thrust upon them, they will elect as their representatives their former tyrants, and the yoke will be laid heavier upon them. The "election" to the Presidency of Yuan Shih-k'ai, ex-Viceroy, Monarchist and orthodox Confucianist, was in itself proof that, except for the elimination of the Dragon Throne, the system of administration remained in all essentials unchanged. At the same time, it involved the certainty of civil strife and increased sufferings for the Chinese people, because, lacking the prestige of the Son of Heaven, neither Yuan nor any other mandarin could hope so to control the situation created by the revolution as to check the activities of the predatory and rebellious elements in the State. Yuan's dictatorship, and his subsequent attempt to restore the Throne, were inevitable, in strict accordance with every tradition and principle of Chinese statecraft. Had he had a free hand, unfettered by the intervention of foreign Powers or the claims of foreign bondholders, had his opponents not been assisted by money and encouraged by advice from abroad, he would in all probability have succeeded in restoring peace and order in the Middle Kingdom. But the civilised world was too busy with its own troubles to devote any intelligent attention to China's plight and its causes. So Yuan died and was gathered to his fathers; and with his passing, the Chinese Republic, once more joyfully proclaimed by frock-coated mandarins as the spiritual home of true constitutional government, embarked with renewed vigour upon the primrose path of civil war.

Ostensibly, of course, and for decency's sake, this war has been proclaimed as a noble struggle for the vindication of pure democracy between the "reactionaries" of the North and the "progressives" of the South. Above the growling bass of the Tuchuns, breathing fire and sword, comes ever the shrill voice of the professional politician, endlessly disputing nice points of constitutional procedure, of the powers of Parliaments and Presidents, of cabbages and kings. But no Chinese, be he ever so humble, has any doubts as to the real cause of all these alarms and excursions, the real motive of these warring factions. As it was under the Manchus, and under the Mings before them, so it is under the Republic. The struggle remains essentially a struggle for money; and the men who direct it, on both sides, are *pur-sang* mandarins, trained in all the traditions of a bureaucracy which lives not for, but on, the people. The leopard has not changed his spots; he has merely camouflaged them with a new design of parliamentary jargon.

### Survival of the Grey and Elder Statesmen

For observe: the prominent leaders of the "Northern" and "Southern" parties, the men who direct the manipulation of elections and the activities of the rival Parliaments at Peking and Canton, are nearly all mandarins who learned their business and held high office under the Manchus and, after them, under Yuan Shih-k'ai. Who are now the acknowledged spokesmen of the Cantonese "Radicals," of the party which recently proposed to seize the revenues of the Maritime Customs in order to provide funds for the bandit forces of General Lu Yung-ting? Foremost among them is the aged Wu Ting-fang, erstwhile representative of Her Majesty Tzu Hsi at Washington, an Oriental prototype of the Vicar of Bray; and associated with him are two typical mandarins of the old regime, to wit, Tsen Chun-hsuan, ex-Viceroy of Kueichou, once a faithful and reputedly blood-thirsty henchman of the "Old Buddha," and Tang-Shao-yi, a graduate of Yale and Minister of Foreign Affairs under the last of the Manchus. As for the leaders of the so-called Northern Party, the steadfast continuity of their political traditions might be proved by countless instances. Let it suffice here to observe that the dignitary whom they have recently elected to the Presidency of the Republic (with the approval of the Tuchuns in conference assembled) is the patriarchal Hsü Shih-chang, ex-Viceroy of Manchuria, Imperial tutor and guardian of the Heir Apparent. His election, which has been promptly greeted by a fresh declaration of war from his ex-colleagues at Canton, obviously suggests the probability of a new movement for the restoration of the throne in the near future. Also, it points unmistakably to the hidden hand of Liang Shih-yi, shrewdest and subtlest of Chinese politicians, a Cantonese (but of the orthodox school), past-master of political finance and commercial diplomacy. The record and achievements of this remarkably silent but all-pervading personage have not received

abroad the attention they deserve. At Peking, as Minister of Communications before the revolution, he had proved himself to be an administrator of extraordinary ability; as Yuan Shih-k'ai's confidential secretary and chief adviser, he was chiefly responsible for the skilful abdication of the Manchus and for the subsequent organisation of the monarchical movement. Always unobtrusive, his methods and principles are those of the old classical mandarin. But Liang may confidently be expected to emerge, at the right moment, with attractive proposals for a *modus vivendi* based on equality of opportunity.

No one knows better than this most astute of wire-pullers that the Tuchuns are not concerned so much with the science of war as with the science of nest-feathering; also, he knows that on the day when Tuan Chi-jui and his colleagues of the Cabinet at Peking can no longer provide the ten million dollars a month which the Tuchuns declare to be requisite for the initial preparation of their forces for the fray, the time will have arrived for an amicable compromise with regard to the essentially academic principles of representative government. As matters stand, the Government at Peking has come within measurable distance of that time, for the only two sources from which it can still hope to draw money are the proposed opium monopoly and fresh borrowings from the Industrial Bank of Japan; both of which are doubtful not to say dangerous. "Administrative" and "military" expenses under the Republic have reduced the national finances to a state of chaotic insolvency far beyond anything achieved by the worst abuses of the Manchu Government, and this despite the great advantages which the Ministry of Finance has derived from the suspension of the Boxer indemnities, the rise in the value of silver, and the vastly improved revenues of the Salt Gabelle.

### The Business Side of Militarism

The question naturally arises, if, under the Manchus, the Government was able to meet its obligations and to finance the public services on an income which seldom exceeded six or seven millions sterling, why are the country's present resources insufficient for its needs? Why should it be necessary to mortgage the nation's economic and industrial future, not to say its dignity and sovereign rights, in a mad scramble for foreign loans at all costs? The answer is that the Tuchuns' highly ingenious development of the mandarin-squeeze system, in this business of bloodless but expensive warfare, is bound to empty the national exchequer, rapidly and completely, no matter what its resources. Their *modus operandi* was plainly shown at the August Conference of the Tuchuns in Tientsin, when, in spite of the fact that the nation at large is all for peace, the military governors voted for continuing the campaign against the South, on condition only that the Government should forthwith provide the sums required by each general for "mobilisation" and other expenses.

Whether militant or pacifist, the military party has, in fact, become a highly organised business enterprise, of which the Tuchuns are directors; their plunder-fed troops, recruited chiefly from the lawless element of society, combine the functions of small shareholders with those of a marketable stock-in-trade. As for this rank and file, it cherishes no foolish delusions as to the patriotic purposes of its professional existence; both Government and "rebel" forces are usually prepared to change sides at short notice, on being presented with reasonable inducements in cash, and provided that the risks of serious hostilities are not too great. This being the situation, all the talk about a campaign of the North against the South for the defence of the Constitution may fairly be regarded as in the nature of an enterprising business prospectus. We are also justified in concluding that this kind of enterprise will subside of itself, and the profitable occupation of the Tuchuns be gone, so soon as the Allied Powers come to recognise the simple fact that the present civil war in China (which, though comparatively harmless for the troops, is fatal to all forms of productive industry) is essentially a sordid matter of money. When this is realised, it should be possible, by mutual self-denying agreement, to withhold all further advances of money to either side. The strife would then come to an end.

The wider and ultimate problem of efficient administration and financial stability for China must await the restoration of peace in Europe. But it may safely be asserted that it can never be solved to the satisfaction of the Chinese people, except with the restoration of the throne, which is the essential centre of the Confucian system, and with some form of benevolent despotism. In the present state of the political development of the Chinese people, the idea of stimulating the Republican system of government is possible and can only lead to chronic anarchy.



# The Ramshackle Empire: By Sir Valentine Chirol

## Austria Hungary in Extremis

THE great gateway leading into the Burg at Vienna bears a noble inscription: "*Justitia fundamentum regnorum.*" Have the sins of the rulers ever turned a prouder motto to more bitter derision? The old "ramshackle" Empire of the Hapsburgs—to borrow the picturesque description applied to it by Mr. Lloyd George in one of his earliest war speeches—is groaning and creaking and cracking at every joint. Its very existence has been for generations past a flagrant denial of all the laws of justice which are truly the only sure foundation of kingdoms. For half a century after the Treaty of Vienna set it on its feet again, it flouted the laws of justice not only in Italy, where the very word Austrian became a curse, but even in the old Germanic confederacy, where its feeble primacy was rooted in obscurantism and reaction. Driven out of Italy by the wars of 1859 and 1866, and ignominiously ejected from the Germanic confederacy by the rising power of Prussia, it continued with the same incorrigible blindness to ride roughshod over the Slav and other alien peoples within and beyond its frontiers to whose subjection it turned for compensation for all that it had lost elsewhere. And, strangely and most lamentably, in this new orientation of her policy towards the East, Austria found willing partners and accomplices in the Magyars, who but a few years before had won the sympathy and admiration of the Western nations by their gallant uprising against Austrian tyranny. The Dual Monarchy which emerged from the Austro-Hungarian Settlement of 1867, was based upon an unwritten compact to maintain German ascendancy in Austria and Magyar ascendancy in Hungary. The Magyars, indeed, soon began to dominate Austria, and it was under the influence of Magyar statesmen, such as Count Andrassy, the author of the Dual Alliance with the German Empire, that Vienna finally turned its cheek to the Prussian smiter, and the Dual Monarchy, swallowing the bait of territorial aggrandisement in Eastern Europe, gradually adapted itself to the part for which it was ultimately cast in William II.'s scheme of German world-dominion as the steam-plough which he required to break up the Balkan States that blocked his way to his Turkish "bridge-head."

The annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina in 1908 and the simultaneous proclamation of Ferdinand as independent Tsar of the Bulgarians were stages in the joint operation for "pinching out" the little kingdom of Serbia, who had the audacity to play in the Balkan Peninsula a part analogous to that which the little kingdom of Piedmont had played in the old days in Italy, and to become the rallying point of Slav nationalism and Slav liberty against German-Austrian and Magyar ascendancy. But, after the total miscarriage of Germanic policy in the two Balkan wars of 1912 and 1913, which resulted, the first in the defeat of Turkey, and the second in the consolidation of Serbia's position athwart the Kaiser's road to world-dominion, it had to be admitted in Vienna and in Pesth, as well as in Berlin, that Serbia was not to be "pinched out," but must therefore, once and for all, be crushed out of existence. Once more it was a Magyar, Count Tisza, who, in collusion with Berlin, loaded the dice and flung at Serbia the Austro-Hungarian ultimatum by which Germany's "brilliant second" brought her mailed fist into play "according to plan."

### The Hapsburg Gamble

Yet for the Dual Monarchy, even more than for Germany, it was a desperate gamble. Save for her Polish provinces and Alsace-Lorraine, Germany was a homogeneous whole, and the German nation, drilled, disciplined, and educated for a whole generation at least to the great adventure, stood as one man behind the Hohenzollern war-lord. In the Dual Monarchy, on the contrary, the gamblers of Vienna and Pesth, though in control of the rickety machinery of government, had behind them only a minority of the peoples whom they ruled, but even in peace time could scarcely be said to govern. According to their own official statistics, both the German element in Austria and the Magyar element in Hungary were numerically, no doubt, considerably superior to any one of the half-dozen other nationalities over which they respectively lorded it in either half of the Monarchy; but the roughly ten million Germans of Austria were in an even more marked minority to the Slav races, Czechs, Slovaks,

Poles, Ruthenians, Slovenes, Croats, and Serbs, who, to the number of altogether seventeen millions, without mentioning three-quarters of a million of Italians, formed the bulk of the population of every province outside Upper and Lower Austria and the Tyrol, than the ten million Magyars of Hungary were to the non-Magyar populations under the Crown of St. Stephen. For, if there were two million Slovaks and three and a half million other Slavs, Croats, Serbs, and Ruthenians, and three million Rumanes, all united at least in common hostility to Magyar ascendancy, there were also a couple of million Germans scattered about Hungary, who held, not, indeed, from love, but from community of interests, with the Magyars. In Bosnia and Herzegovina, which were not annexed either to Austria or to Hungary, but placed under the direct sovereignty of the House of Hapsburg, the whole population, estimated at two millions, was Serbo-Croat, though the large Mohammedan element, amounting to over 600,000, whilst it resented the severance of its lost political ties with Constantinople, was naturally less disposed to be drawn into any Slav national movement.

Add to all these discordant elements the latent rivalry and antagonism which the compact of 1867 had only superficially composed between Vienna and Pesth, and which, whenever they threatened to break out afresh, had almost invariably to be mitigated by further concessions to the predominant Magyar partner at the expense of Austria. Even during the years of external peace, the Dual Monarchy had never known any long respite from internal friction. The Diet of Croatia and Slavonia had often given Hungary just as much trouble as the feuds between Czechs and Germans in Bohemia had given Austria, and, since 1908 especially, the Serb population under Hapsburg rule had made no secret of its hopes for ultimate reunion with its brethren of the Serbian kingdom. A fabric which could barely stand the strain of all the disintegrating forces at work even in peace time was not likely to stand the tremendous strain of war. A *frischer und fröhlicher Krieg* such as William II. promised his dupes might have helped for the time being to rivet German and Magyar domination on the various recalcitrant nationalities of the Dual Monarchy. But for the Austro-Hungarian armies the war proved from the very outset anything but easy and merry. Even the Serbian David more than held his own for a whole year against the Austro-Hungarian Goliath, who had boasted of an "execution," and had never dreamt of any real resistance from his puny and despised antagonist. In Galicia, against the Russians, disaster followed upon disaster. It was, in fact, in its armies that the dry-rot first showed itself, which has since then spread to the very vitals of the Dual Monarchy. The strong cohesive force of military discipline might have carried them through a short and brilliantly successful campaign. But as soon as the issue became doubtful the spiritual forces embodied in national sentiment broke the bonds of mere mechanical discipline. Why should Poles and Czechs, Croats and Slovaks, Italians and Rumanes, squander their lives in fighting for Austrian and Magyar taskmasters? The wholesale arrests and deportations and shootings of influential nationalist leaders by the Austrian and Magyar authorities in every centre of potential rebellion merely served to quicken the heart-searchings of the troops at the front, and the result soon became visible in the large surrenders to the Russians, and even to the Serbians, in the first stages of the war—with political consequences later on which then could hardly be foreseen.

Whilst the final outcome of the war seemed often to be still hanging in the balance, and the Germanic Powers could point triumphantly to the European war-map, East and West, as the pledge of assured victory, the Dual Monarchy succeeded in keeping up appearances. Internal conditions were known to be growing steadily worse under the pressure of our blockade—far worse even than in Germany, as was, indeed, inevitable with such a far less efficient administration. Disaffection was known to be rife, though we only heard faint echoes of the drastic measures of repression which it provoked. The stability of the army had been to some extent restored, though only by the humiliating surrender of the higher commands into Prussian hands and the stiffening of the Austro-Hungarian forces in the field by the loan of Prussian divisions. New Prime Ministers and Foreign Ministers flitted from time to time across the stage, but they were mere marionettes of no importance, wire-pulled,



one and all, from Berlin. The young Emperor Charles visibly fretted at times under the Kaiser's over-lordship. Now and again rumours were put into circulation from neutral countries that the Dual Monarchy would willingly get out of the war and make a separate peace with the Allies; and, curiously enough, they sometimes gained credence in this country, and even in circles that might have been expected to know better. For so long as Germany was not prepared to confess herself beaten, Austria-Hungary was no longer in a position, and she would, to shake off the German yoke, and as the war aims of the Allies steadily expanded towards the liberation of all oppressed nationalities, the only terms on which she could be granted peace were more and more clearly such as must shatter the whole fabric of the Dual Monarchy.

By a strange and very appropriate nemesis, whilst it was the Russian debacle that enabled the Dual Monarchy to prolong its huge game of bluff and tempted it at the same time to betray by its participation in the iniquitous treaties of Brest-Litovsk and Bukarest the full measure of its complicity with German ruthlessness, it was the Russian debacle also that gave the oppressed nationalities of Austria-Hungary their first opportunity to strike an open and resounding blow for freedom. But for the appalling chaos produced in Russia by Germany's Bolshevik hirelings, it would have been almost impossible for the Czecho-Slovak prisoners of war to organise themselves into an independent and effective army which, by its successful action in Siberia and Southern Russia, has won its recognition as a belligerent force from the Allies, and it would have been scarcely less difficult for another remnant of the old Austro-Hungarian armies, the Serbo-Croats, to escape in sufficient numbers to reinforce substantially the new Serbian contingent which has played so heroic a part in the recent offensive in the Balkans, and thus to lend irresistible weight to the just claims of Jugo-Slavia for union with liberated Serbia. Nor must one overlook the fresh impetus which the Polish movement for complete emancipation from Austrian and Prussian, as well as Russian, domination has derived from these splendid examples of Czecho-Slovak and Serbo-Croat effort. The weapon forged by the rulers of Austria-Hungary to drill their alien peoples into subjection has disastrously recoiled upon themselves, for it produced at first the military disintegration of their armies, and it is now hastening the political dissolution of the Monarchy.

### The Final Revelation

Not, however, till the abject surrender of Bulgaria and the establishment of the Allies' military supremacy in both the Western and the Eastern fields of war has the desperate plight of the Dual Monarchy stood finally revealed. Whilst the northward sweep of the Allied forces through Serbia to the Danube, and through Albania towards Bosnia and Herzegovina, confronts the Dual Monarchy with new dangers of invasion and severs the vital nerve of its communications with Turkey, the dearth of food-stuffs and raw materials, aggravated by reckless profiteering and administrative incompetency, has attained almost intolerable proportions. The moneyed classes in the towns and the big landlords in the rural districts laugh to scorn the maximum prices fixed by the authorities, whilst starvation drives the poor to lawlessness and violence. Corn itself was being sold some time ago for sixteen times the price officially allowed. All but munition and other protected war industries are at a standstill. The rolling stock and the permanent ways of the railroads can barely be patched up to meet the essential requirements of military transportation. Ministers have confessed to impending bankruptcy, and the Austrian *krone*, which had sunk at the end of August to over 60 per cent. discount in neutral money markets, fetched even in Berlin only two-thirds of its nominal value in the depreciated currency of the German Empire. But whilst hunger has provoked bitter recriminations between class and class, between town and country, between the two halves of the Monarchy, and even between Austria-Hungary and her German ally, the sense of impending catastrophe has now exalted the hearts of all the subject peoples, and the censorship itself has lost the power or the will to suppress the voice of open revolt amongst them. The correspondents of German papers have reluctantly admitted that in Polish, Czech, and Southern Slav provinces something like a general insurrection is imminent, and Dr. Kramarsh's Czech "National Council" has been adopted as a model by all the other Slav nationalities, and even by the Rumanes of Transylvania. Popular demonstrations in support of absolute independence have taken place in all the principal non-German and non-Magyar centres, and notably at Agram and at Laibach and

at Praz. The panic-stricken rulers at Vienna and Pesth, feeling the ground giving way everywhere under their feet, have suddenly professed a death-bed repentance, and declared themselves converted to a federal "solution" on the basis of national autonomy. As if there were any "solution" for an earthquake! Dr. Stanck, the Chairman of the Czech Party in the Austrian Reichsrath, flung his defiant answer at the Prime Minister, von Hussarek. A free Jugo-Slavia, an independent Great Poland, and a Czecho-Slovak State are already, he said, being born into a new world of law and justice, and the front of these three Slav States shall extend from the Baltic to the Adriatic. One of the Polish leaders followed in the same strain. It is no longer a question of a Prussian or an Austrian settlement of Polish autonomy. The Poles would stand for their full national rights and for the union of the three parts of Poland into one independent and indivisible whole. In Hungary, Count Tisza, the chief apostle of the German doctrine of force, has bluntly admitted that the Central Powers have lost the war, and must accept the consequences. The glib, thin-lipped Burian, the soulless hybrid product of Magyar arrogance and of the Vienna *Ballplatz* diplomacy, has already been swept away with the polished formulae on which he thought to ride the whirlwind. Finally, the Emperor Charles made his surrender in a manifesto promising to "my loyal Austrian peoples" the reconstruction of the Monarchy as "a federal State in which each race within its national domain shall form its own national State."

### President Wilson's Reply

Too late! Too late by four years, if not by four decades, as far as his own "loyal" peoples are concerned. Too late, also, as far as the verdict of the Allied Powers is concerned, for, by a fateful coincidence, on the very day on which His Apostolic Majesty issued that manifesto, President Wilson penned his reply to the Austro-Hungarian Peace Note. In cold, judicial terms he reminded the Austro-Hungarian Government that since the delivery of his address of January 8th, with the famous fourteen points, "certain events of the utmost importance" had occurred. The United States had recognised the Czecho-Slovak National Council "as a *de facto* belligerent Government clothed with proper authority to conduct the political and military affairs of the Czecho-Slovaks," and it had equally recognised the justice of the nationalistic "aspirations of the Jugo-Slavs for freedom." The President was therefore "no longer at liberty to accept a mere autonomy of these peoples as a basis of peace." They themselves "must be the judges of what action on the part of the Austro-Hungarian Government will satisfy their aspirations and their conception of their rights and destiny as members of the family of nations."

This is the doom of the "ramshackle" empire, for we know what the judgment of those peoples must necessarily be; and by the time it has been carried into effect under the guarantee of the Allied Powers, there will be nothing left of Austria but a German rump which will probably gravitate towards whatever form of German State emerges from the ruins of the Hohenzollern edifice; and, even if the Hapsburg dynasty survives the cataclysm, Hungary, shorn of all its alien fringes, will scarcely care to retain even the fragile tie of personal union to which the Magyars already threaten to reduce their connection with a diminished and humiliated Austria, whose malignant influence has been equally disastrous to them in false friendship and in open enmity.

1918

Over the sullen thunder of the guns  
The earth is shaken by the rhymed tread  
Of countless fresh battalions, and there runs  
A murmur through the ranks of eager dead,  
Who stir uneasy in their shallow bed.  
Each, to his neighbour whispers: "Not in vain,  
The struggle and the anguish: we have bled,  
Suffered, and died; but now will burn again,—  
More bright the torch we kindled! We—the slain,  
The shattered, the unconquered! In our stead  
Will these, our brothers, hold the reeling line,  
And through long nights our weary watches keep.  
All will be well, and we may now resign  
To them our ward, and turn again to sleep.



# Allied Subjects in Constantinople

By HENRY MORGENTHAU

*There was more than a trace of irresponsibility—from the Western standpoint—in Turkish methods of dealing with such Entente subjects as were at the mercy of the Constantinople authorities. The stories related here of the arrest of Sir Edwin Pears, and of others, attest the mixed characteristics and impulses of the Turk.*

THE Gallipoli deportation gives some idea of my difficulties in attempting to fulfil my duty as the representative of Allied interests in the Ottoman Empire. Yet, despite these occasional outbursts of hatred, in the main the Turkish officials themselves behaved very well. They had promised me at the beginning that they would treat their alien enemies decently, and would permit them to remain in Turkey and follow their accustomed occupations, or to leave the Empire. They apparently believed that the world would judge them, after the war was over, not by the way they treated their own subject peoples, but by the way they treated the subjects of the enemy Powers.

Now and then the Turkish officials would retaliate upon one of their enemy aliens, usually in reprisal for some injury, or fancied injury, inflicted on their own subjects in enemy countries. Such acts gave rise to many exciting episodes, some tragical, some farcical, all illuminating in the light they shed upon Turkish character and upon Teutonic methods.

One afternoon I was sitting with Talaat, discussing routine matters, when his telephone rang.

"*Pour vous*," said the Minister, handing me the receiver.

It was one of my secretaries. He told me that Bedri had arrested Sir Edward Pears, had thrown him into prison, and had seized all his papers. When the war started I had exacted a special promise from Talaat and Bedri that in no event should Sir Edwin Pears and Professor van Millingen, of Robert College, be disturbed. This telephone message which I now received seemed to indicate that this promise had been broken.

I now turned to Talaat and spoke in a manner that made no attempt to conceal my displeasure.

"Is this all your promises are worth?" I asked. "Can't you find anything better to do than to molest such a respectable old man as Sir Edwin Pears? What has he ever done to you?"

"Come, come, do not get excited," rejoined Talaat. "He has only been in prison for a few hours, and I will see that he is released."

He tried to get Bedri on the wire, but failed. By this time I knew Bedri well enough to understand his method of operation. When Bedri really wished to be reached on the telephone, he was the most accessible man in the world; when his presence at the other end of the wire might prove embarrassing, the most painstaking search could not reveal his whereabouts. As Bedri had given me his solemn promise that Sir Edwin should not be disturbed, this was an occasion when the Prefect of Police preferred to keep himself inaccessible.

"I shall stay in this room until you get Bedri," I now told Talaat. The big Turk took the situation good-humouredly. We waited a considerable period, but Bedri succeeded in avoiding an encounter. Finally, I called up one of my secretaries, and told him to go out and hunt for the missing Prefect.

"Tell Bedri," I said, "that I have Talaat under arrest in his own office, and that I shall not let him leave it until he has been able to instruct Bedri to release Sir Edwin Pears."

Talaat was greatly enjoying the comedy of the situation; he knew Bedri's ways even better than I did, and he was much interested in seeing whether I should succeed in finding him. But in a few moments the telephone rang. It was Bedri. I told Talaat to tell him that I was going to the prison in my own automobile to get Sir Edwin Pears.

"Please do not let him do that," replied Bedri. "Such an occurrence would make me personally ridiculous and destroy my influence."

"Very well," I replied, "I shall wait until 6.15. If Sir Edwin is not restored to his family by that time I shall go to the Police Headquarters and get him."

As I returned to the Embassy I stopped at the Pears' residence, and attempted to soothe Lady Pears and her daughter.

"If your father is not here at 6.15," I told Miss Pears, "please let me know immediately."

Promptly at that time my telephone rang. It was Miss Pears, who informed me that Sir Edwin had just reached home.

The next day Sir Edwin called at the Embassy to thank me for my efforts on his behalf. He told me that the German Ambassador had also worked for his release. This latter statement naturally surprised me, as I knew no one else had had a chance to do anything, as everything transpired while I was in Talaat's office. Half an hour afterwards I met Wangenheim himself; he dropped in at Mrs. Morgenthau's reception. I referred to the Pears case, and asked him whether he had used any influence in securing his release. My question astonished him greatly.

"What?" he said. "I helped you to secure his release! *Der alte gauner!* (The old rascal.) Why, I was the man who had him arrested!"

"What have you got against him?" I asked.

"In 1876," Wangenheim replied, "that man was pro-Russian and against Turkey!"

Such are the long memories of the Germans! In 1876, Sir Edwin wrote several articles for the London *Daily News* describing the Bulgarian massacres. At that time the reports of these fiendish atrocities were generally disbelieved, and Sir Edwin's letters placed all the incontrovertible facts before the English-speaking peoples, and had much to do with the emancipation of Bulgaria from Turkish rule.

Bedri, however, was a little mortified at my successful intervention in this instance, and decided to even up the score. Next to Sir Edwin Pears, the most prominent English-speaking barrister in Constantinople was Dr. Mizzi, a Maltese, seventy years old. The ruling powers had a grudge against him, for he was the proprietor of the *Levant Herald*, a paper which had published articles criticising the Union and Progress Committee. On the very night of the Pears episode, Bedri went to Dr. Mizzi's house at eleven o'clock, routed the old gentleman out of bed, arrested him, and placed him on a train for Angora, in Asia Minor. As a terrible epidemic of typhus was raging at Angora, this was not a desirable place of residence for a man of Dr. Mizzi's years. The next morning, when I heard of it for the first time, Dr. Mizzi was well on the way to his place of exile.

"This time I got ahead of you," said Bedri, with a triumphant laugh. He was as good-natured about it and as pleased as a boy. At last he had "put one over" on the American Ambassador, who had been unguardedly asleep in his bed when this old man had been railroaded to a fever camp in Asia Minor.

But Bedri's success was not so complete, after all. At my request, Talaat had Dr. Mizzi sent to Konia, instead of to Angora. There one of the American missionaries, Dr. Dodd, had a splendid hospital; I arranged that Dr. Mizzi could have a nice room in this building, and here he lived for several months, with congenial associates, good food, a healthy atmosphere, all the books he wanted, and one thing which without he would have been utterly miserable—a piano. So I still thought that the honours between Bedri and myself were a little better than even.

When the English authorities arrested the Turkish Consul and his staff at Salonika, the Turks promptly imprisoned nine leading members of the French colony. It took me nearly three weeks to have them released. Early in January, 1916, word was received that the English were maltreating Turkish war prisoners in Egypt. Soon afterward I received letters from two Australians, Commander Stoker and Lieutenant Fitzgerald, telling me that they had been confined for eleven days in a miserable, damp dungeon at the War Office, with no companions except a monstrous swarm of vermin. These two naval officers had come to Constantinople on submarines which had made the daring trip from England, dived under the mines in the Dardanelles, and arrived in the Marmora, where for several weeks they terrorised and dominated this inland sea, practically putting an end to all shipping. The particular submarine on which my correspondents arrived, the E 15, had been caught in the Dardanelles, and its crew and officers had been sent to the Turkish military prison at Afum Kara Hissar in Asia Minor. When news of the alleged maltreatment of Turkish prisoners in Egypt was received, lots were drawn among these prisoners to see which two should be taken to Constantinople and imprisoned in reprisal. Stoker and Fitzgerald drew the unlucky numbers, and had been lying in this terrible underground cell for eleven days. I immediately took the matter



up with Enver and suggested that a neutral doctor and officer examine the Turks in Egypt and report on the truth of the stories. We promptly received word that the report was false, and that, as a matter of fact, the Turkish prisoners in English hands were receiving excellent treatment.

About this time I called on Monsignor Dolci, the Apostolic Delegate in Turkey. He happened to refer to a Lieutenant Fitzgerald, who, he said, was then a prisoner of war at Afium Kara Hissar.

"I am much interested in him," said Monsignor Dolci, "because he is engaged to the daughter of the British Minister to the Vatican. I spoke to Enver about him, and he promised that he would receive special treatment."

"What is his first name?" I asked.

"Jeffrey."

"He's receiving 'special treatment' indeed," I answered. "Do you know that he is in a dungeon in Constantinople this very moment?"

Naturally M. Dolci was much disturbed, but I reassured him, saying that his protégé would be released in a few days.

"You see how shamefully you treated these young men," I now said to Enver, "you should do something to make amends."

"All right; what would you suggest?"

Stoker and Fitzgerald were prisoners of war, and, according to the usual rule, would have been sent back to the prison camp after being released from their dungeon. I now proposed that Enver should give them a vacation of eight days in Constantinople. He entered into the spirit of the occasion, and the men were released. They certainly presented a

sorry sight; they had spent twenty-five days in the dungeon, with no chance to bathe or to shave, with no change of linen or any of the decencies of life. But Mr. Philip took charge, furnished them the necessities, and in a brief period we had before us two young and handsome British naval officers. Their eight days' freedom turned out to be a triumphal procession, notwithstanding that they were always accompanied by an English-speaking Turkish officer. Monsignor Dolci and the American Embassy entertained them at dinner and they had a pleasant visit at the Girls' College. When the time came to return to their prison camp, the young men declared that they would be glad to spend another month in dungeons, if they could have a corresponding period of freedom in the city when liberated.

In spite of all that has happened, I shall always have a kindly feeling towards Enver for his treatment of Fitzgerald. I told the Minister of War about the lieutenant's engagement.

"Don't you think he's been punished enough?" I asked. "Why don't you let the boy go home and marry his sweetheart?"

The proposition immediately appealed to Enver's sentimental side.

"I'll do it," he replied, "if he will give me his word of honour not to fight against Turkey any more."

Fitzgerald naturally gave this promise, and so his comparatively brief stay in the dungeon had the result of freeing him from imprisonment and restoring him to happiness. As poor Stoker had formed no romantic attachments that would have justified a similar plea in his case, he had to go back to the prison in Asia Minor. He did this, however, in a genuinely sporting spirit that was worthy of the best traditions of the British Navy.

## Colonel Alderson's Imagination

### A Story of Gallipoli

"IMAGINATION!" Alderson exclaimed. "Imagination merely casts a cloak of mystery round everyday events, and lends a mysterious depth to the most pellucid waters: it seduces the soldier to the level of the romancer, the poet, or the priest. It's a fatality: nothing less."

We had been discussing the temperament of the successful soldier, but without getting in any way to the root of the matter. I had put in a plea for imagination as the indispensable quality, but without any real assurance on the point. We all felt that Alderson was the one man who could help us out of our difficulty: he had seen the war in all its phases, and his silent apostasy from the faith of the professional soldier was a striking incident in a career which had hardly promised the unexpected.

"The romance of war!" Alderson went on. "There's a phrase which has sent more men to hell . . . no, my dear fellow, not to heaven . . . that facile optimism is no doubt very comforting to statesmen who make wars, but when you're lying out in No Man's Land, with machine-gun bullets playing round you in narrowing circles, the vision of Eternity takes a more sombre hue. One stares into the abyss, and is blinded . . . blinded . . . and not by the brilliance of the vision, I can assure you. . . ."

"Imagination, the capacity to see an immortal soul in the face of your enemy, or a woman's broken heart in the mangled remnants of a corpse whose proper significance is as a piece of useful building material in an emergency—no, Spencer, I can't admit that its anything less than fatal. You mentioned Broderson?"

"Broderson, the poet, you mean; yes, I did. I should have thought that he, the man of imagination *par excellence*, poet, critic, actor, with every gift of sympathy and sensibility; if he didn't fail as a soldier, it can't have been from lack of imagination. As a matter of fact, I'm told that by sheer force of will he became the most sane, practical, efficient officer you could want."

"Do you know how he died?" Alderson asked sternly, in a manner which was rather surprising.

"Beating off a small raid out in Gallipoli, wasn't it?" I replied, rather offended, as a matter of fact, at Alderson's pose. He himself had written some of the finest poetry which the war had produced up to that time, and his unaccountable bitterness on the subject of imagination I couldn't help connecting with his failure—through no fault of his own, mind you—to get a brigade

"Well, Spencer, I'll tell you the story of that raid now.

I've never told it before; but, well, one can't live for ever with an illusion.

"No Man's Land always dominated Broderson. It had not yielded its secret to him; and with the secret fast in its own keeping, it enchanted him with its undeniable flavour of romance. It held for him all those limitless possibilities which the desert holds for the explorer, and the future for a man who knows nothing—or everything—about the past. For a man like Broderson it had an illusory quality of reality; it was a menace to his egoism, a fantastic protagonist, the battle-ground of Titans and of his own dreams. You must understand this if you are to understand the story."

"One night in July I met him, as I was going round his company front; it was a new sector to all of us, in front of the vineyard, and our line was not so near the Turks as it became after the August battles, and I caught Broderson—caught him red-handed. . . . I use the words advisedly. He was stealing out over the parapet out into No Man's Land; and, believe me, there was a look on that boy's face of positive exaltation, of something ardently longed for, and now, for once, within—or, perhaps, only just beyond—his reach.

"I asked him where he was going; but I knew, of course. He was going in search of himself . . . that one unending quest, which modern egoism, or altruism, demands of all of us. He murmured something about the wire, shamefacedly—none of us, I suppose, like to stand pitilessly revealed to the outside world, and I can't flatter myself that he understood, well, that I understood, you know—"

"It was one of those clear, still nights when nothing could live outside our wire, except on the assumption that the Turk was asleep, which was not much of a habit of his; and I told Broderson not to think of leaving his lines. I felt, of course, that he considered me an ass; but my grief at this was tempered by the pleasant feeling of superiority which the old soldier who has finally conquered courage has over the younger and more refreshing enthusiasts who are still victims of that unsoldierly complaint.

"It was a dark, still night, full of the whispering of dead things, and echoing with the call of strange voices. I was almost . . . no, hardly . . . but in a mood—yes, distinctly in a mood—to be caught by the enchantment of the hour. I could have sat down and written something which would have touched the verge of things. But ten years' soldiering disciplines one, perhaps. Anyway, I didn't. I wandered on through Broderson's front line, and was groping my way along, when I became conscious—as one



does about one in the morning—of a singular stillness. A sense of solitude seemed to pervade the place, and it came on me that I hadn't seen a sentry for at least ten minutes.

"Imagine yourself arriving from nowhere in London as we know it, but finding it desolate, a tomb of memories, silent with the silence of the grave, and imagine yourself pacing the deserted streets, hoping desperately, as you rounded every corner, for some face to show itself—to hear even the echo of an unseen step. . . . Well, ten minutes of the front line on a night like this, without a sound or a sight of life, is enough to drive one as near to desperation as that would be—waiting in the antechamber of eternity with nothing very particular in one's pocket in the way of an introduction to the Almighty. You can imagine it. I looked over the parapet, and tried to pick up the familiar outline of the enemy's front line. I was looking into the waste.

"In the reflected half-light of the moon I could see No Man's Land clearly in front of me—see it for about four hundred yards or more—and the Turkish line was nowhere. I stayed there for some minutes. Instinctively I had loosed my revolver in my holster, and had my hand on the trigger. I was standing on a crumbling square foot of fire-step, and the trench from which I had stepped was only a foot or so across at that particular point. I was stepping down, had decided with an effort that it was clearly my duty to return to my headquarters, and Broderon's to continue the investigation of the trench, when my heart turned to stone. I had stepped down not into the trench bottom, but on to a biscuit-tin. In the utter quiet of that spot the noise was hideously jarring. It was as pitiless as the descending light of a flare, a discord in that enveloping harmony with which night attunes even the battle-field to the craving of the soul for peace.

"I took a half-sheet of notepaper out of my pocket—a bill of Sullivan and Powell's, as a matter of fact, . . . one remembers moments like that . . . and stuck it into a sandbag to mark the spot, and turned my back on the place. I had, thank God, been soldier enough to seek no far-fetched or romantic explanation of my failure to see the Turkish trenches in front of me. Had nature intended me for a poet or a dreamer I should have analysed the situation as it seemed, and faced it. To a psychologist, indeed, the situation as it seemed to me, and I facing it as I saw it, would have been the only ingredients of the problem. That's how Broderon envisaged it later.

"But I was different from Broderon; you must see that, surely. I had made a mental note of my impressions, I admit; but, setting these on one side, I had faced the problem by realising that it didn't exist. If the two opposing lines of trenches run parallel and are two hundred yards apart, and a man gets to a point in one of them when he can see four hundred yards and there are no trenches ahead, there is only one explanation: that he is in reality looking between the two lines of trenches, and not from one to the other. But the biscuit-tin. . . . This was a different matter. It is true that the only explanation which fitted the facts was that it had been all the time exactly where it was when I first noticed it. But I refused—no, that's too harsh a word—but I was loath to accept that explanation. I had made one sacrifice on the altar of disillusion, and I felt disinclined for another. A rare savour of adventure clung about that biscuit-tin, whether I liked it or not, and I turned back, to talk it over with Broderon.

"To talk it over. Innocent enough, even the ordinary soldier would say; and positively desirable, Spencer suggests, to have imagination enough to suppose that a biscuit-tin—of all absurd, prosaic objects—can have not only relevance, but a positive *significance*. Yet it was fatal. It was a fatality. And I, of all people, didn't realise it—not till it was too late.

"I had found my way back to Broderon, confirming, as I did so, that I had wandered, on coming towards the end of his line, into a disused communication trench (we had only captured the first Turkish trench on July 13th), and found him, to all appearance, normal, prosaic, collected, and, as a matter of fact, a trifle anxious about my whereabouts. I was always supposed to wander alone into rather dangerous places of a night time.

"I told him I'd just been having a look at the old communication trench, . . . no more than that, mind you.

"Did you find the post all right, sir?" he asked, quite casually.

"I was grateful for the information that there was a post—it must have been further up, of course, than I had gone—but the biscuit-tin preyed on my mind. Yet I knew Broderon; he was in a dangerous part of the line, and it was my business to see that he kept—well—self-possessed, and when I had caught him half an hour he had not been . . .

precisely in that condition. Yet I felt I should mention that biscuit-tin. It might, after all. . . . Well, my God, and so it might have! . . . Yet that flash of imagination was a fatality.

"I only went," I said, as I thought normally, in a plain matter-of-fact tone—the sort of tone a soldier should use—oh, yes, I was collected enough to realise my peculiar responsibility in the matter—"I only went as far as the biscuit-tin."

"Believe me, the boy's face literally froze with horror. I recovered myself with an effort, and asked, still more normally—if possible—what the matter was. You must understand there was something inhuman about that trench out of which I had emerged, as out of a dream. And soldiers must live in the present, blind to the call of romance—deaf to the fascination of the unknown, or the terror. A studied *banalité* of phrase was my weapon, for I had not only to disarm myself of my once-baulked imagination, but to bring Broderon back on to that lower plane when a biscuit-tin is a common laughable utensil of life—not a thing imbued with significance. The significant in war is precisely that which can be appreciated by the average man with the average mind; the unknowable, the improbable, even, has a significance only for the visionary; and I can swear to you, Spencer, a visionary in the trenches will see more than the eye of God Himself could meet with an unflinching gaze!

"I succeeded with Broderon, beyond imagination, as I thought. He became at once the respectful young officer, said good-night in the most normal of voices, and turned on his heel. And I flattered myself that it was only for a minute, at the most, that Broderon had believed just what I had finally refused to believe: that he had not missed that biscuit-tin in his last walk along the trench.

"Broderon's company had three more days in the line. When I left, I flattered myself that he was normal again. As a matter of fact, he went straight to the trench, to the point I had marked, and took bearings busily for half an hour; we found all this out afterwards, you must understand. Then he set off across No Man's Land. It was three-quarters of an hour's crawl to the Turkish wire . . . they were sending up flares all the time . . . and when he came back by our barricade he was nearly shot by his own post.

"Then he went to sleep. The second day he had the mysterious biscuit-tin removed, never telling anyone the whole time that he attached any importance to it whatever. But it is clear that he still clung to his theory. His patrol the night before had told him nothing definite; but it confirmed his suspicions that it was possible to get from the biscuit-tin to the Turkish line without being seen either by the post at the barricade or by the sentries in his own front line.

"The third morning he spent making maps, plotting bearings, writing orders. He was often apt to be a trifle mysterious with his officers, to give queer inconsequential instructions, to throw over the humdrum present the shadow of coming events.

"This evening he was in one of these moods, and he sent for his officers, and hinted at the imminence of danger. He had reason to believe that a raid might be expected that evening. He gave orders for a Lewis gun or two to be put in new positions, and he withdrew his advanced post to that ill-fated spot where I had halted the first night.

"Everything was quiet that night till three in the morning, when the Turks started their intolerable rapid fire; intolerable, I say, not because it was particularly damaging, but because of its utter futility. It was the sort of thing which made war really undignified, a deliberate breach of professional etiquette which was really humiliating. They hadn't put up this wretched performance since June 4th, and some of the later drafts may excusably have expected it to be a prelude to something. Broderon should have known better; instead, they told me that his face lit up with pleasure, thrilled with the fulfilment of his hopes. He called to his men to stand ready, and leapt to his point of vantage on that very square foot of crumbling where I had stood three nights before.

"My God," he cried, in a really triumphant voice, 'here they . . . His voice died away, to the staccato accompaniment of splintering bullets, and he fell forward.

"One stray bullet, one of the half-million fired that night, had found its mark. That was all that happened. And, would you believe it, Broderon's men—the men actually with him in the sap—really believed there had been a raid? And I had to recommend two of them for decorations. You see, I had no evidence . . . not a shred. They had been there, and I had not, . . . yet I knew."

"You knew?" I said, almost mechanically.

"I tell you, yes, I knew," Alderson answered hotly—Alderson, the man who distrusted imagination.



# Life and Letters by J.C. Squire

## Childhood in Retrospect

**M**R. W. H. HUDSON is known to many—though not to as many as he should be—as one of the closest and most affectionate living students of birds and beasts, and at the same time as the possessor of a simple and excellent English style. *A Shepherd's Life* and the studies of wild life at the Land's End and in La Plata have frequently been described as the nearest things we have to the work of Richard Jefferies, and the description is justified. Mr. Hudson has now, in a book boldly entitled *Far Away and Long Ago* (Dent, 7s. 6d. net), written a history of his early years. A succession of old scenes came back to him very clearly during a convalescence, and he wrote them down while they were fresh. He has made with them his best book.

For a book of the kind, it is a very diversified book. The tone is not varied, the writing glides smoothly on, and his details, whatever their nature, are harmonised and made coherent by that golden atmosphere, that even transparent glaze rather, that gives kinship to all things remembered from childhood. But in its material surroundings his was no ordinary English childhood, and he was not an ordinary child. He was born, in the middle of the last century, on the pampas, where his amiable and cultivated parents raised sheep amidst very rough surroundings. The young republic was dominated by the Dictator Rosas, "the Nero of South America"; the Hudsons' servants and most of their neighbours were wild gauchos, reckless and cruel, whose festive evenings commonly ended in fights with knives. At an early age he saw a beaten army straggle past his house and murder was a word soon familiar to him. He gives many sketches of the men and women of that day, some of them noble, others utterly vile, but all picturesque in raiment and individual in action; and the strangeness of the natives is heightened by their contrast with the few early English or Scotch settlers still clinging to their native conventions. Into that strange community, living in low estancias scattered over the almost treeless plain still full of birds and beasts, strange vagrants wandered, always on horseback. One was an English schoolmaster who would stay at a place for months, and then lose his temper and his job, mount his horse, and head for the horizon. Another was the most remarkable beggar in literature:

He wore a pair of gigantic shoes, about a foot broad at the toes, made out of thick cowhide, with the hair on; and on his head was a tall rimless cowhide hat shaped like an inverted flower-pot. His bodily covering was, however, the most extraordinary: the outer garment, if garment it can be called, resembled a very large mattress in size and shape, with the ticking made of innumerable pieces of raw hide sewn together. It was about a foot in thickness and stuffed with sticks, stones, hard lumps of clay, rams' horns, bleached bones, and other hard, heavy objects; it was fastened round him with straps of hide, and reached nearly to the ground.

This freak does not seem so singular in his surroundings as out of them. And there are many others, including a lady who, when St. Antony did not send her fine weather, let his image down a well to discover how he liked the wet. They pass over the pages in sequence, come and go; none stay, but the family, who linger in the background, a dim but friendly group.

Mr. Hudson's passion for nature, nourished by his mother, developed early. The naturalist who was to spend years watching English rooks and starlings, began by staring in fascination at scissor-tail tyrant-birds, ostriches, and flamingoes. At an age when his literary contemporaries were, at most, ferreting for rabbits, he was trying to catch an armadillo by the tail—the beast, which escaped by burrowing, threatening to drag him into an early tomb if he did not let go. He has none of those astounding stories with which he has sometimes tested one's capacity for belief—such as that, told five or six years ago, about the swan which was in love with a trout, followed it daily all over the lake, and finally attacked the angler who caught it. But he saw a dog which dived and caught fish; and he came upon two deer, a ring of does around them, fighting with horns which

locked, and never unlocked when they died. [He would lie awake in the darkness listening to the snakes sliding and whispering under the floor: snakes fascinated him, with their menacing movements and their rich lines. There were green and grey snakes, green and velvet-black snakes, snakes with bellies barred bright blue and crimson; and he found, and several times tracked down, an unknown velvet-black snake, six feet long, which once drew its heavy length right over his foot as he stood looking into a tree. But it is of the birds and the flowers, and the few and precious groves of trees, that he writes most.] Of birds, he must mention hundreds; and the most beautiful of all, he says, were the flamingoes. He describes, with emotion but without laboured effort, how, as a child of six, he walked over a league of meadow, and came suddenly to a wide water where multitudes of birds—wild duck, swans, ibises, herons, and spoon-bills—waded or swam; and nearest "three immensely tall white and rose-coloured birds, wading solemnly in a row a yard or so apart from one another . . . My delight was intensified when the leading bird stood still and, raising his head and long neck aloft, opened and shook his wings. For the wings, when open, were of a glorious crimson colour, and the bird was to me the most angel-like creature on earth." He describes later sights of flamingoes, standing reflected in a still river at sunset, flying low over blue water in a long crimson line; but the most beautiful picture he paints is not here, but when he describes a decorative effect which, in its way, not all nature could excel. There was an orchard of great old peach-trees, with black trunks, standing on a carpet of grass, covered with mounds of rosy-pink blossoms. In these trees thousands of little yellow birds often sat and sang; and one day a flock of small parakeets came and sat on them, amid the blossom. Such a picture is fragrant in the memory for a lifetime.

The setting of Mr. Hudson's tale is exotic; yet the history is familiar; for, where obstinate calamities have been avoided, it is only in essentials that men's early memories differ. The country of which Mr. Hudson writes is not Argentina; it is the country of childhood, a farther and more beautiful place; and there all men have lived, though not in all men are its impressions equally deep or its influences equally living, and few make a habit of revisiting it in imagination. A village street, a church, elms, farmyards and great hollow barns, a blacksmith's forge, meadows with cows, a reedy stream; a fishing-harbour, where nets are dried on the hill and the gulls forage the mud for offal at low tide; a rusty industrial suburb, builders' yards, geraniums, a black canal, and green and red signals in the night: they are all the substantial provinces of that unsubstantial land; the air of them, the speech, the manners, are the same. There were birds, animals, bearded old men, and a slight reticent little girl with pale complexion and flying hair. Aksakoff on the steppes beyond the Volga, Goethe remembering the gabled streets and berobed councillors of Imperial Frankfurt, they are looking back on the same world: a world extraordinarily vivid and picturesque, where the strong were more strong, the sweet more angelic, the quaint more odd; where the young newcomer first learned to know in others brutality and love, in himself curiosity, and silence, fear, cunning, sympathy, ambition, courage, and cowardice, the desire and dread of danger, resentment, fierce grief, and despair; where scents were acute to the nostrils, where bright colours were first seen, and the wonders of the elements first learned, the sun, the moon, clouds, sky, and stars, trees, flowers and water in its various forms, the wide whiteness of snow, the terror of thunder at night, the steely persistence of heavy rains. Time was long there, before we bothered to count or needed to use the minutes, and under the shadow of powerful authority we enjoyed a liberty like no other liberty; new things came unendingly and adventure was all around. We did not know then that we lived there, and our elders usually forgot it; but we know thirty years afterwards. The knowledge makes the contemplative sort of artist, in whom the mood of retrospection often becomes dominant, desire to set it down before he dies and one reporter has been lost. From this cause many beautiful books have come; and the book that has not yet been written will be the loveliest and saddest in the world.



# THE THEATRE

By W. J. Turner

**I**N *Roxana*, at the Lyric, Miss Doris Keane has secured a title for her new play almost as good as *Romance*, and not a little reminiscent of it. I did not see the earlier play, so I cannot say anything about it, but I find the popularity of its successor—for *Roxana* is the most successful play in London—somewhat surprising. Perhaps it does not pretend to be more than a background for Miss Keane's dainty figure—there are no signs that the author takes it seriously, which is a mark of grace—but even a background can have merits, and the merits of *Roxana* are about as easy to discover as those of the famous Rozinante, whose bones were more prominent than his virtues. The bones of *Roxana* are equally uncovered with any living flesh, and I should never have thought that the play could have run a week if I did not know what imagination could do. It is the same romantic imagination that made Don Quixote see in Rozinante the most fiery and noble of steeds that fills the Lyric Theatre with people who hang upon every word that falls from Miss Doris Keane's lips. Miss Keane is not uniquely beautiful, she is not a remarkable actress, she is not, as one would expect, a strange and pervasive personality; in fact, in all three respects she is surpassed by, for instance, Miss Jessie Winter, now playing in *The Law Divine*, at Wyndham's. But she is a type more uncommon in England than America; she has a certain charm and a peculiarly attractive voice; and, above all, she has had a poster which touched the imagination of London, of that vast London which has never been to Italy, which has never read Conrad, and which all unknowingly thirsts for beauty as bloodhounds are supposed to thirst for blood. The day will come, if it has not come already, when theatrical managers will realise the extraordinary power of the—shall I say?—"artistic" poster. It would be absurd to expect any general appreciation of recondite beauty, but one only has to consider that, of the seven million Londoners, half are disappointed in their marriages or their fiancés, and the other half in themselves, their relations, and their friends, to realise what an immense ever-present desire exists to meet, if only for a brief hour in imagination, some one beautiful, charming, and aloof from the atmosphere of their daily lives, and on what a little they will build so long as a row of footlights separates them from their ideal. Once given the start, their imaginations will do all that the most ambitious business manager could desire; and it was certainly the poster of Miss Doris Keane in *Romance* that invested Miss Keane with a power over the minds of the London public that (if she will pardon a personal remark which embodies a general truth) nothing but marrying her or becoming her sister could ever destroy.

The public is, in a sense, right in putting "personality" above good workmanship. There were quite a number of goldsmiths in Italy contemporary with Benvenuto Cellini who were equally skilled craftsmen, but whenever any of them had to compete with him for a commission his description of what his work was going to be was always so dazzling as to sweep his prospective client off his feet. This is how we all like to be dealt with. We do not want to find out by patient study and concentrated attention the merits of anybody. We want to be carried off our feet with a rush, and the greater the demand on our faith, the more we are delighted. For one thing, the public has not the time, even if it had the ability or the confidence in its judgment, to test everything for itself; it must take some things for granted, and, if its imagination is once stirred, it will take everything for granted. To be the greatest man in the world it would only be necessary to have your name continually in every newspaper, but never to have been seen. This is how men come to be legends and gods. If you are only a name there are no bounds to what people can conceive of you, the whole creative power of mankind is busy adding to your stature; and it is precisely because the exercise of the imagination is so much more pleasing than analytical reasoning that "personality" is more powerful than workmanship. We are not at fault in being so much more interested in "personality" or character than in the productions of our hands or brains, which we are only too apt to think of as so much dead matter; but the whole process of education in art is to lead us to discover that personality or character can be more profoundly discovered

in acting, painting, or writing than in the actor, the painter, or the writer, who, apart from his work, is often nine-tenths pose—that is to say, nothing at all.

Physical beauty has always been very properly appreciated in this country. I would say that it could not be too highly appreciated, but the standard in the past was rather apt to have been chiefly what I might call a quantitative one. The young Victorian girl's ideal was Cuida's six-foot guardsman offering her a peach the size of a balloon; the peach might taste like a potato and the guardsman be as stupid as an owl, but all was well with him if they were both of adequate size. In the theatre the standard, until of latter years, has been much the same, and it argues increasing good taste that the more subtle qualities of voice and grace which Miss Keane possesses should have been recognised. I wish I could discover some subtle qualities in *Roxana*, as a play, but I cannot. It was not at all the sentimental American play, as one might have expected; it was rather the flippant, "smart" brand and the acting, except for Miss Athene Seyler, as Betty Jackson, was poor. There is one amusing scene, however, where Mrs. Jackson and the Duke—there is always a duke in an American play—have supper alone together, much against the Duke's will, and she is highly excited in view of his reputation as a wicked man, and tells him that "no nice men are good, and no good men are nice!" However, much to her disappointment, the Duke, in spite of her gurgling endeavours to make him "nice," remains "good." This scene was extremely well acted by Miss Seyler, who was also very entertaining in the last act, where she is accidentally seen in her night paint—her hair in curling-papers and her face plastered with cream—by her lover, who calls her "a work of art!" which reminds me of the old comic song:

Her hair is on the mantelpiece,  
Her teeth are in the bath;  
One arm hangs from the sofa,  
And a leg lies on the hearth.

Apart from these two moments, there is absolutely nothing in the play of the slightest interest; and how the man who wrote it could have ever hoped to see it produced one could not imagine unless one had seen a great number of plays. There is, of course, a love interest, which, I suppose, is still considered as the strongest card a dramatist can play; and it is the most popular of all love situations, namely, that of the husband and wife who fall in love with each other after marriage. Why this is the most popular type of love story at the moment might be an interesting subject for discussion, but the essential ingredient of any love story is nowadays unwillingness of one of the parties. This is a far remove from the atmosphere of *The Professor's Love Story*—surely one of the worst plays, as acted in the revival by Mr. H. B. Irving a year or two back, ever written. That sickly and thoroughly false and unhealthy sentimentality has, I hope, been killed by the war, if not for ever, at least for some considerable time. The danger is now all the other way; the general attitude towards love is much closer to the French point of view than it has ever been before in modern England. In fact, in revues like *As You Were* it has become scarcely distinguishable from it, and the engagement of French actresses in these shows is symptomatic. Personally, I do not think *As You Were*, with its baboon "triangle," as nauseating as *The Professor's Love Story*; the former is but a cynical reduction to natural forces that is only disturbing to the superficial and ignorant, but the latter is a falsification of love by leaving out its basis of healthy physical attraction which I find utterly intolerable. It is also true that one would rather a lover rhapsodised about his mistress's hair than her soul, although neither limitation is satisfactory. It is significant that with Italian poets the language used is very similar, whether the poet is referring to his mistress's hair or her soul, the atmosphere being always heavy and languorous, and far removed from the open-air effect of:

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate

which suggests an ideal of beauty less oppressive and more elusive. The physical quality in which all elements are most subtly intermingled is the voice, and it is one to which least justice has been done by poets and novelists.



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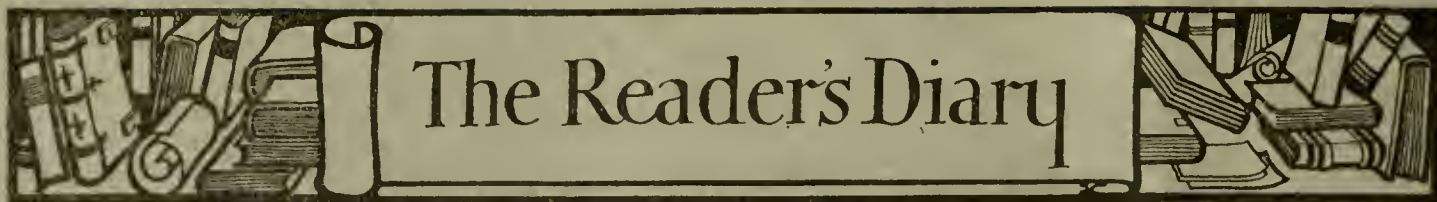
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# The Reader's Diary

## Recent Novels

## All About Russia

**M**R. FRANK SWINNERTON is justly reckoned among the rising hopes of the English novel; but I wish he would get through with rising and proceed on a level plane. His first book was published, if my memory is correct, as long ago as 1909, and his new story, *Shops and Houses* (Methuen, 7s. net), makes the eighth that he has to his credit. It is true that he has improved a good deal since he began, but his progress has been very unsteady; and one can never rely on him to maintain the improvement he has made in any given novel. Last year's volume, *Nocturne*, marked a great advance because it was all of a piece. This year's is more disjointed, and harks back to earlier faults. Yet it is an exceedingly good piece of work. Mr. Swinnerton's qualifications for fiction are a strong sense of humour, a competent and decisive style, and real intellectual power. His weakness is a tendency to overcharge parts of the canvas, so that some of his characters have sometimes an air of having strayed in from some other book—not always one of Mr. Swinnerton's books. Thus the Hughes girls here, with their small furtive amours and their perpetual manoeuvres to be publicly and safely married, have come over in large part from Samuel Butler; and much of their *malaise* is obviously due to a desire to be back where the atmosphere is more continuously ironic. But the saddest inconsistency is that shown in the portraiture of Beckwith, a small all but suburb in Surrey, where public opinion dragoons everybody, and particularly the young, into conformity with a useless social standard. Beckwith is now drawn by Mr. Swinnerton with the gentle, incisive irony that it deserves as a monster terrible only to those who believe in it; and this is what, in fact, it is. But presently he pulls out a quite unnecessary tragic stop and shows his young men and maidens finding safety in flight from a malignant and loathsome dragon. But, really, the innocent appearance of William Vechantor and his family, as grocers in a suburb in which their cousins lead society, would hardly have produced the effects Mr. Swinnerton insists on. Emanuel Vechantor, represented here as a confirmed savourer of Gibbon, would not have been so distressed about the grocer; and the cut delivered by suburban mothers and daughters does not make such havoc in the lives of suburban young men. Yet nearly all the characters portrayed are good, lifelike, and original, if only their creator would always allow them to behave in character.

William the grocer, his wife, and his children, Dorothy and Reg., are, if not triumphs of invention, then certainly triumphs of observation. Louis is also good, except in the fact that he feels himself more in the dark about the motives of other people than it is probable he would feel in real life. Novelists, confronted with the necessity of imagining what goes on inside the hearts of others, realise only too acutely that the souls of their fellows are indeed trackless wastes; and they commonly assume a realisation of this fact equally acute in their chief characters. But I think that Louis Vechantor would have earlier made up his mind, at least as a working hypothesis, that Veronica Hughes was trying, rather meanly, to marry him.

I am somewhat handicapped in writing about Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes' *Out of the War?* (Chapman & Hall, 7s. net) by the fact that an unwary and detestable reviewer had disclosed to me the answer to its riddle before I began the book myself. I cannot say, therefore, whether the secret would really be kept as long as the author intends. I think, on the whole, that it would; and, if it would, Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes has produced the cleverest and most subtly sketched German spy that has figured in fiction since the attempt became popular. I will not say more, for fear of spoiling some one else's interest in the tale.

Not so *A Chaste Man*, by Mr. Louis Wilkinson (Heinemann, 6s. net). Mr. Wilkinson is a very clever amateur, whose invention is unequal, but whose nose for the sordid is invariably true. If I am going to have nasty or ineffective people as the sole inhabitants of a novel, I prefer to have the novel well designed and written. Mr. Wilkinson has an individual talent, but he has much to learn.

I am every day more and more surprised by the numbers of people who know all about Russia and have known about it all the time. Princess Catherine Radziwill knew so much that she said in 1915 or 1916, of her book, *Russia's Decline and Fall* (Cassell, 7s. 6d. net), that she was writing "because I feel that it may help to explain some other momentous events, which I foresee, and of which it seems to me that the dawn is at hand." As the last sentence of the book states that "people had shown the army that the soul of Russia was with them; they had shown the enemy that, despite traitors, they were out to win; they would show the world that though the past had been punctuated with disaster and retreat, henceforth they were fighting as one, a nation with its back to the wall, determined to avert annihilation, eager to do its part in securing peace to a blood-drenched and slaughter-weary world"—as this is the note on which the princess closes we are left somewhat in doubt as to the nature of the things which presented themselves to her prophetic soul. There is no doubt as to what she saw in her capacity as a contemporary observer. She saw reaction enthroned and determined to make the best it could for itself out of the war. She saw scandals, muddles, and blunders of which we were informed in England only that the reports might be contradicted. And she saw—this is an amusing and instructive detail—the Grand Duke Nicholas occupying most of his time in playing large-scale practical jokes on the Jews, both inside the army and outside—a picture curiously opposed to that which we were given at the time, in all our newspapers, of the *Tsardom's* change of heart. Mr. Farberman's omniscience does not begin to be really important until after the Revolution. The best thing in his book *Russia and the Struggle for Peace* (Allen & Unwin, 3s. 6d. net) is the discovery that Russia crumbled because the reactionary forces hampered the democratic reorganisation of the army—a process which, he thinks, would have been satisfactorily achieved by the thorough application of the celebrated Order No. 1. If, as one may suppose, he identifies the reactionary forces with the officers of the army, it must be confessed that they paid heavily enough and in large enough numbers for their ill-guided interference. Baron Graevenitz, in *Autocracy to Bolshevism* (Allen and Unwin, 4s. 6d. net), is perhaps too gravely prejudiced a witness for Mr. Farberman to take seriously, for he was an officer at the front while the famous democratic reorganisation was being carried out, and the fear that he was in of being summarily executed by his own men seems to have instilled in him a dislike for Order No. 1, which proves his reactionary tendencies. For those who are accustomed, however, to judge evidence as it comes, without preconceptions, his simple, naïve, and by no means over-subtle narrative gives a convincing picture of the crumbling on the front; and I prefer it to Mr. Farberman's undoubted subtlety of exposition. But, then, Mr. Farberman is so subtle as to be frequently not a little puzzling. The villains, the trebly dyed villains of his highly coloured piece, are invariably the Allies; and one wonders what made him think it opportune to publish so bitter an attack on Entente policy when all the mischief is done and when the facts are too obscurely known, even to Mr. Farberman, for the time to be ripe for the meting out of historical justice. Mr. Stebbing's *From Czar to Bolshevik* (Lane, 12s. 6d. net) is much the largest of these four books, and might therefore lead one to suppose that Mr. Stebbing knows much the most about Russia. As a matter of fact, he gives us here a quite readable and not unduly cocksure diary of his experiences in Petrograd in 1917 and 1918. It would have been better if he had managed to get the names of the Russian parties a little clearer in his book; the confusion in which he presents Cadets, Socialists, Maximalists, Minimalists, Bolsheviks, and Mensheviks, suggests that he never quite got them clear in his own head. But perhaps these four books have a cumulative virtue which is denied to them individually. Our surest way of going wrong is to believe that any one person knows all that there is to be known about Russia.

PETER BELL.



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## HODDER AND STOUGHTON

Publishers .: Warwick Square .: LONDON, E.C.4



# Speculation Rampant: By Hartley Withers

THESE is a time for all things, and speculation, in its right time and place, is a useful economic factor without which material progress would be impossible. If nobody ever backed his luck or took a risk in the hope of a big profit and the chance of a big loss, experiment and development would, under our present economic system, be very seriously checked; and it is difficult to imagine any economic system under which speculation, under a different form, perhaps with a different name, would not be necessary to progress. Even in its narrow and most unattractive sense—that of gambling in stocks and shares—speculation is highly useful. Without it new ventures with a promising but doubtful future could not get the capital that they need, and even new issues of proved soundness might lack a home until the investing public, which finally holds them, had got used to the look of them. The investor is, rightly and naturally, a slow and cautious person whose choice of securities is apt to run in grooves; and the speculator meets a “felt want” by anticipating the demands of the investor and providing lodgings for securities that have not yet found a home in the hearts of real holders. Another useful duty that he performs in normal times is that of making a free market and reducing the violence of oscillations in prices. That the market is freer in a security which, thanks to the attention of speculators, is changing hands continually in large and small quantities, need not be argued. That speculation steadies fluctuations is, at first sight, something of a paradox. But a moment's reflection shows that the man who anticipates demand by buying a security or commodity that is out of favour and supplies the demand when it arises, lessens the jerk on its price that would otherwise be caused by the demand; and that the same beneficent function is performed on the other side of the market by the much-abused “bear” who sells short when a stock or commodity is run after, and so provides a steadying influence by his repurchases when the tide turns and a stream of selling overwhelms the price. These useful duties are performed by the average amateur speculator not only for nothing, but at a loss. He has to pay commissions and market “turns,” and contributes to the revenue through contract stamps. What one makes comes usually out of the pockets of another, and the whole body of the amateur gang is probably, on balance and in the long run, yielding a comfortable revenue to the better-informed professional operator who is always just ahead of them in getting in and getting out.

## The Boom of To-morrow.

The notion of an after-war boom in Stock Exchange prices springs, like hope, “eternal in the human breast,” and will only be abolished by the League of Nations if and when it abolishes war. Some of us remember the confident expectations of a boom after the South African War, and how it duly made its appearance and lasted just three minutes. It does not, therefore, follow that at the end of the present war there will be no boom or an equally brief one. In financial matters history by no means always repeats itself. It could not if it tried, because conditions are never quite the same. But one thing is certain: that the more speculation is built up on the expectation of an after-war boom, the less chance there is that the boom will happen. For speculation, as has been shown, itself defeats the expectations that it anticipates by providing an antidote for them. It is “plain as way to parish church” that the more people there are who are waiting to “get out,” the more their sales will undo the effect on prices of the after-war buyers who come in and bid for stock. As to how far these two influences will outweigh each other, and which will finally be the stronger, only those can say who can foresee how moneyed people will feel after the war, and how far and how they will express their feelings by Stock Exchange operations. Market movements are entirely a psychological question, depending on the number of people who think that the moment has arrived for buying or selling, and are in a position, by being possessed of money or credit, or of securities to be sold, to put their thought into action. So that the speculator on an after-war boom runs a considerable risk of finding his expectations disappointed, and the more he is multiplied and the more deeply he is committed, the greater he makes that risk by his own action.

So much for the speculator's chances from his own point

of view. Now for the question of the general interest. What are the prospects of the after-war financial position? No one can tell with any certainty. This we do know: that they are greatly improved by the certainty of the right kind of peace, and that every effort that statesmanship can make to relieve mankind of the fear of war, and the burden of preparation for it, will have enormous influence on the brighter side of those prospects. But even if we take the most optimistic view of the future, we shall probably admit that we have rather a difficult time to go through during the process of after-war adjustment and the switching over of the whole social organisation from war effort to peace work. That being so, it does not seem to be an occasion for giving any chances by encouraging any avoidable weaknesses in our financial fitness. One most important element in financial strength is the absence of inconvenient commitments which would force operations to realise if prices happened to fall. In other words, what the City calls a weak “bull account” is a dangerous weakness in ticklish times. The meaning of this phrase was that a large number of people had bought stock not for investment, but in the hope of a speculative profit, and were carrying it over in the market instead of paying for it and putting it away. Owing to Treasury control during the war, this kind of operation is no longer possible. Carrying over is, for the time being, forbidden. But though there is now no bull account in the old sense of the phrase, the same danger exists, and is all the more unpleasant because it is less easy to detect and check, if a large number of people have bought stock and taken it up with money borrowed from their bankers or from anybody else. Everybody knows that this sort of speculation had become increasingly fashionable in the years before the war, so much so that the grey-headed members of the Stock Exchange used to deplore it as an evil tendency, because, as has already been said, it is so much less easy to trace and control. In the old days (those old days the existence of which one is sometimes inclined to doubt), when nearly all the public's speculative commitments were carried over on the Stock Exchange, the Stock Exchange could see then the extent with reasonable accuracy, and if they became distended to a dangerous degree, could reduce them by a pleasant power known as a “shake-out.” But when speculation is financed by money-lenders outside the House, it is possible for a veiled equivalent of a bull account to be built up on a very large scale without the Stock Exchange jobbers knowing much about it. If this is now happening, which no one can tell with certainty, but well-informed opinion suspects rather strongly, the position is to that extent weaker than it need be. We do not want any kind of top-hammer when we face the possibly capricious breezes of after-war financial weather. We want steady and hopeful markets all round, and especially strength in Government securities. If a number of speculators want to realise shipping shares, industrial shares, and other securities that their fancy has selected, it is possible that owing to the comparatively narrow market in them they may have to do so at prices which may not seem satisfactory to them; in that case, if they are also holders of Government securities, they may prefer to nurse their holdings of the less saleable kind and turn out Government securities instead, which will not be good for the market in the latter, which we want to see as good as possible. This kind of mutual reaction of one market on another is a most disconcerting influence that has to be reckoned with by those who dabble in finance. Flawless calculations are often upset by some event that may happen at the other end of the world, and without any possible direct connection with the security that an operator had chosen to back. If we want any one market to be good, we want them all to be good; or the badness of one may poison the atmosphere of all. There is no need to anticipate honors of any kind in after-war financial events. The recent favourable movement in neutral rates of exchange has been a very gratifying proof of the general belief abroad that peace will bring quick recovery here and a marked improvement in the value of our currency and of our promises to pay. When we think of all that this war has cost in the lives of the best of us, and how immeasurably important for the future welfare of mankind the history of the first few months of peace will be, it is surely not too much to ask the speculator to consider, when he ponders the scope and direction of his activities, their possible effect on matters that may be rather more important than his own profit or loss.



## Crêpe de Chine Overblouse

Copied from an exclusive Paris model. Can be worn open or closed at the neck; particularly smart and comfortable. In extra heavy crêpe de chine, finished with coloured tinsel ribbon and rosette. In all colours and black.

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NOTE—The crepe de chine from which these blouses are made is worth fully **18/9** per yard.

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Useful Teagown (as sketch), in crêpe de chine, cut on long lines, giving pinafore effect both back and front; daintily finished with silk stitching. In jade, yellow, mauve, green, sky, turquoise, champagne, pink and black.

Special Price  
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All-wool black balbriggan cashmere Stockings, full fashioned. Exceptional value.

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6 pairs for **26/-**

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"March 11, 1918.

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and becoming, in  
a variety of exclu-  
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Fleecy Woollen Knitted Coat, in quite a new style, made from superior quality wool yarn. In various colours, with contrasting fronts. Our own exclusive design.

Price 73/6



H.2. Ladies' Sheer Linen Handkerchiefs, with six rows of veining.

21/- dozen.

Ditto with three rows veining.  
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**665w. Handsome Picture**  
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satin flowers, 3 guineas.

**605w. Effective animal**  
n skunk-dyed opossum fur  
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**Pillow Muff** to match, measuring 13½ inches wide,  
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**A good selection of Vails**, also veilling by the yard to  
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On account of the new Law, Catalogue only  
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**Hat, in black**  
of skunk  
tinted

**shaped Tie,**  
measuring

**690w. Becoming Hat**, in black mroir velvet, with underlining and swaths  
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This hat being hand-made can be supplied with underlining in a variety  
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Pillow or animal muff to match, 4 guineas.

*We have only a very limited number of these skins, and they cannot be repeated.*

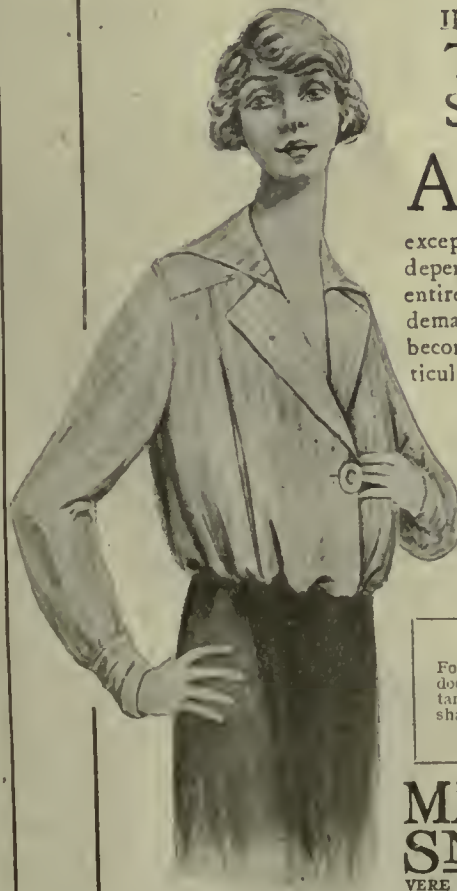
**692w. Charming Hat**, in black mroir velvet, and full  
crown of deep champagne suede cloth, trimmed skunk  
opossum fur, and ring of tiny chenille flowers, 47/8

This hat can be supplied with crown in a variety of  
beautiful colourings.

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Large pillow muff to match 75/- or barrel, 4 guineas.

ONE OF WOODROW'S NEW ADJUST-  
ABLE SHAPED FACE VEILS WITH  
ELASTIC. ALL COLOURS CAN BE  
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**A**LL our Shirts are our  
own exclusive de-  
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dependable materials, and  
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demand for practical and  
becoming shirts at a par-  
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**Well Cut Tailored Shirt**,  
in washing silk, with  
coloured stripes on white  
ground, square collar,  
perfectly fitting yoke  
and fronts with inserted  
pleats, fastened with one  
large pearl button. In  
a variety of coloured  
stripes.

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### GLOVES

For hard wear, 5-inch sac  
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9/11 per pair.

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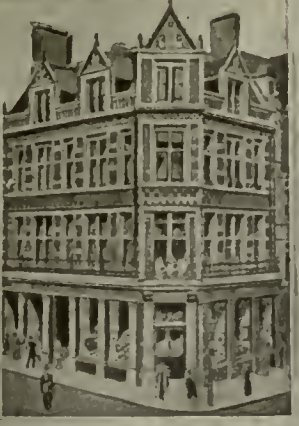
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Special choice Tan Leather Gauntlet, hand sewn. In black.  
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Eclipse

There is no reason to perpetuate the word "Cologne." "Esprit de Liège" is similar but far better; no staleness is left after evaporation.

The spirit of "Esprit de Liège" being undiluted, only about half the usual quantity is necessary.

Recommended by the *Lancet* and *British Medical Journal*.

Sir PHILIP BURNE-JONES, Bt., writes: This is by far the most satisfactory perfume of any description which he has met with since the war began.

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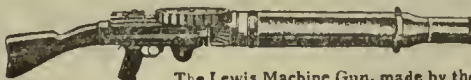
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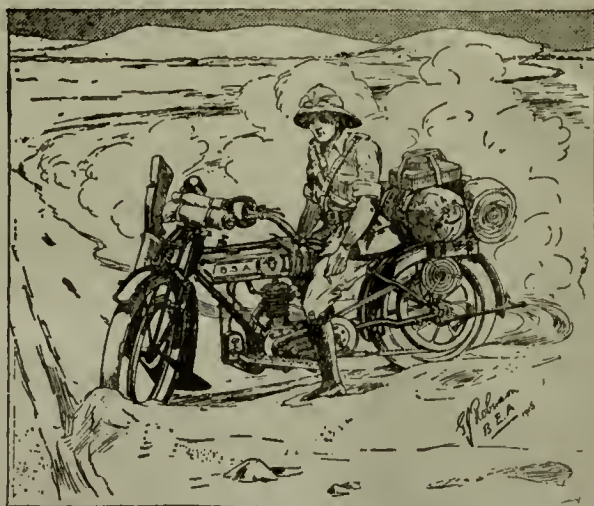
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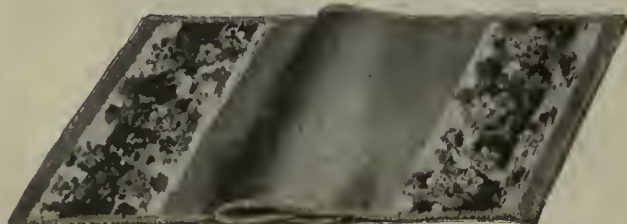
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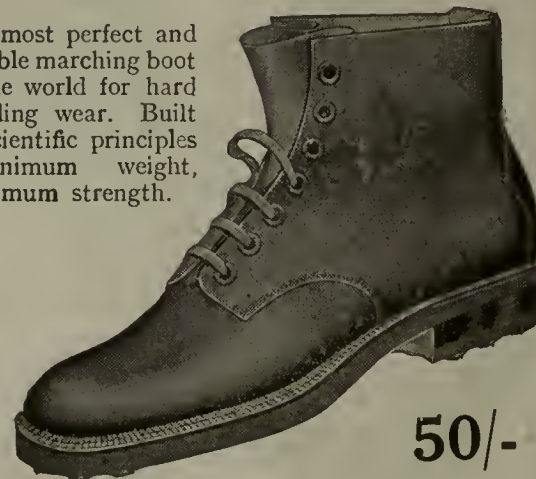
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# LAND & WATER

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THE END OF THE DANCE



# LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1918

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## The Deformed Transformed

EVENTS are moving so swiftly that it is impossible for a weekly paper to hope to keep up with them. As we write, the blows of Marshal Foch seem to have brought Germany almost to her knees. A remarkably humble note has gone to Washington requesting the Allies to formulate their conditions for an armistice—a task for Marshals Foch and Haig, Admirals Beatty and Wemyss; and Ludendorff, who has been for four years the brain of the German Army, has retired. Ludendorff is reputed to have been a very politically inclined soldier, and his departure is taken to signify the victory of the civil over the military authority. This victory is proclaimed in terms by Dr. Solf, who declares that the German constitution is being revolutionised, and that the Reichstag will in future have supreme control. We may hope that this is so. But, in the first place, we must observe that Dr. Solf is Dr. Solf, a man who has been a faithful minister of the old régime during and before the war, and that we shall have more confidence in new German measures when they are announced by new German men. And, in the second place, we must remember that merely principles and not machinery are as yet before us. Even constitutional machinery will be of little avail unless the power of the military caste is first broken; we know that the Reichstag has always had the right of refusing war credits, but we know what would have happened if it had refused them. We sincerely hope that the change has come. It means the end of Europe's bloodshed and misery, and sooner or later come it must. But it has always been held that in the last resort the Junkers might try to save their skins by a camouflage constitutionalism, coupled with "tempting" peace offers, and even at this last moment we can afford to assume nothing. No promises from Germany, no obvious reforms, are sufficient to ensure the peace we want if Germany retains her power in the field and (consequently) an element of bargaining enters into the negotiations. The indispensable preliminary to talk is, as President Wilson has laid it down, an armistice under such conditions that the power of the Allied armies to dominate the enemy, and finally destroy the power and the prestige of the Prussian Army, should remain unimpaired.

## The Break Up

Small and great events indicate how certain it is that, unless we allow the cup to be dashed from our lips, we have

now won the war and all our aims in the war. The neutral countries bordering on Germany, released from the tension of fear, are demonstrating their conviction that she is doomed; and Denmark has gone so far as to send a note demanding that the question of her stolen northern Schleswig should be reopened. And Austria, in a desperate note to Wilson, announces in so many words that she is willing to make a separate peace. If we gave an account of the negotiations it would be stale by the time these notes appear. But there is one thing that should remain immutable, and that is our terms. It is extremely unfortunate that the Allied Governments after four years have not been able to formulate publicly proposals of which almost the last "t" should have been crossed. Our default has left Austria an opening to make proposals herself, and there will be some who will support a process of haggling. But, as we have said here so often before, there is not room for much of it unless we are to trample upon the principles for which we have stood. We are solemnly pledged to the independence of Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia; we cannot but insist on the redemption of Italian Irredenta, Austrian Poland, and Hungarian Rumania; and little remains save the delimitation of frontiers and, presumably, discussion over commercial access to the sea. Happily every day sees some doubtful element in the situation cleared up owing to the action of the central nationalities themselves. Czechs, Southern Slavs, and Poles have all set up national authorities in their respective "capital" towns; the Ruthenians (who may be expected to join the Ukrainian State) have done the same thing in Lemberg; and even the German Austrians, with their old supremacy gone and an insolent Hungary on their flank, are talking of admission into the German Confederation. The puppet Carl may already be in hiding. The Dual Empire has ended; what remains is a truncated but compact kingdom of Hungary and a Duchy (or Empire, if the Hapsburgs still prefer the name) of Austria. The proudest dynasty in Europe has gone under because of its own long blindness, bigotry, and cruelty, and because European nations cannot indefinitely be kept in subjection.

## Influenza

We do not wish to be scaremongers about influenza. Bad epidemics have been known before; as far back as the eighteenth century a British fleet, watching the French coast, had to come home because almost its whole personnel was down with the disease. In our own time, although no one would deduce it from the papers, heavy death-rolls have not been unknown; and the general pseudo-contempt for it only existed because it was so often mild, and because the border-line between it and an ordinary cold was so indefinite to most people's eyes and so often ignored. When London papers come out with headlines about "The Plague-Wave," they are guilty of monstrous exaggeration, and of exaggeration so deleterious in its effect upon the public mind at a time of national crisis, that we are tempted to wish that we could drop a few journalists into the Black Death or the Plague of London. It has not yet come to the dead-cart, the bell, the crier, and the red cross on the threshold. The problem is a serious one, nevertheless. No one can understand how influenza disseminates itself so rapidly over the world; it has no obvious connection with soil or climate; and it is seriously suggested by the *Times* that its deadlier grip on us now is due to the depressing effects of four years nerve strain—one more argument against war, the worst of human scourges. The public was relieved to hear that the Local Government Board had summoned a special conference to discuss the disease. But we cannot help reflecting that in a well-organised country the necessary research would have been done years ago. We have spent time and money investigating the maladies of the West Indies and Nigeria; but as for influenza it was a British disease and nobody's job. The next time anyone publicly opposes or obstructs the formation of a Ministry of Health—we leave open the question as to whether actual research should be done there or in an allied department feeding it with results—we trust he will be howled down.



## THE WAR: BY HILAIRE BELLOC

The Meaning of a Lull  
Handicap of the Ardennes

**I** NOTICE that one civilian or political phenomenon has been repeated with the most faithful regularity throughout the war; and that is a fluctuation of opinion exactly following mere movement upon the map.

A carefully prepared blow is struck; there follows an advance of some miles on a broad front, and the capture of some thousands of prisoners and some scores of guns. Opinion regards it as the beginning of an unceasing advance which can but end—and that soon—in the breakdown of the opposing armies. There follow days in which, though there is very hard fighting, less advance is made; opinion becomes gloomy. Then there is what is called “a lull”; there is apparently no movement on the map. The most intense activity fills all the battle front. The belt just behind the line is as full of movement as a great factory or hive of bees. The most enormous things are preparing. But the public, which, beyond meagre (and not over-lucid) dispatches, has nothing but the map to go upon, calls it and thinks it a “lull.” If this “lull” lasts the better part of a week opinion has already in that short time advanced by great strides towards the fallacies of two years ago. You hear of “stalemate”: of the “folly of premature optimism,” and so forth.

Then after the “lull” the next tremendous blow, for which it was a preparation, is struck. There is another great capture of prisoners and guns, another advance, a sudden elation of opinion. So the circle goes its round.

A mere list of the whole series of actions from the middle of July to Cambrai the other day will show what I mean, and will, I hope, convince the reader.

On July 15th, by the early afternoon at latest, the last great German offensive was smashed all to pieces east of Rheims. Opinion had no inkling of this; but while the French were manœuvring for the counter-blow opinion still followed the battle as an increasing German advance still fraught with the gravest peril.

On July 18th, by ten o'clock in the morning, the counter-blow had been delivered at Soissons; the French and Americans had advanced to a maximum depth of eight miles, had taken thousands of prisoners and hundreds of guns, and (what was very much more important) had destroyed for ever the enemy's initiative and recovered it for the Allies. Thenceforward all the enemy's activities were concentrated upon saving himself as best he could and at an increasing expense, until at last he reached that stage in which we now find him, when he is certain of final defeat, and is only concerned with the moderation of the terms that will be imposed upon him.

It was natural that opinion failed, at the moment, to grasp the tremendous revolution through which the war had passed in those brief hours of July 18th; but every one will agree that in the next few days opinion was elated by the return of the enemy across the Marne, by the recapture of Chateau Thierry, and by the Allied advance.

Then things slowed down (on the Marne) until the end of July, and in the first days of August the reduction of the Marne pocket proceeded—but proceeded at a pace which was not sufficient for the eager hopes at home.

Those early days of August were days of “lull”; and “lull” produces its crop of absurdities.

On August 8th it should surely have been clear to anyone what that “lull” had meant, when the British forces in front of Amiens, with the French operating upon their right, broke right through the enemy positions. Again, there was an advance of some eight miles, again there was the capture of thousands of prisoners and hundreds of guns, again the slower reduction of a salient, and while this enormous affair was being worked out, exactly the same rhythm appeared in opinion as had appeared in the reduction of the Marne salient. The *Times* regretted the failure of “what might have been,” etc. It was again a matter of about three weeks—and at the end the line appeared again to have stabilised.

Then came the heavy blows of the end of August, the breaking of the Drocourt-Quéant switch, the enemy's taking

up his water-line in front of Douai and upon the Canal du Nord, his heavy fortification of the gap of Cambrai, his retirement to strongly organised and deep defences of what was called the “Hindenburg” line, Mangin during later August, pressing north of the Aisne upon the roads to Laon, seemed to make but little progress. The Chemin des Dames held, the repeated blows delivered all along the new German positions produced but little effect upon the map. The enemy retirement east of Lille across the Lys was certainly voluntary, and the month of September, up to its last days, did not strengthen opinion as the month of August had done. Had the next batch of preparations taken a few days longer than they did, the uncertainty of opinion would have returned. As it was, we were perpetually warned not to over-estimate the situation, but to remember that there were still 200 German divisions in the field (there were not—but that is a detail), and those divisions were always solemnly estimated at full strength. Then came, on September 26th, the opening of what may be called the main battle, which has raged continuously ever since.

First came the attack on either side of the Argonne. This sector was absolutely vital to the enemy. He massed upon it. The American advance east of the Forest of Argonne was checked, the French advance west of it preceded only by slow daily movements, with most imperceptible advances down the valley of the upper Aisne towards Vouziers. The Ornes was reached, but already we were in October.

If one had judged by the line of the map, nothing much would seem to have been done. The French had indeed reached the Ornes, and made the enemy retire from in front of Rheims. There was a certain movement, though not a very great one. Then came the tremendous blow of the British at Cambrai on October 8th and the other great blow to the north in Flanders in front of Ypres.

The blow at Cambrai had such great effects that no one could misunderstand them. The thrust had pushed the enemy line right back to Le Cateau. The thousands of prisoners and the scores of guns were again present in the dispatches, and, more important than this, the central salient of the enemy was in peril. It was abandoned, and he retired behind Laons. Still we were told that in Flanders weather conditions had halted the offensive, Courtrai had not been reached, Lille was still occupied, etc. Another short “lull,” and another set of silly misconceptions.

Then came Plumer's second blow in Flanders, with the startling (but surely obvious) consequence that the Lille salient went, and not only that, but the whole of the Belgian coast; and on that coast, so hurried was the enemy's retirement, the batteries were abandoned.

Most important of all, *it had been proved that on no line whatsoever, however excellent its water defences, however thorough his preparation of it, could he now permanently stand.* In other words, these three months were a disaster of such magnitude as no army has hitherto received anywhere in the course of all these great campaigns. Meanwhile the immediate dependents of Prussia found themselves increasingly isolated. The Austro-Hungarian system was breaking up, Bulgaria had collapsed, the Danube was reached. The Turkish armies had been destroyed, and Prussia herself had asked for peace.

What more, in all conscience, could those who confidently predict a complete victory expect? What further practical reproof can those who deny our approach to a complete victory demand?

## THE ENEMY'S CHOICE

But these last few days of apparently slow movement upon the map, with the line nearly halted upon the upper Meuse, only slightly shifting in the centre, showing its greatest advance a few miles south of Valenciennes and nearly stationary across Flanders, have another aspect which we ought to emphasise.

The enemy has, during these days of expectation (when he is but standing for the next blow—a blow he cannot



fully meet), the choice between two things: (1) the surrender of ground, (2) the loss of men.

It is a choice between two evils, either of which is ultimately fatal.

His resources are so much diminished that if he chooses for the policy of ground and holds to the utmost the water-line upon which he lies he rapidly advances the hour when he will not have a sufficiency of men to hold that line. He is subject to a pressure of numbers and material double his own. He has not a power of recruitment equivalent to one-half, or nearly one-half, of his rate of loss.

If in such peril he decides not to hold his ground, but to retire, two things confront him.

The first thing is the reduction to a politically perilous margin of the defensive belt of northern territory lying between his front and the borders of his own country—and this means not only the increasing anxiety and disturbance of opinion at home as invasion menaces, but also the power of attacking him from the air more thoroughly and more frequently. If he falls back across the Belgian plain he leaves to the hands of the Allies points of departure for aircraft which render the bombing of his western towns, particularly of his industrial group and of Cologne, no longer the very difficult, distant, and rare enterprise of the past, but an operation capable of daily achievement whenever the weather is possible for flying at all. Even as things now are, the distance of Cologne from the Belgian bases is slightly less than from the bases in Lorraine. Aix, with its Belgian junction of communications, is nearer to the possible points of departure to-day than from those of Lorraine, and every mile of eastern advance on the part of the Allies over the Belgian plain makes that situation more and more critical.

The second thing which the yielding of ground does is, as we have repeatedly pointed out, to separate the German armies more and more into two groups through the intervention of the Ardennes. At this point I should like to discuss a topographical feature which has not perhaps been sufficiently detailed.

The Ardennes, we may be told, form indeed more difficult country than the plains to the south and to the north of them. There are less roads, less habitations, less railways; there are deep and difficult ravines, etc. But modern conditions, with the power modern armies have of rapidly laying light railways, with the great extensions of road traffic through petrol (and so forth) must, it is urged, largely modify this disadvantage with the Ardennes present to the enemy. If he is thrown back against this region from the edges of which he is now nowhere more than thirty miles distant, and in places more like twelve, he loses altogether his present main lateral communication by which, hitherto, his front has lived. He has already lost it beyond Quesnoy and the remainder of it through Hirson, Mezieres, Sedan, and Montmédy would go also. But he has another line of lateral communications behind him and a first-class railway from Namur to Luxemburg. Why, then, should his retirement to the line of the Ardennes handicap him as much as we have said it does?

#### DIFFICULTIES OF COMMUNICATION

The reason of this is that a modern great army depends for its supply upon a network of communications, not only upon its main line, but upon the feeders from it, both road and rail; and that it is especially handicapped when its opponent possesses a better network than its own. Now, in the Belgian plain and in Lorraine, from the nature of the ground, and from the political development which the plains have permitted, there is such a network. The Belgian plain, especially, is a mass of railways and roads. But the Ardennes, from their physical conformation, have no such advantages. To bring up constant, regular, and large supplies from their one main railway to the front across the heavily broken country by roads which are few, and which all converge on the very few bridges of the deep ravine of the Semois, is a task which would not permit the maintenance of very great bodies of men upon the upper Meuse front. To say that the yielding of ground by the enemy up to the Ardennes would mean two, completely isolated German armies, one north and one south of the hills, is, of course, an exaggeration. It is a statement so exaggerated as to amount to a falsehood. But to say that the German armies would then be divided into two ill-connected groups is true.

What one means is that if ground is yielded up to and on to the Ardennes the group of German armies in the north will not be able to reinforce with any rapidity the group to the south; and vice versa. Supposing the enemy were to retire to the Ardennes, the forces remaining would

inevitably appear in density like a dumb-bell, the enemy would have one great mass grouped to the north, another in the south—and a waist in between. And this means, remember, that attacks to the north and south would alternate under conditions obviously favourable to the Allies.

The enemy knows all that just as well as we do, and he has decided, for the moment at least, to suffer in men rather than in ground. So be it. Either form of sacrifice ultimately means a strain which will ultimately break him.

Nor can he permanently stand anywhere. There is no line, if recent events are any guide, which he can regard as "a wall" upon which to hold and from which to negotiate. In other words, he is not able to guarantee his own soil from ultimate invasion.

If one desires a proof of that one cannot do better than look at the map in the region of Valenciennes. What has happened here in the course of the last week? North of Valenciennes runs the water-line of the canal of the Scheldt, and along that water-line the enemy stands all the way from Valenciennes itself to the region of Tournai and so up



the front by Avelghen. He holds many places in front of the water-line, but has nowhere allowed a permanent bridge-head to be formed across that water-line by the Allies, as yet.

South of Valenciennes comes a gap between the Scheldt and the big obstacle formed by the forest of Mormal, which obstacle has played a continuous part in all the wars of this region. It was the occupation of the forest, for instance, by the Austrians in 1793 which made possible the investment of Maubeuge upon the fate of which the French Revolution turned.

Now, in this gap—vital to the enemy—there are three parallel water-lines barring advance and forbidding the turning of the last great obstacle, the Forest of Mormal, and with it the turning of the Scheldt—lines like three ditches perpendicular to the direction of British progress along the edge of the great wood they must pass and turn. These three rivers are the Selle, the Ecaillon, and the Rhonelle. The enemy had very strongly organised positions dependent upon the water-line of the Selle, and the British had, after heavy fighting, secured the apparently precarious bridge-heads of Haussy and Haspres. They next delivered a blow which reached the Ecaillon. The Ecaillon obstacle is naturally stronger than that of the Selle. There is at least as much water, and the heights beyond are sharper. Yet the Ecaillon went, in spite of most vigorous efforts to retain it. When it went, the railways supplying Valenciennes from the south went too. Then, with yet another blow, the British reached the Rhonelle; and the last dispatches, from which I write, show that across this stream also bridge-heads have been established. Here was the vital sector for the enemy, very much resembling that one in front of Cambrai, where a month ago he had to put in all the strength he could to prevent a rupture between two main water-lines. We know that he failed to hold that first gap, and now we see he cannot hold the second. He would if he could. It is not a voluntary retirement. It is a forcing back under pressure which continues day by day; it is an involuntary yielding which has cost, already, 9,000 men and 150 guns



# The Definition of Victory: By Hilaire Belloc

**N**OW that the siege war is reaching the conclusion which all siege wars reach—that is, an unexpectedly rapid collapse—men in the countries which have succeeded are discussing hastily what they intend by victory.

I say "hastily" because, in spite of perpetual repetition, and in spite of the obvious character of the truths repeated, opinion did not grasp till quite the last few days either the nature or the inevitability of the Allies' military success.

Therefore it was that a false feeling of "stale-mate" coloured all that was said. Therefore it was that men envisaged some compromise with an enemy who (they thought) would be still strong at the close of the military operations. Therefore it is that to-day, when the military truth is apparent—I mean the truth that all the material strength of a people consists in its army, and nothing but the army, and that when the army is dissolved all the rest of the national forces lie at your mercy—men have hurriedly to revise their former erroneous attitude; they discover unexpectedly and with something of a shock what it is to have succeeded, and begin to revise their judgments.

From the very outset of hostilities the main characteristic of this enormous problem on its purely military side has been the calculation of numbers in men and in material. We have in this paper perpetually presented—especially throughout those long and difficult months when, through their tedium of war, men had come to doubt even the simplest and most fundamental military truths—the main conditions underlying all calculation.

## THE ENEMY'S INITIAL ADVANTAGES

So far as the original belligerents were concerned, the Central Empires under the Government of Prussia and in her train were overwhelmingly superior in men and still more superior in material at the outbreak of war. It was for that very reason, and in consciousness of such superiority that Prussia deliberately designed and forced on this war, refusing all arbitration and choosing her own moment and her own iniquitous direction through Belgium.

As we all know, that immense superiority was parried, though no more than parried, in the first battle of the Marne; the enemy was held in the West, where his principal opponents were thus given time to prepare.

The tide in numbers turned in the course of the summer of 1915 through the great effort England made to develop a vast new army and through the accession of Italy. In material the progress was necessarily slower. Early 1916 began to see something of equality in material, though this was heavily handicapped by maritime communications and by the fact that all available coal for the Allies lay in one island area.

But this gradual recovery in material upon the Allied side suffered from a geographical accident which nothing could repair. The Russian Empire—one full half of the Allied strength in men—was not industrialised; was in the main dependent upon the West for its supply of armament, and was so cut off from the West that only with the utmost difficulty, through two ports, thousands of miles from the front and blocked in winter, could material reach the Russian front. Consequently the Russian armies failed from lack of material. Their numerical value in men was more than counteracted by their penury in aircraft, in transport, in heavy artillery, in munitionment, and even in rifles. As a result, the Central Empires on the Eastern front took vast quantities of prisoners, inflicted losses out of proportion to their own, and reduced Russia to the verge of dissolution. That peril might, under other political guidance, have been averted; as it was, it brought about the dissolution of the State. From the early summer of 1917 Russia was no more.

Thenceforward the race in numbers had to start afresh. The Central Empires were once more in preponderance, the advent of the United States, with its huge potential resources, could not be felt for very many months, and there was time for Prussia and her dependents to renew the stroke of 1914, since Prussia and her dependents were once more in a great superiority of men and of material.

That superiority was used in the following fashion: great numbers of men were spared from the fighting fronts, were given a special training, and produced a new tactical method. That method was launched first at Caporetto in the autumn of 1917, and then against the French and British armies

during the tremendous attacks of this spring. Once more, as in 1914, the peril was parried; but this time the counter-blow came much more swiftly: this time the wearing down of the enemy numbers and the acquirement of superiority by ourselves was a rapid process; and this for three reasons:

1. Firstly, the enemy had exhausted himself by his tremendous losses against the French and English during his great drives. These losses were always duly accounted for by those who had the habit of calculation in military affairs. Unfortunately, public opinion, disappointed and fatigued by so many years of apparently unsuccessful war, doubted those calculations, and continued to believe the enemy stronger than he was.

2. Secondly, the enemy by his very advances had come to present dangerous flanks, notably at Soissons and at Amiens, where counter-blows would affect him profoundly.

3. Thirdly, the Americans arriving in their great numbers relieved the strain progressively. It is true that the effect was only indirect at first; it was none the less fundamental. It enabled so-called "quiet sectors" to be taken over by the Americans. It permitted the presence of increasingly numerous American divisions and lesser units in among the French and British forces, and it compelled the enemy to mass (and lose in proportion) on vital points where, against a lesser effort (supposing the Americans had not been present) he would not have had to use such great numbers of men.

## THE TURN OF THE TIDE

As a result of all this, the enemy numbers began to diminish with startling rapidity. Counting in divisions, their force still seemed very great. They had at the beginning of the counter-offensive—that is, in the middle of last July—205 divisions in the Western field; but we have since found that these divisions were already far below their full establishment. Even so, divisions had to be broken up at the rate of *two every week*—25 in three months—to-day more than 30 have gone; and even of these remaining the strength is lessening. In this last fight it has appeared that some of the most reliable and important enemy divisions are no more than skeletons.

In prisoners alone a third of a million were lost between July and October; that is a leakage in men by capture alone at the rate of more than 100,000 a month. In guns a fourth of the total enemy material was actually captured in the same period, and something like a third of what they had on the Western front was put out of use by capture and wear combined. Meanwhile, the rate of munitionment also declined; how rapidly we do not know, but vast quantities of material were captured during the Allied advance, and it appears that the supply of shell from the factories within the Central Empires is now also decreasing.

Now, in such a situation the armies of the enemy cannot hold. The exact length of time which it may take before their dissolution forbids them to maintain an unbroken line no one can tell. But the result is certain; and not only is certain, but is certainly near. When armies reach that state a hundred novel factors come in, political and military, to hasten the end. There is some considerable measure of political dissolution already at work within the enemy countries, and throughout the enemy armies the paralysing conviction that defeat is not only inevitable but proximate.

In such a situation it is necessarily the object of the enemy to save all he can from the ruin. His hope of arriving at a maximum of salvage is based upon discussion, negotiation, the atmosphere of peace talk, and the remains of that false idea long current among civilians that somehow or other his armies would always continue to be strong.

Upon our side the right policy is equally obvious. It is for the Allies to concentrate upon complete victory; because complete victory is now manifestly theirs for the waiting.

## MILITARY AND POLITICAL OBJECTS

But there is some danger lest the definition of complete victory be missed, and we shall do well to analyse into its great main elements the situation which confronts us. Only by so doing, and by getting our minds quite clear upon our aims, shall we either achieve an immediate strong peace or make it enduring.

The first great principle to retain in all such affairs is the



principle that *wars are fought not ultimately for military, but for political objects*.

The whole of military effort is but a means to an end, and that end is a civilian end. It is true to say that the difference between the very great soldiers in history and the lesser ones—or, again, the difference between the greatest period of a great soldier's career and its lesser, and often disastrous, sequel—is the difference between a man who understands that arms are subordinate to the general life of the State and a man who does not understand, or forgets, that truth.

Well, then, what was the political object of the Allies when they accepted the Prussian challenge?

It was exactly the same as the object of your private citizen when he accepts the challenge of a murderer or of a robber.

The Allies accepted the challenge because they had no choice save to accept it. A Power for the moment stronger than themselves had determined to make itself stronger still, to make itself completely master; it was no longer content to be merely the strongest State in Europe. It proposed to govern. Prussia, with her ring of allies and dependents controlling immediately on the declaration of war 120 million of highly organised population, and a few months later 150 million, then a little later again 160 million, challenged the civilisation of the West, well knowing that the imperfect development of the Russian Empire would not permanently affect her plans. In one phrase, which has been thought rhetorical, but which is perfectly true, France and England fought for their lives.

### FUTURE SAFEGUARDS

Now, when you fight for your life against a man that would destroy you, your object is not merely to prevent your destruction, and then, having thrown him off, to stand opposed to him during some uncertain period of repose. Your object is to prevent the recurrence of such an outrage. The less tolerable, the more inhuman, the more treacherous your opponent's means, the more violent his objects, the more is it your purpose not—most emphatically not—to defend yourself, but to render him incapable of any such further action, to produce a relation between yourself and him such that he certainly shall be impotent for such deeds in the future; and by his example to destroy the inclination towards such deeds in general.

Our political object may therefore be thus defined: the reduction of the aggressor to a condition such that renewed aggression on his part is impossible, and, by the example made of him, to reduce or eliminate the peril of such aggression.

That is the problem. The solution of that problem connotes two very distinct branches of functions, and it is the neglect of one or the other which leads to insufficiency in our judgment to-day. The first branch is the present, what the mechanicians call the static, reduction of our opponents; the second branch is the continuous or dynamic reduction of his evil power. Those who are content with the immediate impotence of the aggressor have done nothing. Those who forget the importance of his immediate impotence and rely only upon ultimate effect have done something indeed, but have done it imperfectly and have left themselves in peril.

It is the universal experience of mankind that when you set out to eliminate some crime you must both act so as to make the crime immediately cease and to render the criminal impotent, and *also* act so as to create a state of mind in him and in others in which the renewal of the crime shall be far more difficult or impossible; and this experience we sum up in the simple phrase "the necessity for punishment."

Punishment is not merely deterrent, it is also expiatory. It is not only expiatory, it is also convertive. Its intention is (1) to impede by example the repetition of the crime, (2) to cause the criminal, through his own interest and person, to make redress for the crime—that is, to make him feel in himself what he has made others feel, to make him realise his guilt—and (3) by such action to change not only his mind, but the relation which we bear towards him and he to us.

### DESTRUCTION OF THE PRUSSIAN SYSTEM

We have, then, to consider what that is from the aggression of which we have suffered, and what punishment it is which will fulfil all these conditions in his regard. Until we are clear upon these two points we do not know our principal political object, and we do not know how to define our complete victory—that is, how to use the complete military success.

The aggressor whom it is our business to destroy is *that*

system—for it is not a nation—called *Prussia*; in lesser degree we must weaken, because they have voluntarily and even enthusiastically put themselves at the service of Prussia, such of the various German tribes as have accepted Prussian ideals and the Prussian rule; in a lesser degree again, the Allies of the Prussianised German Empire.

Prussia, however, is the heart of the whole affair. Were we denied the power—which happily we are not—to act upon any other of the factors opposing our civilisation, we should have accomplished the greater part of our task if we were to dissolve the system of *Prussia*.

Now that system is not only purely military, but has a strong military tradition (by which it lives) of immediate success as a necessity of its life. The Prussian idea is that of a single dynasty, the Hohenzollern, surrounded by a small group of large landowners and servants, ultimately originating in one of the outer, less fertile, and less creative provinces of Europe, strengthening itself by submitting to an exact discipline those whom it dragged under its rule, and persuaded that military power, no matter how acquired, and no matter how exercised, was the essential of the State. The doctrine was grossly erroneous for it forgot chivalry and humour, and, indeed, all the stuff of life. It was the very negation of the military tradition in civilised Europe. It had no idea of glory, for instance, nor of fruitful rule. No Prussian conquest has ever attracted the conquered. For the same reason it has been incapable of any creative effort in the arts.

It is to all this emptiness of soul that one must ascribe the strange phenomenon of *necessary* success: the strange fact that Prussia cannot exist save in an atmosphere of victory.

Never has Prussia lost a decisive battle or campaign without complete collapse. There is a legend, naturally flattering to the Prussians, propagated in this country by Carlyle, that Frederick the Great, and in the next century the group of men who worked after Jena, knew how to turn defeat into victory. It is a myth. Frederick the Great, defeated, was lost save for quarrels between his much more powerful neighbours. After Jena, Prussia completely submitted—submitted in a fashion more abject than any other State—to the French. She did not react until Napoleon's army had been destroyed in Russia, and even then she hesitated with absurd timidity before deciding to abandon her new and recent master.

It is a lesson of history which will prove very hard for us to learn because it has been universally opposed for three generations in our academies; but it is true. Germans, as a whole, are not tenacious, and in particular Prussia defeated suffers the moral consequence of defeat more than any other military organism we know.

The converse truth is that Prussia must suffer obvious and emphasised defeat before she accepts its moral consequence and breaks down.

### SEVEN CARDINAL POINTS

Let us, therefore, set down this as the first agreed point in our list of the things that constitute a true victory.

1. Prussia must suffer full military defeat.

Complete military defeat means the undoing of the armed machine whereby your enemy can make war. It matters nothing whether you surround him and force him to lay down his arms in that way—Sedan, for example—or whether you obtain his arms by his voluntary surrender in the face of a hopeless situation, political or military—Bulgaria, for instance, the other day. Complete defeat involves complete disarmament. If you have not disarmed Prussia you have not defeated her. If you leave a Prussian army in being, you have not impressed upon the Prussian mind the sense of absolute defeat, nor made an example and a spectacle of Prussia to those who only served her because they believed in her invincibility.

2. The converse side to this. By so much as it is Prussia which is the core of our attack, the political target of the whole war, the keystone of the arch which we are throwing down, by so much must we vary in the degree of our dealings with those attached in varying degree to the Prussian cause. Those most nearly attached have been, of course, a majority of the various German peoples, more or less voluntarily subjected to Prussian rule, and organised under the Prussian system. Such organisation has called itself for over forty years the German Empire, a thing modern, and let us hope ephemeral; long mechanical, inorganic, and therefore inhuman.

These States have been as guilty, in actual practice, as the master State which gathered them together. It is true they drew their guilt from Prussia; it is true that the evil



spirit which inhabited them and made them guilty of treachery and abominable cruelty and organised theft and enslavement was the atheistic spirit of Prussia. But they voluntarily accepted and followed that spirit, and they must bear the consequences of such a crime. They must pay; and they must suffer the indignity of foreign garrisons (a point to be discussed further) in order to guarantee payment. They must be fined in their quota for the reparation of damage as much as Prussia must be. But politically there is no reason why the Allies should, as they are bound to do with the Hohenzollern system called Prussia, proceed to execution.

### RESPECT FOR NATIONAL TRADITIONS

Politically it is a necessity to the Alliance and civilisation in general that the Hohenzollerns should cease, and that Prussia be reduced to the little territory upon which it arose, disgorge all her Polish provinces and all her artificial acquisitions in Western Germany, and should cease to be a great Power. But there is no necessity for interference with the genuinely national traditions of the various German peoples. Upon the contrary, there is a political necessity as well as a political duty of respecting those traditions. Bavaria, for instance, is a nation; the port of Hamburg has its traditions, though not of a nation, at any rate of an organised and settled community. Even Saxony, though modern, is a true political unit. There is no purpose in exasperating any tradition of nationality in the renewed Europe on which our great hope of the future is based. Upon the contrary, our effort is to safeguard nationality—and we must remember that in our own domestic problems here at home as much as elsewhere in Europe. That nation will be strongest and happiest in the near future which least pretends to govern other Europeans or to hold foreign territory. There is here a passing of ideals, something like the passing of dynastic ideals at the end of the eighteenth century, and to cling to dead ideals no longer corresponding to the actual world is to bury oneself.

We have a further motive in fostering the nationalisation of the Germanies in that from the beginning of recorded history the populations speaking the various German dialects (Swiss and Frisian, Germans of the middle Danube as well as of the upper Danube, Germans outside this novel experiment of a Prussian Empire) have always tended to exist as a number of separate States. The idea of a great United State slowly growing up round a national crown or centre is an idea alien to the German. It belongs to civilisation; it is a Latin idea. The Germans have tried to copy it once or twice in history, and have failed. This is only their last failure. Leave them to themselves, and we need not be afraid of another such experiment for a very long time to come.

3. But when one says that we can leave them to themselves, it does not mean, of course, that the necessary immediate consequence of our victory should be foregone, and the first of these is occupation for the purpose of reparation. The third point, therefore, in the conditions of a true and fruitful victory conducive to peace—a point without which you would have neither victory nor peace—is the garrisoning of enemy territory for the purpose of exacting and compelling reparation. There is no other way of subjecting the enemy to this duty, and it is not only the necessary, but also a most practicable and efficient way. The German people have their choice between such occupation, which, though vastly humiliating and onerous, is not destructive, and actual invasion; they can choose. We shall find that they will choose occupation, garrisoning, and its consequences.

Let us set that down, therefore, for our third point. If the Allies do not hold in pawn (to use a phrase which the enemy has taught us), such territories as best suit their purpose, they will not obtain reparation. Therefore they must occupy and garrison. The most valuable territories and those of most importance lie close to our hand: the coal and the iron of Westphalia and the Saar, and the towns and bridges of the Rhine.

### REPARATION BY LABOUR

4. The fourth point is attached to this third, which is the point of economic reparation. It is a little astonishing how so simple and material a point is lost in discussion. When people discuss it, as some do, arguing for and against, it always sounds to me a little like an argument about petty domestic matters when there is mortal sickness in the house. The outstanding economic facts of this war so far as the Allies are concerned, and connected with the enemy's responsibility, are the destruction of British mercantile shipping, and of the French and Belgian towns, villages, and farms.

Quite apart from what can be regarded as the necessary expense of war, quite apart from the inevitable wastage which it involves, quite apart from the enormous expenditure in economically useless production which is the characteristic of war, there is the obvious and simple truth before you that Prussia and her allies, the authors of this war, are directly responsible for the damage it has caused as a whole, and that a particular policy hitherto unknown in civilised war has caused the particular loss of British tonnage, and of French and Belgian buildings and agricultural land.

That can be made good. It is not a question of money; it is a question of labour. What you really do when you exact reparation from an enemy is not to get money out of him, nor even a promise to pay upon paper. That is only the external form or medium which masks the economic reality. The economic reality is that you get from him services, and goods which are the product of services; that you make him hand over those goods and services to you instead of keeping them for himself. The amount you can get is a function of two factors: the productive capacity available (coupled with the material at disposal) and the time over which you extend the operation. When people say such and such a country "cannot pay more than so much," they are talking nonsense, unless they mean that in practice the operation cannot be expected to last more than a certain number of years. We shall all be very much poorer after the war; that is inevitable. All the belligerent nations have wasted capital wholesale. There is a theory, indeed, that the energy exercised in production will increase after the war. Time will show whether that theory is true. Personally, I should imagine that so terrible a strain would involve the reaction of fatigue. But, anyhow, we have wasted wealth, and we cannot rapidly recover it. In other words, we must remain subject to very high taxation or levies, or both combined—alternative domestic policies which I have discussed elsewhere, but which are not at the moment suitable to these pages. But some part at least of the expense, notably the wanton damage, can be and must be recovered. The amount obtainable is simply a question of the length of time during which we may think it practicable to enforce our claim upon the enemy's energies.

### MORAL REPARATION

5. Apart from the material reparation, there is a moral reparation which, if it is not exacted will deny victory and will deny peace. This Prussian war has been stained with particular crimes of a sort unknown before in the history of the world. Things as bad have been done in the anarchy of passion; things as bad never have been done before by calculation and method or continued systematically for years. Pirates, outlaws from human society, have massacred civilians upon mercantile ships time and again, and savages have murdered even the women and children falling into their hands, and troops taking a city by assault have throughout history done abominable things. But in this war alone of all wars of which we have record—it is a strong thing to say, but a perfectly true one—there has appeared an element of calculation in villainy hitherto absent.

If we allow that to go unpunished, the whole standard of Europe declines. It is a highly practical point. It has nothing to do with the satisfaction of indignation, though the satisfaction of indignation is a very honest and moral thing. It is a point as practical as the point of material reparation.

Some months ago I visited the house of a prominent French public man, and I heard of (though I did not see, for they were behind the enemy lines at the time) the tombs of the family. This house had been completely wrecked by long-range enemy fire, directed specially against it. Shell-holes round it were more enormous than the chance shots of the neighbourhood. It was a piece of deliberate destruction undertaken by the enemy without any military object whatsoever. It lay far behind the line. There was no observation from it. It was the calculated brutality which did the thing. As for the tombs of the family in the church where those members had been buried for generations, the crypt dedicated to them had been deliberately allocated to use of latrines for the local German force.

Now, this sort of thing has happened upon an immense scale. The Germans, under Prussian leadership, have done this sort of thing everywhere. They have not only destroyed and befouled, they have stolen enormously. There has been loot in nearly all wars, but never loot upon this scale or with this cold calculation. It is a thing so different in degree that it has come to differ in character from anything of the past. The French armies, for instance, took from Spain and from Italy many works of art, most of which the



French were compelled to restore after their defeats in 1814 and 1815. The British and French looted the Chinese palaces. It would be a stupid piece of hypocrisy to pretend that the armies of civilised nations have not been guilty in this respect in almost every war; but the German loot has been universal as well as calculated. Everything that could be stolen has been stolen. It is a thing wholly novel in Europe.

Theft, however abominable, is nothing compared with murder, and murder in general, the murder of our women upon the *Leinster*, for instance, to quote but one of a thousand crimes, even that is not morally so detestable as the cold-blooded and calculated murder of an individual. Cold-blooded and calculated murders of individuals have been committed by the thousand. Even a short list of the worst cases when you see it set out in records (which, I am glad to say, have been carefully preserved) looks interminable.

I will give three instances out of these thousands.

Immediately after their invasion of Belgium, only a few yards from the point where they crossed the Meuse, a Prussian officer ordered the murder of a man and his son in a substantial house near the river. The wife and the daughters of the man looked out of the window in the morning after the invasion, and saw the husband and the brother lying dead against the wall of their yard. These men had offered no opposition. Their murder was an act deliberately undertaken to strike terror, and even had they offered opposition they would have been wholly within their rights, as the territory was neutral. I have heard it not from the lips of the women herself, but from a witness who spoke with that woman at great length, and heard the whole matter in detail.

At Senlis a Prussian officer took the aged Mayor of the town and killed him in cold blood in order to strike terror at the very gates of Paris, when the enemy thought their victory inevitable. He had no excuse. It was done in order to make the other authorities of the neighbourhood submissive; it was done in order to rule by terror. At Guébervillers, a number of men and boys were taken as hostages by the local officer as he marched through (we have his name, as we have the names of the other criminals). The officer sat down at a table in a field, poured himself out some champagne which he had stolen, and said: "When I raise my glass that will be the signal for shooting these men." He lifted his glass, and as he drank they were murdered. One of them quite a little boy, I believe.

There are three instances, and one could fill a large book with others of the same kind.

Now, if these things go unpunished, European civilisation is irrecoverably lost. It will bleed to death. They will be repeated in future wars, and what you may call the moral conventions of Christendom will fall to dust. Therefore, it is an essential point which I make the fifth point of this list that the criminals should be handed over, duly tried, and punished according to their crimes, in such number and in such instances as the authorities of civilisation may determine.

There is no way out of it. Neglect this duty, and you are committing suicide. No one can fail to see the inexorable logic of the thing.

#### THE TEST CASE OF POLAND

6. In the establishment of free nationalities, upon which we are, of course, determined (and which, remember, is a duty incumbent upon us in domestic policy as well as in foreign policy) the test point is Poland.

It is the test-point for the West precisely because it is the problem which the West least understands. Apart from its moral aspect, it is a political necessity unless we are to see the Slav world organised and used by Germans in the future.

Nothing is easier than to argue the difficulties of any particular political problem. The enemies of Poland, including great numbers of German-speaking men living upon Polish territory, men who are not Poles at all, will, when the settlement comes, confuse the issue by all manner of discussion. They will say (with truth) that the boundaries of the Polish State have varied immensely with varying periods. They will use the statistics drawn up by Prussia in the past to contend that the districts undoubtedly Polish are only partially so; for the Prussian statistics went by language and counted non-Polish anyone who could speak the German language at all after 150 years of colonisation and oppression—and this oppression taking the form of compulsory education in German. They will do everything to muddy the waters.

There is a Polish State just as much as there is an English and a French State. Leave the matter to a free vote of *men of Polish nationality* alone, make your test, and you will easily determine what is Poland and what is not. That State must have access to the sea, and the only port by

which it can have proper access to the sea is the port of Dantzig. You will be told that such a concession is not practicable, that Dantzig is a German town, that the cession of Dantzig would cut Prussia in two. There is no reason why Prussia should not be cut in two. In so far as Dantzig is a German town, it is German by colonisation. The statistics which pretend that only a tiny percentage of its population is Polish are false statistics. They merely mean that a very small proportion are unable to speak German. If you attempt the resurrection of Poland without Dantzig you are in for prolonged war, or, as an alternative, for the resurrection of Prussian power. That, then, is the sixth point: the complete re-establishment of Poland with its own, and only possible, access to the sea, the access which it enjoyed for centuries, and which is vital to its being. In this point one includes, of course, all the lesser and more obvious restorations of national boundaries, one includes the old boundaries of Lorraine, for instance (which means the upper Saar basin, the re-establishment of the Bohemian people, etc.).

#### INTERNATIONAL CONTROL

7. It is vitally necessary to this country in particular, and also to Europe as a whole, that the two entries of the inland seas, the Kiel Canal and the Dardanelles and Bosphorus, should be under some form of international control, whether by being handed over to some small Power or not. You cannot leave either of these entries in the hands of anyone who can forbid their use to Europe from policy or caprice.

The supply of oil and of grain to the West largely depends upon the one; the supply of wood, of certain metals, and, more important, the immediate access to Northern Russia and to Finland depends upon the other. Further, to leave the Kiel Canal in the hands of those who have abused their power (and who could not have built it but for the war of aggression in 1864), is to leave a perpetual menace of naval force against Western civilisation.

These seven points which I have here tabulated form not a complete but an essential scheme for the definition of victory. There are many other problems with which such victory confronts us. Most of them cannot even be approached by men who have not special local knowledge, and I certainly do not pretend to that. Some of them involve discussion between the Allies too delicate to be mentioned yet. But these seven points are sufficient to define our attitude towards the enemy at least when he has been warred down.

There remains a doubtful and debatable point which I will not put in such a list—the treatment of specific enemy material of such a sort as is serviceable for hostage. Some hold, and proclaim it, that for every monument destroyed and for every town destroyed or damaged, a corresponding monument or town should be destroyed upon the enemy's side. I am not of that opinion, and this for reasons which I will now give.

The destruction of any part of wealth, added to the enormous destruction already accomplished, seems to me to be an injury done to ourselves. For instance, there is a grave shortage of housing room—of defence against the weather. It is practicable and reasonable to exact from the enemy such housing room for those whom he has dispossessed. It would be an excellent thing, for instance, to say: "You destroyed Rheims; Aix shall be used, temporarily, at any rate—and, better still, permanently—as habitation for those of Rheims who may desire to take it over. The former occupants and proprietors may go where they will, further east." The destruction of monuments seems to me, I confess, wanton and silly. Western Germany, when it lay under the influence of civilisation for so many centuries, produced many admirable and noble monuments, copies of western and southern work. Who would be so foolish as to desire the destruction of the cathedral where Charlemagne is buried in Aix, one of the great monuments of the Gauls? The destruction of the western face of Cologne, with its hideous modern spires, would no doubt be an excellent thing, the pulling down methodically undertaken and other work erected not by Germans, but by men who know how to build. But we have other things to do before we can indulge in these luxuries. In general, it might seem that the true policy on this debated point is to obtain reparation without destruction.

**A**N Exhibition of War Cartoons and Sketches at the Front, by Louis Raemaekers, opens at the Galleries of the Fine Art Society, 148 New Bond Street, on November 2nd. All readers of *LAND & WATER* are familiar with Mr. Raemaekers' work, and should take this opportunity of seeing a fine collection of original drawings.



# What is Victory?—II: By Arthur Pollen

**I**T was suggested last week that the position at sea could not be established satisfactorily after the war unless three essential terms of peace were made operative. They were: the restitution by Germany of the merchant tonnage destroyed, the assignment of the German colonies with their seaports to a non-German Power, and ordinances and guarantees that Germany should not possess submarines now or in the near future. It was also suggested that the submarine might by consent be made contraband of humanity, and if not made contraband, at any rate eliminated finally as an instrument for the exercise of the rights of search and capture. But the essential matter is the tonnage, the colonies, and Germany's final deprivation of under-water instruments of war. There are, however, further points which are partly naval, partly territorial, and partly military. The fate of the High Seas Fleet need not delay us in this connection, as this is part of the general question of the enemy's disarmament.

## Heligoland : the Baltic : the Dardanelles

So I pass on to the problems of the closed seas and Heligoland. As to this last, the folly of 1892 must certainly be undone. In a moment of fatal blindness we then ceded to Germany an island to which our moral title was of the slenderest, in exchange for certain rights in Africa to which Germany had no title at all. The possession was, indeed, of no positive value to us at that time, nor, for that matter, to Germany, for it did not appear in 1892 that there was anything in German world policy that would bring her into conflict with a naval Power. The singular thing about the attitude of mind of British statesmen at that time was their blindness to the very obvious fact that the real value of Heligoland to Germany would come when Germany was at war with England. Well, we have survived the war and the folly which gave our enemy this quite priceless advantage; but we must see to it that it cannot once more be used against us. In a sense, the most satisfactory arrangement would be to return it to its original owners, the Danes; but it clearly must come out of German hands, and it is possible that if restored to Denmark, its seizure by Germany in time of war could not be prevented. However this may be, it must be German no longer. The questions of the Baltic and the Black Sea are more complex. The entrances to the Black Sea have long been dominated by the Power possessing the land on either side of the very narrow straits leading in and out of the Sea of Marmora, but modern armament would enable Sweden and Denmark to close the Baltic as effectually. It is more to the point that any considerable naval Power on the Baltic side of the Sound could make penetration through the narrow waters of the Danish Islands into the Baltic extraordinarily dangerous without any obvious breach of Danish neutrality, while the seizure of the islands after a fleet had penetrated would, of course, cut their communications completely. It was for this reason that it was said that the problem of sending a British fleet into the Baltic was not naval, but military. If Germany retains her present naval force and her monopoly of the Kiel Canal she would be still able to control the sea communications of Russia and Finland absolutely, except for such alternative means as Kola Bay affords. But Kola is very distant from the centres of Russian industry, so that its employment would be exceedingly uneconomical in peace time, though of vital value in war. What the Allies have to do is to see that German domination of the Baltic cannot be re-asserted at any time, just as they must also see that Turkish domination of the Black Sea, by her possession of the only exit from it, is terminated also. But in the case of the Baltic the position of Germany is far stronger than that of Turkey, for if a Power commanding Gallipoli and the Asiatic shore can make it impossible for a hostile navy to force a passage past the Narrows, it is also true that a hostile navy can make it almost impossible for any Turkish fleet to leave the Dardanelles. But Germany is in no such difficulty. The possession of the Kiel Canal gives her a perfectly protected communication with the North Sea, so that if no powerful fleet threatens her in the Baltic, that sea must become a German lake. It is neither to the interest of ourselves, nor of any of the new States, Finland, Poland, and a regenerated Russia, that are now coming into being, that this state of things should continue. Means must, therefore, be found of denationalising the waterway and putting it under international control.

## Summary of Imposed Conditions

We can now group the conditions of peace into three. There are, first, those which satisfy the punitive and retributive sides of justice. These conditions are, first, the punishment of those guilty of atrocities; secondly, the surrender of conquered territories and the restitution of stolen goods; thirdly, the payment for or replacement of stolen property, buildings, churches, factories, and particularly of ships; and, lastly, the indemnification of those who have either themselves suffered personal injuries, or whose relatives have been murdered or tortured into incapacity.

These four requirements of punitive and retributive justice call for the performance of certain tasks by Germany, and the performance of these tasks must be guaranteed.

We get, therefore, a second group of peace conditions, in which the principles are, first, that Germany must be disarmed, so as to be unable to recommence the struggle; secondly, points of commanding strategic importance, such as ports, capital, fortresses, etc., must be occupied; and, thirdly, certain solid guarantees, such as the customs and Treasury receipts, railways, and so forth, must be in Allied hands, until the several restorations are completed.

Thirdly, the world must have some security that the agencies which gave rise to this war shall, so far as may be, be extinguished. The military power of Prussia must be ended by the abolition of autocracy and by substituting a constitutionally expressed popular will for that of an irresponsible monarchy.

## Reciprocal Obligations

These three groups deal with the obligations which the Allies will impose on Germany; but there is a fourth group, which must express the obligations which Germany has a right to expect the Allies to honour. The essential matter here is that, as in groups one, two, and three, we shall have prescribed what punitive and retributive justice requires, shall have guaranteed its due execution and prevented the recurrence of the crimes atoned for; so the fourth group shall make it clear not only that there is no effort to impose two punishments for one offence, but no intention of so shaping the punishment as to leave Germany without the power to make the retribution that we exact. If, therefore, we deprive Germany of her present merchant fleet, and require that for six or ten years or more her shipyards shall labour solely to make up the deficit which her present fleet is unable to replace, then it follows that, when the needs of the Allies are reasonably met, a fair service of shipping shall be at Germany's disposal not as possessors, but as users. Again, if by being shorn of her colonies she is deprived of any national source of tropical products, a fair ration of the world's supply must be allowed to her. Further than this, the Allies, and those that sympathise with them, monopolise whole groups of the raw materials of the world. Of these, Germany must have a reasonable proportion. It is obvious that, unless some such equitable and, indeed, generous arrangement is made, it will be impossible for Germany to meet the indemnities or to build the shipping, or to make the services effective that she will be under compulsion to put at the Allies' disposal. Our own interests, then, demand a certain largeness of view in dealing with these matters; but there is a higher reason why our conduct in this respect should be exemplary.

## A New Spirit in Trade

The militarism of Germany has not, as we all know, been limited to the action of her armed forces. For many years and in all countries her diplomacy has been secret, double-faced, disloyal, and disruptive. But there is nothing in her military or diplomatic records more rapacious, predatory, and essentially dishonest, than her commercial dealings. These things have excited the reprobation and disgust of the civilised part of the world. It would not be surprising if they were followed by a wide determination to deal with Germany no more. It is, indeed, a very human and a very natural instinct for each individual to say that, whatever others may do, he at least has done with such traffic for ever. But if we are sincerely aiming for a real peace—a settlement that will ultimately result in a reconciliation of wills—we



should see that our duty here runs with our interest, and that it is part of our duty to make Germany realise that commercial success and prosperity is not the result of disloyal competition and trickery, but of mutual service and co-operation.

Here, then, I might close the general case for the conditions of peace; but the recent exchange of notes between the American and German Governments has brought up other issues, and it is idle to hide from oneself that great uncertainty and anxiety has been excited. It arises in this way. The Germans, as a preliminary to asking for an armistice, informed President Wilson that they accepted as a basis of peace the fourteen points of January and the four points of his later speech. In the last note from President Wilson to the Foreign Secretary it was stated that exceptional guarantees were necessary before an armistice could be granted because, the recent constitutional changes notwithstanding, the German Government was still essentially under the domination of the King of Prussia. These two features have given rise to a large number of questions and protests from correspondents. The following are some of them. Are the Allies now tied down to insist on no reparation at the peace, except such as the fourteen points provide? The Germans have bound themselves to the fourteen points, but to no others. Do they limit us just as they bind them? Are we, therefore, debarred from asking for compensation for our lost tonnage? Again, do the fourteen points bind us to adopt the doctrine of the freedom of the seas? Have we abandoned our rights to search and capture? Is the British Navy henceforth powerless unless the League of Nations permits it to act? Is the immediate establishment of a League of Nations with Germany, Austria, and Turkey as members a necessary part of the peace arrangement? Is the ultimate destination of the German colonies to be discussed as if it were a question to be settled either in the German or the British interest alone? And, finally, if Germany adopts a constitution unquestionably democratic, must we take this as tantamount to saying that whatever the new Germany undertakes it will carry out, so that a political reform will be held to be equivalent to the military occupation and enforcement of our terms?

Behind these questions there is a misunderstanding, both of the position which President Wilson has assumed in the war, and of his actual attitude in the recent correspondence. It must, then, be made unmistakably clear that the Chief Magistrate of America speaks for the United States only, for they are not, technically, in alliance with France, Great Britain, Italy, Serbia, and Montenegro, the last survivors of the original combination. They are associated, but not allied with us. The fourteen points were put forward by President Wilson without concert or consultation with the Allied Governments, and represent not the Allied maximum, but the American minimum. They set out in clauses 5 to 13 what seems to an impartial critic of singular acumen, a resettlement of the broad European issues that is at once equitable and necessary. But they do not profess to exhaust what other Powers may see to be indispensable both to justice and security. They do not exclude further conditions, further compensations, further indemnities. These the several Powers bound by the pact of London must agree amongst themselves and put forward with the authority of all the Allies behind them. First, then, let us establish the point that President Wilson has not *professed* to exhaust the Allied case.

Next, in the recent exchange of notes, he has kept perfectly correctly to his technical position. Up to the last of them it is assumed not only that the Allies are not parties to the correspondence, but are even officially ignorant of its existence. What the President proposes to communicate to them is not his observations on the German proposal, but the German proposal itself. The Allies, then, take into cognisance one matter only, viz., that the Germans have applied to President Wilson for an armistice and that the President has forwarded the request. Here again the most punctilious care has been taken not to bind, fetter, or limit either the Allied Governments or their naval and military advisers in the smallest degree.

But much more than this, of course, has happened. Two fundamental truths have been brought home to Germany, and have shaken the nation to its foundations. Every German who can read now knows, both by the admissions of his own Government and by the masterful tone of Mr. Wilson, that the attempt of the rulers of Germany to conquer has recoiled upon themselves and their subjects. Every German now knows that it is his country, and not those which his rulers have attacked, that is on the eve of overwhelming defeat. Next, he has learned that the kind of government capable of creating such a war and of carrying it on by the

methods that Germany has applauded, is one with which America, at least, will have no civil dealings at all. Militarism, therefore, now appears in its true light to the nation that has so long been its exponent. It is not only an unsuccessful and futile thing: it is a horror which excites such disgust in other peoples that, except at the sword's point, no traffic of any kind can be held with it. Thus, while the political and military positions have been in every respect most strictly maintained, a moral offensive possibly of a decisive kind has been burst upon the German home front.

### "Freedom of the Seas"

We need then have no misgivings as to Mr. Wilson having compromised the Allies, either by his courtesy or by his candour; but the questions which my correspondents have raised deserve discussion, quite apart from this implication. There are three that are vitally important: freedom of the seas, the limitation of indemnities to restoring invaded territories, and the question of the military occupation and constraint of Germany. I have only space to deal here with the first of these questions.

The second of the fourteen points runs as follows: "Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas outside territorial waters alike in peace and in war, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants."

It obviously becomes operative only when a League of Nations is established. As it stands, it changes nothing in sea law as it is to-day. It is, in fact, the suggestion of a rule which a League of Nations should adopt when war in defence of national rights will not be the affair of the country whose interests are jeopardised, but of the whole community of nations, who have bound themselves in a mutual obligation to see that justice is done to each. Until, then, we have settled the major point of entrusting the sea defence of the British Empire to a common navy, instead of to the British Navy, we do not have to concern ourselves over any diminution of the British Navy's admitted rights and powers.

But, rightly looked at, clause 2 seems to me to mean exactly the opposite of what it is popularly supposed to import. For the President sets it out that when the League as a league embarks on naval war, it will be able to decree the partial or entire suspension of sea trade with its enemy, thus assuming precisely those maritime rights in war on which the British Navy has all along insisted. Clause 2, in fact, is a vindication of and not a proposed infringement of our broad contentions as to the legitimate use of sea-power.

The fourteen points are silent on Germany's economic liability for the disastrous results of her piratical war on shipping. The President's silence on this point is very easily explained. As a simple historical fact, it was the submarine, and nothing else, that brought America into the war. But it was America's moral repudiation of this iniquity, and not her material losses by it, that determined her action. The submarine campaign, instead of diminishing the merchant tonnage of America, has already resulted in measures which have increased it enormously, and these measures will go forward until in a very few years the American merchant marine will be at least double what Germany's was before the war, and more than half of the highest figure that Great Britain has ever attained. The British position is entirely different. Our merchant tonnage has been at the full war service of all the Allies, and for the last eighteen months of America. It has afforded the most targets to the submarine; it has paid most highly in consequence. But the service of our sea tonnage has been only part of our naval contribution. We have had to maintain an impregnable fleet; we have had to supply more than 90 per cent. of the craft necessary for fighting the submarine. And, quite unexpectedly, our military contribution, instead of being the three or four army corps suggested before hostilities began, had to run to millions almost from the very start. As a consequence, our shipyards were depleted of their most spirited and efficient labour, and the half-manned yards had to meet the whole demands both of the surface navy and of the new navy called into being to fight the under-water piracy. Never in our history, then, have we been so poorly equipped to make good the losses that we have suffered. It follows, then, that our equitable claim, not only to the whole of the existing German merchant tonnage, but to the service of the German shipyards for a considerable number of years is one that no impartial arbiter could refuse. It is quite certain that President Wilson never intended and that Americans will never require our demands in this matter to be questioned.



# Austria in Extremis: By R. W. Seton-Watson

**A**USTRIA-HUNGARY is visibly crumbling before our eyes, and although the scanty news which is allowed to trickle through to us must be received with very great caution, there can be little doubt that we are on the eve of events which may rapidly transform the whole Central European situation. Where all is so uncertain, it is at least safe to maintain that the prostration to which their principal ally has been reduced is one of the decisive factors which explain Germany's more chastened attitude. Absorbed in a life-and-death struggle on the West, our public opinion has been apt to forget how essential a part Austria-Hungary has always played in the plans of the Central Alliance. It is quite true that in a purely military sense she has been a sad disappointment to Germany, whose armies have extricated her from impending disaster on no less than five occasions during the present war—the Russian advance in Galicia in autumn, 1914, the recovery of Galicia in 1915, the holding up of the Brusilov offensive, the expulsion of the Rumanians from Hungary, and the final ejection of the Russians from Galicia. But all this does not alter the fact that alike for geographical, political, and economic reasons, Germany would have been lost long ago but for Austria-Hungary; indeed, it was this knowledge, quite as much as loyalty to an incompetent ally, that prompted the energetic measures to stop the 'dry-rot.' Not merely is the Dual Monarchy the medium through which alone Germany can hope to achieve the domination of the Near and Middle East, not merely does it provide her with the necessary access to rich fields of colonisation and commercial experiment; but it has also placed at her disposal a vast reservoir of human material to be used as "canon-fodder" by the King of Prussia.

It is true that the 33,000,000 Slavs and Latins to whom Hapsburg rule has brought this fate, are profoundly imbued with the hostility to the prevailing régime and with the desire for national unity and independence. Why, then, the sceptic is entitled to ask, has the process of dissolution been so long delayed? Why have four years passed without revolution? The answer lies, above all, in the unique methods of repression devised by the military and naval authorities. The Hapsburgs have for centuries past governed their polyglot dominions by a skilful application of the Latin motto "Divide et impera"; but nowhere has one race been played off against the other with such cruel ingenuity as in the Joint Army. The officer class does not form a strict social caste as in Germany, and, indeed, is recruited from widely divergent sections of the population. But above a certain rank, every post tends to be in the hands of the Germans and to a lesser degree the Magyars—almost the only exceptions of this rule being drawn from those Serbo-Croat officer families who had acquired the Hapsburg tradition of service along the old Turkish frontier.

Mobilisation and, still more, the fearful casualties of war brought the reservist officer more and more to the front, and with him national feeling in its acutest form permeated the whole machine. The only way to counter its insidious effect was to break up the old national and territorial regiments and to produce racial hybrids in their place. The result has been to transplant the methods of the Metternichian police state into the Joint Army. Not merely are the Slav, Italian, or Rumanian troops under the close and permanent observation of German or Magyar troops, but inside each regiment itself one race is set to watch and control the movements and feelings of another. The foremost duty of the non-commissioned officer is political espionage against his men, and Slav officers are under the perpetual surveillance of their comrades. Meanwhile, as an example of the lengths to which the authorities went in concealing and misrepresenting the facts of a given situation, it may be mentioned that during August, 1914, the Rumanian troops from Transylvania and Bukovina were encouraged to fight the Russians in the belief that their kinsmen from Rumania had joined them, and were already invading Bessarabia.

Despite infinite severity and precaution, the movement of national protest against what they regarded as a civil war spread rapidly among the Slav troops, and hundreds of thousands surrendered in Russia and Serbia. More than one Czech regiment passed over to the Russians, chanting its national songs and raked from the rear by the machine-guns of the Germans. It was from among these men that Professor Masaryk recruited the Czecho-Slovak Army, now well over 80,000 strong, whose exploits in Russia have been one of the sensations of the war. It is still not yet quite

sufficiently realised that at a time when the Czechs in Russia did not yet amount to a brigade, two complete divisions of Jugo-Slav volunteers were fighting side by side with the Russians and Rumanians in the Dobrudja campaign, and that a new Rumanian army, composed of Transylvanian prisoners, was in process of formation at Kiev in the summer of 1917, and was only prevented from completing its organisation by the outbreak of the Bolshevik revolution. At this moment there are a number of Rumanian regiments at and near Vladivostok, co-operating loyally with the Czecho-Slovak and Entente forces. There is also a Czech army of about 20,000 men in Italy, and another 30,000 Jugo-Slavs and Rumanians in Italian concentration camps have for months past been clamouring for permission to fight side by side with the Entente against their Hapsburg oppressors.

## Causes of Military Decline

Needless to say, all this ferment has seriously affected the morale of the Austro-Hungarian Army. Desertion is rampant, and the authorities no longer seem capable of rounding up the defaulters. One such attempt last July, in a town of 100,000 inhabitants, produced a "bag" of 1,600. The mountainous districts are full of armed bands, many of whom have escaped after open mutiny; and the evil seems to have got beyond the control of the gendarmerie or even of the home garrisons. Among such troops as have returned from Russia, Bolshevik doctrines have spread to an alarming degree, the Magyars being specially affected; and it was thought necessary to form a species of political quarantine camps to wean them from their evil ways. Needless to say, this truly Austrian device has often had the very opposite effect. Meanwhile bad food and insufficient clothing, with their natural concomitant of disease and epidemics, have greatly increased the discontent of the troops. A whole year ago a high medical officer on the General Staff was appealing to the charitable public for second-hand underclothing for the troops on the ground that the stocks available were running short. At present it is only possible for an officer to obtain enough thread to sew a button on his uniform if he applies for it in person, with the *corpus delicti* in his hand.

The difficulties of the internal situation are almost equally economic, social, political, and racial. Food conditions in Austria have reached a pitch which has more than once seemed intolerable, but which seems to grow worse from month to month. The shortage of such necessities of life as bread, fats, milk, butter, and soap has led to acute suffering and unrest in the great towns and positive famine in more than one province. Lack of fuel is affecting many vital industries. Military requirements and under-feeding have reduced the output of the mines. The railways are more and more disorganised, owing to the wearing-out of rolling-stock and the lack of grease. The Government has proved incompetent to cope with the problem of distribution, and the revictualling of such strongholds of German feeling as Tirol and the Egerland has had to be assigned to Bavaria and Saxony.

The appeals of the Viennese municipal authorities have more than once been met by what is virtually an admission that the Government is at its wits' end. There are no margins of food, the harvest has been almost uniformly bad, and it will now no longer be possible to drain Serbia, Rumania, and the Ukraine of such scanty surplus as they may possess. The latest developments, by which Prague and Budapest are assuming unrestricted control of their own affairs deprive Vienna and the industrial centres of Austria of their chief sources of supply, and threaten the capital with immediate famine and chaos. Indeed, the food problem seems to be the lever by which Bohemia is extracting her political freedom from recalcitrant Vienna.

Economic difficulties are in themselves sufficient to threaten the State with dissolution, but even they pale before the problem afforded by so many warring nationalities. The Hapsburg Monarchy has always been susceptible to currents of thought from across the Russian frontier, and the overthrow of Tsarism, followed by the entry of America, has worked like leaven in every Hapsburg race. The immediate effect of these two events was to frighten the new Emperor into convoking the Austrian Parliament, which had not been allowed to meet since early in 1914. The opening day of the session was marked by solemn declarations in the name of the Czechs, Jugo-Slavs,



Poles, and Ukrainians, in favour of the unity and independence of their respective nations. At this stage it was thought tactful to include a few perfunctory phrases about the sceptre of the Hapsburgs; but then, as previously, the national representatives firmly resisted every official effort to extract from them a repudiation of the exiled Czecho-Slovak and Jugo-Slav committees organised in Entente countries by such trusted leaders as Masaryk, Trumbitch, and Supilo. As the disintegration of Russia proceeded, those in power in Vienna and Budapest showed less disposition towards compromise, and insisted that any constitutional reform must respect not merely the Dual system which separates Austria from Hungary, but even the boundaries of the seventeen "Crown-lands" into which Austria herself is divided.

On such a basis it was, of course, impossible for the various national units even to re-group their forces inside the Monarchy, much less to achieve complete racial unity with their kinsmen beyond the frontier; hence, despite the discouraging situation of the Entente throughout the ensuing winter, the Slav leaders in Austria repeatedly rejected the overtures of Vienna. In January of this year, the Czechs publicly asserted the right of their elected representatives to be present at Brest, and in a great demonstration at Prague drafted a "National Oath," pledging the nation to work for Czecho-Slovak independence. Throughout the spring a parallel action was undertaken among the Slovene and Croat populations, the women conducting a house-to-house plebiscite in favour of Jugo-Slav unity and independence. The informal Jugo-Slav agreement concluded in London last March between Signor Torre and Dr. Trumbitch, paved the way to a Congress of Oppressed Austrian Nationalities on the Roman Capitol in April; and these two events had an immediate and powerful repercus-

sion among the Slav and Latin peoples of the Dual Monarchy. At once the answer came in the memorable May Congress at Prague, at which Czecho-Slovaks, Jugo-Slavs, Poles, Italians, and Rumanians proclaimed their unity of purpose and their insistence upon self-determination.

Meanwhile, both the Austrian and the Hungarian Cabinet have been in a state of chronic crisis for months past, and owe their survival only to the increasing difficulty of finding anyone willing to take over such a legacy. The situation has been still further complicated by the fact that while among the Slavs all parties from the Clerical Right to the Socialist Left present a united front on the national question, a wedge of social discord has been driven into both Germans and Magyars, splitting them into two irreconcilable groups of bourgeoisie and proletariat.

The situation is not unlike that which arose in 1848. Each race of the Monarchy is summoning its national Constituent or Commission and asserting its right to control its own fate. But whereas in those days the overwhelming military forces of the Tsar were placed at the disposal of Austrian autocracy, to-day Charles of Hapsburg faces a world in arms, which stands committed to democracy and self-determination. Instead of Nicholas I. upholding legitimacy, we have President Wilson pledged to the liberation of the Austrian Slavs.

After four years we have reached bedrock in the Austrian question. The hegemony of the Germans in Austria and of the Magyars in Hungary rested in reality upon the force of Prussian bayonets—as expressed before the war in the Austro-German Alliance and since 1914 in naked military force. Thus it is but logical that as Prussian militarism at last totters to its fall, the minor tyrannies which flourished under its protection should at once reveal their incapacity to stand alone.

## The War Scare of 1875\*: By Winifred Stephens

**A**MONG the war rumours which have disconcerted Europe during the last half-century none was more startling than the war scare of 1875. On the fourth of May in that year, Londoners awoke to read in the columns of the *Times* the electrifying news that a German invasion of France was once again imminent.

Most of the events which led up to this announcement and the motives that prompted them remain shrouded in mystery. Such, however, as it is possible to discern are not without their significance for the present world crisis.

Throughout the months preceding those anxious May days, France and Germany had been growing more and more persuaded that the one was preparing to attack the other at no distant date.

Germany was concerned by the rapidity of the French recovery from the defeat of 1871, by the resignation of the peaceable Thiers and the succession as President of the French Republic of the warlike MacMahon, who was bent on military reorganisation. France, on her side, was alarmed by the magnitude of the German Army; "better prepared for war than any army in the world, and at ten days' notice," wrote Lord Odo Russell, the British Ambassador in Berlin, to our Foreign Minister, Lord Derby. Feeling herself at the mercy of this formidable force, France not only strengthened her army, but cast about for allies, and Germany therefore began to fear encirclement.

Consequently, throughout 1874 and during the following spring, we find Germany infected by a fever of military activity—reorganising the Landsturm, by a measure which placed every German between the ages of sixteen and forty-two at the disposal of the War Department, provisioning troops, purchasing horses, and storing up fresh ammunition close to the very frontier of France.

That country replied by passing an Army Bill, which gave her a total force of a little less than two million men, still inferior to 2,800,000 which the Landsturm Bill had given Germany, and to the 3,300,000 which the Russian steam-roller might bring into action. At the same time, the French Government was ordering from German horse-

dealers 10,000 military horses to be dispatched without delay, with a commission of fifty francs on each horse and no reserve price. On hearing this from Prince Hohenlohe, the German Ambassador in Paris, Bismarck forbade the export of any horses from Germany. The French construed the measure as a threat of war. Hohenlohe tried to represent it as purely economic. The French had been buying too many German horses for Paris *fiacres*, he told our Ambassador. Think what a revolution it would have meant in Paris streets! Ten thousand chargers to replace the familiar boney jades in the shafts of the little victorias! What a shock for British tourists. Lord Lyons passed on to his chief, Lord Derby, this economic theory. And Derby tried to reassure with it the French Chargé d'Affaires in London, M. Gavard, adding that German horse-dealers would be the only sufferers from the prohibition, which doubtless proceeded from one of Bismarck's fits of bad temper.

Poor puzzled Diplomats, when they failed to fathom the depths of the German Chancellor's strategy, were wont to attribute his actions to the effect of insomnia, to attacks of nerves, bursts of ill-temper, and even to a touch of insanity. To the Russian Ambassador, Schouvaloff, Bismarck appeared "a little out of his mind at times." But he probably did not object to being thought a little mad. And the wily old fox of Varzin must have grinned to see his puzzled prey blinded by the dust of this theory of his neuroticism, which he stealthily threw in their eyes, and driven to adopt a merely superficial explanation of those motives he so cleverly concealed.

Not entirely a pose, however, was the discontent which impressed ambassadors and journalists in Berlin. It arose from causes domestic and foreign. At home, "the founder of the German Empire," as Bismarck regarded himself, winced under the ingratitude of his imperial master, who insisted on retaining for himself and Moltke control of the Army. Abroad, Bismarck's campaign against the Catholic Church in Germany had brought him into conflict with Catholics throughout Europe. And he considered himself aggrieved both by France and Belgium when, as he thought, insufficient measures were taken for the punishment of the Belgian Duchesne, who had written to the Archbishop of Paris offering to murder the German Chancellor in return for a certain sum of money.

This discontent and suspiciousness probably inspired a sensational article, "Is War in Sight?," which appeared on April 9th in the Government organ *The Berliner Post*.

\* The following are among the authorities consulted by the present writer: "Lord Lyons, a Record of British Diplomacy," by Lord Newton; "Un Diplomate à Londres, Lettres et Notes," Charles Gavard, 1871-1877; "Memoirs of Prince Hohenlohe," Vol. II; "My Memoirs," H. S. de Blowitz; "Queen Victoria: A Biography," by Sir Sidney Lee. Other authorities are cited in the course of the article.



"Bismarck is at his old tricks again," wrote our Ambassador at Berlin to Lord Derby, "alarming the Germans, through the officious Press, and intimating that the French are going to attack them. . . . Now he has succeeded in making the Emperor and the Crown Prince believe that France is meditating an invasion of Germany through Belgium! And, not knowing any better, they are in despair, and have ordered the War Department to make ready for defence. This crisis will blow over like so many others, but Bismarck's sensational policy is very wearisome at times. Half the diplomatic body have been here since yesterday to tell me that war is imminent, and when I seek to calm their nerves and disprove their anticipations, they think that I am thoroughly bamboozled by Bismarck."

MacMahon's government naturally took alarm. The French Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Duc Decazes, urging Disraeli's government to intervene on behalf of France, announced that if, as he feared, war took place in the autumn, "he should advise MacMahon to retire with his army beyond the Loire without firing a shot, and wait there until the justice of Europe should speak out in favour of France!" But Lord Derby tried to convince the French Chargé d'Affaires in London that there was no cause for alarm, and that even if Germany were planning a war the blow would be struck against Austria, not France.

On April 30th, however, M. Gavard received such a sensational dispatch from his chief in Paris that he determined to make a new effort to break through the reserve of the British Foreign Office.

Decazes had sent him a report of a conversation which had taken place at a ball between the French Ambassador at Berlin, le Vicomte de Gontaut Biron, and a German, M. de Radowitz, who had an important position at the German Foreign Office, and who was believed to be in Bismarck's confidence. The latter, having turned the conversation to the recent French Army Bill, which, he said, roused the anxiety of the German Government, revealed to the French Ambassador the plans of the German military party against France. The German armies were to invade France, crush instantly all opposition, press on Paris, invest the capital, and take up a position on the plateau of Auron, whence they could overlook Paris and, if need be, destroy it. This done, Germany would dictate a treaty reducing France to absolute subjection for many years. It would insist on a permanently reduced army, impose a war indemnity of ten milliards, payable in twenty annuities without any clause allowing payment to be made in advance, with annual interest at 5 per cent., and keep garrisons in the principal towns of France until the whole sum should be paid.

It was this report, shown by the Duc Decazes to De Blowitz, that provoked the latter's startling letter to the *Times*, which on May 4th revealed the German plan to Europe.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the effect produced by this letter on a Europe already, in the words of Thiers, suffering from nerves (*l'Europe a des nerfs*).

But none of these disclosures induced Lord Derby to give M. Gavard any indication that England would stand by France in case she were attacked. Throughout these conversations one is forcibly reminded of those which took place between Lord Grey and M. Cambon on the eve of the present war. All that Lord Derby would say was that Russia might well exercise a salutary influence at Berlin. "As well as England?" queried the French Minister. But Lord Derby made no response.

Now, at that moment the Tsar Alexander was expected to visit his uncle, Kaiser Wilhelm. And both France and England looked to him to dissipate the war-cloud so rapidly gathering. Before leaving Petrograd, Alexander promised the French Ambassador, Le Flô, that he would act as peace-maker. "Reassure your Government," he said, "you shall not be attacked. There will be no surprise."

The Tsar apparently lost no time in keeping his promise. For, reaching Berlin on May 10th, he went straight to the Foreign Office. An hour or two later the Russian Minister, Gortschakoff, who had accompanied the Tsar, called on Bismarck. And that evening, when Lord Odo Russell dined with Bismarck, it was obvious that the English Ambassador's prophecy had been verified and that the crisis was over, for the Prince took the opportunity of saying that France and Germany were on excellent terms, and that the war rumours proceeded from the stock-jobbers and from the Press. The former, Hohenlohe, in his *Memoirs*, exonerates at the expense of De Blowitz and what he calls his "tactlessness."

At the same time, Bismarck thanked our Ambassador for "the friendly offer, which he highly appreciated, as a proof of goodwill and confidence on the part of Her Majesty's Government." For Lord Derby had been better than his

word. Not content with urging Russia to intervene as peace-maker, he had, in a dispatch which was circulated at Paris, Vienna, Petrograd, and Rome, instructed Lord Odo Russell to put an end to the misunderstanding between France and Germany. Queen Victoria also apparently wrote two letters in the interests of peace. One was addressed to the Tsar and the other to the Emperor William.\*

The Anglo-Russian pressure had for the moment removed the danger of war. On May 12th, Prince Gortschakoff was able to send to the Russian envoys abroad his famous telegram: *La paix est assurée*.

On May 11th the announcement in the English House of Commons of the end of the crisis had been received with loud applause. "What a week we have passed through!" exclaimed the Duke of Cambridge to the French Chargé d'Affaires. The Duc Decazes, in a letter to M. Gavard, asked him to convey the thanks of the French Government to Mr. John Delane, editor of the *Times*, and described England's conduct in the matter as "her grand awakening." It seemed to mark her abandonment of the Gladstonian policy of isolation which had been the despair of France.

### Austrian Aid against Germany

Throughout those anxious May days England and Russia, in bringing pressure to bear on Germany, had looked for the aid of Austria. Lord Odo Russell had counted on it. In a letter to Lord Derby on May 6th, he had written: "How Bismarck will meet the humiliating blow of being told by his allies, Russia and Austria, that he must keep the peace with France, when he has proclaimed to the world that France is ready to take her revenge, is difficult to foretell."

But Austria failed at the last moment; and when Lord Derby's dispatch was sent round to the various European Governments, declined to instruct their Ambassador at Berlin, in the sense desired, on the ground that it would irritate Bismarck.

Various are the interpretations put upon the whole affair. Bismarck himself refused to recognise its existence. In his *Reflections and Reminiscences* he passes very lightly over the matter, dismissing it as an elaborate fiction. Busch also, in his well-known narrative, is discreetly reticent on the subject. The Chancellor told Lord Odo Russell that he had refused Gortschakoff's request for a categorical promise not to go to war, because such a promise would have implied the existence of an intention that he repudiated.

Those who disbelieve Bismarck's denial are driven to adopt one of two hypotheses. The conversation between Radowitz and Gontaut Biron may have been arranged by Bismarck himself with the object of thwarting the plans of Count Moltke and the Emperor's military party, whom he is said to have detested. This is hardly probable, however, because after the affair, while Bismarck made every effort to get Gontaut Biron removed from Berlin, the Emperor received him into such high favour that the Chancellor denounced him as the tool of the Empress.

It is more likely that the communication made by Radowitz to the French Ambassador was an attempt on the part of the Chancellor to check French military preparations by warning the French Government of their inevitable result.

That the communication would ever reach the ears of the *Times* correspondent and, finding its way into print, scare the whole of Europe, and result in the administration to the German Government by Great Britain and Russia of something very like a delicately worded reprimand, Bismarck can never have for one instant anticipated. For once, this prince of intriguers found himself, to say the least of it, outwitted if not completely snubbed. Naturally, he was furious; there is no doubt about that. Prince Hohenlohe's letters show that his anger this time was genuine. And the whole of his wrath he seems to have vented on Gontaut Biron. One would have thought that Radowitz, whom Bismarck never ceased to favour, was equally inculpated, and that the prime delinquents in the Chancellor's eyes would have been De Blowitz and his editor, Mr. John Delane. For they, by publishing de Gontaut's report, cleared the air and facilitated the intervention of the two great Powers, who could no longer plead their ignorance of German machinations.

Journalism, summoned to its aid by the French Government, had defeated that secret diplomacy which, though doubtless to a certain extent inevitable, has probably, far oftener than we know, plunged Europe into war. This incident proves that there are occasions when candour and openness are the only ways of keeping the peace.

\* The date, June 20th, given to this letter by Sir Sydney Lee in his "Biography of Queen Victoria," p. 431, is probably an error. For by that date, the crisis being well over, the letter would have been meaningless.



# The Glories of Bruges: By G. C. Williamson

IT is indeed good news that we learn from recent telegrams when they tell us that the treasures of Bruges—both architectural, pictorial, and in metal work—are believed to be intact, as there are few towns of Flanders which were more rich in art work than was Bruges.

It was curious, in visiting the quaint old-world quiet place, with its numerous canals and bridges, its silent streets, and faintly buzzing commerce to remember that, once upon a time, it had been the busiest port in Europe, the central mart of the Hanseatic League, the Venice of the North, the most opulent town in Northern Europe.

Its decline as a commercial place was so complete; the breaking up of the league, the silting of the Zwin River, the rise of British ports and British manufacturing towns, had all helped to make it decline; but it had fossilised so gracefully that a town of the fifteenth century it still remained, ex-

quisite in appearance, unspoiled by manufacturers or restoration, and living its old, quiet, serious, Flemish life, in the midst of its treasures, as it had ever lived.

Its quays and factories were certainly there, and the places where the agents of the Medici, the Bardi, and the Fuggers, carried on rich commerce, remained; but all were unfrequented, dignified in silence, and, by very reason of the slow ebbing away from Bruges of the trade that once made it so bustling and prosperous, the buildings and their treasures had rested in their mediaeval dignity untouched by time, while the population about them had shrunk to a tenth of its original number.

Its high-pitched beautiful houses still looked upon the canals, almost silent of traffic.

Its Hotel de Ville, an exquisite gem of middle Gothic architecture of about 1380, faced a grand open square that, save on market or feast days, had few persons except tourists, guides, and market women about it; and the Chapel of the Holy Blood, to its right, a wonderful erection in

the flamboyant work of the sixteenth century (say, 1530), was the abode of mystery and religious significance, and only



HOTEL DE VILLE

A gem of Gothic architecture



BRUGES FROM THE CANAL





### THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI. BY MEMLING

One of the most famous pictures in the world

crowded at remote intervals when pilgrims or tourists took part in the imposing ceremonies in its interior chapels.

Still, it preserved the silver gilt reliquary of 1617, studded with precious jewels and richly decorated with figures of Christ and St. Donatian, St. Basil, and Our Lady, set under imposing canopies of gold and ivory, a fitting resting-place for the most famous relic in Europe, the drops of the Holy Blood of the Saviour, brought, in 1149, from the Holy Land by Theodoric of Alsace, Count of Flanders, and deposited in his faithful city of Bruges.

It was to receive this treasure of inestimable value that the Lower Chapel was erected by Theodoric in 1150, and the more gorgeous chapel above it was not built till the fifteenth century, when Bruges, rich and prosperous, desired to pay greater honour to the treasure which has rested in it for 800 years, and has never left its custody for one single day!

How many of us remember the stately ceremonies in this Upper Chapel and the magnificent and dexterous manner in which, with high upward swings, the censers of smoking incense were swung before the relic when Benediction was given to the kneeling crowds below.

To most visitors, however, the pictures in Bruges were its chief attraction.

The Hospital of St. John (1188) still preserved in its Picture Gallery the exquisite works by Memling, painted in 1480, for the very place where they still rest, the Chasse of St. Ursula, perhaps the chief object of interest, but rivalled in value by the Jan Floreins Triptych, the Martin Nieuwenhoven Diptych, the portrait of

Marie Moreel, and the magnificent Triptych for the High Altar, which was also commissioned by Brother Jan Floreins for his much-loved hospital.

The Cathedral and every church in Bruges had its treasures, and the little Académie des Beaux Arts was of even higher importance, inasmuch as on its walls hung a veritable altar piece by Jan van Eyck, of circa 1390, the Memling Triptych of William Moreel, and several paintings by Gerard David.

If only all these treasures still remain uninjured in Bruges, the place is indeed to be congratulated.

Its inhabitants always stated that, "come wind, come flood," Bruges and its possessions, guarded for hundreds of years by the power of the great relic, would survive any trouble; but Bruges never guessed of what has overtaken it, and if the Chapel of the Holy Blood, the Hospital of St. John, and the Academy still remain intact, Bruges will indeed have seen what to many of us may well appear to be of the nature of a miracle.



The beautiful Reliquary built to contain the drops of the Holy Blood brought from the Holy Land by Theodoric of Alsace, Count of Flanders, and deposited in the Sacred Chapel of Bruges

[NOTE.—Since the foregoing lines were written, details of the German evacuation of Bruges have come to hand which prove that for once, at least, the Hun has suppressed his natural instincts, and, architecturally, the city has been left practically intact. It has also been stated that the Hun has made a belated repentance, and that such art treasures as have been removed will be carefully stored and returned. The enemy occupation of the city will certainly leave it poorer in the artistic sense, but, compared with other towns that have suffered German domination, Bruges has escaped much and retained the greater part of its historic works.]



# Life and Letters by J. C. Squire

## Looking Backward

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S *A Writer's Recollections* (Collins, 12s. 6d. net) contains as many famous people to the page as any recent book. She was born, if not in the purple, at any rate in its scholastic equivalent. Her grandfather was Arnold, of Rugby; Matthew Arnold was her uncle; her other uncles were prominent public servants and educationists; her aunt married W. E. Forster; and her cousins have included historians, men of letters, and Cabinet Ministers. As a girl, she knew everybody in Oxford; ever since then she has known everybody in London; and when she made her first success with *Robert Elsmere*, half the celebrities in England, from Mr. Gladstone downwards, seem to have been waiting for the chance of complimenting her upon it. She has mingled with politicians as a politician, with ecclesiastics as a theologian, with novelists as a novelist, with historians as an expert on the Dark Ages, with dons as the first woman to examine men for a University Scholarship. And the *Times* puts her letters in large type.

Nevertheless, her book of reminiscences is not so exciting as it might be. It is, indeed, a little insipid. Here and there one finds a good story or quotation, and one's face lights up; but one is soon back among lofty trivialities. It is interesting to hear that George Eliot could converse for twenty minutes "with perfect ease and finish, without misplacing a word or dropping a sentence"; it is a good remark of Lowell's that "Nobody but Wordsworth ever got beyond the need of sympathy, and he started there," and there are one or two bearable anecdotes. For instance, there is one about Swinburne at Jowett's:

I could not think why he seemed so cross and uncomfortable. He was perpetually beckoning to the waiters, then, when they came, holding peremptory conversation with them; while I from my side of the table could see them going away, with a whisper or shrug to each other, like men asked for the impossible. At last, with a kind of bound, Swinburne leapt from his chair and seized a copy of the *Times*, which he seemed to have persuaded one of the men to bring him. As he got up I saw that the fire behind him, and very close to him, must indeed have been burning the very marrow out of a long-suffering poet. And, alack, in that house without a mistress, the small conveniences of life, such as fire-screens, were often overlooked. The Master did not possess any. In a pale exasperation Swinburne folded the *Times* over the back of his chair, and sat down again. Vain was the effort! The room was narrow, the party large, and the servants pushing by had soon dislodged the *Times*. Again and again did Swinburne in a fury replace it; and was soon reduced to sitting silent and wild-eyed, his back firmly pressed against the chair and the newspaper, in a concentrated struggle with fate.

This is not a first-rate story. No word is spoken, no light is thrown on character, and, as for the telling of it, we have only to imagine what Mr. Gosse, with a slight touch of caricature, would have made of it, to realise that it is not well told. But Mrs. Ward cannot keep up even to this level. When we are told that she put the coals on the fire for Mark Pattison, and that he said "Good! does it drive you distracted, too, when people put on coals the wrong way?" we wonder why on earth so desperately banal a remark has been repeated. Mrs. Ward seems, indeed, to have made a point of overlooking the most characteristic and exciting things about the people she has known; and this is maddening, considering they have ranged from Uncle Matthew to Henry James, of whom she appears to have been a long and close friend, to whom she pays most devoted "tribute," and of whom scarcely a good remark is repeated. The conclusion is that there is a great deal in life that does not interest her and a great deal of which she disapproves.

Mrs. Ward's private life seems to have been almost indistinguishable from public life. Everybody she has ever known appears to have been eminent, distinguished, and earnest. And she never seems able to lose her strong sense of responsibility, her consciousness of the duty of intellectual ardour, for one moment. You begin a chapter headed "Early Married Life." In most autobiographies this would induce in you either the fear of a waste of dull domestic

minutiæ, children's progress, trivial dinner-parties, and the like, or the hope of an amusing record of "private" things seen and a parade of obscure but fascinating characters. But there are no such things here. It needn't have been "early" and it scarcely need have been "married"; the record of this life in this chapter is a page of Mandell Creighton and the Renaissance Popes, and some pages of J. R. Green, Mr. Freeman, Bishop Stubbs, and the Gothic kings of Spain. Towards the close of it the author very properly pulls herself up with: "But life then was not all lectures," just as in an earlier chapter she suddenly remarks: "But a girl of seventeen is not always thinking of books." There were holidays, too; but the first holiday leads us to the "Ecole Normale," the "Ecole des Sciences politiques," and "an illuminating talk with M. Renan." So throughout chapter after chapter.

The Cabinet Ministers, the distinguished foreigners, the educational reformers, the philosophers, the heads of houses, the deans, bishops, scientists, Tractarians, Broad Churchmen, and Rationalists, stand in serried rows with brows broad or beetling, lips grim or sensitive, eyes penetrating or other-worldly, all a little inhuman, a little solemnised, described reverently from the outside in such a way as to invite the profane ironies of Mr. Lytton Strachey. They mostly, in her pages, deliver themselves of improving maxims. One recognises the truth of Mr. Max Beerbohm's cartoon of the young Mary Augusta asking her debonair Uncle Matthew why he was not *always* serious. She has little taste for more than an occasional condescension into flippancy or temperate high spirits made as a concession to the weakness of human nature. Everything to her is an occasion for moralising. Everything has a purpose and a lesson all the time, and where the purposes are puzzling the resultant tension and gravity in the mind are all the greater. She can seldom describe anything without reference to its bearing upon something else. It is characteristic of her that her best descriptive passage, in which she tells of her love of the fells when she was a child, should end with juvenile cogitations about geology; and that her confession of pleasure in nature should be qualified thus:

I have used the words "physical joy" because, although such passionate pleasure in natural things as has been my constant Helper (in the sense of the Greek *ἐπὶ-κουριος*) through life, has connected itself no doubt, in the process of time, with various intimate beliefs, philosophic or religious, as to the Beauty which is Truth, and therewith the only conceivable key to man's experience, yet I could not myself endorse the famous contrast in Wordsworth's *Dintern Abbey* between the "haunting passion" of youth's delight in Nature, and the more complex feeling of later years, when Nature takes an aspect coloured by our own moods and memories, when our sorrows and reflections enter so much into what we feel about the "bright and intricate device" of earth and her seasons, that "in our life alone doth Nature live."

This unmitigated seriousness is, above all, a handicap for a writer of recollections. Apart from its disastrous effects on the selection of material and the treatment of character, it is wasted even where, given a larger room and a special subject, it might be fruitful. When we have finished Mrs. Ward we have only caught glimpses of a hundred problems and controversies, and we have not really become familiar with the development of her own thought—which might, granted that her own thought was interesting enough, that she had a sufficient insight into her own processes, and that she could write about them in a vivid and accurate way, have made a good autobiography of one kind. As it is, one feels she has missed her opportunities. Her concluding pages on contemporary literature are redeemed by a good deal of shrewdness and a certain animus, which, if not admirable for its own sake, is refreshing after three hundred pages of dignified genuflections before the remembered images of the great and good. She is an enthusiast for Stevenson, Hardy, and Henry James, she respects Mr. Arnold Bennett, she is freezing about Mr. Wells. But whatever one's views about novels with a mission and the division between journalism and fiction, one may pardonably be surprised to find Mrs. Ward taking it for granted that the novel is not the place for propaganda and argument. For she has made it evident that her own interests have always been primarily controversial.



# With a Motor Convoy in German East Africa

**L**EATHER clothing, woollen sweaters, five blankets each, and an enormous brazier made from an old twenty-gallon oil-drum with holes in it, burning in the banda, or grass hut, does not suggest Tropical Africa; but it was with difficulty that we were able to keep warm in our camp on the aerodrome at Loll-kissale. There was a dense fog until the sun rose, and this, together with the high altitude, chilled the atmosphere.

Before leaving, Corporal Fuller, who spoke several native languages, had a talk with one of the natives in a village nearby, and heard the following story, which he translated for our benefit:

*"Away by big water, long way away, big bird fly over big village screaming for its food. All the people run indoors, and big bird find no food, so it lay four eggs, and each egg set light to big village."*

Evidently this was one of our seaplanes which had bombed Tanga, four hundred miles away, and the news had travelled that distance by word of mouth in ten days.

Ufomi was our next objective, and the road lay over dry river beds and black cotton-soil swamps, baked hard by the tropical sun. Engine troubles were the order of the day, and it was exhausting work getting forward.

At noon we came upon a water hole. It was filthy water, but we were glad to find it, for our supply was low and the engines had boiled the whole day long. Dry bones of all kinds of animals showed us that this was the only pool for many miles. Poor beasts, they had crawled towards the water at some past time, probably only to find the spring dried up, and had died, leaving their bones to bleach in the sun. Dead horses lay about everywhere; certainly van Deventer had left his trail of white bones across Africa! Horses had perished in thousands in his great advance. Tsetse fly, horse-sickness, and want of food and water had taken their toll of them. The hole was a ghastly place to camp, but the dread of running short of water was always uppermost in every man's mind, for in such an advance, through unknown country, and under a tropical sun, there was no certainty of finding spring or river.

After a short halt we again pushed forward, and saw Ufomi mountain in the distance. When we began to climb we came upon a well-defined track, but as the bush on all sides was very dense, night found us eight miles away from the native settlement.

Next morning one of our cars refused to start, and though we worked until ten a.m., we were obliged to leave the jibber behind to be towed in later in the day. The country on all sides was well cultivated, millet and Indian corn being grown by the natives; and high upon the slope of the mountain we could see the mission station, towards which we climbed, camping beside a little stream. This was the best camp we ever found in German East; we had good water and fresh fruit and vegetables from the garden of the mission station, which was afterwards taken over as a hospital. Whole native villages were hidden in the fields of millet, which stood from ten to twelve feet high, and it was strange to hear the chattering which went on at night and to see no sign of any one. Later on the whole place developed into a big supply camp and motor transport depot.

Before leaving Ufomi I learned that I had some mountain passes to negotiate before reaching Kondoa Irangi, so I decided to strip the cars of all woodwork, leaving only the flat platforms and no sides or hoods.

Two days later we set out for Kondoa Irangi, Nanson having gone forward in a Crossley to inspect the aerodrome,

and to make all preparations for our aeroplanes which were to fly over immediately.

After passing through groves of banana and sugar-cane we found ourselves in the mountains, and after two hours came to the foot of Pinas Heights.

The gradient was one in four for three hundred yards, then one in eight for another two hundred yards, and about one in three for one hundred yards—and this, over a rocky track and no road, was some performance!

We had a wonderful view when we reached the top. Before us as far as the eye could see lay the vast Masai plain as yet unexplored by white men, and away to the south and west, sixty or seventy miles distant, mountain after mountain, unmarked on any map, and covered with dense tropical trees and thornbush. An unnamed river wound its way at the foot of the hills, and through our glasses we could see tall trees growing upon its banks.

Near our halting place we discovered a Dutch settlement

consisting of Boer families who had trekked north after the South African War and who were unwilling to live under British government. They were dissatisfied and discontented, and the Germans had found them bad colonists. Later on these Dutchmen were sent back to the north, as they were suspected of communicating with the enemy.

We bought milk and eggs from them and moved forward. Thousands of dead horses and oxen lay rotting upon the hill top; it was a horrible sight and the stench was awful. The poor beasts had toiled up the mountain after filling themselves



MT. KILIMANJARO

This photograph was taken from a distance of 15 miles in the early morning

with water at the pond, and had died, either of fly or of horse-sickness, or had burst their hearts. We all experienced hearts at this altitude as we struggled forward across the mountains. The cars were continually in difficulties and one after another required help. The Daimler fell through into an ants' nest, and sank down three feet until she was resting upon her chassis. We had to dig her out, and the ants were not at all friendly; then we coupled three Crossleys on to her and tugged her free. We found a double block purchase was one of the most useful things we had brought.

These adventures took a long time, and we only advanced twelve miles after fourteen hours of incessant work, and night found us among big trees, too done up to build a zareba round our camp. We formed the cars into a square and slept inside it, setting two sentries, and trusting to Blotto to give us warning should anyone approach. He had proved himself a wonderful watch dog and would awaken the camp at the slightest movement outside the ring fence. We had grown to trust his senses, and though he often got sworn at, we frequently blessed him, which I hope recompensed him.

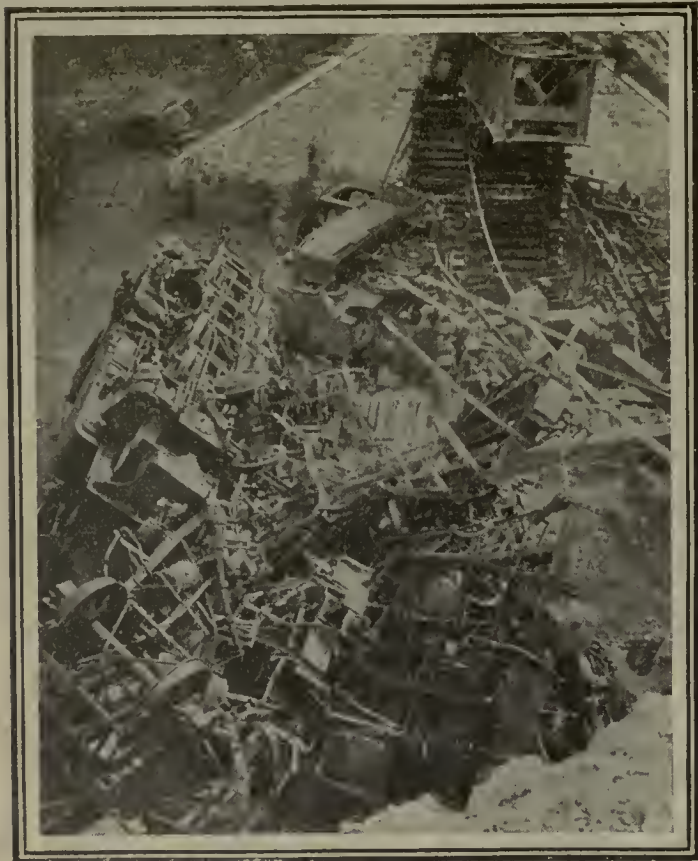
The convoy, now reduced to my Ford, three Crossleys, and the Daimler, toiled forward, up and down hills and across dongas until about twenty-five miles from Kondoa, where I was met by Sub-Lieutenant Gallihawk, who had come to tell me that the road was impossible for the heavy lorries, and that six wagons and teams of mules were on the way to take off the loads. I learned at the same time that our two aeroplanes with Flight-Lieutenant Moore and Sub-Lieutenant Dawson had flown successfully from Imbuyuni to Lollkissale, had landed there to take on oil and petrol, and had set out for Kondoa. They had been sighted to the east of the German position, and then had vanished into the blue, and nothing further had been seen or heard of them! This was an awful blow! Our first two machines had failed to get through, and all the division had been counting on them! They were our only chance of locating



the enemy's long-range guns and of bombing his positions. It cast a gloom over every one; there is a terrible mystery about a machine lost in the blue; pictures arise of the pilots stranded in the jungle, struggling forward without food and water, pushing on as best they can, with hope gradually dwindling, weak, a prey to wild beasts, and always before them the vision of death from thirst.

I now decided to leave the Daimler behind to await the mule convoy, and to reduce the loads on the Crossleys to 700 lbs. each, and on the Ford to 300 lbs., only taking with us the absolute necessities for ourselves and for the advance party in Kondoa, who were on very short rations and in urgent need of supplies. The road was terrible, we crossed mountain passes at 10,000 feet up, and slid down steep hills and across rivers, until we finally descended into the valley fifteen miles from our objective. We were then obliged to follow the sandy bed of the river, and it was awful work getting along. Deep dongas intercepted our path and wide sand patches without bottom. When the cars stuck it was heavy work getting them out.

Over the sand the Ford proved invaluable, and seldom got into trouble. The heavier Crossleys had twin rear wheels which helped them, but they constantly stuck and had to be dug out. For good all-round work in difficult country



**HUN WORK IN GERMAN EAST AFRICA**  
A railway bridge destroyed and seven trains driven in

I cannot speak too highly of a Ford car, and the utility of our convoy would have been considerably minimised had it not included one of these strong and reliable, yet light weight, motors amongst its number.

Night set in before we arrived at the river bank outside Kondoa, and we took up a position close under a thick hedge, where we hoped the Germans who were only two miles away, could not see us.

The town of Kondoa Irangi consisted of about twelve European houses, a church, an old Arab slave trading fort, and a nigger village on the opposite side of the river. The large native barracks had been burned by the Germans, and the church damaged by shell fire. It was a weird settlement and full of memories, being situated on the old slave route from the Congo and West Africa, to Bagamayo on the east coast; the latter having been at one time the biggest slave trading centre in Africa. Here at Kondoa Irangi in past days slaves from the Congo and West Coast met slaves from Uganda and the north, all, poor devils, marching together to the sea at Bagamayo to be sold by their Arab captors. "Ayah! Ayah!" "Forward! Forward!" The old dreaded call of the Arab dealers is still part of the native language, and many are the tales of cruelty and suffering which linger in the district.

The niggers were of a very poor type, having been thoroughly cowed by the Germans, who had flogged them and taken away all their cattle, except a few goats. Cloth-



**A BUSH STATION**  
Provisions and stores arriving. Natives travel on top of the trucks

ing among them was a minus quantity; some had scraps of loin cloths but the majority wore nothing. We traded cotton with them for food, and a yard of calico bought three chickens.

On the afternoon of our first day at Kondoa, word was brought that Flight-Lieut. Moore and Flight-Sub. Lieut. Dawson who had started to fly from Lollikissale were safe. Moore had crawled in to Ufomi more dead than alive, and Dawson had been left behind with some natives who had water, and who were to carry him in as soon as he recovered consciousness.

I at once drove out to our camp with the good news, and shortly afterwards Moore's report came to hand.

Both machines had landed close together thirty-five miles out on the Masai plain. The pilots had lost their way, and had hunted for Kondoa Irangi far off to the east. Being unable to strike it, they had set out to return to Lollikissale, but had run short of petrol, and had taken accurate bearings of the position before beginning to trek to Ufomi. This they had been obliged to do on foot, and it had taken them thirty-four hours to come in, the last fifteen without food or water. In the early dawn when the dew was on the grass they had sucked the bottoms of their slacks to get moisture, but when the sun rose and the day grew hot, their tongues swelled and their sufferings increased.

They were safe however, which was the chief thing, and it now remained to salve the aeroplanes, which as Kipling says "is another story!" It was done however by means of forced marches, and without loss to us, except a few unfortunate niggers who deserted or succumbed from sickness.

The journey from Imbuyuni to Kondoa Irangi was a great trek. We had done three hundred and twenty miles in thirteen days. We had crossed swamps, rivers, and mountains, and had found a route for motor transport, where few if any white men had ever been before, and certainly no cars. Our track was used until the opening of the road to Dar-es-Salaam, some six months later, when pioneers were employed to build bridges, and to make a road; and within a month cars were going backwards and forwards in six days.

I. M. B.



**HUN WORK IN GERMAN EAST AFRICA**  
Another view of railway bridge and trains destroyed



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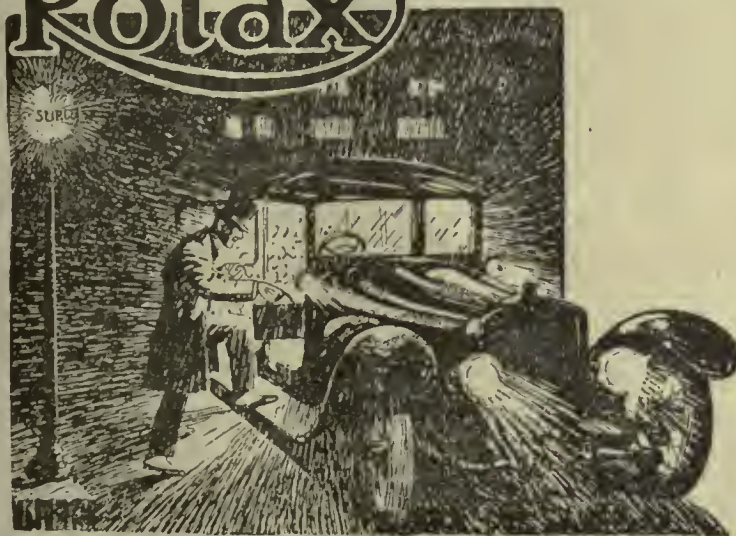
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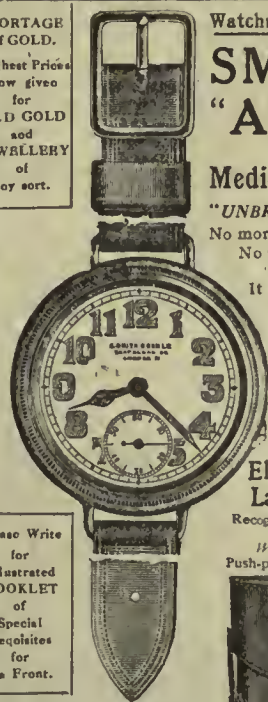
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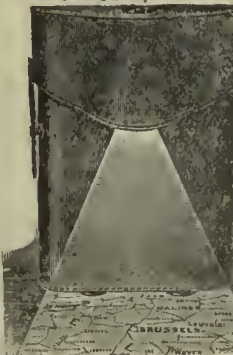
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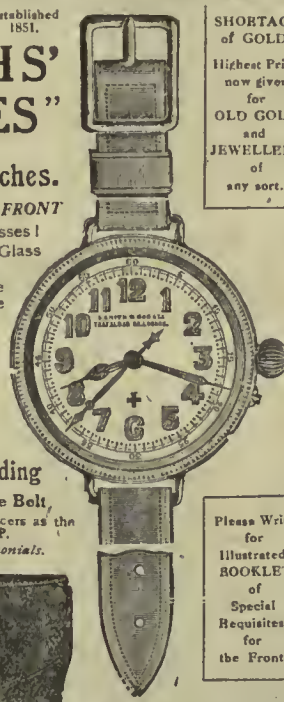
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# THE THEATRE

By W. J. Turner

**T**HIS week I have made a discovery. I have been to a remarkable play, not at any West End theatre, but at the Royal Victoria Hall, Waterloo, known to Dickens as the "Coburg," and to most Londoners to-day as the "Old Vic." I had heard that this was the only theatre in London at present where you could expect to see a first-class play, but I had never had an opportunity of going. This week I felt I simply could not stand another of the dramatic farces I had been seeing in the West End lately, so suddenly, about seven o'clock last Monday evening, I determined to go to the "Old Vic.," and run the risk of something interesting being done that night. I was not disappointed—far from it—for I saw one of the finest plays I have seen in my life. I arrived late, the play had already started, and I was unable to get a programme. The scene on the stage when I took my seat appeared to be the interior of some mediæval castle, and there was a woman seated alone reading a letter. She was speaking when I came in, and I noticed that the play was in verse. As I sat down, a messenger entered, and said:

The King comes here to-night.

and she exclaimed, startled:

Thou'rt mad to say it!

Just ten short words, and an atmosphere tense and expectant had been created! I settled down, feeling instinctively that I had made a discovery at last. The messenger goes out, and the lady of the castle, whose husband is bringing the King as a guest for the night, exhorts herself to have no mercy but to seize this heaven-sent opportunity to kill the King, and thus get the crown for her husband. In spite of some fine lines such as:

The raven himself is hoarse  
That croaks the fatal entrance of the King  
Under my battlements.

the effect of this passage was rather flat, through a tendency to rant on the part of the actress and a certain undramatic over-abundance of words in the expression of the author. The King presently arrives with her husband, the Thane of Glamis, to give him his recently acquired title, and after being made welcome, the household retires for the night. There is now a short scene between the Thane and his wife, during which the Thane momentarily shrinks from the idea of murdering the King, from whom he has received so many benefits, but has his reluctance swept away by his wife's confident plan:

His two chamberlains  
Will I with wine and wassail so convince  
That memory the warder of the brain  
Shall be a fume. . . .

Then follows a beautifully written scene. It is night, we are in the courtyard of the castle. A man and a boy cross the courtyard:

How goes the night, boy?  
Boy: The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

They enter the castle, and the Thane comes out obviously distracted as the moment for the murder draws near. This scene was finely acted; the Thane's growing horror of what he was about to do, due to his being a man of imagination, and not merely a callous brute, began to work upon the audience, and we sat stiff, scarcely breathing, in our seats as we heard him murmur:

Thou sure and firm-set earth  
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts. . . .

A bell strikes; it is the pre-arranged signal. The Thane goes up into the King's apartments, and his wife comes out of the castle and waits for him in the courtyard. He descends again:

She: My husband!  
He: I have done the deed.—Didst thou not hear a noise?  
She: I heard the owl scream and the cricket cry.  
He: When?  
She: Now.  
He: As I descended?  
She: Ay.  
He: Hark!

Then follows a marvellous passage:

He: One cried "God bless us" and, "Amen," the other:  
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.  
Listening their fear I could not say "Amen"  
When they did say, "God bless us!"  
She: Consider it not so deeply.  
He: But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"?  
I had most need of blessing, and Amen  
Stuck in my throat.  
She: These deeds must not be thought  
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.  
He: Methought I heard a voice cry: "Sleep no more!  
Glamis hath murder'd sleep. . . ."

The effect of this was extraordinary; it is wonderful enough to read, and it is a thousand times more wonderful in the theatre.

The murder is discovered; but as the King's sons take to flight, suspicion falls on them, and Glamis is made King. In the next act we are at a banquet in the King's palace; and the King, having since committed a second murder in the effort to secure his throne, imagines he sees the ghost of the murdered man in his empty place at the table:

the times have been  
That when the brains were out the man would die  
And then an end; but now, they rise again. . . .

One remarkable touch in this fine scene—a scene which gives a wonderful opportunity for acting and holds the audience like a spell, which it is literally—is the King's amazement when the ghost disappears at the calmness of the Queen:

Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer's cloud  
Without our special wonder? You make me strange  
When now I think you can behold such sights  
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,  
When mine are blanched with fear.

This was not well done by Mr. Ernest Milton, who took the part; it demanded a change of key, which he failed to grasp. But though lacking in subtlety, his acting was essentially sound. The King is a highly emotional and imaginative man, and casts the spell of his imagination over the whole play; it is what gives the play its extraordinary intensity, and this imaginative intensity was thoroughly realised and expressed by Mr. Ernest Milton, and the rest of the cast had caught the spirit so that there was not a single part that jarred the harmony.

In the next act the scene is in the neighbouring kingdom, where one of the leading nobles has fled, fearing that he will be the next to be sacrificed to the King's fear and ambition. He tries to persuade the son of the old King, also a refugee, to take up arms and lead a rebellion to save his unhappy country from the bloodthirsty madman that now rules it. In the midst of his appeal a messenger comes to tell him that, enraged at his escape, the King has sacked his castle and murdered his wife and all his children. The unhappy man at first breaks down completely (the part was well acted by Mr. Geo. Barran), then sets off with the old King's son to destroy the tyrant.

The last and finest scene of all is a *tour de force* of dramatic art which reminds one in its gradual, cumulative effect of the finest climaxes of Wagner. The King is sitting in his castle when the news comes of the approaching army, his retinue is alarmed, but he, a prey to grief and despair, exclaims:

I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.  
Give me my armour.

They prepare for battle, when an officer rushes from the Queen's apartments and announces that the Queen is dead. Then follows a passage marvellous to read in solitude by the fireside, but in the theatre turning one's blood to fire and ice. I have no space to quote it here, but even that is not the climax. There is an old prophecy that the King is safe until Birnam Wood comes to Dunsinane. A messenger rushes, terrified, in, and shrieks that the wood begins to move. The King puts on his helmet to go out to fight, exclaiming:

There is no flying hence nor tarrying here.  
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun.

Shouting with excitement, I went out of the theatre, and the name of this play, reader, was *Macbeth*.



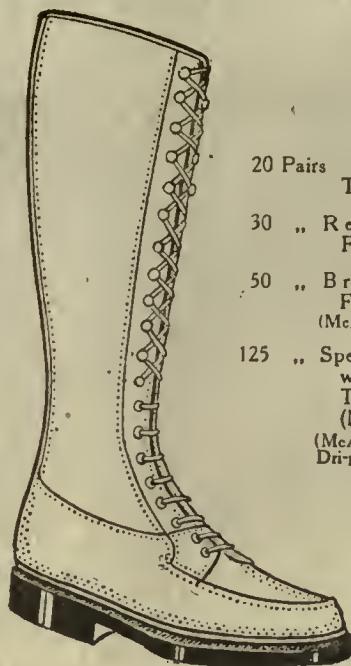
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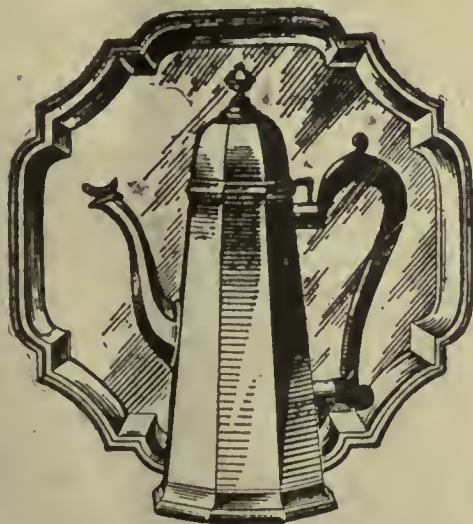
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# The Reader's Diary



## Recent Novels

**M**R. EDEN PHILLPOTTS is, I suppose, the most consistent and industrious novelist that ever lived. You take your eye off him and his works for ten years or so, and when you replace it you find him still patiently writing large, grey, careful novels with a seduction in them, or, at least, a case of illegitimacy. Some years ago he completed a very exhaustive series of stories about Devonshire, and then, feeling, one imagines, that it was unmethodical to write fiction in a haphazard way as it came, he announced that he intended to execute a series of tales about the minor industries of England. I remember that the first two of these books were described to me (I did not read them) as dealing respectively with Pottery and the Law of Illegitimacy and Oysters and Free Love—an ingenious mingling of two kinds of instruction. Now comes a new volume, called *The Spinners* (Heinemann, 7s. net), and with it come, I regret to say, the inevitable seduction and the everlasting love-child. But the setting of the story is, so far as I know, original. I cannot remember that any novelist has ever before made use of the rope and string industry in the Bridport district. Nor, on full consideration, can I say that Mr. Phillpotts has really made use of it. The principal male character, Raymond (one hesitates to call him a hero), owns a mill, and the heroine, Sabina Dinnett, works in it. But I do not think that the course of affairs between them would have gone very differently if their fortunes had lain in the tanning trade or the ready-made clothes industry. What happened was that their illegitimate child inherited his mother's hatred for his father, and cherished it to the point of murder after it had been softened in her. This might have come about anywhere. Yet the Bridport rope and twine industry is, I think, really worth study, and has a character of its own. I do not pretend to be an expert on it, but I must say that I learn nothing from Mr. Phillpotts, except a vague, incomplete account of the processes of manufacture; while I can tell him what he has not brought out in his book, namely, that it is a rather poorly paid trade, drawing its labour from small industrial "pockets" in a rural district, where there is little opportunity for work-people to change their employment. But for Mr. Phillpotts the place and industry make merely a stage-setting for his plot; and I have described his plot, though, to be sure, I have omitted the comic inn-keepers. It is impossible not to admire Mr. Phillpotts's careful and competent workmanship; but it is possible to yawn over it.

Mr. Alfred Noyes's *Walking Shadows* (Cassell, 7s. net) and M. Henri Barbusse's *We Others* (Dent, 6s. net) make an excellent contrast between the English and the French methods of writing a short story. M. Barbusse is all for brevity and "punch"; and so in less than three hundred pages he gives us nearly fifty stories, each with something strange or heart-breaking in it, a crime or a disaster, or a terrible revelation of unhappiness. None of his characters are pleasant people, and his humour is, to say the least of it, savage. But his rapidly sketched inventions, the murderer who saved himself by heaping up too much evidence against himself, the minister of religion who died under suspicion of suicide because he had sat in a room where arsenic drifted down from the paint on the walls, the girl parted from her lover, to make his career possible, who kills herself the next day, but leaves letters to be sent him at intervals of years, telling him that she is recovering from her sorrow—these certainly have the quality of forcefulness at which their author aims. Mr. Noyes aims at persuasion rather than "punch"; and though his ten stories are competently put together and interesting enough to hold the attention, they do not rise much above the level of the magazines. One of them, however, does rival M. Barbusse in horror. It describes how the captain of a German merchant submarine sent to America with a packet of diamonds, escaped through his conning-tower, leaving his crew to drown, how he set up in the States on the proceeds of the diamonds as a retired Dutch skipper, and how, in a moment of excitement, he told the story to his young American wife and her brother. It is not a pretty tale, but it is very well told.

## Tyl Ulenspiegel

It is a happy thought which has brought out Mr. Geoffrey Whitworth's version of Charles de Coster's *Legend of Tyl Ulenspiegel* (Chatto & Windus, 7s. 6d. net) now, when the Belgian towns are beginning to appear again—and this time with a joyous significance—in the war news. For the description of it as the "national epic of Flanders" has much more meaning than such phrases usually have. Tyl is an epic figure—he is known in Germany as Eulenspiegel, and has made an appearance in England under the name of Owl-glass—and de Coster has treated him in a truly epic manner, making much more than a mere historical novel out of the rising of the Low Countries against Philip II. I do not propose to embark here upon a definition of the epic. But I think I may be allowed to assume that it has, among others, two characteristic qualities. In the first place, the heroes of epic transcend ordinary human nature in the greatness of their attributes; and it does not matter whether these are heroism, humour, or a capacity for eating. In the second place, the heroes and the events through which they move are on so great a scale and are described with so great a sweep of the brush that there is no necessity to number the story with the modern and peddling business of psychology and motive. *Tyl Ulenspiegel* fulfils these conditions admirably. De Coster does not make us feel that we might have met Tyl and Lamme Goedzak. He does not even make us feel that we understand always why they behave as they do; but he does convince us beyond all doubt or quibble that they exist—Tyl, the embodiment of high spirits, ingenuity, and steadfastness, Lamme, the incarnation of a healthy and happy appetite for good food and drink. And all the adventures of Tyl and his friends have this quality of reality in fairyland, whether they are grotesque or tragic, Lamme scouring Flanders in search of his wife like a tearful Colonel Newnham-Davis, Claes burning at the stake as a heretic, Katheline drowned to prove that she is not a witch, and the young Philip burning his pet monkey alive in a dark corner of the Escorial. The book has tragedy enough in it to balance its boisterous comedy, but the two are combined in a style whose generosity and exuberance make their union complete and satisfactory. As an example of the style, I will give an extract from the speech made by a party of blind men who arrive at an inn, each supposing, erroneously, that Tyl has given one of the others nine florins for a feast for them all. It is a rich and characteristic passage, one that touches me, I own, very nearly in these days:

Bacon and peas, hotchpotch of beef and veal, chicken and lamb! And where are the sausages—were they made for the dogs, pray? And who is he that has smelt out the black and white puddings in the passage without collaring them for us? I used to be able to see them, alas, in the days when my poor eyes were bright as candles! And where is the buttered *koekbakken* of Anderlecht? Sizzling in the frying-pan, juicy and crackling, enough to make a fish thirsty for drink! Ho, there! But who will bring me eggs and ham, or ham and eggs, twin friends of my palate?

It is a great book, indeed. Mr. Whitworth is to be congratulated on his excellently easy and vivid translation; and the wood-cuts by M. Albert Delstanche, by which it is illustrated, are all exceedingly impressive and many exceedingly beautiful.

## Pictures of the Fleet

I conjecture that *Sea Fights of the Great War*, by W. L. Wyllie, R.A., and M. F. Wren (Cassell, 12s. 6d. net), exists rather for the sake of Mr. Wyllie's pictures than for the sake of the text, which describes in a rather scrappy and disconnected way the naval events of the first twelve months of the war. Unfortunately the reproduction of the pictures in colour has not been achieved very well or clearly; and some of them lose their effect, whether they are regarded as representations of actual events or merely from the æsthetic point of view. Some of the drawings in black and white, particularly one of a monitor and another of a torpedoed cruiser being towed into port, are excellent.

PETER BELL.



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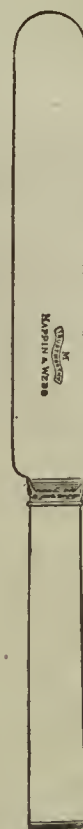
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# Protecting the Investor: By Hartley Withers

**I**NVESTMENT is—or ought to be—a very simple matter in war time to anyone who has something to invest. War Savings Certificates are the cheapest, for their quality, in the market for those who have not already got their full quota of 500; after that, National War Bonds are as good as anybody can desire, yielding well over 5 per cent., with a nice premium on redemption and a valuable option attached of conversion into War Loan if and when its price makes the change attractive. These two securities are the only channels by which the real investor, who does not want to be bothered with short-lived stuff like Treasury Bills, can pour his money straight into the trenches in support of the men who are fighting for us. By buying any other stock, bond, or share, he hands his money over to some one who may or may not put it into victory. Only by taking securities that the Government is now offering direct for sale can he be sure that his money will go into the firing line. And yet one still hears of people who “don’t want any more War Bonds because they think they’ve got enough of them, and would rather have something else now.” Very likely there are some people at the front who think they have had enough German shells and machine-gun fire, and would like to have something else. But they do not for that reason go to their C.O. and ask to be sent home. We at home, from whom such a very different effort is asked—merely subscribing to a perfect investment on highly favourable terms—might surely imitate their staying power to the very feeble extent that is open to us.

Simple as the investment problem is now, it will become very complicated when the war is over, because the real and unmistakable sign that the war is, from a financial point of view, over, will be the cessation of borrowing by the Government, and the beginning of paying our way out of revenue, and redeeming debt instead of adding to it. In other words, the Government, instead of providing a beautiful security into which all patriotic investors ought to put every available shilling, will be repaying debtholders with money gathered from taxpayers, and the old difficulties that used to beset the investor will be with us again. Most of those difficulties arose out of the ignorance, greed, and credulity of the investor, who too often expected to be provided with a perfectly safe security, a high rate of interest, and a certainty of improvement in capital value, and the assiduity with which the third-rate hangers on of our financial organisation cultivated and batten on these qualities. It is all important, for the quickness and completeness of our after-war recovery, in finance, industry, and commerce, that our financial machinery shall be somehow improved, so that the investor shall have fewer traps set for him, and shall have the way made more clear for him in the direction of sound investments. In old days it too often happened that people who did not want to gamble at all, but were honestly anxious to find a genuine investment were disgusted by the whole business through an unfortunate experience, having put their money into the wrong thing, and lost it, and then hastily jumped to the quite incorrect conclusion that the whole City was nothing but a den of thieves, and that the best thing to be done with money was to spend it. This is just the spirit that we shall want to discourage. The provision of real capital for the use of industry can only be carried out by saving. In war time, saving was necessary so that the goods and services needed for the Army and Navy could be turned out instead of goods and services for the equipment and comfort of the consumer; in peace time, saving will be necessary so that goods and services required for the equipment of industry on a peace basis can be improved and perfected, and so that goods and services can be sold to foreigners to pay off our foreign debts. We want to make saving attractive and to keep it, as far as possible, free from dangers arising from swindles and from the pitfalls that used to beset it. Some people see a remedy for most of our social difficulties in high wages for the wage-earners, accompanied by a development in them of the saving habit so that they may, by becoming capitalists themselves, see economic problems from the point of view both of capitalist and worker. Certainly this is a nice ideal, and we want to see this country a place in which every capitalist is a worker and every worker is a capitalist. But it would be highly dangerous to encourage the worker to save and then expose his savings to the risks that used to be attached to the process of investment.

It will take a long time to get this matter right. In so far as investors are themselves to blame for the losses that

they have borne, nothing but the slow and tedious business of education can work a real remedy; and, unfortunately, most grown-up people are obsessed by a delusion that, after leaving school, they are no longer concerned with education, and have no more to learn. But at the other end of the stick—the provision of a better machinery of finance—there are indications of movements in the right direction. The Stock Exchange has been doing a good deal of thinking in the quiet times that it passed through during the earlier part of the war period, and some of its members have pondered the problem of the reform of internal weaknesses. These have been due chiefly to the diversity of interest between the proprietor and the members. The Stock Exchange is a proprietary club, the owners of which (who must be members) earn a revenue from the entrance fees and subscriptions of the members. It is thus to their interest that the members shall be as numerous as possible, and the consequence has been in the past that the standard of financial strength required of those who sought entrance to the “House” was not as high as it might have been—not nearly as high as it was in New York or in Paris.

## “Wild Cat” Finance

From this cause, however, losses on the part of the investing public were comparatively small. A much more important cause of them was the freedom with which all sorts of doubtful enterprises could be offered for subscription to the ignorant public, and the question that has to be solved is how far, if at all, this freedom should be restricted by reform of the company laws, and, if not at all, how far the machinery of finance can itself provide some safer guide to the public in the matter of investment. As to drawing tighter the legal restrictions imposed on the action of company promoters and increasing the penalties attached to any breach of them, there is not much hope that such action would be really effective. Acts of Parliament can do very little except express reforms that have already been arrived at by public opinion. Unless the receptive soil is there, the scattering of legal seed is generally useless. If people want gambling ventures and other people want to supply them, the supply will go on above ground or underground, whatever the law may say. The law would almost certainly be made much too drastic by any House of Commons that we are likely to see in these days. It would probably assume that all gambling is wicked, which is absurd, and would very likely restrict genuine enterprise of a speculative kind, without which economic progress is impossible. What is needed is not to make speculation impossible, but to make it easier for the genuine investor to find real investments, and not be misled into speculations when he does not want them.

If, then, the law fails, is there a way round? Is it possible for private enterprise to provide a machine by which the public may be sure, at least, of honesty and good intentions behind any securities issued under its auspices? Hitherto many members of the public have judged, consciously or unconsciously, concerning the merits of an issue from the amount of space that its advertisements have occupied in the pages of the Press. It need hardly be said that this is not really a good test. There are, of course, already issuing houses in the City which have a high reputation for the soundness of the securities that they offer to the public. But their names are only known to folk who are more or less familiar with the facts of the world of finance, and it is the really ignorant investor whose protection it is most desirable to secure. Moreover, these high and mighty institutions, naturally enough, preserve their high mightiness by confining themselves chiefly to Government loans and the issues of first-class municipalities and railways; and it is industrial enterprise that we want to foster. There has lately been a movement among provincial stockbrokers, who think they can do better for the investor than their London rivals, in the direction of an institution which shall give really careful and expert attention to the preparation of ventures for the public, and shall secure that anything brought out under its hall-mark shall be genuine. Here, perhaps, we may find the germ of what we want, for if such an institution operated with success, London would be almost certain to join the movement or make one of its own. Or it may be that more active participation by the great bankers in the business of industrial issues may do what is wanted, though any such development would require great caution. A great field lies open to the sower, if the right one can be found.



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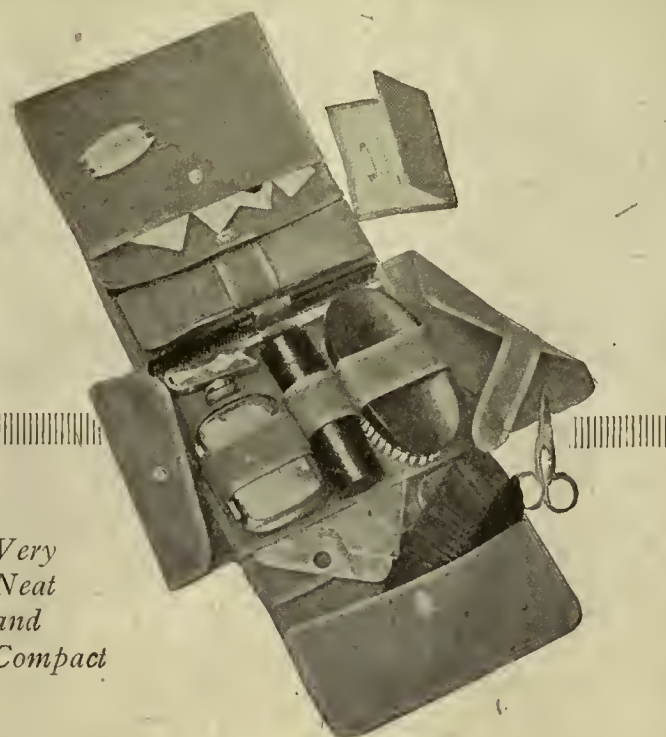
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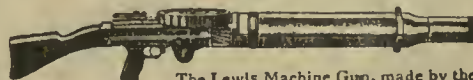
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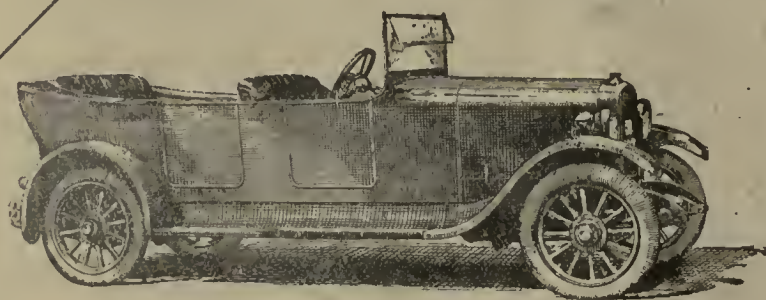
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Vol. LXXII. No. 2948: [57TH YEAR] THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1918 [REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER] PUBLISHED WEEKLY PRICE ONE SHILLING



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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1918

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## The Beginning of the End

THE enemy fabric is cracking and breaking. The British have taken Valenciennes. The Americans are slowly eating their way through north of Verdun. The Italians have the Austrians on the run, have taken over 300,000 prisoners, and have seized Trieste; the Serbians have entered Belgrade; and armistices have been arranged with Turkey and Austria. The outer husk of the enemy coalition has been torn into shreds, and we are brought face to face with the kernel Germany—which has a smaller and harder kernel, Prussia. The war, in fact, is won. But, as we write, the date of its definite conclusion is still a matter of speculation. The position may be compared to that of a game of chess. We have declared "mate in three moves." The Germans are not yet quite convinced that there is no way out of it. We have seen in the past that their temperament was such that they were not willing to take soundings with a view to a draw on rather favourable terms, such as they *might* (had the Allies been depressed, weak, and timid) have secured two years ago. We know that they are run by a caste whose motto, in General Bernhardt's phrase, has been "World Power or Downfall." It is quite possible that they are still in that obstinate frame of mind which refuses to accept defeat even when it has become inevitable and which will insist on a fight to the last ditch before conviction has been brought home to it; in other words, to go through with the game until the king is checked and can move to no immune square. We frankly confess that we are unable to predict what will be Germany's attitude. There are certainly a great number of people there who know that the game is up; there are equally certainly some people, and these people who in the past have had great influence, who obstinately shut their minds to that idea, and will want to continue the war even if they are driven out of France and Belgium, and attacked not only from the West, but from the Austro-Bavarian frontier. Inside Germany a struggle is raging between these two forces, and the pointer which will show which way the struggle is going is the Kaiser's crown. If peace is made almost at once the Kaiser, we believe, will go, and with him the dominance of the Junkers; if the German people accepts the inevitable, and defeat, it will have no further use either for the Junkers or for the Emperor.

## The Hapsburgs

ally insisted on the inevitable Empire. It has now

broken up; and so finally that when the Hapsburg general on the Italian front agreed to an armistice he was, in reality, acting no longer for the Dual Empire, but merely for a disintegrating combination of German-Austrians and Magyars. To a considerable extent the territorial arrangements of the Peace Congress have already been anticipated. Bosnia and Herzegovina have, on their own accord, declared their intention of uniting with Serbia, now again in possession of Belgrade, and the adhesion of the Croats is probably only a matter of days. The Czecho-Slovaks, already recognised by us as independent allies, have broken off their relations with Vienna and set up a Government of their own; the destiny of the Austrian Poles and the Hungarian Rumanians is assured; the Italians are in Trent and Trieste, and will not quit them again; and, for the rest, we have an independent Hungary (which will probably be a republic) and the German-Austrian provinces which are now hung in the air. Their inclination seems to be to attach themselves to the German Empire; and the German Empire, after this war, will in all probability be a looser confederation. The prospect may alarm some people. But we would point out (1) that most of the trouble in modern Europe has arisen from the frustration of national desires, (2) that the detachment of the subject Slavs from the German block has put an end to Germany's Eastern dreams, and (3) that Lutheran and militarist Prussia (witness Bismarck) has always feared the adhesion of German-Austria on the ground that this would shift the German centre of gravity away from Berlin and produce a general "softening" of spirit and aim. We leave open the question whether there will survive any confederation at all. It is quite on the cards that Bavaria and Austria will break clean off.

## The Transition

At this moment, owing to these momentous events, we are faced with what has been sensationally described as "The Outbreak of Peace." Suddenly operations will cease. Suddenly the Army, to an indefinite but, anyhow, immense extent, will be reduced. Suddenly the thousands of munition factories and the three millions of munition workers will cease making shells, explosives, tanks, aeroplanes, and the thousand and one implements and instruments needed for the fighting services. Statesmen are faced with the obligation of arranging the transition from war-conditions to peace-conditions, and arranging it so that it shall involve the minimum of inconvenience and distress to individuals and the minimum of loss to the community. What are they going to do? We know that plans for demobilising the Army have been worked out exhaustively. That was done long ago, and we may assume that it has been done well. But what about the demobilisation of the munition workers, male and female? What about the factories which have been engaged in making munitions? What about the adaptation and replacement of machinery? Has our Government devised any plans to meet these difficulties? We have heard that it was at first proposed that munition workers should get a week's money and be turned on the streets. We have heard that a later proposal, seriously entertained, was that they should be given a fortnight's pay. We say bluntly that this is no good. We cannot have millions of people thrown into unemployment and waiting until room is found for them in industry. The essential thing is that there should be no interregnum of indolence during which people should lose their standard of life and their will to work. The deduction, therefore, is that—if we cannot ask people to go on making shells that will not be fired, and we must have time to convert factories and replace machinery—we should pay unemployment insurance for a period, if necessary, of several months to all munition workers who are thrown out of work by the cessation of hostilities. And a further deduction is that, in so far as this can be arranged, the period of "unemployment" should be used for training these people to do "peace-time work" for which there will be a demand in the near future. This question, we may add, will loom large at the General Election.



# THE WAR: BY HILAIRE BELLOC

## The Enemy's Crumbling Defences Military Causes of Political Collapse

**W**E are under a greater necessity at this moment than ever before since the war began of distinguishing the true causes of the situation, and of appreciating in this particular case that those causes are *not* political in the main, but in the main military.

If we conceive the idea that the great coalition formed under Prussia for the looting of Europe has broken up through popular discontent within and through political revolution—only as a consequence of which its armies have been defeated—we shall not only be nourishing a falsehood, but a falsehood of the highest practical disadvantage to our own future. The process of cause and effect has been exactly the other way about. The armies have been defeated, and as a consequence of their defeat the coalition against us has dwindled. In that defeat we must of course give its due place to the effect of blockade. But blockade itself is a military act. And the whole drama which we know to have been a military drama for four years—that is up to the great counter-stroke of last July—*remains a military drama to the end.*

The reason that a misconception on this point would be of such practical disadvantage to the nation in the near future is this: that it would confirm policy, or at least opinion, on the lines of neglecting the fruits of a military victory. It would turn the attention of men away from the true concept of victor and vanquished, which is the real situation, and nourish that quite false concept of a number of peoples and friendly populations which had nothing to do but to combine in good faith and put things to rights after the disasters of the war. That concept is already widely spread, because not all the belligerents have equally suffered from the effects of this war, and the less a nation suffers the more is it prone to false sentiment at the expense of its more sorely tried neighbours.

This false concept would be particularly disastrous in practice to Great Britain and her Empire; for this reason: that this vast delicate organism, depending upon very vulnerable communications, its heart only functioning on condition of complete security by sea, is surrounded by a European world in which the full military value of the situation is clearly understood, and in which the motives at work are motives born of the true situation. The French, the Belgians, the Italians, the Serbs, the various subjects remaining under Prussian control, are in no doubt. The one side knows that it is winning and intends to use its victory. The other side knows that it has been beaten, and is desperately concerned to avoid the full consequences of defeat. Should it succeed in avoiding those consequences, it would not settle down to a peaceable future. It would create a legend of having held out successfully against the combined world, and on that legend would base another military future. It would at the weakest combine and intrigue against this country and at the strongest fight again.

### THE EXAMPLE OF BULGARIA

To see how true the thesis is that military defeat and military defeat alone has produced such a situation we are now enjoying, consider the sequence of events. We may be told, for instance, that the Bulgarian people have grown sick of the war, that they were "bolshevised," and that therefore they threw up the sponge.

Such a thesis is historically simply false. What happened was that the French and Serbs attacked an extremely difficult mountain position, fought hard for three days to carry it, carried it, effected a breach of about 25 miles, and then by an extremely rapid advance right through north eastward cut the main enemy communications and at the same time separated into two isolated groups the Bulgarian armies.

Why had they been able to do this?

Partly because material had accumulated in a sufficient degree with the lapse of time and had turned the balance on to the side of the Allies even on that difficult front: but more because the Central Empires in process of defeat on

*the West* were unable to lend aid. Ferdinand of Bulgaria took a journey to the headquarters of the Prussian Government, and took that journey with the special object of discovering whether it might not be possible at the last hour to obtain the reinforcement upon which his position depended. That reinforcement was reluctantly denied him. Why? Because the losses we had inflicted upon the Germans and the Austrians, and the terribly perilous position to which we had reduced the German armies in the West, made it impossible for the Prussians to ungarnish their front by so much as a battalion. How true this is we can further see by a consideration of what followed the Bulgarian defeat. Every military argument prompted the Central Empires, if they could not support Bulgaria, to at least defend the main railway to Constantinople and to make a stand outside Nish. They failed to do so because their position in the West forbade it.

It is exactly the same with the British action in Asia. The Turks did not suffer internal revolution, followed by a disintegration of their armies. What happened was exactly the other way about. The British first of all organised the admirable campaign which gave them Bagdad, one of the best pieces of military work on record. Then the second battle of Gaza retrieved the effect of the first, and brought the army of Syria to Jerusalem. Lastly, General Allenby's great triumph completed the destruction of the Turkish armies south of Aleppo, and finally Aleppo itself was seized. Then and then only did we get the demand on the part of the Turkish Government for an armistice.

But why has all this taken place?

### THE FACTOR OF TIME

Partly, as in the case of Bulgaria, because time had permitted the accumulation of material and the formation of detailed plans upon the Allied side. But also and mainly because support from the Central Powers became weaker and weaker as time went on and at last ceased altogether. Prussia and her more immediate dependents could not furnish the Turks with instructors and expert advisers, with stiffening cadres, with munitionment and organisation. And why could not Prussia and her immediate dependents continue to do this? Because they were defeated in the West with continuing and increasing effect.

In this connection it is also of vital importance that we should not run away with the amazing idea that the war was won upon the East; or that in some incredible way it was won by politicians and not by soldiers. If any educated man is seriously and honestly tempted to such an illusion I propose to him a very simple test. Let him consult the arguments advanced by any one—soldier or civilian—who is competent to discuss the art of war, its history, and achievement. He will not find one who adopts so monstrous a theory. He will find a universal agreement that the great victory in the West is the cause of all. It has nowhere been better put than by General Maurice; and to those who would reject my theory I would recommend his articles, for they are conclusive. General Maurice points out, as must every one who treats the matter seriously and as something more than a wretched provincial party question, that the strategies of this great campaign looked at in the broadest way present exactly the same problem as you get in every campaign, great or small, through history. And for that matter, in every tactical operation other than the most minute. This problem is the problem of balancing the strength required for containment with the strength required for attack. You find it in Carnot's famous note to Jourdan: "The enemy will bring a division up against your left. Parry it with a minimum of troops, and do not let it divert you from the main action." You find it in the great manœuvre of the Marne when Foch deliberately refused to reinforce his desperately imperilled centre but threw in his spare division on the flank, thereby reaching La Fere Champenoise, and ultimately deciding the fate of Europe. You find it in the critical and decisive operations of July 15th and 18th of



the present year in Champagne, when Gouraud's strength against the German attack east of Rheims was left stationary, and all the weight of the manœuvring mass was thrown on to the extreme left between Chateau Thierry and Soissons. You always find it in every military operation whatsoever. You nearly always have the imperfectly instructed or timid soldier, and you almost invariably have the politician, getting frightened and spending too much strength on the defensive side of the problem, and thereby losing his stroke on the offensive side.

### THE VALUE OF EASTERN OPERATIONS

Now throughout this war the main action has been in the West. That does not mean that Syria, and Mesopotamia, and Salonica were useless. They had a very vital rôle which, on the vast scale of this enormous war, was the rôle of the defensive or containing wing. They safeguarded communications essential to the Allies, and the best proof of this is that it was the very men most vitally interested in saving the West who insisted in London during those critical days upon the immediate occupation of Salonica, when the full weight of the enemy's attack upon Serbia was developing. In the same way, Palestine was necessary for safeguarding the communications of the East; and Mesopotamia, though

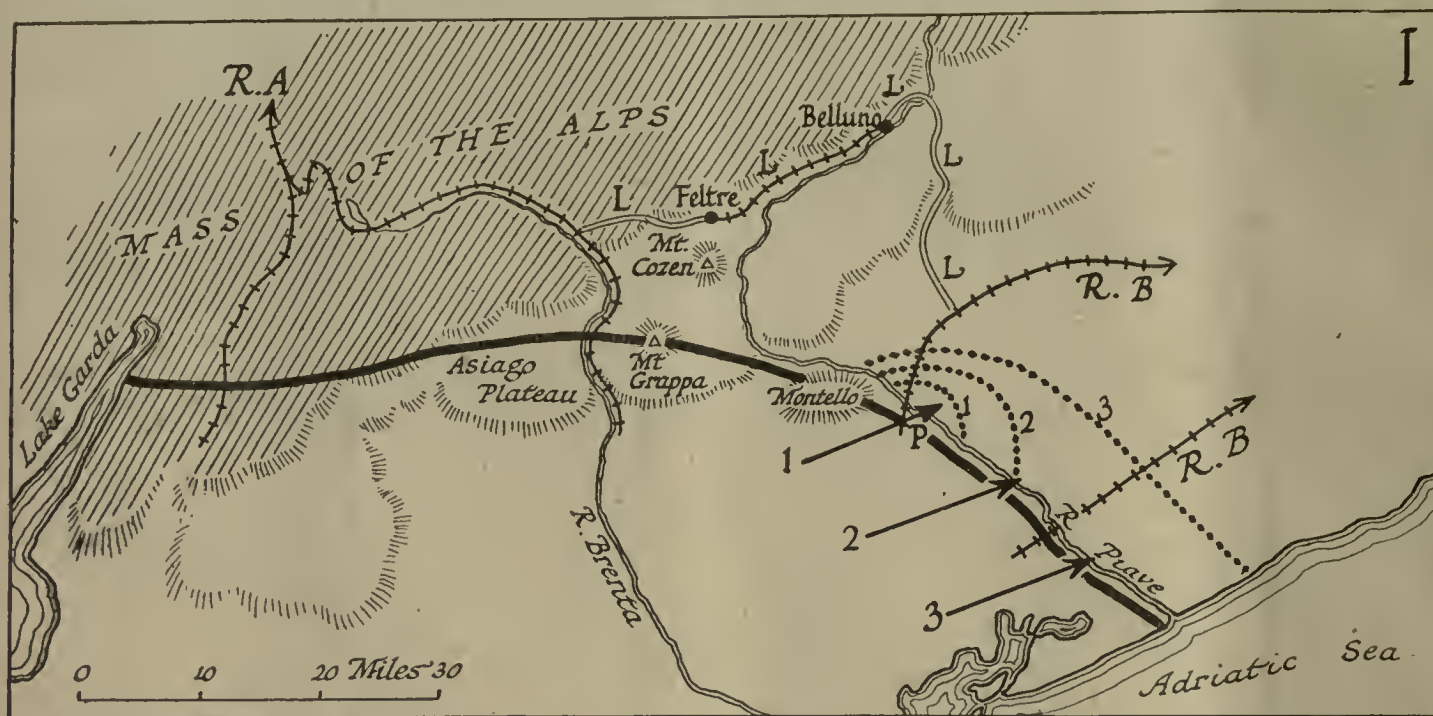
from it, so this first battle of the Piave, with its very heavy losses and its complete moral disappointment, laid the seeds of the second battle, which we have just witnessed.

It is not true that in the second battle political disintegration within the civil bodies behind the army produced the collapse of that army. What happened was a very stubborn fight, a definite strategical success, and, consequently, a great military victory.

I must beg my readers to follow this point in some detail, for it is of critical importance.

On Thursday, October 25th, after nightfall, the position of the opposing forces between Lake Garda and the sea was that described in the accompanying sketch.

On the Asiago plateau and in the hill country generally the lines stood as they had stood all summer and autumn, opposing each other unchanged as far as the plateau. Beyond the Brenta, across Mount Grappa, and up to the Montello, which is the corner or hinge of the line, they also remained unchanged. They remained unchanged along the Piave to the sea, the enemy everywhere holding the left or eastern bank. But on that evening was completed a certain transposition of forces which was to be of the very highest effect. The British, under Lord Cavan (who had also been put to the head of the Tenth Army, with which the British contingent was), occupied the big island of shingle which stands in the



less strategically necessary, had its containing effect in dividing the Turkish forces.

As has been the case with every successful action, large or small, throughout history, the defensive or containing body found its opportunity for acting offensively and attacking in its turn when the main action had begun to develop favourably, but not before.

That, in its largest lines, is the whole strategical story. The last and victorious phase of the war began with the counter-offensive on July 18th, and as the fruits of that capital manœuvre were reaped, its effects were felt in every field, and the abandonment of the East by Central Europe was its principal and immediate result.

### CAUSES OF AUSTRIAN COLLAPSE

One may be told that this was not the case with the breakdown of Austro-Hungary. But it was. The Austro-Hungarian armies failed with very heavy losses indeed in their great offensive of this summer. The first Battle of the Piave was one of those actions which are too easily misunderstood from their lack of movement. The change upon the map was slight—almost unnoticeable. The effect upon moral and numbers was very great. The enemy knew that upon this sector he could not win—therefore, he was defeated. He had failed to come down out of the mountains across the very few miles that separated him from the main Italian communications. He had found himself checked there by the Italian, British, and French divisions which held the southern limb of the Asiago plateau. He left few prisoners and, in proportion, still fewer guns in the hands of what had only been for the moment a successful defensive. But as a man who sows the seeds of a fatal disease by some imprudent act, without at the moment appearing to suffer

broad bed of the Piave at the point marked "P" upon the sketch. This movement of troops was concealed not only by its being effected at night, but also by the disguising of the British contingent in Italian uniforms. The occupation of the island was only made possible by very careful previous detailed work in preparation and by the admirable industry of the Italian engineers, to which Lord Cavan has given full and generous recognition. On the Friday and Saturday this occupation of the main island in the stream was followed by the establishment of apparently small bridge-heads upon the left or eastern bank opposite. Upon Sunday, October 27th, the main operation opened. It took the form of utilising these bridge-heads and a vigorous blow along the arrow (1), which broke through the first organisations of the Austrians and carried back the line in a bulge, roughly indicated by the semicircle of dots (1) upon the sketch into which the arrow (1) thrusts. The enemy, thus alarmed, attempted a very strong resistance; but, as he could not hold properly at the first point attacked against the effect of surprise—for he had suffered surprise—the bulge extended by Tuesday to something like the line of dashes (2) outside the line of dots opposite the arrow (1), and it was clear that everything to the south was in danger of being outflanked. Therefore, the next operation, the thrust of the Italian army to the south and on the arrows (2) (2), had everything in its favour, and the whole Austrian line was thrust back with losses in men and guns in proportion to its attempt at resistance.

### FATAL EXTENSION OF THE LINE

But note at this stage the essential factor in the struggle. The factor was an advantage to the Allies in the struggle, and a disadvantage to the enemy. The enemy was not only



falling back—that in itself is not defeat—nor was he only losing heavily in men and guns—that below a certain number would not be decisive. He was also by the nature of his positions *extending the length of line he had to hold*. The advance of the Allies beyond the Piave was compelling the Austro-Hungarians to attempt to hold successive lines (1), (2), (3), which were not only not prepared and therefore required more men, but were also longer and therefore required still more men—and they had not the men to hold them.

The immediate consequence of this was the rupture of the line at its most critical point. This rupture took place upon Wednesday, October 30th, the sixth day from the beginning of the action and the fourth from the opening of the main attack. We ought particularly to notice how long a time it took—nearly four full days of violent action—before the rupture took place; for only by emphasising this point can we fully appreciate the *military* character of the whole affair, and make certain that it was not the mere dissolution of an ill-fitted army, but a true strategical operation involving victory or defeat.

#### THE KEY POSITION

The critical point upon the Austrian line was Feltre, and the importance of Feltre lies in this—that *through it must pass all the lateral communications between the Austro-Hungarian armies on the plains and the Austro-Hungarian armies in the mountains*. From Feltre to Belluno runs the railway which afterwards goes through up into the Alps. From Belluno down across the foothills of the Alps on to the Plain runs an excellent road—by a way among the most beautiful in Europe, passing by the little Lake of the Cross, a precious stone. Westward of Feltre a good road goes up on through the foothills and this combination of road and railway from the plains into the hills through Feltre which I have marked on the accompanying Sketch I with the letters L L is the only avenue whereby the enemy's right might reinforce his left or his left his right. It is the only road whereby a car can go and establish even personal communication between the commands, let alone the stream of ordinary traffic. Occupy Feltre and you have completely cut the Austro-Hungarian line in two.

Now the occupation of Feltre took place upon the Wednesday not through any collapse within the enemy force, but as a result of sheer hard fighting. In front of Feltre lies

the great mass of the Grappa mountain, the bulk of which the enemy had held for months. Behind this is the mass of the Cosen and under the Cosen lies Feltre. The Grappa and the Cosen were carried after a terrible struggle in the course of Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. It was only on Wednesday, the 30th (if I am not mistaken) that the Italian troops looked down from the northern slope of the Cosen upon Feltre in the valley below—but at very long range, over 10,000 yards. Nor were the heavies yet brought up. The traffic through Feltre had ceased under the menace, and immediately afterwards the town was occupied.

From that moment the enemy was cut in two and his defeated columns forced back upon divergent lines of retreat: on one ran the railways which meet in the Trentino Valley, which railways I have marked "R.A.," on the other the railways and roads going eastward across the plain to the Isorzo, which I have marked "R.B."

Once you have divided an army into two fragments you may turn your attention to either fragment and achieve your victory. The obvious fragment to receive the main pressure was that of the plain, and after the rupture had taken place in the centre the Austro-Hungarian armies in the plain were compelled to a retirement which in some places degenerated into a rout.

All the latter part of this great operation was, it is true, accompanied by revolution within the empire, but the menace of defeat came first; nor did the army which was defeated show any signs of disintegration until these heavy blows had been delivered. It was a military victory.

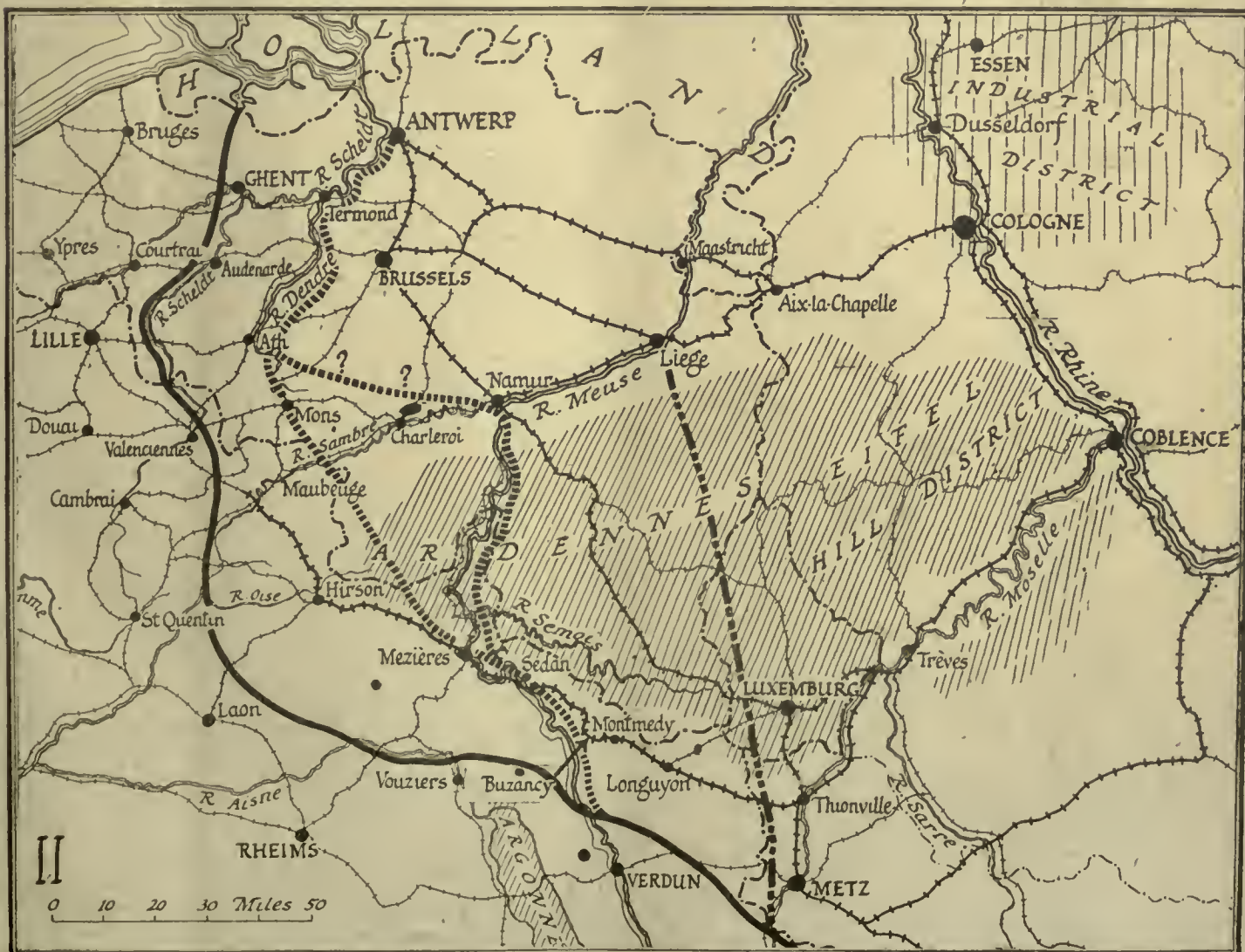
Let us turn, in conclusion, to the situation in the West, which remains the last problem of the war.

The map which follows illustrates this in some detail.

#### THE ENEMY'S LINES OF DEFENCE

The first erroneous impression which we must eliminate in a discussion of the present situation in France and Belgium is the impression of a series of strong lines upon which the enemy shall successively withdraw: taking up a defence upon each one after the other.

Such a conception is erroneous because the enemy's present situation does not admit of it. It is true that there are lines provided by nature, by political frontiers, and by the art of man in the shape of canals, roads, and railways, which lend themselves better to defence than others. But the German armies in France and Belgium are in no position to retire at





will from selected lines to selected lines. They are not like a man making his way down the precipitous face of a mountain, carefully choosing one foothold after another, picking out the best and firmest as he slowly descends. They are in the position of a man holding on to a precipitous edge on such a mountain, scrambling with his feet to catch hold of anything he can, and every time he slips down a little further, scrambling involuntarily, and desperately relying on whatever chance foothold he finds.

The situation has arrived which was foreseen from the very beginning of the counter-offensive, and which has been insisted upon over and over again not only here, but, I think, in every other criticism or serious studies upon the campaign. It is a situation in which the enemy cannot retreat at will because his numbers are now too depleted, and because the pressure upon him is too great. He stands where he can and how he can, desperately holding on, while he attempts to save what he can of his material and to preserve his civilian population from the impression of complete disaster.

To appreciate the truth of this, let us look at the present line and see what its elements are.

He has a water defence from the Dutch frontier to Audenarde, a point reached by the French this week. He could if he liked continue this water defence all the way down to Valenciennes, but the situation is such that no ordinary retirement of the sort has been or could be attempted. The enemy found, in front of the water-line, that he must, to prevent that water-line being turned, hold as long as possible Valenciennes. Why has he lost Valenciennes? Because he cannot hold permanently anywhere against the determined attack of forces now greatly his superiors in numbers, in material, and in moral.

We saw last week, with the aid of a little map, how the defence of Valenciennes depended upon three small parallel streams—the Selle, the Ecaillon, and the Rhondelle—and how these, like three ditches, covered the gap between the obstacle of the Scheldt Canal and the obstacle of the Mormal Forest. Well, the enemy tried hard to stand on each one of these water-lines successively, and he lost them one after the other. Having lost them he lost Valenciennes, having lost Valenciennes he will lose the Forest of Mormal. We shall turn it. Having turned the Forest of Mormal he will have—supposing he continues his resistance—to fall back on Hirson: and so forth.

### VITAL COMMUNICATIONS

Again, his present desperate defence depends, for all the centre of it, as was pointed out here many weeks ago, and as has been repeated since in most other newspapers, upon the lateral communications formed by the great railway Metz and Luxemburg, Longuyon junction, Mezières. To cut this railway is to imperil the supply of all the German troops in front of it, and the nearer to Longuyon you cut it, obviously the greater your effect.

Hence the operation undertaken by the French and Americans last Friday, and carried out throughout Saturday and Sunday. The French on the sector of Vouziers supported the American attack on the sector of Buzancy. The American attack on the sector of the Buzancy had for its object the reaching of a point from which the great railway would be under close range fire. The critical point which, if it be carried, endangers the whole German position here can best be studied by looking at the small sketch map III., where I have put the matter in some detail. As the line originally



stood, the French were fighting in front of Vouziers on the left and right of the town. Then the line went down, in a sort of pocket holding the last woods of the Argonne, and was carried on by the Americans beyond the woods to the Meuse, and, roughly, the line reached Brieulles. The advance effected by the French and Americans carries the line right beyond the woods to the north, and brings it on its extreme right a little nearer the critical railway, but has not yet (dispatches of Monday morning) carried the vital position opposite the little town of Dun. This position I have marked with an "X" on the map. Back of it at Villers, the point at which they were lying nearest the railway upon Sunday night, seems to have been at a range of 18,000 yards. That is not enough forward. It means that the heavies when they come up will not be nearer than a range of 22,000 yards at the nearest, and this does not put the railway out of action. It is unfortunate that the very nearest point of the railway at Brouennes is dominated by a tunnel; but, anyhow, fire at closer range upon the outlet to the tunnel and upon the road, as well as the railway, would cut this good line of communication. Therefore it is that the enemy is putting all his strength in the defence of this corner.

Meanwhile, we must remember that the slowness of the advance here, and the way in which the pivot in front of Dun is being maintained, means a heavy drain upon the enemy's reserves. He does not effect a resistance of that kind save at a tremendous expense in his dwindling asset of man-power; and it would be a great error to judge his general position in Flanders and Northern France by his power to maintain himself at this vital sector. If he cannot hold out there, he cannot hold out anywhere—that is obvious. But, what is more, even if he holds out there, he does so at the expense of a necessary retirement elsewhere, and, worse than a retirement, of the weakening of the lines in critical sectors to a weakness which sooner or later will mean a crack.

As I pointed out a couple of weeks ago, there is a theoretical line on which if he had been able to get there with all his units more or less simultaneously, and if he had time or power to prepare the opening part of it, he might again attempt to stand for a few weeks longer. It is the line of the Lower Scheldt and the Dendre till that stream becomes quite insignificant south-west of Brussels. Thence he would have to hold open country, either going south to Namur or directly south to Mezières. Then southward he would have the water-line of the Meuse.

But this theoretical line has the greatest disadvantages. Its lateral railway (Namur-Luxemburg) is separated from the front by very difficult country and the deep ravine of the Semois, and though the position is easy to defend in its centre, it is very weak in his right centre across the plain. It would mean, at least, as many men as the present line needs, and be harder to hold. However, he would link, as we have repeatedly said, the two sections of the German army, north and south of the Ardennes, and they would be able to support each other with difficulty by a single railway line.

There is, lastly, the shorter line covering Liège-Luxemburg-Thionville, and Metz. That line looks the best upon a small scale map because it is obviously the shortest. As I said two weeks ago, he will not adopt it of his own free will. It brings his enemy to the gates of his country. It puts the western towns of the Germans into continuous and daily peril of repeated bombardment from the air. As for the line of the Rhine which lies behind, I make bold to say that under present circumstances it is no line at all.

I know how strong a statement this sounds, but it is true. If the enemy cannot hold on the lines we have just discussed, he certainly cannot hold on the far more extended line of the river, with its perpetual curves forming re-entrants, and its very much more extended trajectory and the panic-stricken population behind it.

Summarily, the situation is that the enemy will hold in all probability always as far to the west as he can, will hardly have any opportunity to pick up any continuous line in the future (though, as in the present situation, some such line is the foundation of his position), and that he will be defeated or will surrender upon posts which he happened to be holding against the pressure of the Allies, and which he finds he can no longer hold.

He cannot permanently retain any line. He has grown too weak.

P.S.—Since writing the above later dispatches tell us that the Americans are as far down the Meuse as Halles. They hold the Dun position, and the railway is now under fire at a range not completely putting it out of action, but certainly compelling a German retirement.



# The Alternatives : By Arthur Pollen

**T**HE events of the last week face us with an impenetrable position. The difficulty it presents arises not from it being complex, but from its being simple. The question we want answered is: will Germany fight on, or will she capitulate? Since the fall of Hertling we have had many indications of the enemy's mind. But each curiously enough lends itself with equal plausibility to either of two contradictory interpretations.

## Is Surrender Inevitable?

The deciding factor in the fall of Hertling and the establishment of a government virtually chosen by a majority of the Reichstag was, as every one remembers, the sudden surrender of Bulgaria. Within very few days Germany had made to President Wilson the offer of a conditional surrender. Before the President's reply had been received the first steps were taken in those changes of the German constitution that would make the Government actually liberal and representative. Their pace became greater as one Wilson note followed another. It is already more than a week since political provisions—as profound as they are in form complete—were passed into law. If there is still a German Emperor he is certainly a War Lord no longer. He commands neither the Army nor the Navy; he can neither break the peace nor remake it. He has no free choice in appointing ministers, nor can he dismiss them if he dislikes their policy. Save for the Imperial title, the Government of Germany is as free, as popular, as representative, as written law can make it. So drastically unlike is the new order from the old, that reports are current that the Emperor has abdicated even his nominal power, both for himself and the Crown Prince, and that an infant sovereign, governed by a Reichstag-chosen regency, is to take his place. The President's note did more than comment on the autocratic character of the German Government. They demanded a cessation of illegal and inhuman war. Here, too, Germany has hastened to conform.

At first sight, there seems but one possible explanation of this tremendous revolution. The Allies, as Mr. Asquith said in 1914, went to war primarily to end the military domination of Prussia. Five weeks ago Germany requested them to define their terms of peace. It is surely of vital moment to the enemy that the Allies, in framing their conditions, should do so persuaded that their chief objective is already gained. It must make a profound difference to the conditions, both of armistice and of peace, if we know that the military power of Prussia is defeated, and for the best of all reasons, because the German people will have none of it again. "If your objects," Prince Max and his colleagues seem to say, "are security and reparation, the first you have already. A democracy will never offend, as did our power-maddened Emperor in 1914. As reparation, we have already promised all that Mr. Wilson asked for ten months ago. Alsace and Lorraine we have already freed. The Poles, we agree, shall be a nation. The French and Belgian provinces we will evacuate and restore. In the conduct of hostilities we have yielded everything you asked. We do not pillage or burn; our submarines shall sink no more ships at sight. The Russian treaties are no bar to peace. What further terms can you ask?"

And this, of course, is only part of the story. The internal political changes in Germany, made seemingly at an enemy's dictation, coupled with the surrender of Alsace and the abandonment of all Germany's objects in the war, have been fiercely assailed by the Junker Press and critics. These things have been dubbed "a shameful surrender," "a cowardly sacrifice of Germany's honour," and so forth. The retort has been significant—and unanswerable. It was at Ludendorff's and Hindenburg's instigation that the overtures to Washington were opened; it was with their approval that the text of the replies was drawn. It was, in fact, the military position that made the offer of conditional surrender obligatory.

Now all this is admitted fact, and represents the position as it was ten days ago. Mark what has happened since the Allied Premiers, with their naval and military advisers, met in Versailles to discuss and concert their terms. Two catastrophic—indeed, cataclysmic—events have happened. Turkey has surrendered unconditionally; Austria, her army in Italy defeated and in flight, has ceased to exist as a political unit. Thus, Italy has no opponent in the field; Allenby

and Marshall have nothing to impede their progress. It can only be a matter of time before the Black Sea will be in the grip of Allied sea-power. The last of all Germany's dreams is gone for ever. The road from Berlin to Bagdad is barred, not only by the new States that have sprung into existence where Austria was, not only by the restoration of Serbia and the passing of Bulgaria under Allied influence, not only by the elimination of Turkey in Europe, but by the fact that the British Fleet henceforth extends its power—through the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus—to Odessa, Batoum, and Trebizonde. It is an astounding, a dramatic, and an incredibly far-reaching change.

Does it not seem to follow, if there was no alternative to conditional surrender on October 4th, that there can now be no alternative to unqualified capitulation?

## Will Germany Fight?

Yet from these same facts an exactly opposite conclusion can quite logically be drawn. Because Germany has become democratic it does not at all follow that Germany has become unwarlike. The Government of that country was Imperial and autocratic because the people were without any ambition to take the responsibility of political control upon themselves. The Government was brutal, hectoring, militarist, and predatory because it was exactly such a government and no other that satisfied the natural taste of the German nature. In making war at all, and in making war by the methods it chose, autocracy acted with the enthusiastic approval and applause of the nation as represented in the Reichstag. If the nation has virtually deposed the Emperor and taken the Government upon itself, it is primarily because the Emperor, and the organ through which he acts, have failed in gaining the objects which the nation had in view. Autocracy has fallen, not because it was cruel, not because it was without honour, without mercy, and without conscience, but simply because it was unsuccessful. It is now nearly a month since the popular Government has existed. It claimed at the outset to be parliamentary, and now the law has made it so. Yet in this month there has not been a single admission that any act of Germany's has been a crime, nor the smallest offer of indemnity to anyone who, by land or sea, has suffered by those crimes. The Government of Germany may be truly democratic, but it is as truly blind to right and wrong as was its predecessor; or, if not blind, then as blatantly unrepentant. Now, if this is the case—and cannot be disputed—can we suppose that Germany has become unmilitary? This, at least, is not its profession.

Since the great change was made, the statesmen and publicists of the Fatherland have made many a speech and written many an article setting forth the hopes and the intention of the New Order. All put in the forefront the demand of Germany for a "peace of justice," the abandonment of every hope—though not the fear—of a "peace of force." Not one of them has admitted that it is Germany that stands before the throne of justice, and can avoid its sentence being made effective by force, only by volunteering the reparation that is due. So far from this, it is the contrary note that we find in the speeches of Prince Max and in the articles of Harden. "A free Government leading a free people," said the former, "can alone be strong enough to offer terms of peace." But if what Germany thinks fair terms are rejected, then it is only a free Government leading a free people that can marshal the nation for its last great fight." Harden takes up the tale: "The ideals of America have become, or are becoming, the ideals of Germany. Do not drive us back into the hopeless barbarism of battle by seeking to impose upon us the vindictive conditions that vengeful France and grasping England will urge. Push us too far, and we will fight as we have never fought before." All this puts a new meaning and a new significance on what has happened in the last five weeks. The problem it sets is just this. Are we any nearer having an enemy with whom we can, after hostilities have ceased, treat as we have treated with other Powers with whom we have been at war?

A month's experience is not encouraging. I have noted already there is no consciousness of guilt, no admission of responsibility for any of the crimes or destruction not enumerated in President Wilson's fourteen points. But even these have been faced in anything but a spirit of good faith. To pass a law making Alsace-Lorraine completely autonomous—so that the ultimate destiny of those provinces shall be settled by the principle of self-determination—is certainly



not to "undo the wrong done to France in 1870." It is a deliberate, conscious attempt to set a new difficulty in the way of that wrong being righted. Germany knows that she cannot keep these provinces. She has done all in her power to make their restoration to France difficult, if not impossible. Again, Germany has admitted the re-creation of the Polish nation with access to the sea. Yet when Korfanti and his colleagues, taking President Wilson's words literally, asked in the Reichstag for Dantzic, they were howled down by that "most freely elected and most representative assembly" in the world.

Is it conceivable, after this, that a genuine and thorough restoration of ravaged Belgium and ruined France will be approached in a spirit of honest candour? There is no sign of any such thing. If we can judge from the defence which Prince Max has issued against the charge of plundering the art treasures of the invaded towns, the whole question of restoration and restitution will be treated in a spirit of pettifoggling chicanery. "The men in charge of Prussia," said Sorel, "may change, but the traditions remain the same. Misfortune is bound to come to those who are ignorant of these traditions and do not take them into account."

We must then, it seems to me, recognise that while it is quite possible that Germany, like her Allies, is on the point of collapse, it is nevertheless equally possible that the popularisation of her Government is only the best means to the end her leaders have always had in view. The fall of autocracy in Russia was followed—and inevitably—by anarchy. The fall of the Empire in Austria has been followed by the dissolution of that organism into its constituent elements. Germany may have rid herself of autocracy as the only means, both of carrying the fight to its logical end and of saving the country from utter collapse. It may, in other words, be following an older and better model than its late enemy and its late ally. When the French monarchy fell, the New Order, as Burke foresaw, produced the most wonderful military dictatorship the world has ever seen. There is, indeed, a vast difference between France of 1879 and Germany of 1918. But if the people of Germany have any faith in their ideals and their destiny, it is at least conceivable that they may embark now upon a national war of liberation, with a spirit, a determination, and, let us not forget, with a success that has not followed their efforts under the Empire.

### A New Phase of War

If this should happen, the fight, whether long or short, must be of an entirely new character. The growing military preponderance of the Allies on land makes it, of course, certain that the appointed issue can only be delayed. But a nation that fights with resolution, even if it is only with the courage of despair, can earn the respect, even if it does not gain the pity of its opponents. It is not the kind of fight that Germany has put up in its past history. It may be beyond its power to do it now. But we must be ready for it if it comes, and we must realise that it means a fight as resolute at sea as on the German frontier.

It seems to have passed into an axiom that the disparity of strength at sea makes any naval action by Germany other than by submarine a thing that is not in any circumstances to be expected. We are reminded that we have so many more battleships, so many more battle-cruisers, that our ships are larger, heavier, and that our guns can fire heavier projectiles at longer range. It is as if the quantitative theory of naval strategy held the field. But a dispassionate examination into the situation should convince us that the tame surrender of the Germany Navy is neither the only nor, indeed, the probable thing to happen.

The opening of the Dardanelles and Bosphorus creates a second theatre of interest. Until now there has been no possibility of a fleet action, except in the North Sea. If the ships building for the Russian Navy at the Nicolaïff Works are all three of them completed and repaired, and in the hands of German officers and well-trained German men, if to them is added the *Goeben*, recovered from her encounter with a mine last spring, then an exceedingly formidable fleet must be destroyed before the command of the Black Sea is assured to us. We should, of course, have no difficulty in sending a force superior to this through the Bosphorus. But, with the Germans in possession and commanding the exit of that exceedingly narrow defile, an operation of extreme complexity and difficulty would be necessary before our full naval strength could deploy for action. That difficulty once solved, the solution of the rest of the problem would be simple. I refer to it merely to show that here certainly the mere command of superior force does not mean that the issue is a foregone conclusion.

### A Last Sea Effort

In the North Sea there is only one particular in which conditions have changed markedly in the German favour, since two and a half years ago the German Fleet faced the Grand Fleet under the leadership of Admiral Scheer. It is that the enemy has at his disposal an extraordinarily large number of submarines commanded by men of exceptional training and experience. If the reports which tell us that all the U-boats have been recalled are to be trusted, then, in one particular at least, Germany is better equipped for an active campaign at sea than at any previous period of the war. In a second particular, viz., in the matter of destroyers, she has probably as many as she has submarines, and that is something between 150 and 200. Her battleship and battle-cruiser strength is undoubtedly greater than it was at Jutland. How much greater I do not know, because the fate of the Russian Fleet is unknown to me. Of fast, light cruisers she may have fewer than at the opening of hostilities, but those she has are both better armed and faster than the previous types. We can dismiss as altogether improbable any idea of the German Fleet coming out and fighting a simple ship to ship artillery action, such as is suggested by the sea-battles of a century ago. If the German Navy elects to throw its whole weight into the scale and perish if necessary, for the sake of the honour of arms, it will certainly adopt a very different course. The principles of its action have often been discussed, and need now only briefly be referred to. It will in all probability act on some or all of the following principles.

1. **DIVERSION.**—Battle-cruisers sent singly into the Atlantic with a view to raiding the American transport service would have to be countered by two to four British cruisers, to ensure neutralising their action or their speed-destruction or capture. Three or four cruisers thus sent out might draw from ten to twenty British cruisers.

2. **DIVISION.**—If a threat of invasion were made against any portion of the 600 miles of British East Coast by a squadron of transports escorted by a pre-dreadnought battle-fleet, either the whole or part of the Grand Fleet would be drawn down to destroy it. If the High Seas Fleet then appeared at some other point of the North Sea, it might hope to encounter a force greatly reduced, first by the diversion of some of its units, second by its having been divided between the two objects.

3. **ATTRITION.**—The bases of the Grand Fleet are perfectly well known to the German command. If the whole force of German submarines were disposed in a series of concentric rings round these bases, any sortie by the Grand Fleet would lay it open to short-range torpedo attack, assuming the submarine captains to possess the skill and resolution necessary for so delicate and perilous an undertaking. Such an effort at attrition made at the last hour might gain for the enemy that definite though temporary reduction of a force on which in the first days of the war he relied for equalising conditions at sea.

4. **EVASION.**—Jutland showed us that the enemy had carried the art of the defensive use of torpedoes in action to a very high point. For a year the Baltic has been a German lake, so that the High Seas Fleet has enjoyed advantages for tactical experiment and manœuvre denied to any other fleet. If the enemy has developed this use of the torpedo he may have a tactic at his command that would make any attempt to destroy him by gunfire many times more perilous than his somewhat crude measures on May 31st.

5. **AIRCRAFT.**—If Germany still possesses Zeppelins and long-range bombing Gothas, and employs them for a massed and resolute attack on naval bases when the Grand Fleet's sortie is expected, and when submarines are in position, he may hope to reproduce, and with more effective results, the confusion that was so disastrous to the German Fleet in our attack on Cuxhaven at the opening of 1915.

The governing factors of the position are that the enemy has the command, first of a great diversity of means and, next, of the initiative. The question is: Has he that particular kind of strategical genius that will be inspired to make the highest possible effort with inferior material, undeterred by the fact that ultimate and complete success is impossible. Villeneuve, Cervera, Rodjesvinsky, and Craddock came out to fight under the compulsion of what was due to the honour of arms. In each case their action can be looked upon as an example of heroic self-immolation in obedience to some instinct of honour or duty.

If a far-reaching and ingenious plan, thoroughly worked out to give these principles full play, were resolutely carried into effect by men who understood them, a series of naval operations might ensue, the final result of which would be anything but certain.

ARTHUR POLLEN.



# The Struggle for Iron: By John Murray

THESE are certain aspects of Germany's political desires on her Western frontiers which it is well not to forget at the present juncture, and of which, most probably, the public requires to be reminded. For it is certain—it is, indeed, a threadbare truism—that the peace of Europe and the contentment of the French will greatly depend on the way in which the question of Alsace-Lorraine is settled. This question is no simple issue for either France or Germany. The border country west of the Rhine has been fought for by its great neighbours many a time since Charlemagne, and has been too often the prize of war: its possession a symbol of military prestige, a pledge of national self-respect. Besides the military and the political motives, there are others. On both sides of the frontier there exist great deposits of iron ore, the French deposits being the better in quality. Iron lands, wherever they may lie, are apt to be a bone of contention. As regards Lorraine, the economic motive in this specific form of the "will to iron," whatever may have been its force in the past, is to-day of the utmost importance. These are, indeed, "iron times," as the Germans say; for it is with iron that nations fight, just as it is by iron, more than by any other material, that victories may be turned to account in peace.

France is well supplied by nature with iron ores of relatively high grade. Of the various deposits something has been heard during the war, e.g., those of Normandy, which were under German exploitation when the war began, and those of the mining basin of Briey and Longwy, which, being for the moment within the German lines, are useless to France. There are important beds in Anjou and the Pyrenees, and less important in various other parts, not to mention the ores of North Africa. The future of the iron industry in France is well assured for a long time to come. The conditions, indeed, favour a significant expansion on the lines which have been adopted during the war.

It is not thus with Germany. The facts as to deposits can be gathered from any reference-book. The bearing of these facts on German policy, while inherently plausible, must be established otherwise. Fortunately a document is available which leaves little room for doubt as to the relation between policy and iron ore. This document—a confidential memorandum presented to the German Government by the Ironmasters' Association in December, 1917—was summarised in *Stahl und Eisen* on January 17th, 1918, and the summary has been referred to in our own Press.

The memorandum, which is lengthy, is now available *in extenso*. It is divided up under such headings as these:

(1) The present dependence of Germany on foreign supplies of iron ore constitutes the gravest danger for industry, for the State, and for the nation.

(2) The safeguarding of the future renders a change in the Lorraine frontier unavoidably indispensable.

Even more frank is the following:

(3) The value of the mining lands to be annexed is beyond calculation in money for the national economy of Germany and for the conduct of war in the future.

The following tables, taken from the memorandum, illustrate the tendencies which have aroused so much alarm and corrupted so many consciences in Germany. In 1900 the figures were:

	Million tons used,	Million tons iron contents,	Value in million marks.
Home ore	15.7 = 79.3%	5.2 = 71.2%	65.7 = 46.6%
Foreign ore	4.1 = 20.7%	2.1 = 28.8%	75.2 = 53.4%
Totals	19.8	7.3	140.9

In 1913 they were:

	Million tons used,	Million tons iron contents,	Value in million marks.
Home ore	33.3 = 70.4%	9.6 = 55.5%	125.7 = 35.92%
Foreign ore	14.0 = 29.4%	7.7 = 44.5%	227.1 = 64.08%
Totals	47.3	17.3	352.8

It will be noted that, while the gross production of home ore rose between 1900 and 1913, its ratio of iron contents fell from practically a third (5.2 : 15.7) to little more than a quarter, viz., 28.8 per cent. (9.6 : 33.3). The gross imports, again, more than trebled, while home production was little above double. Germany, therefore, both as regards iron content and value, was depending increasingly on the foreigner.

The war, by cutting off all foreign supplies, except Swedish, increased the difficulties of pig production. And the Swedes

eventually placed a limit on their exports. The mines of Luxemburg remained available, but, as their total production in 1913 appears from the memorandum to have been 2.6 million tons, their help could not prevent a crisis. As against more than 17 million tons of iron contents got in 1913, the production of pig fell to 11.8 million tons in 1915, rising again in 1916 to 13.3 million tons. Even these low figures could not have been reached but for the fortune of war. By the seizure of the Briey basin, with its workings and its blast furnaces practically intact, the Germans made good their deficiencies in other quarters. Nor had the industry in this district, to judge from the memorandum, suffered seriously by warlike action at the date of the memorandum, December, 1917. "Happily for us," the memorandum proceeds, "the French have not succeeded in destroying the iron-working districts on both sides of the frontier: if they had, the war, in view of the consequent inadequate supply of our artillery with munitions, would have been decided against us in a few months." And, again: "Even though after the loss of Lorraine we had increased the production of our remaining mines, we should certainly have been in no position to carry on the war on three fronts at once with four or five million tons of native iron and two or three millions of Austro-Hungarian."

It is impossible to reflect without pain on what might have been had the Briey basin been held and the war carried over the Lorraine frontier. But the thoughts of any German, in the event of France extending her frontier to the line held prior to 1871, must be, in their way, just as painful. For at the present rate of exploitation the German iron deposits will not last long. "All the authorities," according to the memorandum, "scientists, landowners, and manufacturers, are agreed on the point that from forty to fifty years hence the German mining industry will collapse because by then the ore deposits will be exhausted." At the invitation of the Ironmasters' Association, two mining experts, Dr. Byschlag and Dr. Krusch, have attempted to answer three fundamental questions, viz.: (1) What quantities of native material are available for the German iron and steel trades in the immediate future; (2) what deposits ought to be preserved after the conclusion of peace to serve as a reserve against future wars; (3) from what sources may ore be obtained in the future, and in particular what is the position as regards the ores of French Lorraine, the phosphoric ores of Krivoi-Rog, the Manganese ores of the Caucasus, and the Brazilian ores? The answer to the first question, calculations being based on the situation at the beginning of 1917, defines the life of the German mines as from forty to fifty years on the average. The shortness of this period, and the enormous consumption of iron in modern warfare—in the whole of the war of 1870-71 Germany used little over 10,000 tons, while the first forty months of the present war she used over fifty million tons—determine the answer to the second question. It is not practicable for Germany to earmark a sufficiency of native ore for a war of any duration. The memorandum, moreover, examines the possibility of partial supply through the reworking of old material, and rejects it. "For our military preparation and our military economy, just as for our power of making war, it is of decisive importance that the transport of ores should be no less fully assured to us in time of war. No such assurance can possibly be obtained through paper treaties, but only by occupation of territory and by military control; but as regards Germany in particular, this is possible only by the annexation of French Lorraine to the German Empire."

As if this were not enough, the memorandum proceeds to show that even in peace the French mineowners in Lorraine disoblige their German customers. The French, for instance, dislike exploitation by German companies, and, equally, German shareholders in their own companies. They dislike the building of railways from French pits to German blast furnaces, and in general the growth of cross-frontier railways and connections. They even put duties and limits upon exports!

There follow boasts about the immense labour spent by Germans on the iron deposits of Normandy, which were coming into bearing when war broke out. But no harm has been done to Germany, for "the German firms have kept absolutely secret the information they have gained exclusively in the last years before the war. . . ." "It is quite obvious that France must re-establish the Germans in the rights which they had acquired before the war in Normandy and elsewhere."



In the meantime (December, 1917) the industrial and coal region of Lille, Valenciennes, Maubeuge, etc., is a pawn. The French, according to the memorandum, may have it back eventually as compensation for Briey, which Germany will keep.

The memorandum resorts, too, to the historical argument. "It was only in 1766 that France took over Lorraine, after it had belonged for about 900 years to the German Empire." The modern Germans have given a new meaning to the phrase "belonging to" the German Empire. Those who doubt the distinction between *meum* and *tuum* will swallow easily the assumption of continuity between the two "German Empires."

The labour argument is also used. On the basis of certain insurance statistics employees in the mining and working of iron appear to number 16 per cent. of the total, and to draw 10.6 per cent. of the total wages. The interests of this great mass of high-paid labour must, of course, be safeguarded. No one can doubt that iron, of all materials, is the first interest of labour, if he will reflect on the enormous difference in value between, for instance, a ton of raw iron and a ton of hair-springs.

Nor does the memorandum ignore the agarians. The soil needs phosphorus, which is always a scarce commodity.

Phosphorus, fortunately, is available as a by-product of the Thomas Steel process. Thus the French iron which German farmers need must be taken by force.

And, finally, if Germany has her way with the Lorraine iron-fields she will be able to satisfy her commercial vanity to the full. "In thus raising our annual production of iron ore to 60 million tons we shall thereby equal the American production before the war and assure ourselves annually of 20 million tons of pig."

It is a curious medley of motives that reveals itself here—solemn greed, spite, wilful misunderstanding, pedantry, falsehood, vanity. In its lower limbs the German idol of militarism is indeed of base stuff. But the "iron" facts and the derivative policy disclosed in the memorandum must be kept in view at the Peace Conferences. In forty or fifty years, if Germany fails to annex more of France, German native ores will be exhausted. At no point within that period will it be practicable for her to conduct a world war. If she loses the territory seized from France in 1871 she will scarcely be in a position to fight her smaller neighbours singly. The conclusions to be drawn are obvious. In a general way, it is difficult not to sympathise with a great nation that has no native iron, or soon will have none. But Germany has hardened every heart against herself.

## German International Again: By H. M. Hyndman

### Sham Democracy to the Rescue

EVERY step which is taken at the present time by any of the German parties or by their official spokesmen must be regarded as an effort to secure for the Fatherland a German peace. There is no democracy in Germany; nor do I myself believe there will be popular government there, in any true sense, for many years to come. The whole nation has been completely Prussianised. I have known Germany since I was a boy of sixteen, and the change in the tone and aspirations of the people since 1858 is amazing. They have become a highly organised national machine for the economic and military subjugation first of their neighbours, and then of the civilised world. This process of Prussianisation has proceeded with cumulative effect in every direction. Its success was particularly marked between 1890 and 1914, growing with the growth of Germany's industrial development and the organisation of her powers of offence by land and by sea. Every section of society has been imbued with the conception of "Deutschland über Alles." Even the Social-Democrats, to whom, I confess, I had looked with hope as an effective agency of opposition to Junker brutality and ruthlessness, have been supporters of piracy, devastation, torture, and infamy of every kind, just like any other part of the German population.

#### A Double-Faced Democracy

I knew well, of course, that the Social-Democrats could not possibly check mobilisation, even for the most aggressive and unjust war possible. Their old leaders had told me so plainly long ago, and I published their statements to this effect before the war. But I did expect that the new school of Social-Democrats, though far more chauvinist than their predecessors, would vote against or, at least, abstain from voting for the Imperial War Credits, and thus proclaim the solidarity of the German Socialists with those of other countries. Far from doing this, they played a most sinister game. After having formally pledged themselves up to the hilt in Paris and Brussels to refuse to vote those credits a few days, and even hours, before hostilities began, they returned to Berlin; and when the French, partly on the strength of their assurances and partly in order to avoid the slightest risk of any altercation with the German armies, withdrew their own troops eight miles from the frontier, then these same leaders of the Social-Democrats and their followers voted with the Kaiser's Government on this very issue. Baser betrayal of the whole International Socialist movement and the highest interests of the European peoples there could not be. How such men can be trusted again by any class in any country and, above all, by the working class of Great Britain and the other Allied countries passes my comprehension!

So completely were the whole of the Germans hypnotised by Prussian militarism, so completely were they filled with

the ideal of their own superhumanity, so completely had they erected their State Moloch into a God of all-conquering force and victorious brutality, that even Karl Liebknecht—whose more recent conduct we all admire—was so intoxicated and bemused by this new material divinity that in the early days of the war he actually advised the Belgians to submit to German control!

But if Karl Liebknecht, son of the famous oft-imprisoned Wilhelm of the same name, felt thus, what was the spirit of the Social-Democrats and the rest of the German workers who had no such heritage of parental self-sacrifice and traditions of international brotherhood as he? We soon found out. From the very first they supported the Kaiser, the Junkers, their marshals, generals, admirals, officers, governors, and common soldiers and sailors in the commission of the most hideous crimes that have degraded mankind in modern times. Not a word of organised protest did they raise against the sinking of unarmed passenger ships, or the shooting down of the passengers themselves, when they endeavoured to escape drowning in their boats. They made no objection to the outrages and horrors of which their armies were guilty, under the Kaiser's orders, in Belgium, France, and Eastern Europe. For the starvation and torture of British prisoners they uttered not a syllable of condemnation. The entire German nation, Social-Democrats and all, not merely the Kaiser and his ruthless crew—Germany as a nation is responsible for this long record of almost inconceivable atrocity. Germany as a nation therefore must be made to realise what her people have been guilty of by the enforcement of the fullest possible reparation, the exaction of the sternest system of guarantees for payment and the observance of good faith.

As a loyal and active Social-Democrat, who has done as much for the Socialist cause as any man living, I have watched with deepest sorrow the poisoning of the wells of thought throughout the Fatherland by the war germ, engendered first in North-East Prussia. I am convinced that any weakness now on the part of the Allies will be bitterly regretted by our successors in the near future. Nothing short of absolute overthrow will prevent a recurrence of the whole bloody work under more favourable circumstances for Germany.

#### The Change of Front

For these reasons I view with deep-seated suspicion the strong effort now being made by the sham democracy and Socialism of Germany and German-Austria to use an International Socialist Congress in order to obtain easy terms of peace for Germany herself. The German Social-Democrats and the Austrian Social-Democrats both made quite sure at first that they were going to win. Everybody remembers the truculent language then used by Scheidemann, Südekum, Heine, Ebert, and the Social-Democrats generally towards



the Allies, and the sort of terms they intended to impose upon us—as Socialists. Only when they grew doubtful of complete victory did they, under orders from the Wilhelm-Strasse, attempt to make use of Socialists among the Allies to organise what would have been virtually a pro-German International Socialist Congress at Stockholm. Troelstra, in fact, went to Berlin in order to receive his directions from Herr Zimmermann. That we all remember.

Happily, this first attempt to hold such a Congress, at which Scheidemann and company would have been greeted with fraternal enthusiasm by Ramsay MacDonald, Jean Longuet, and other friends of the enemy, was frustrated, chiefly by the action of the National Socialist Party, at the Allied Socialist Conference in London. There was great indignation against us at the time. We were Jingoese, Anti-Socialists, and what not. But shortly thereafter things looked very much better for the German armies. The prospect for the Allies was, indeed, by no means cheerful: or so Scheidemann and the German General Staff thought. Straightway, the German Social-Democrats changed their tone again doubtless in accordance with instructions from the German Foreign Office, and spoke out as ferociously in favour of war to a complete triumph and the annexation of territory West and East as the most ruthless Pan-German of them all.

So furiously unscrupulous and uncompromising were they in their demands for wholesale domination over the nations they thought they had finally vanquished that Hjalmar Branting, who was to have been the President of the Stockholm Conference, an upright man, vehemently denounced these views of Scheidemann, Südekum, Ebert, and the rest of the Pan-German Socialist deputies in his own journal, and declared that, in view of such utterances on their part, an International Socialist Conference with German delegates present could do no good whatever. That ought to have put an end to this sinister effort to use International Socialism, in war as in peace, to further the ends of German expansion.

### Stale Pleas

True, Branting's exposure of the real meaning of the Scheidemann intrigues and the withdrawal of his support of any conference did have an effect for a time. But the English and French Pacifists are not easily discouraged. The help of Huysmans and Troelstra could always be relied upon for any project which would hamper the progress of the Allies. It is well to bear all this in mind at the present moment. Then when the full triumph of Germany was no longer so certain, the word went round to talk assiduously of "stalemate," of the impossibility of either side gaining a complete victory, of the cruel immorality of permitting vast bodies of working men to slaughter one another, since it was quite obvious that the Central Powers could not be seriously defeated, and were therefore entitled to hold a large portion of the territories they had legitimately conquered. Anything was better than the continuance of such bootless destruction of human life! Such was tone adopted.

A few months ago, not long after our disasters on the Western front, Camille Huysmans—still "Secretary of the International Socialist Bureau," though Europe has been divided into two desperately hostile camps for more than four years—called to see me. I used to have a high appreciation of Huysmans. His intelligence and industry in his important post compelled my admiration. But since he was constantly passing to and fro from Belgium and the Hague by consent of the Germans, and had conversed so much with the bitterest enemies of his country, I thought he had lost his grip of the situation. This opinion was confirmed by his conversation when he came here. I told him that I was sure we should win in the long run; that I knew the United States well, and that, when Americans took a job up they finished it; that we English ourselves, alike as a race and as a nation, were never so formidable, afloat or ashore, as when our enemies thought we were done for, and this all our long history proved. Naturally, what I said had no influence at all on Huysmans; and he has been working in the closest intimacy with Arthur Henderson ever since to bring together an International Socialist Conference, though it is virtually certain that such a conference would attempt to save Germany from any adequate punishment for her crimes.

"When the devil was sick, etc." So long as the devil was well our fierce enemy the Kaiser's tame Socialist, Philip Scheidemann, was an out-and-out chauvinist, and all his German friends with him. But now that the devil is mortal sick, sick almost unto death, and Scheidemann, as a German Minister, feels the end of German superhumanity approaching,

nothing will serve but an International Socialist Conference again: not in the interest of deserted Germany—of course, not!—but in the best interests of the world. This, like Scheidemann's hypocritical pretence of democracy, has one object alone in view. That is to use the Pacifists and anti-patriots of Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, and the United States to save the most arrogant, treacherous, and brutal nation of our epoch from retribution. The hope of the Pacifist officials who control the Labour Party is that such a conference may be held in London next week! So I hear from the Labour Party itself.

Now, do not let us underrate the danger of all this Pro-Germanism. Scheidemann, as we know, is a Minister. He can make treaties and treat them as "scraps of paper" just as well as his predecessors in office. And he will, if we are fools enough to let him. Kühlmann will assiduously help him to that end. As to conventions, all these men will enter upon as many of them as you like to-day, and repudiate the whole lot of them to-morrow. *Punica fides*, indeed! The Carthaginians were high-souled gentlemen compared with the Germans. Having been betrayed by them every time, it would be sheer madness for British Labour men to repose any faith in them now.

But then there is Victor Adler, of Vienna, Austrian Foreign Minister—"surely," it may be said, "you believe in him?" As an admirably dexterous and self-sacrificing leader of the workers of Vienna, certainly: as a man to be relied upon in his dealings with the Allies, not a little bit. Adler is strongly anti-British, an intimate friend of Scheidemann, a thorough believer in the beneficent influence of Germanic intelligence and organisation over the Slavs. We cannot blame him for that; what else can we expect from a German Jew? He can argue out his position. He did so with me at the International Socialist Bureau a few years before the war. Then Adler thought that the British Foreign Office was intriguing in the Balkans, and that our proceedings—the truth of which I disputed—were antagonistic to the legitimate permeation of those States by Austro-German influence. During the war, Adler has been quite as rigorous against the Allies as his friend Scheidemann. Both these enthusiastic Teutonists will, according to the views of Huysmans, Henderson, Troelstra, Longuet, and company, be fully entitled, *enemy Ministers though they are*, to be received with true brotherly Socialist effusion in London. Both will again pose as sincere Internationalists. But, if we are foolish enough to believe a word they say we shall deserve to lose at the Council Table what we are gaining on land and on sea.

The war will not have been really won until Germany and her Allies, whatever their form of government, have been forced to make full compensation for their infamous breaches of all international law; and are placed in such a position that they will not try the same game again. That is how matters stand to-day.

### The Mountain Cemetery

IN the valley whose freedom they kept inviolate, cradled by the hills they have loved and fought for, lie the warrior sons of the hill people who have fallen, battling gloriously against the invader. Neither great statesman nor noble prince has ever won a better resting-place, for while such noble ones are brought into historic buildings which are the work of men's hands, these are buried beneath the cloisters and the colonnades of the mountain forest, they sleep on beneath the pillars and the arches of God's own cathedral, the dark fir-trees which grow in the hills which God has made.

No great organ has lent its solemn tones to dignify their burial rites; but to their honour a never-ending funeral march is played by the soft sighing of the breeze in the branches and the low rumble of the unquiet guns.

Nor brick nor mortar rings about the forest clearing in which they lie, but only a simple fence of untrimmed fir branch, and the lych-gate which gives entrance to the sacred soil is built of fir branch, too. On many a simple cross a faded wreath is hung, but with or without flowers, most await the last reveille wrapped in a soft-falling, symbolic mantle of virgin snow.

And in the centre of all is a great mountain boulder, and on it, roughly carved in simplest Italian, are the words: "It is a sweet and honourable thing to die for one's country: here rest awhile the sons of two great nations who, to their eternal honour, fell fighting side by side against the common foe."

H.W.



# The Psychology of the Turk: By H. Morgenthau

*Away from and virtually uninfluenced by events in the Western theatre of war, the Turks saw the Gallipoli victory in a far different light from that in which it was regarded by other nations in the war. Mr. Morgenthau explains the psychological tendencies which produced the present Turkish attitude toward modern Western civilisation.*

THE withdrawal of the Allied Fleet at the Dardanelles had consequences which the world does not yet completely understand. The practical effect of the event, as I have said, was to isolate the Turkish Empire from all the world excepting Germany and Austria. England, France, Russia, and Italy, which for a century had held a restraining hand over the Ottoman Empire, had finally lost all power to influence or control. The Turks perceived that a series of dazzling events had changed them from cringing dependents of the European Powers into free agents. For the first time in two centuries they could now live their national life according to their own inclinations, and govern their peoples according to their own will. The first expression of this rejuvenated national life was an episode which, so far as I know, is the most terrible in the history of the world. New Turkey, freed from European tutelage, celebrated its national rebirth by murdering not far from a million of its own subjects.

I can hardly exaggerate the effect which the repulse of the Allied Fleet produced upon the Turks. They believed that they had won the really great decisive battle of the war. For several centuries, they said, the British Fleet had victoriously sailed the seas, and had now met its first serious reverse at the hands of the Turks. In the first moments of their pride, the Young Turk leaders saw visions of the complete resurrection of their Empire. What had for two centuries been a decaying nation had suddenly started on a new and glorious life.

"Why should we feel any obligation to the Germans?" Enver would say to me. "What have they done for us which compares with what we have done for them? They have lent us some money and sent us a few officers, it is true, but see what we have done! We have defeated the British Fleet—something which the Germans and no other nation could do. We have stationed armies on the Caucasian front, and so have kept busy large bodies of Russian troops that would have been used on the Western front. Similarly we have compelled England to keep large armies in Egypt, in Mesopotamia, and in that way we have weakened the Allied armies in France. No, the Germans could never have achieved their military successes without us; the shoe of obligation is entirely on their foot."

This conviction possessed all the leaders of the Union and Progress party, and now began to have a determining effect upon Turkish national life and Turkish policy. Essentially the Turk is a bully and a coward; he is brave as a lion when things are going his way, but cringing, abject, and nerveless when reverses are overwhelming him. And now that the fortunes of war were apparently favouring the Empire, I began to see an entirely new Turk unfolding before my eyes. The hesitating and fearful Ottoman, feeling his way cautiously amid the mazes of European diplomacy, and seeking opportunities to find an advantage for himself in the divided counsels of the European Powers, gave place to an upstanding, almost dashing figure, proud and assertive, determined to live his own life, and absolutely contemptuous of his Christian foes. The ragged, unkempt Turk of the twentieth century was vanishing, and in his place was appearing the Turk of the fourteenth and the fifteenth, the Turk who had swept out of his Asiatic fastnesses, conquered all the powerful peoples in his way, and founded in Asia, Africa, and Europe one of the most extensive Empires that history has known. If we are properly to appreciate this new Talaat and Enver, and the events which now took place, we must understand the Turk who, under Osman and his successors, exercised this mighty but devastating influence in the world. We must realise that the basic fact underlying the Turkish mentality is its utter contempt for all other races. A fairly insane pride is the element that largely explains this strange human species. The common term applied by the Turk to the Christian is "dog," and in his estimation this is no mere rhetorical figure; he actually looks upon his European neighbours as far less worthy of consideration than his own domestic animals. "My son," an old Turk once said, "do you see that herd of swine? Some are white, some are black, some are large,

some are small—they differ from each other in some respects, but they are all swine. So it is with Christians. Be not deceived, my son. These Christians may wear fine clothes, their women may be very beautiful to look upon; their skins are white and splendid; many of them are very intelligent, and they build wonderful cities and create what seem to be great States. But remember that underneath all this dazzling exterior, they are all the same—they are all swine."

## The Inspiration of Turkish Policy

Practically all foreigners, in the presence of a Turk, are conscious of this attitude. The Turk may be obsequiously polite, but there is invariably an almost unconscious feeling that he is mentally shrinking from his Christian friend as something unclean. And this fundamental conviction for centuries directed the Ottoman policy toward its subject peoples. This wild horde swept from the plains of Central Asia and, like a whirlwind, overwhelmed the nations of Mesopotamia and Asia Minor, it conquered Egypt, Arabia, and practically all of Northern Africa, and then poured into Europe, crushed the Balkan nations, occupied a large part of Hungary, and even established the outposts of the Ottoman Empire in the Southern part of Russia. So far as I can discover, the Ottoman Turks had only one great quality—that of military genius. They had several military leaders of commanding ability, and the early conquering Turks were brave, fanatical, and tenacious fighters, just as their descendants are to-day. I think that these old Turks present the most complete illustration in history of the brigand idea in politics. They were lacking in what we may call the fundamentals of a civilised community. They had no alphabet and no art of writing, no books, no poets, no arts, and no architecture; they built no cities and they established no lasting State. They knew no law except the rule of might, and they had practically no agriculture and no industrial organisation. They were simply wild and marauding horsemen, whose one conception of tribal success was to pounce upon people who were more civilised than themselves and plunder them. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries these tribes overran the cradle of modern civilisation, which has given Europe its religion and, to a large extent, its civilisation. At that time these territories were the seats of many peaceful and prosperous nations. The Mesopotamian Valley supported a large, industrious, agricultural population; Bagdad was one of the largest and most flourishing cities in existence; Constantinople had a greater population than Rome, and the Balkan region and Asia Minor contained several powerful States. Mesopotamia in a few years became a desert; the great cities of the East were reduced to misery, and the subject peoples became slaves. Such graces of civilisation as the Turk has acquired in five centuries have practically all been taken from the subject peoples whom he so greatly despises. His religion comes from the Arabs; his language has acquired a certain literary value by borrowing certain Arabic and Persian elements; his writing is Arabic. Constantinople's finest architectural monument, the Mosque of St. Sophia, was originally a Christian church, and all so-called Turkish architecture is derived from the Byzantine. The mechanism of business and industry has always rested in the hands of the subject peoples—Greeks, Jews, Armenians, and Arabs. The Turks have learned little of European art or science, they have established very few educational institutions, and illiteracy is the prevailing rule. The result is that poverty has attained a degree of sordidness and misery in the Ottoman Empire which is almost unparalleled elsewhere. The Turkish peasant lives in a mud hut; he sleeps on its dirt floor, he has no chairs, no tables, no eating utensils, and no clothes except the few scant garments which cover his back, and which he usually wears for many years.

In the course of time these Turks might learn certain things from their European and Arabic neighbours, but there was one idea which they could never even faintly grasp. They could not understand that a conquered people were anything except slaves. When they took possession of a land, they found it occupied by a certain number of camels, horses, buffaloes, dogs, swine, and human beings. Of all these living things the object that physically most resembled themselves they regarded as the least important. It became a common saying with them that a horse or a camel was far more valuable than a man; these animals cost money, whereas "infidel Christians" were plentiful in



the Ottoman countries, and could easily be forced to labour. It is true that the early Sultans gave their subject peoples and the Europeans in the Empire certain rights, but these in themselves really reflected the contempt in which all non-Moslems were held. I have already described the "Capitulations," under which foreigners in Turkey had their own courts, prisons, post-offices, and other institutions. Yet the early Sultans gave these privileges not from a spirit of tolerance, but merely because they looked upon the Christian nations as unclean and, therefore, unfit to have any contact with the Ottoman administrative and judicial system. The Sultans similarly erected the several peoples, such as the Greeks and the Armenians, into separate "millets," or nations, not because they desired to promote their independence and welfare, but because they regarded them as vermin, and, therefore, disqualified for membership in the Ottoman State. The attitude of the Government toward their Christian subjects was illustrated by certain regulations which limited their freedom of action. The buildings in which Christians lived should not be conspicuous and their churches should have no belfry. Christians could not ride a horse in the city, for that was the exclusive right of the noble Moslem. The Turk had the right to test the sharpness of his sword upon the neck of any Christian.

### Parasitic Governors

Imagine a great government, year in and year out, maintaining this attitude toward many millions of its own subjects! And for centuries the Turks simply lived like parasites upon these overburdened and industrious people. They taxed them to economic extinction, stole their most beautiful daughters and forced them into their harems, took Christian male infants by the hundreds of thousands and brought them up as Moslem soldiers. I have no intention of describing the terrible vassalage and oppression that went on for five centuries; my purpose is merely to emphasise this innate attitude of the Moslem Turk to people not of his own race and religion—that they are not human beings with rights, but merely chattels, which may be permitted to live when they promote the interest of their masters, but which may be pitilessly destroyed when they have ceased to be useful. This attitude is intensified by a total disregard for human life and an intense delight in physical human suffering, which are the not unusual qualities of primitive peoples.

Such were the mental characteristics of the Turk in his days of military greatness. In recent times his attitude toward foreigners and his subject peoples had superficially changed. His own military decline, and the ease with which the infidel nations defeated his finest armies, had apparently given the haughty descendants of Osman a respect at least for their prowess. The rapid disappearance of his own Empire in a hundred years, the creation out of the Ottoman Empire of new States like Greece, Serbia, Bulgaria, and Rumania, and the wonderful improvement which had followed the destruction of the Turkish yoke in these benighted lands, may have increased the Ottoman hatred for the unbeliever, but at least they had a certain influence in opening his eyes to his importance. Many Turks also now received their education in European universities; they studied in their professional schools, and they became physicians, surgeons, lawyers, engineers, and chemists of the modern kind. However much the more progressive Moslems might despise their Christian associates, they could not ignore the fact that the finest things, in this temporal world at least, were the products of European and American civilisation. And now that one development of modern history which seemed to be least understandable to the Turk began to force itself upon the consciousness of the more intelligent and progressive. Certain leaders arose who began to speak surreptitiously of such things as "Constitutionalism," "Liberty," "Self-Government," and to whom the Declaration of Independence contained certain truths that might have a value even for Islam. These daring spirits began to dream of overturning the autocratic Sultan and of substituting a parliamentary system for his irresponsible rule. I have already described the rise and fall of this Young Turk movement under such leaders as Talaat, Enver, Djemal, and their associates in the Committee of Union and Progress. The point which I am emphasising here is that this movement presupposed a complete transformation of Turkish mentality, especially in its attitude toward subject peoples. No longer, under the reformed Turkish State, were Greeks, Syrians, Armenians, and Jews to be regarded as "filthy Giaours."

All these peoples were henceforth to have equal rights and equal duties. A general love-feast now followed the establishment of the new régime, and scenes of almost frenzied reconciliation, in which Turks and Armenians embraced

each other publicly, apparently signalled the absolute union of the once antagonistic peoples. The Turkish leaders, such as Talaat and Enver, visited Christian churches and sent forth prayers of thanksgiving for the new order, and went to Armenian cemeteries to shed tears of retribution over the bones of the martyred Armenians who lay there. Armenian priests reciprocally paid their tributes to the Turks in Mohammedan mosques. Enver Pasha visited several Armenian schools, telling the children that the old days of Moslem-Christian strife had passed for ever, and that the two peoples were now to live together as brothers and sisters. There were cynics who smiled at all these demonstrations, and yet one development encouraged even them to believe that an earthly Paradise had arrived. All through the period of domination only the master Moslem had been permitted to bear arms and serve in the Ottoman Army. To be a soldier was an occupation altogether too manly and glorious for the despised Christian. But now the Young Turks encouraged all Christians to arm and enrolled them in the army on an equality with Moslems. These Christians fought, both as officers and soldiers, in the Italian and the Balkan wars, winning high praise from Turkish generals for their valour and skill. Armenian leaders had figured conspicuously in the Young Turk movement; these men apparently believed that a constitutional Turkey was possible. They were conscious of their own intellectual and industrial superiority to the Turks, and knew that they could prosper in the Ottoman Empire if left alone, whereas, under European control, they would have greater difficulty in meeting the competition of the more rigorous European colonists who might come in. With the deposition of the Red Sultan, Abdul Hamid, and the establishment of a constitutional system, the Armenians now, for the first time in several centuries, felt themselves to be free men.

But, as I have already described, all these aspirations vanished like a dream. Long before the European War began the Turkish democracy had disappeared. The power of the new Sultan had gone, and the hopes of regenerating Turkey on modern lines had gone also, leaving only a group of individuals, headed by Talaat and Enver, actually in possession of the State. Having lost their democratic aspirations, these men now supplanted it with a new national conception. In place of a democratic constitutional State they resurrected the idea of Pan-Turkism; in place of equal treatment of all Ottomans, they decided to establish a country exclusively for Turks. I have called this a new conception; yet it was new only to the individuals who then controlled the destiny of the Empire, for, in reality, it was merely an attempt to revive the most barbaric ideas of their ancestors. It represented, as I have said, merely an atavistic reversion to the original Turk. We now saw that the Turkish leaders, in talking about liberty, equality, fraternity, and constitutionalism, were merely children repeating phrases; that they had used the word "democracy" merely as a ladder by which to climb to power. After five hundred years' close contact with European civilisation, the Turk remained precisely the same individual as the one who had emerged from the steppes of Asia in the Middle Ages.

When the Turkish Government abrogated the Capitulations, and in this way freed themselves from the domination of the foreign Powers, they were merely taking one step toward realising this Pan-Turkish ideal. I have alluded to the difficulties which I had with them over the Christian schools. Their determination to uproot these—or, at least, to transform them into Turkish institutions—was merely another detail in the same racial progress. Similarly, they attempted to make all foreign business houses employ only Turkish labour, insisting that they should discharge their Greek, Armenian, and Jewish clerks, stenographers, workmen, and other employees. At one time they showed a disposition to make all foreign houses keep their books in Turkish, the idea being to furnish employment exclusively for Turks and to train them in modern business methods. I had some difficulty in arranging a compromise by which they could keep them in both French and Turkish. The Ottoman Government even refused to have any dealings with the representative of the largest Austrian munition maker unless he admitted a Turk as a partner. They developed a mania for suppressing all languages except Turkish. For decades French had been the accepted language of foreigners in Constantinople; all street-signs were printed in both French and Turkish. One morning the astonished foreign residents discovered that all these French signs had been removed and that the names of streets, the directions on street cars, and other public notices, appeared only in those strange Turkish characters, which very few of them understood.

(To be continued)



## "H.E."—A First Experience: By Martin Gilkes

THE new Subaltern, just out from England, sat in the parlour of a cottage which formed his company mess. The cottage, long deserted by its owners, stood now at the head of a main communication trench leading to the battalions in the line, scarcely three-quarters of a mile away. Opposite sat the Captain, and round the little table the other three subalterns; they had just finished dinner, and were lying back in their chairs, smoking and drinking little cups of coarse coffee made by one of the mess servants, who had mistaken himself for a cook.

"Shells?" said the Captain. "I don't mind shells. If they catch you—well, they put you out straight and quick, and no more said; but I do hate bullets. They're beastly things, if you like."

"Yes," said Crowther, the senior sub., "yes; I don't much care for bullets. They rather put the wind up me. But shells! They're all right, if you light a cigarette to take your mind off them, and keep on joking. Just laugh all the time, and you'll be all right."

The new Subaltern sat up, and looked at Crowther and the Captain. Now the Captain was big and black and strong, with the visible strength that such men have; but Crowther was little and sandy haired, for all the world like a stoat: not at all the sort of person to impress a stranger, and not at all the ideal type of Grenadier in the eyes of the new Subaltern, who had exalted ideas about the importance of the battalion bombing officer. He remembered his secret pride a week before, when his colonel chose him for the job.

"Fine fellow, the Colonel! He knew a good man when he saw one. So he picked me out!" It never occurred to him that, being the last out from England, and therefore knowing least, the battalion would have least to lose by his death.

He looked across at Jones, the subaltern sitting opposite. Jones had his feet on the table, and his eyes half-shut.

"I don't give a damn for bullets," said Jones, "nor for shells. If you've got to be killed, you've got to be, and there's an end of it. Curse! I've got to go down to see the engineers about those grenades."

The Captain and Crowther rose to go as well, and the new Subaltern remembered, with a sort of pang, that they were going to see the Colonel at the headquarters mess, and longed for the day when he would be old enough in the regiment to drop in there without an invitation. When they were gone, he turned to Holford, the other subaltern—a week older than himself in the bombing company.

"Well," he said, "we're left alone for the evening."

"Yes," said the other. "My God, how they're shelling that mine!"

About four hundred yards down the road every few minutes sounded the crash and burst of German shells, pitching unrringly into a mine-tower and buildings, behind which were the "cookers" of a battalion in the trenches in front, and he began to feel that security which comes to a soldier when the enemy are shelling some definite object, other than himself, even though only a short distance away.

"Well, thank Heavens, they're not shelling us," he said lightly, and poured out another cup of the execrable coffee.

Suddenly, without warning, the roof shook with a crash: there was a loud explosion, and slates began to slide and clatter to the ground. It sounded exactly as if a shell had landed on the roof itself. They found out afterwards that it had pitched in the garden, six yards from the back door. He jumped to his feet, looking rather white. Inside, his heart was hammering like a thing possessed (he knew, then, how mice feel when their little hearts beat so fast that they can beat no more). The voice of his companion recalled him to himself.

"The dug-outs! They're shelling us!" cried Holford, in a strange high voice; and together they rushed out and made for the dug-out against the wall of the house behind. As they ran, blind terror struck again at him, when he heard the long whine of another high-explosive shell twisting through its invisible tube of air. He ran blindly, scarcely knowing where he went. Holford reached the dug-out first, and bolted down the steps and disappeared into the friendly depths below. But the new Subaltern made a dead-heat in the race for the entrance with the Company Sergeant-Major, who was running for shelter also from his billet across the way. Now, since the Company Sergeant-Major was a large, fat man, and since they both reached the entrance to the dug-out exactly at the same time, and were both running hard for safety, the inevitable happened, and they

both stuck fast in the narrow doorway. Then some God-given sense of the ridiculous came over him. To be stuck in the doorway of a dug-out with the fat Sergeant-Major! It was absurd. He drew back and began to laugh.

"After you, sir," said the Sergeant-Major.

"No, Thomson," said the new Subaltern; "after you; and if you get stuck in the entrance, I'll push you through from behind."

The feeble joke served, and both laughed immoderately, as men will in moments of great excitement; and he never heard the who-oo-oosh of the oncoming shell—that terrible sound which means that it has begun to rush downward to the ground, and is going to land very near. He ran down the steps of the dug-out behind the Sergeant-Major. The shell burst close by and covered the dug-out top with earth and splinters and slates from the roof of the house above. Down in the dugout his ears caught the approaching whine of another shell. Terror gripped him again, shook him from head to foot, set his heart swirling and racing like a mill-stream between narrow banks. Terribly lucid, morbid thoughts probed his mind, like knives. Would it drop on the roof of the dug-out? If so, they would all be buried alive. He had a vivid recollection of a nightmare of his childish days, and in the fraction of a second he suffered all the agonies of suffocation. He heard, as in a dream, far away, the voice of the Sergeant-Major. "'Ere comes another ruddy shell. 'Ave you the trenchin' tool, Charley, to dig us out with, if it 'its the roof?'" (This to one of the officers' servants, also sheltering in the dug-out.)

"Yus, sir," said Charley. (How cool and unperturbed his voice sounded!) "They're a-searchin' for that perishin' batt'ry in the wood be'ind."

But suddenly came recollection of Crowther's words in the mess: "Light a cigarette to take your mind off it. Laugh, and you'll be all right."

"Has anyone got a cigarette?" he asked, and was surprised to find that his voice was level and ordinary, and showed no trace of his terror within. The talk then became general in the dug-out. He could never remember, afterwards, exactly what the jokes were that were made, except that they were very feeble; but they all laughed and laughed again at them—and so the minutes passed. The shells were dropping now a little further away, nearer to the battery in the wood; but every now and then, when he heard the sound of a shell as it drew near, sheer terror gripped him again. After about half an hour, the shelling stopped as suddenly as it had begun.

"Well," said the new Subaltern, "I think we can go out now, Sergeant-Major."

"Better wait a bit, sir. Give 'em a minute or two more, to see if they've really stopped. They're cunning devils, these Boches!"

A little thrill ran through him. He could not have shown so much fear, after all!

At last, when all seemed safe, he found himself back in the little front parlour with Holford. Everything there was the same: the coffee on the table, his own cup untouched, the two chairs drawn up round the stove, and all the litter of dinner on the table. Everything was the same, exactly as they had left it, thirty short minutes ago; and yet how long a time it seemed since they were all sitting round the table, talking about bullets and shells! Ages seemed to have gone by. He took up his cup of coffee—now so cold—and drank it off. Then he became aware that Holford was speaking. He turned and looked at his comrade's white, strained face.

"My God," Holford was saying; "it was awful, hellish, damnable. O my God, I shook all over; I'm shaking now. I'm beastly frightened of shells. I'm trembling now, till I can hardly stand!"

The new Subaltern pulled himself together and looked at Holford. Why, the man was only saying what he himself had suffered as well. He, too, had been terrified; he, too, had shaken all over. But Holford was telling him! Yes, that was the difference. The man was talking about it, and could not conceal it. An odd sense of superior manhood came over him; he knew in that moment that he had learned one of War's great lessons. All are frightened—terribly, abjectly frightened—but the man is he who contrives not to show it by face, by speech, or by bearing. Men, thank God, are judged not by their inward feelings, but by their outward actions.

"Yes, old man," he said, almost pityingly, "I was dam' frightened, too."



# Life and Letters by J. C. Squire

## Shakespeare

**W**HAT a pleasure it is to get a book on Shakespeare and know before you open it that it will be fresh, frank, and sensible, free at once from old fustian and from new fantasies, and certain to send you back to read your author with increased understanding and enjoyment! Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's *Shakespeare's Workmanship* (Fisher Unwin, 15s. net) has all the merits of his previous works and the additional attraction of the greatest subject a literary critic can write about.

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Sir Arthur treats Shakespeare as a human artist, though the greatest: a man capable of indolence, wilful caprice, and occasional ineptitude: an artist working, like others, under limitations, unwilling (as great artists are) to repeat old triumphs, always attacking new difficulties, and sometimes (as in that last group of plays which cover vast periods of time and deal with slow spiritual processes) failing to surmount them. With so full a book before him the reviewer can do no more than quote and criticise a few things at random. Sir Arthur throws light on every play and on the principles of art in general; the study of "workmanship" gives him a very wide reference with limits difficult to determine. He is extraordinarily good on *Hamlet*, in which he says, after all the wiseacres have dowered Shakespeare with all their philosophies and pathologies, there is no "mystery" whatever—except the slight unsolved and usually unnoticed mystery as to why the murdered king was succeeded by his brother, and not by his son. He notes in the *Merchant of Venice* how Shakespeare was handicapped by his ready-made and preposterous plots about the pound of flesh and the casket. They gave him little room for the natural development of character; he had to concentrate on Shylock or Portia. There ought, says Sir Arthur, "to be a close time" for the Trial Scene.

Discussing criticisms made against the weaknesses and complexities of *Cymbeline*, he says, justly, that what Shakespeare did in that play was to create Imogen, the loveliest and noblest heroine in all literature; and that since he did so rare a thing we may assume that that is what he was chiefly trying to do. *As You Like It* elicits the remark that it is "arguable of the greatest creative artists that, however they learn and improve, they are always trading on the stored memories of childhood."

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There is one play about which, exercising a reader's right with the utmost deference and diffidence, I dare to differ from Sir Arthur and from the majority of critics. I do not think *Macbeth* entirely comes off. Sir Arthur remarks, and this indisputable truth has been disastrously forgotten by many modern playwrights, that whatever a "hero" is, does, or suffers, it is essential that he should command the sympathies of the audience. He sets forth all the case against *Macbeth*, and adds that the great poetry which is put into his mouth "drapes him with the illusion of greatness," but that this is not enough, and that he is only saved by being represented as a victim of some fatal hallucination of undefined strength imposed on him by evil supernatural powers. I thoroughly agree with Sir Arthur's attack on those who under-estimate the importance of the supernatural element in the play, and who fail to understand the spell that a story like that of the witches on the blasted heath must exercise on all imaginative minds. I agree with his diagnosis of Shakespeare's problem here and of the means he adopted to solve it. Where I differ from him is in holding, unlike him, that Shakespeare failed. It was, I think, a double failure. Easy though Shakespeare found it to write great speeches and impute them to any character, it was not so easy to convince us that that character really spoke them. The great imaginative passages spoken by Hamlet, by Prospero, and by the raving Lear, we can accept not as Shakespeare's, but as theirs: they spring directly from their intellects and emotions as we know them; they are more intense than their contexts, but all of a piece with them. These men have no need to be "draped" with the illusion of greatness, for they are great. With *Macbeth* it is different. When he says things like

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death

the great language is a "drapery." It hangs loosely and awkwardly upon him; it does not belong to him; the greatness is Shakespeare's, and not his; the illusion is not produced. *Macbeth* is not made great by the mere loan of a poet's imagery, and he is not made sympathetic, however adequately his crime may be explained and palliated, by being the victim of a hallucination. We might feel very deeply with such a victim had he won our affection or admiration previous to his hallucination, or were he, outside that, a fine fellow; but this man has never attracted us at all; and though any weak doomed man must arouse some measure of pity, our interest in *Macbeth* is nothing compared with that which we take in *Hamlet* and *Othello* and *Lear*, and even less than that which is stirred by his inexcusable and unhallucinated, but tigerishly resolute, lady.

The principal character in *Macbeth*, in fact, is dull; he makes no appeal; we do not greatly mind what happens to him; and the play, in spite of sublime scenes and poetry, is an illustration and a warning to artists who deny, or forget, that no powers of execution and no subordinate achievement can compensate for a central figure who is "unsympathetic," and that it is better for a "hero" to provoke active fear or hate than indifference or half-contemptuous pity. It is no use having a hero who makes people feel, from first to last, that he wants a good shaking. The mistake was not one that Shakespeare usually made; but his plot beat him. The emotional hold of the play would have been immeasurably greater had he set *Macbeth* against an equally prominent but lovable character: given him, say, an innocent, horror-stricken wife instead of a fellow-murderer who is not only as incapable as he of drawing our affection, but who incidentally throws him into the shade as a criminal.

The end of *Othello*—on which Sir Arthur barely touches—is a subtler matter; whether one thinks the workmanship fails depends upon whether one believes that the most noble and generous *Othello*, even though a Moor, and deceived, and mad with jealousy, really could have—did, in fact—kill his wife. Men in such situations, no doubt, have killed guiltless wives, and some of these men have possibly been strong and lovable people. But I, at least, experience when I come to that death not those feelings which one has when a tragedy works to its inevitable and natural climax, but, mingled with sickening horror for poor little Desdemona, anger and irritation not against *Othello*, but against Shakespeare, who is directing him. Sir Arthur, in his brief parenthesis on the play, quotes a lady as having shouted to *Othello* from the auditorium: "You great black fool; can't you see?" What I feel like saying, and I can't think my impressions are unique, is not that, but: "Look here, Shakespeare, you'd no right to do this merely because, before you started, you decided that this was the way the story should go. You know better. You're monkeying with human nature, and you've no excuse."

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Sir Arthur's readers must hope that he will supplement this volume with another covering—with whatever central theme—those plays which are not studied in this volume. There is one, I think, which really should have been here, the main characteristics of Shakespeare's technical aims and achievements being the subject. That play is *Troilus and Cressida*. Too little attention has always been given to it; and those critics who have, at length, written about it have concentrated too much upon the love-story—drawing, incidentally, from this quite convincing picture of a fickle girl and an embittered lover unjustifiable deductions about Shakespeare's frame of mind when he wrote it.

The chief interest of the play seems to me, and certainly its chief interest as a piece of "workmanship," to lie in its vividness as a panorama, as a series of suddenly illuminated scenes in which many characters, Greek and Trojan, live and move, each with his distinct face and opinions and temper. It resembles one of those bright and crowded "compartment" pictures that the early Flemings painted. If both *Troilus* and *Cressida* were left out, the siege of Troy, in sections, would remain; and I cannot think (and I am sure Sir Arthur would not think) that in making that great tapestry Shakespeare did not know what he was doing, and know that, in drama, it was a novel and difficult thing.



# THE THEATRE

By W. J. Turner

LAST week, in mentioning the performance of *Macbeth* at the "Old Vic," I said nothing about the extraordinary history of this theatre, which is one of the oldest in London. It was opened exactly one hundred years ago, and the centenary was celebrated last week by the presence of the Queen and Princess Mary at a special programme which briefly reviewed the theatre's activities during that time, omitting only what is described in a semi-official account of the "Old Vic's" history as "the bad old days," when "the gallery was a huge amphitheatre probably containing about fifteen hundred perspiring creatures; most of the men in shirt-sleeves, and most of the women bare-headed, with coloured handkerchiefs round their shoulders, called 'bandanna wipes,' and probably stolen from the pockets of old gentlemen who were given to snuff-taking. This 'chickalerry' audience was always thirsty—and not ashamed. It tied handkerchiefs together—of which it always seemed to have plenty—until they formed a rope which was used to haul up large stone bottles of beer from the pit, and occasionally hats that had been dropped below." This was the sort of audience that used to assemble in the late 'forties to see *Oliver Twist*, and there is a contemporary account of a performance of E. F. Savile as Bill Sikes, which reads: "The murder of Nancy was the great scene. Nancy was always dragged round the stage by her hair, and after this effort Sikes always looked up defiantly at the gallery, as he was doubtless told to do in the marked prompt-copy. He was always answered by one loud and fearful curse, yelled by the whole mass like a Handel festival chorus. The curse was answered by Sikes dragging Nancy twice round the stage, and then, like Ajax, defying the lightning. The simultaneous yell then became louder and more blasphemous. Finally when Sikes, working up to a well-rehearsed climax, smeared Nancy with red ochre, and, taking her by the hair (a most powerful wig), seemed to dash her brains out on the stage, no explosion of dynamite invented by the modern anarchist, no language ever dreamt of in Bedlam could equal the outburst. A thousand enraged voices, which sounded like ten thousand, with the roar of a dozen escaped menageries, filled the theatre and deafened the audience, and when the smiling ruffian came forward and bowed, their voices in thorough plain English expressed a fierce determination to tear his sanguinary entrails from his sanguinary body." This is an interesting example of getting the audience to take part in the play, which I recently suggested might procure a dramatist some remarkable effects. Somewhat earlier, about 1838, Dickens himself wrote a description of the miserable, filthy condition of the district round the Victoria Theatre, as it was then called, and during the last eighty years the neighbourhood is not so entirely changed in character as most other parts of London.

The theatre was originally opened as the Royal Coburg Theatre, and the following is an advertisement of May 11th, 1818:

## ROYAL COBURG THEATRE.

Under the immediate patronage of

His Royal Highness Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg.

The above elegant theatre WILL OPEN THIS EVENING, May 11th, with an appropriate address by Mr. Munro. After which, a new melodramatic spectacle called

### TRIAL BY 'BATTLE';

or, *Heaven Defend the Right*. After which a grand Asiatic ballet, called *ALZORA* and *NERINE*; or, *The Fairy Gift*. To conclude with a new and splendid harlequinade called *MIDNIGHT REVELRY*.

It is interesting to note that the prices for boxes were four shillings for lower and three shillings for upper; the pit was two shillings and the gallery one shilling. The performances began at 6.30 p.m., and at 8.30 p.m. you could get in at half-price. It was, no doubt, the building of Waterloo Bridge that was responsible for the erection of the theatre, and, in fact, the company owning the bridge—which at that time, of course, was a toll-bridge—gave financial assistance to the promoters. The ground in that part was not much better than a swamp, and it was no infrequent occurrence for people going to the theatre in the dark to fall into the marshes after crossing the bridge. People seemed to have been much more willing to run risks in those

days than at present, when merely being a little out of the beaten track is enough to kill a theatre. Take, for instance, the London Opera House, in Kingsway, at which almost every possible kind of entertainment has proved a failure, owing mainly to its being rather out of the way; though, personally, I should like to think it was due to the utter hideousness and bad taste of the building.

The "Old Vic."—or "Royal Coburg," as it was then called—started with giving the regulation triple bill, of which a sample is given in the advertisement I have quoted above. This triple bill, of which a lurid melodrama was the chief ingredient, persisted throughout the greater part of its history, but, at the same time, nearly every actor of note during the last hundred years has played there; and although at the beginning of its career its rival, Drury Lane (with Covent Garden), had an official monopoly by law of the works of "Shakespeare, Jonson, Massinger, Fletcher, Beaumont, Ford, and a long line of illustrious poets and wits," to quote some one writing in 1840, it was not long before the Royal Coburg began to infringe these rights by giving versions of Shakespeare; and although an action was brought against the proprietors by the Drury Lane Committee, resulting in a fine of £50, this never prevented Shakespeare being given in some form or other until 1843, when the law was altered, and the "Victoria," as it was renamed in 1833, became legally as free as Drury Lane to give Shakespeare's plays. In 1831 Edmund Kean played *Othello*, *Macbeth*, and *King Lear*. It was for this occasion, according to Mr. Booth's *History of the Theatre*, that stalls were made out of a portion of the pit, priced at four shillings each, so that ladies and gentlemen could be nearer the great tragedian than when in the boxes. It was during this season also that Kean, annoyed by the constant interjections of the audience and the incessant popping of ginger-beer bottles, when called for after the fall of the curtain, stepped out and asked abruptly: "What do you want?" After a moment's surprise, many voices shouted: "You! You!" "Well, then, I am here." He then proceeded: "I have acted in every theatre in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, I have acted in all the principal theatres throughout the United States of America, but in my life I never acted to such a set of ignorant, unmitigated brutes as I now see before me."

Others who played at the "Victoria" were Sheridan, Knowles, Phelps, and Macready, and it is noteworthy that again and again Shakespeare proved the financial prop of the theatre, although the audiences, during the worst period of the theatre's existence, were often "so noisy that it was impossible to take the play seriously." Scene shifters and carpenters used to stroll about the stage in the midst of the play, and Mr. Booth records that one night an actor spoke the line in a piece: "Now then, we are all safe," and at that moment tripped over a ladder on the stage, and fell down and burned his nose on a torch he was holding.

Paganini, most famous of all violinists, who used to get offered the enormous fee of £1,000 for three nights, played at the "Victoria" in 1834, and created a sensation; another interesting event was the production, in 1848, of a drama founded on "Currer Bill's celebrated work *Jane Eyre*." This production, which is said to have been quite well done, was given during one of the theatre's bad periods. Charles Mathews describes the audience as rushing there in mobs, and in shirt sleeves, applauding frantically, drinking ginger-beer, munching apples, cracking nuts, calling actors by their Christian names, and throwing them orange-peel and apples by way of bouquets. It was not until 1879 that the Victoria got a new lease of life, when Miss Cons was chiefly responsible for its being turned into a music-hall on temperance lines. In 1889 concert performances of opera were started, and now, under Miss Baylis, an operatic and a Shakespearean company have been started since the war, and have both been highly successful. The Christmas Shakespeare Festival has just commenced, and will last until January 7th. Shakespeare will be played every evening, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays excepted, when operatic performances are given. I shall have more to say about the Shakespeare Festival; but at the moment I only wish to point out that, at the moment, the "Old Vic.", as it is now called, is much the most interesting theatre in London.



# Pelmanism versus Militarism.

By Arthur F. Thorn,

Author of "Richard Jefferies and Civilisation," "Social Satires," etc.

In common with the gift of life, humanity has been endowed with Mind, and within the circle of these two gifts, liberty and happiness are not merely idealistic possibilities, but the natural heritage and birthright of every individual, irrespective of social status or economic class distinctions. Each individual possesses the right to live and think; to preserve a reasonable freedom within the social system, and to secure a maximum of happiness which does not depend for its existence upon the enforced misery and slavery of others.

There is nothing new either in tyranny or in its resultant moral degradation. The peoples of the world have always suffered more or less from the unnatural repression of individual initiative and personal freedom, but, although the exploiters of human credulity and ignorance are deserving of blame for taking advantage of the unthinking majority, there is legitimate ground for an indictment of the masses from the standpoint of their obstinate antipathy to thought. If the latter were less credulous and more analytical mentally; if they would weigh human motives and social values in the scales of intelligence, then the exploiters of mankind would be quite unable to wreck the lives and happiness of millions of simple and unsuspecting people as they are doing to-day with such impunity and success.

The miseries and almost unrealisable horrors of war, to say nothing of the inevitable slavery of mind and body which must accompany the military organisation of brute force for slaughter, all these evil things spring from one condition—a condition of mental inactivity; they are born of our failure to appreciate the power of thought. The positive evils of Militarism, as they exist almost universally to-day, should make obvious to us all the ultimate outcome of credulous, undeveloped minds and unawakened imaginations. These subversive things which are to-day magnified to the point of insanity by universal war, do prove in a most terrible fashion the price that a non-thinking and unreasoning humanity must pay for its mental defects and inefficiencies.

For neglecting the faculty of thought, humanity to-day is suffering indescribable tortures of body and mind which might quite easily have been prevented by the exercise of reason and intelligence. It is not, as many suppose, a racial problem: it is a problem of the universal mind of man. It is not entirely a question of the mental defects of any particular class or nationality: it is a problem involving humanity *en masse*. War and Militarism are not new things, neither are they the sole product of any particular race. Repression of individuality and vicious tyranny are as ancient as man himself, and have always arisen from the same cause, namely, mental laziness and non-intelligence on the part of the people who allow themselves to be used up in the interests of degenerate rulers. If we permit arrogant and unscrupulous autocrats to decide the condition and object of our lives; if we allow despots to formulate laws which are expressly designed for our own personal sacrifice and destruction, what legitimate reason have we for complaint?

War is unquestionably the most hideous fraud ever imposed upon a long-suffering humanity; it denies the sacredness of human life, and elevates into virtues those mechanical and non-mental responses to autocratic authority which involve the annihilation of human personality and the death of individuality. *Militarism substitutes an impersonal and external discipline for an internal and personal discipline—the man becomes a machine—the spirit becomes a soulless mechanism—life becomes death. It is the price that humanity pays for refusing to recognise individual mental power; it is the tragedy of stagnant brains; the golgotha of human intellect.*

In a world populated with mentally awakened people the curse of Militarism would be unable to exist. There is no question about this at all. War, which is the idealisation of brute force, could not possibly be accepted in a universe populated with individuals who realised that brute force was the negation of mind and intelligence. A military autocrat in such a world would immediately be placed in prison for safe custody. The people would perceive that he was not only insane, but also a source of serious danger to the community. They would relate the destructive ideas which dominated such a man to the effect of such ideas if put into action. *They would not wait until the world was plunged into the madness of war, they would visualise the result before it actually occurred and make sure that no such appalling calamity could come about.* This, it is certain, would be the action taken by a mentally awakened people who understood the relation between thought and action.

It is the hope of the world that the people shall be mentally awakened; that they shall be, as it were, initiated into the mysteries of mind; that social science and intelligent education should prepare men and women not only for the particular trade, business, or profession which they choose to adopt, but for the supreme art of life itself. This is the need, and it is as urgent as our need of bread. A system of mental development is required that will link up all the tangled ends of unorganised thought, and enable the individual to become conscious of the highest values of human life, not only from a personal, but from a universal standpoint. This system of mental education exists and has already proved itself to be of extreme value to thousands of individuals who had been previously handicapped by undeveloped brains and starved imagination. The Pelman System of Mind and Memory Training exists not only for the purpose of sharpening one's mental faculties in relation to commercial affairs, but also to enable the eyes of the mind to perceive more important and much deeper realities than the surface values of civilisation.

*Pelmanism exists to help the mind to become aware of itself in relation to the infinite possibilities of human existence, and also to develop personality in the direction of freedom and self-realisation.* It is one of the saddest facts of human life that so few really express themselves fully or achieve a condition of life that merges harmoniously with their own particular temperamental needs and desires. It is usually the diseased personalities of despots that express themselves to the full, as we have ample proof to-day. The peace-loving and normal man or woman who detests violence and leans mentally towards the higher values of life rarely comes to possess sufficient mental power to achieve what he or she feels instinctively to be the highest and best. This is the failure of the wrongly educated mind—the mind that is not whole. Militarists who gamble with the simple idealism of ordinary folk could not function were the opposite and higher mental qualities sufficiently developed in the people they exploit. It is at this point that the Pelman System of Mind and Memory Training asserts itself and reiterates the urgent need for real mental education based upon the laws of personal psychology.

Pelmanism draws the individual mind in the direction of all that is truly educational: it interests the student in those things which really matter in the cause of individual progress and social sanity. These most important truths may be stated and restated in a very few words, but humanity is not yet mentally awake to those basic facts of human psychology which, if recognised and acted upon, would revolutionise the world and purge the diseases of War and Militarism from human society for ever.

## What "Truth" says:—


"The first point which emerges in the survey of the present position of the Pelman Institute is . . . that recognition is being more and more accorded to its educational activities by men and women interested in the improvement of the intellectual fibre of the nation and the resultant increase in national efficiency. The judgment passed by *Truth* has been upheld by every judge who has examined the facts for himself, and, be it added, by a jury of unexampled magnitude, which has come to the same conclusion through personal experience.

"Allusion has already been made to the amazing increase in the number of men and women who have taken, or are taking, the Pelman Course of instruction. The number of students on the Pelman roll to-day has passed the 250,000\* mark, and of those a very large proportion have enrolled within the past two years. From no one of these students has *Truth* heard a single word of discontent or a suggestion that any of the conclusions arrived at are misleading or fallacious, though those conclusions in a large proportion of recent enrolments were probably a determining factor."


"*Mind and Memory*" (in which the Pelman Course is fully described, with a Synopsis of the lessons) will be sent gratis and post free, together with a full reprint of "*Truth's*" famous Report on the Pelman System and a form entitling readers of LAND & WATER to the complete Course for one-third less than the usual fees, on application to the Pelman Institute, 39 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.  
Overseas addresses: 46-48 Market Street, Melbourne; 15 Toronto Street, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.

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# The Reader's Diary



## Recent Novels

## The Navy

THE East," says Mr. Frank Sidgwick, in one of his lyrical moments, "the East may call her lovers to Islands of the Blest. . . . Where there ain't no Ten Commandments and a man can raise a thirst. But I, a little Englander, put little England first." And I, a satiated reviewer, after reading Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's *Little England* (Nisbet, 7s. net), am in my gratitude disposed to echo his heart-cry. I had occasion to remark last week that in rustic England of the novelists the principal incidents of daily life were seductions and desertions, and that all the most interesting inhabitants were illegitimate; and I did not feel inclined, on this basis, to clamour for any more rustic novels. But Miss Kaye-Smith converts me. Her story is not built up round any central episode or character. It deals with a group of Sussex people of the yeoman farmer class and what happens to them under the strain of war. Tom Beatup, a boy of twenty, who has long kept Worges Farm out of the hands of the auctioneer in spite of his drunken father, is at last refused exemption by the tribunal, and hands over to his younger brother, Harry. Harry, formerly an idle scapegrace, is fired by the food-production campaign, and toils to make the farm yield more than ever before. Ivy Beatup, a blowsy country girl, and Nell Beatup, a refined, anæmic pupil-teacher, have, as well as Tom, their appropriate love affairs. Mr. Sumption, whom religious ecstasy took from the forge and turned into a half-educated Baptist Minister, broods over his gipsy son Jerry, and seeks to protect him from Satan. Jerry leaves a munition factory, the regularity of which oppresses him, for the Army, and is at last shot for desertion at the front. This gives a bare idea, perhaps, of the material which Miss Kaye-Smith has handled. She has put real, unremitting work into her book, which does not contain a single loose or unnecessary paragraph, and gives a vivid picture of all these people and their surroundings and the crises of their lives. She can rise, too, to moments of great intensity, as, for example, when the Beatups labour all Sunday against the approaching rain to save their crops, and Mr. Sumption, working with them against his convictions, bursts at the end into wild and harsh but impressive thanksgiving. And, again, there is a really moving passage when Mr. Sumption preaches in his Bethel on the death of his disgraced son and rebukes his congregation for their indifference to the men who are dying for them at the front and for coming in curiosity as to a spectacle to witness his sorrow. The novel of country life has not often been done as well as this; and it is to be hoped that nothing will induce Miss Kaye-Smith to forsake little England for the Islands of the Blest.

Mr. W. J. Locke is, of course, a gifted performer who can write novels on his head; and his latest volume, *The Rough Road* (Lane, 6s. 6d. net) shows no diminution in his gift. It tells the tale of "Doggie" Trevor, brought up in cotton wool, who was so incompetent that he had to resign his commission in the New Army and at last redeemed himself in the ranks. Mr. Locke, as always, sets out his story with unflagging skill and ingenuity, and devises a series of events that must touch all hearts. I venture to assure him, however, that Doggie, milksop as he was, would not have been ragged and harried as Mr. Locke represents him to have been in any mess of the new armies training in England. The officers of those days were all too well aware of their own incompetence, too busily engaged in making a fresh start themselves, to have bullied a little man who, like Doggie, was trying very hard. And, further—an exponent of repertory theatre principles once observed that when an actor showed signs of being able to play Hamlet on his head, it was high time to set him to play Polonius. I think it might be of advantage to Mr. Locke, who is really too clever at turning out smooth and competent novels, if he were compelled to busy himself for a little while on, say, the lives of the Lord Chief Justices or a treatise on industrial economics. He would come back to novel-writing, I think, with his mental muscles perhaps more clumsy, but certainly tougher. It would be an experience for him very much like that by which Doggie profited so much in the ranks.

It is, one supposes, not to be wondered at that the Navy should have absorbed the persons who have entered it since the beginning of the war much more completely than the Army has done. The Silent Service, large and taciturn, swallowed up the newcomers, and they became more silent than itself; and, though the rule of silence has been partially relaxed, it is noticeably the older hands who have become more vocal. Both "Bartimeus," who has just produced a new book, *The Navy Eternal*, and the anonymous author of *The Curtain of Steel* (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s. net each) are old hands, and this enables them, perhaps, to give a more comprehensive and penetrating account of the Navy in war time than could have been the case if they had never seen the Fleet until it was at its war stations. As it is, their two testimonies convince by their complete agreement as they charm by their simplicity, vividness, and humour, so that it is not easy to make a distinction between them. "Bartimeus" has set himself as an object to give some idea of the different branches of work in the Navy and to show how "The Navy-that-floats," "The Navy-that-flies," and "The Navy-under-the-sea," in spite of the dissimilarity of their tasks, are animated by the same spirit and inspired by the same traditions. Therefore he begins an agreeable compound of fiction and plain descriptive reporting on the River Dart, and pursues the cadets through their subsequent careers. As is only to be expected, some of his stories, particularly his submarine stories, are full of thrills and horrors; and none surpass in power the grisly tale of the submarine petty-officer, sole survivor of the crew, who toiled for two hours in the sunken boat, in rising water and chlorine gas, and let himself out at last to the surface by way of the torpedo-hatch. Yet none is more characteristic than another submarine story:

At dawn she was sighted by two German seaplanes on patrol; she dived immediately, but the winged enemy . . . were on top of her before the swirl of her dive had left the water. Now, it must be explained that a certain electrically controlled mechanism in the interior of a submarine is so constructed that if any shock throws it out of adjustment, a bell rings loudly to advertise the fact. As the submarine dived, two bombs dropped from the clouds, burst in rapid succession dangerously adjacent to the hull. The boat was still trembling from the concussion, when sharp and clear above the hum of the motors rang out the electric-bell referred to. "Maria," said a voice out of the shimmering perspective of machinery and motionless figures awaiting Death, "give the gentleman a bag of nuts!"

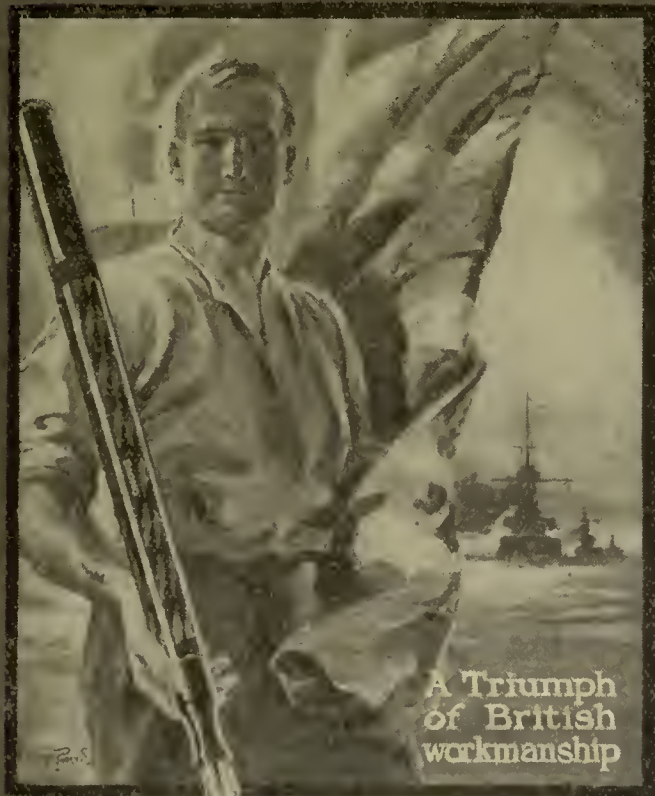
All the spirit of the Navy lies in those two stories; and, in expounding that spirit, the author of *The Curtain of Steel* is a worthy colleague of "Bartimeus," which is very high praise indeed.

## Various Volumes

The war on land is the theme of *The Flaming Sword of France*, by M. Henry Malherbe (Dent, 6s. net), and our great amphibious campaign that of *A Gallipoli Diary*, by Major Graham Gillam, D.S.O. (Allen & Unwin, 12s. 6d. net). It is tempting to find types of the military spirit of France and England in these two volumes, the first of which is a series of sketches in which the French sword flames indeed, though not more than on the battle-field, while the second is a clear and matter-of-fact account of what an A.S.C. officer saw of the Dardanelles fighting. But this would be carrying research into national characteristics too far for sanity. It is enough to say that each book in its different manner is an interesting contribution to the understanding of war and the men who make it. For those who desire an interlude of rest from war, Dr. Sully's *My Life and Friends* (Fisher, Unwin, 12s. 6d. net) may be recommended. This volume of "a psychologist's memories" contains many amusing stories of Herbert, Spencer, Bain, Leslie Stephen, G. H. Lewes, George Eliot, William James, and others. A characteristic story is that of Henry Sidgwick, who, asked by a German scholar whether there were not in England any *Gelehrte*, replied that there were, indeed, but that in this country they were called (and here his engaging stammer lent point to the remark) "p-p-prigs." PETER BELL.



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Its history was interesting. It had been Austrian, it had been Spanish. It was besieged in 1213, taken by Louis XIV in 1667, and retaken in 1708, so that warfare has raged about its walls on many occasions; but the visitor to Lille, as a rule, concerned himself neither with its commerce nor history, but directed his footsteps to the museum to gaze upon a collection of Old Master drawings that was hardly to be equalled in all Europe.

In 1762 there was born in Lille Jean Baptiste Wicar, whose name will ever be treasured in the place.

His father, early left an orphan, had been educated by the town and had built up a small business. To him his son was bound apprentice.

One day in 1772 father and son visited an important house in the neighbourhood in which hung many paintings. Young Wicar was struck with their beauty, and while his father was busy he with a bit of chalk set to work on the floor to copy the pictures about him. His father discovered the lad absorbed in his work, and was horrified at the "mess," as he called it, on the parqueterie, but M. d'Hespel saw in a moment that young Wicar, only ten years old, had faithfully copied the fine pictures that were about him, and was already an artist.

He proved himself a good friend to the lad, who had used his parquet as a drawing-board, the magistrates of Lille accepted his advice, and from that moment young Wicar studied art, and not cabinet-making. At sixteen he was

copying pictures; at nineteen working in David's studio, and later on was his master's companion in a journey to Italy. Under the republic Wicar became a man of note, and had charge of the archæological section of the museum, then in course of formation.

Meantime, he had become a collector of Old Master drawings. He had never forgotten Lille, and regarded it with deep affection. Many gifts he made to his birthplace; finally, by his last will, dated January 28th, 1834, bequeathed to it his collection of works of art, and so there came to this manufacturing town the Wicar collection of drawings; sculpture; books; bronzes; enamels; terra cotta, wax and marble figures; cartoons and pictures that made it famous throughout Europe.

When we add that the bequest contained over 1,000 fine drawings, irrespective of some 700 in albums, and that there is hardly a name in art that is not represented, we have shown how great the collection was.

The *chef d'œuvre* of the museum was the famous *Tête de Cire* Wicar bought in Italy. It belongs certainly to the time of the Renaissance.

It has been attributed to Raphael and to Leonardo, and there is in Vienna a drawing by Santi which closely resembles it.

Orsino Benintendi was probably, however, responsible for this exquisite figure. He was a pupil of Verrocchio, and a celebrated modeller in wax. It is quite possible he may have made it

from a drawing by some other artist, but there seems to be no other man of the period so likely to have modelled it as Benintendi.

It and the precious drawings must certainly be returned to Lille when peace comes.



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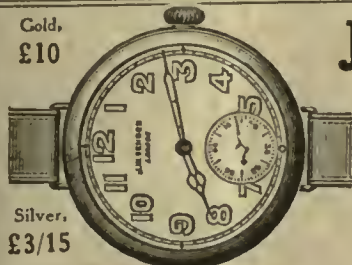
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# Currency Reconstruction : By Hartley Withers

ONE of the most important of our after-war problems will be the question of getting our financial system back to a normal working basis. It is not the most important of all our material problems, for the bedrock of the whole matter is our industrial output in the widest sense of the phrase. If we can turn out a great mass of stuff for our own use and for sale abroad, then we shall be well off (if we also distribute the stuff well), and shall be able to set about paying off the foreign debt that we have built up, to the tune of some 1,300 millions, during the war. If we do not produce a good output, no financial jugglery or new-fangled currency dodges will make us well off. Being well off is not everything, but it is a great help.

Finance being the hand-maid of industry, the revival of industry on a peace basis will be greatly helped if our financial system is in good trim; and to get our financial system into good trim, it is first of all necessary to put our currency right. To this end, a very strong committee was appointed last January "to consider the various problems which will arise in connection with currency and the foreign exchanges during the period of reconstruction and report upon the steps required to bring about the restoration of normal conditions in due course." In the chair was Lord Cunliffe, then Governor of the Bank of England, and he was supported by a brilliant galaxy of bankers and financiers, reinforced by Sir John Bradbury, most ably representing the Treasury and the store of fine ability that it contains, and Professor Pigou, of Cambridge, holding aloft the torch of economic theory. This committee has now produced its first interim report, which is unanimous, and is, in tone and judgment, worthy of its composers. It will not satisfy everybody—perhaps no report that ever was issued quite satisfied anybody. It will probably cause a storm of criticism from all the Artful Dodgers of the currency world who want to stand the whole system on its head at a time when, owing to the many inevitable uncertainties, it is most of all desirable that the delicate mechanism of credit shall work, as far as possible, on lines that are familiar, and can be relied on. The gist of the report is strongly conservative, and it embodies an effort to get back as near and as fast as we can to the old lines that worked well before the war, with such modifications as are inevitable. Such conservatism will be disappointing to reformers in a hurry. But the crux that we have to face is getting back to work as quickly as ever we can.

## The Value of the Cheque

The report begins with a sketch of the working of our currency system before the war. This system was, on the whole, highly successful: It enabled us alone among the great financial countries of the world to perform the obvious banker's duty of meeting demands on us in gold at once and without question. Since the war, the United States have reformed their currency system, and may now be able to carry out this task without the periodical crises, the last of which was in 1907, which used to demonstrate the weakness of their monetary arrangements. This has yet to be proved. Ours is the only one which, judged by this test, has worked. It was based on an apparently hard-and-fast and quite inelastic law which laid down that every note issued by the Bank of England above £18,450,000 worth, which might be backed by the British Government securities, should be represented by so much gold in its vaults. (The Act allowed a proportion of silver, but this permission was never exercised.) But the cast-iron severity of the law was luckily toned down by a development which was already in its infancy when the Act of 1844 was passed—namely, the use of cheques as currency. The framers of the Act seem to have thought that if they regulated the note issue they had regulated the currency issue. Bankers and their customers took to using cheques as currency, and so this highly convenient form of money, which was only indirectly affected by the law, supplied the elasticity and ease which the law denied, and made the English money market an extraordinarily efficient machine. The supply of legal currency, notes and gold, could only be increased by additions to our stock of gold. On that supply the banks built up a fabric of credit, in the shape of bank deposits operated on by cheque, which could be increased within any limits that they thought prudent. The connection between the fabric and its basis was caused by the fact that the banks, unless they had enough legal currency to meet demands on them, could not increase

credit beyond a point. As to that point, they were left to judge.

Since the war, the creation of Treasury Notes has severed the connection between our credit system and its gold backing. The Treasury Notes are payable on demand in gold, but patriotism and common sense have prevented people from wanting to cash them, and they have been multiplied without any regard to the stock of gold. This great increase in legal paper currency has been accompanied by a still greater increase in bank deposits, which, since they represent power to draw cheques, are potential currency, though they are not, of course, legal tender—that is, no one can be forced to take a cheque in payment. There has thus been a huge increase in the country's money, and if money is increased faster than goods it obviously follows that the buying power of money goes down and prices go up.

This increase in currency was directly due to the evil methods adopted by our own Government in getting money for the war. "The need of the Government for funds wherewith to finance the war in excess of the amounts raised by taxation and by loans from the public has made necessary the creation of credits in their favour with the Bank of England. . . . The balances created by these operations passing, by means of payments to contractors and others, to the joint stock banks, have formed the foundation of a great growth of their deposits which have also been swelled by the creation of credits in connection with the subscriptions to the various War Loans. Under the operation of these causes the total deposits of the banks of the United Kingdom (other than the Bank of England) increased from £1,070,681,000 on December 31st, 1913, to £1,742,902,000 on December 31st, 1917." This increase of 670 millions in bank deposits was accompanied by an increase in legal tender currency of over 200 millions, from 180 to 382 millions. Small wonder that prices soared! And this system of meeting an emergency by kite-flying and the financial devices of Dick Swiveller, is what Mr. Stilwell, in his *Great Plan: How to Pay for the War*, and many others like him, propose to adopt in order to solve our after-war problems.

Happily, the Currency Committee preaches a sounder doctrine. It recommends that the Treasury Notes shall be cautiously reduced and shall ultimately be taken over by the Bank of England as part of its own issue, and shall then be regulated by law on the same lines as those of the Bank Act of 1844. That is, that above a certain level—to be arrived at by experiment during the period of transition—every note issued shall be backed by gold. If some special need makes it necessary to exceed this limit, though it is recommended that this should be done with the consent of the Treasury, instead of, as heretofore, on a letter from the Chancellor of the Exchequer promising to get an indemnity from Parliament for the Bank of England for a breach of the law. It is further suggested that for the present we should not use gold for circulation purposes (now that we have grown used to notes, few of us will want to carry sovereigns), but that all the country's gold should be held by the Bank of England until a reserve of 150 millions has been established and maintained. This sum is already practically in sight, as the Bank of England has about 73 millions, the Government holds 28½ millions against its currency note issue, the joint stock banks are believed to hold about 40 millions, and there is probably still a certain amount in the hands of the public.

Further, the Committee lays strong stress on the need for remedial measures to make our gold standard once more effective. "If," it says, "a sound monetary position is to be re-established . . . it is, in our judgment, essential that Government borrowings should cease at the earliest possible moment after the war. . . . A primary condition of the restoration of a sound credit position is the repayment of a large portion of the enormous amount of Government securities now held by the banks. It is essential that as soon as possible the State should not only live within its income, but should begin to reduce its indebtedness. We accordingly recommend that at the earliest possible moment an adequate sinking fund should be provided out of revenue, so that there may be a regular annual reduction of capital liabilities, more especially those which constitute the floating debts. . . . The shortage of real capital must be made good by genuine savings." How far the Government will follow this good advice remains to be seen. In the meantime, every one who is interested in the country's finance should study this admirable report. It costs twopence, is described as "Cd. 9182," and can be got from any bookseller.



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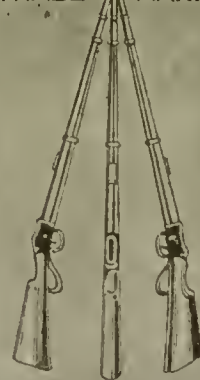
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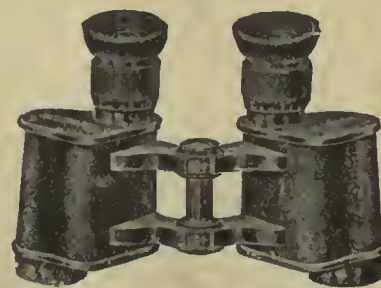
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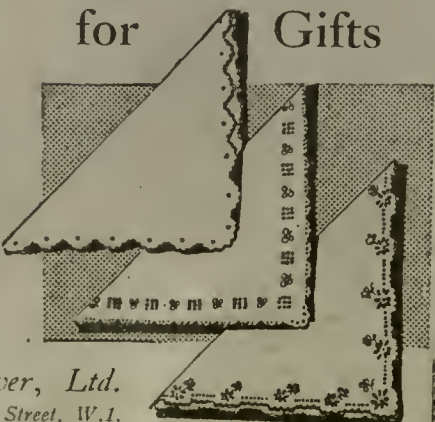
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# LAND & WATER

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## L'AVENIR

Copyright "Land & Water."

Of all Raemaekers' cartoons this is probably the most prophetic. It was first published in LAND & WATER in December, 1915, and expresses that steadfast determination on complete victory which has at last been triumphantly achieved.



# LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1918

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## Victory

THE war has ended with the Kaiser in Holland, the Americans in Sedan, and the British in Mons. The victory which the great mass of the Allied peoples, through the darkest days of adversity, have always felt to be certain has been achieved.

The "unconditional surrender" that faint-hearts called a dream has come in all save name; the "dictated peace" that shocked their sensibilities will surely follow it; the criminal has given himself up, and sentence will be passed. Victory has come, and it is the gift of the dead. Of Britons and colonial soldiers alone nearly one million have laid down their lives for a cause the triumph of which they would never see; and legions more are still in our midst, maimed and broken. Our gratitude will be worthless if it be on our lips but only fleetingly in our hearts. We have a responsibility to the dead and to the living who have served and suffered for us and our posterity that we should carry out, in spirit and in letter, the aims for which they fought. And we have the further obligation that individually and as a community we should fail to take no step which may be necessary to guarantee the future of those whom our dead have left behind, or which will save us from the accusation that men bled for us, survived, and lost by their sacrifices.

## Monday Morning

At eleven o'clock on Monday the guns, which had roared uninterruptedly for four years, ceased; and silence fell on the opposing lines from Switzerland to the Dutch frontier. At the same hour explosive signals gave the news to London, and in a minute the streets were full of cheering, singing people. Bells jangled, bugles blew, bands played, and tens of thousands of fluttering flags sprang out from nowhere. To multitudes of soldiers it meant an end of their soldiering and a return to their homes, scores or hundreds or thousands of miles away. To the civil population it meant that the shadow of death that had hung over their young men and boys had passed. To thousands of Belgians who fled from the invader it meant an end of their exile. Scarcely a man or a woman in England but peace—for this was universally interpreted to mean peace—brought some peculiar and personal boon; but over all was the knowledge that the object of all our efforts and sacrifices had been achieved. The sword, at last, though still ready in case of emergency, had been sheathed. At last, all the requirements laid down by the Prime Minister who in 1914, with the whole Empire

at his back, had joined issue on our behalf were within sight of fulfilment. The restoration of Belgium, the security of France against "the menace of aggression" had been achieved; "the military domination of Prussia" had been "completely and finally destroyed"; and the foundation laid for "the liberties of the smaller nationalities of Europe." At that same hour in Germany huge mobs were celebrating the overturn of a system which, long triumphant in wickedness and brutality, has brought the German people to shame and within sight of irreparable ruin. The Red Flag was flying from the Kaiser's palace in Berlin, the machinery of government was everywhere being taken over by a combination of Majority and Minority Socialists, and the swarm of kinglets and grand dukes, finding their thrones rocking beneath them, were hurrying after their miserable chieftain who, with the coinage that often characterises men who are reckless with other people's blood, had already gone over the Dutch frontier, where loads of valuables had already preceded him. When some of our statesmen were saying that it would be useless to force a new kind of constitution on the Germans and others—with equal force—that we could make "No Peace with the Hohenzollerns," much breath was wasted in endeavours to reconcile two things. But the one possible, the one inevitable, solution has presented itself: a smashed and discredited Germany has got rid of the Hohenzollerns for itself.

## Germany on her Behaviour

It will be years, at best, before Germany can be readmitted on anything like an equal footing into the comity of nations. This conversion in extreme sickness will have to be lived up to and proved genuine. But the German people has at least taken the first essential step towards its rehabilitation. It has shaken the yoke from its neck, and we shall have to wait and see whether it can get rid of the taint from its heart and brain. Meanwhile, whatever changes may happen in Germany, however great the revulsion against her long slavery to militarism, whatever hope there may be that the devil has been exorcised, the practical measures taken by the Allies remain unchanged. However and whenever the war might have ended, we should have insisted on two things: (1) armistice terms which should make it impossible for Germany, whether autocratic or republican, to resume the struggle, (2) a peace of justice. Our armistice terms have been described as hard. They are hard. But evacuations, disarmament of troops, occupations of German towns, surrenders of military material and ships, cannot hurt a Germany which means to surrender and throw herself on her mercy; and that is the only sort of Germany with which we have ever proposed to deal. It would have been ridiculous and might have been disastrous to temper armistice terms merely in order to make them look more moderate or spare the hypothetical feelings of the new German régime. And as for the peace terms, our terms to the new régime will, in their main lines, be precisely what they would have been had Germany not professed regeneration. We may, and we hope we shall, find that the change saves us a great deal of trouble in the future. But even if Germany were suddenly taken over by Tolstoyans she would still be Germany, and, as such, bound to make reparation for the civilian property she has destroyed in France, in Belgium, and at sea. And no change can alter the fact that—the problem of Alsace-Lorraine has already been sett'ed—Prussian Poland is Polish, and will have to be lopped off, and that the German Fleet is a wanton menace, and will have to be surrendered or sunk. A peace of justice was always bound to be a bitter pill for a Germany which has lived by and for injustice. But such a peace we shall have, and the lesson it will teach should serve as a warning to ambitious and arrogant men for all time that it does not pay to challenge the moral convictions of the civilised world.

THE Editor is glad to announce that Mr. Joseph Conrad's new story, entitled "The Rescue," will shortly be published in serial form in LAND & WATER.



# THE ARMISTICE: BY HILAIRE BELLOC

## Reaping the Fruits of Victory

**W**E are all fairly clear as to the distinction between an armistice and the terms of peace. Lest there should be any confusion between the two when the negotiations begin, and lest anyone should be surprised by the contrast which will certainly appear between those terms of peace and the terms of the armistice, let us consider the difference between them.

The terms of peace imposed upon a defeated enemy are limited by two considerations: what we desire to obtain by our victory and what we can in practice obtain.

For instance, when the victor says he will not exasperate his defeated enemy, what he means is that the enemy retains sufficient strength, or will acquire sufficient strength in the future, to make such exasperation dangerous. Again, the victor does not rationally demand things which are of no service to him; or if he does, he probably only hampers himself by those demands and the acquisition of such things, just as that mechanical and now hopelessly extinct experiment called the "German Empire" weakened itself by the annexation of Metz, and still more by its policy in the matter of the defeated Poles.

The motive, therefore, underlying the Treaty of Peace, and particularly an imposed peace—that is, a peace dictated to an enemy incapable of any military resistance—are essentially political. An armistice has nothing in common with the peace terms to be imposed; it may on the surface look far more severe than the peace terms are likely to be; or it may, on the contrary, be apparently surprisingly mild. But its object is always the same, and that object (when it is imposed upon a defeated foe, and not negotiated between equals) is always to leave the military power of the defeated foe at the mercy of his victor. If that object can be obtained by mild means, there is no sort of reason why more severe means should be employed, and the proposal to apply such belongs rather to the theatrical misconception of war (an essentially German error, by the way) than to sober military art.

For instance, if you have so disarmed your enemy that his remaining armament is hardly adequate to maintain the struggle, there is no reason why you should demand the surrender of his remaining armies. It is simpler to demand the surrender of so much as will leave him impotent. Again, an armistice has nothing to do with the punishment of individuals or of corporations. That it frequently demands, as in this great armistice, the occupation of towns and avenues for the passage of armies. But it does not demand these with a punitive intention—that would belong to the terms of peace—it demands such occupation with a purely military intention, to wit, the prevention of another military operation on the part of the defeated enemy.

If we bear this distinction in mind we shall, I think, arrive at a conclusion that the terms of the armistice debated all last Sunday night, and imposed upon what was the German Army at five o'clock in the morning of Monday, are wise and sufficient to render the remnants of that army incapable of further action, and at the same time do not waste efforts in theatrical accessories. The space of time given for evacuation is a long one, and there again one sees the character of common sense in this document. The moving of these very great masses, the provisioning of them, the checking of material, its inspection so that there may be no false play—all these things are of lengthy and complicated progress. To fix too short a limit of time would be to miss the whole object of the arrangement. (*What follows was written before the signing of the armistice.*)

With the military problem of the war virtually decided there arises a political problem, one among many, but the foremost among many which is occupying, I think, the mind of every reasoning man upon the side of the Allies. And this is the problem of reaping the fruits of victory.

Let us be first of all clear upon what this term means.

There is a mood—very bewildering to those who do not share it—in which men hesitate to act strongly against what has always been strong.

Things have moved to such a pass in the last few days. The conception of the "German Empire" (or, as it is usually and erroneously called, Germany, as though it were a true nation), is something still of the same sort as we have known during the last forty odd years, and especially during the

last twenty-five, when it increasingly proposed to dominate Europe. The mood of which I speak has no hesitation in permitting—though it regrets—atrocious cruelty against the weak, but it is awe-struck when it is asked to act against the strong, and those who suffer from this mood and who are still entangled in it, still believe—they will not believe it for many days more—that this thing which they have called "Germany," and thought a nation, is still strong.

### THE RIGHT TO JUSTICE

To talk of reaping the fruits of victory has for men in this mood something immoral about it. They feel shocked. They assure us that we must not be "vindictive"—that is, that one must not avenge, or, in other words, one must not redress the balance of justice. They still maintain, as they maintained nine months ago when European civilisation was at its worst peril from the insolence of Prussia, after all we are one family, and that the whole thing has been nothing more than a great misunderstanding. They will have it that our own interests being obviously bound up with the interests of the vanquished (the victor and the vanquished always have common interests, as have a master and a servant), the destruction of the vanquished (whatever that may mean), is unwise. Some of them are so foolish as even at this moment to continue discussing the danger of humiliating this imaginary "Germany": so that we are to bear every humiliation and no great harm is done, but that the various authors of our sufferings are to go free.

Now to this mood—which is not widespread, but which is intense—it is impossible to reply. It is a religion, like the religion of the worthy people who let cattle loose in Canada because they think it wrong to shut the poor animals up; or like the religion of certain Asiatics who strangle people in honour of their goddess. You cannot argue with a perversion of the mind. All you can do is to restrain it—that is, to isolate it and to let it die.

Most people, I say, are not at this moment of victory concerned with the *right* to make those who have done the evil atone for the evil, purge their own souls, and at the same time rehabilitate those whom they have despoiled. Most people are concerned with the much more practical question of how it should be done, and especially of what the present conditions of anarchy which are beginning to show themselves in the various German States mean amid the realisation of victory. At this point it is only right that a tribute should be paid to those who have insisted that revolution in Germany was possible, and that the slovenly example of Russia might be catching along the Baltic coast: the example of letting go the discipline of society, and consuming its accumulated values in a riot of orgy. For my part I never believed that the thing would happen. I thought the North Germans, especially those of the Baltic littoral, too stupid and too sheeplike for the exercise of any such initiative. But it seems that defeat, especially when it is only suddenly realised, will affect even the sluggish blood of those races, and that the curious solidity of their dumb obedience dissolves, and quickly, under the action of certain acids. Those acids have been applied and chaos has come.

Now in the presence of that chaos the plain man asks himself with justice, "How far will it prevent our achieving the right end, which end is the punishment of the evil doer, reparation and all the rest of it?"

A man does you some abominable injury. You go out to execute justice upon him. You have to struggle very hard and to suffer greatly before you can even cripple him. You cripple him at last: you down him. But when he is downed he deludes you by the change of form. It is the old legend of Proteus.

If you analyse the situation you will discover something like this: "I can make the Hohenzollerns give up their fleet, but why? Because their fleet would still obey the Hohenzollerns and, being told to steam to such and such a point and surrender, would steam to that point and surrender. I could get an indemnity from the German Empire organised under the Hohenzollerns, but why? Because I could have got them to issue paper which I would have held, and which, so long as there was still an organised government, I could have compelled the populace by its labour to redeem. But



what am I to do when such an authority disappears? To whom shall I apply, and how shall I know the new authority to which I apply can in its turn command obedience? And if it does not command obedience, how shall I exercise authority over the millioned masses with which I have to deal?"

Let us take a few concrete questions which will help to clear our minds. Out of many thousand abominable murders, committed with the full approval of the authorised German peoples and, remember, not by order of their Government, but upon the spontaneous iniquity of individuals, whose names we happily hold, let us take one—the murder of Captain Fryatt.

Captain Fryatt was an Englishman commanding a vessel which by every precedent of the sea, and by every dictate of the human conscience, was immune from lawful attack. It was a merchant vessel, which an enemy might summon and might, if the summons were disregarded, combat, but which, if the summons were admitted and the vessel surrendered, had in common humanity to be taken to port, or if port could not be reached, to be left alone.

A submarine appeared, and simply proposed to murder the people on board. Captain Fryatt, to defend himself against this threatened murder, tried to destroy the submarine; he failed, and as a consequence of his failure, there was a surrender of individuals who could fight no more. So far, so good.

The enemy then, upon no conceivable pretext of right, but merely as an act of terror, in order to prevent any other captain from defending his ship against attack (he misunderstood the English temperament), murdered the man who had defended his ship. Such a thing was apparently unknown among Europeans before the date upon which the crime was committed. It is perfectly novel. It is merely anarchy pushed to a degree which threatens the whole of our civilisation if the precedent be admitted.

And so the tale continues. To deal with an enemy that has become fluid is apparently a hopeless task.

It is too late to argue now whether that situation can be saved or not. Lord Milner very wisely and properly pointed out that dealing with an organised government was a far easier and better and greater thing than dealing with a chaos, for which common-sense remark he has been most unreasonably attacked. It was common sense to speak like that, and it is a little difficult for one who is accustomed to hard thinking to understand the attitude of the imbecile who does not see so obvious a proposition. But I say it is too late to discuss this particular point of policy. The break-up has taken place. It is spreading, and will continue. And what opportunities does it offer?

#### **“A” DISORGANISED GERMANY**

It offers, I conceive, exactly the same opportunities as are presented to the Germans by the corresponding deliquescence of what was formerly the Russian Empire. When discipline goes, everything goes, and your enemy is at your mercy. But with this vast difference: that a disorganised set of German States is an easier thing to master by far than a disorganised mass of Russian peasantry and of inchoate Russian townsmen run by cliques of internationals.

To be brief, if authority beyond the Rhine breaks down, the countries beyond the Rhine will be invaded, and they are sufficiently compact to be invaded with thorough efficiency. They can be held in a disarmed and chaotic state with a comparatively small military effort, not with a small force of men, indeed, at the moment, but with a small military effort, and the ransom can be arranged. Mines and factories can be taken over, lands can be confiscated, harbours can be seized. This is supposing, of course, that we really desire to achieve victory. Those who prefer to spare the enemy through some affection for him must be left upon one side. They are a small, though violent, minority, and may be neglected.

But these conclusions would be insufficient unless one were to answer very briefly two objections which are at once put forward by those who still desire to save what still can be saved of the enemy's position. The first objection is the statement that the social rot begun in the Germanies may spread to the strong, solid ancient nations of the west, and that therefore we must hold our hand and ignominiously abandon our rights in some sort of vague terror of anarchy.

The second is, that do what you will you cannot obtain your results.

"Now as to the first of these it is a mere question of judgment. If anybody thinks that the French peasant or the English workman has in him anything in the nature of anarchy, that would produce anarchy, would catch the

disease of anarchy from the flabbier minds of the East, his judgment is bad. There is nothing else to be said. It is a matter susceptible of positive proof. It is a question of knowing men. The ancient societies of the West are not of this temper. I know that there are men living out of touch with the masses—usually very rich men—who talk vaguely of revolution in England. They talk nonsense. The exceedingly unpopular Parliamentarians in France talk in the same way to a handful of men who go from England to Paris and meet no other sort of Frenchman. That is because were there any revolution in France, it would only take the form of clearing out the Parliamentary oligarchy which the Frenchmen detest, and which has imposed itself upon the country by various forms of anarchy, and which war has blown skyhigh. But of revolution in the sense of anarchy, a revolution in the sense of the dissociation of society, and the destruction of credit, France and England are as incapable as is a sober man of a drunken indignity. Let us remember that the French have suffered in this war things that the Germans have not even begun to suffer, and have stood firm. The Italians have suffered things which would seem incredible to the Germans, and have stood firm. And the British in face not only of terrible losses nor of sudden military catastrophes, but also—perhaps a worse trial—of unexpected and novel strains of which their history gave them no example, have stood firm. The moment the same strains came upon the ignorant German Empire it dissolved. You are dealing with different temperaments in the case of the South and West from what you are dealing with in the case of the mixed peoples of the centre of Europe. A man that thinks otherwise does not know Europe, any more than a foreign tourist knows the English farmer or the English squire, and there is to be added this still more cogent argument. It is not the victor who produces anarchy. It is the vanquished. Even the French discipline showed a patch of great danger in the Commune. Why? Because French workpeople had been defeated. Take Russia. It has dissolved. But why? Because it had been defeated. Now is the new-fangled Prussian State dissolving. But why? Because it has been defeated. Those who are going forward and regaining their own are not in a mood for folly but for glory. As for the second objection that we cannot obtain definite results and must therefore forego justice, I will conclude with a definite example: the repatriation of prisoners. We shall demand that our prisoners be returned whole while we retain those taken from the enemy. Let us suppose a refusal of that demand. What happens? Against a defeated enemy we can enter a country and release our sons and our brothers and execute what proper vengeance we please against any that interfere with this act of justice.

The whole thing resolves itself into this: by the energies of the British Empire, the French, and the Italians, to whom has been lately added the vast resources of the United States, a siege war conducted against the whole of Central Europe and its adjuncts organised under Prussia has been decided. It was for long a fairly balanced struggle accompanied by the long tedium and foolish mismanagement of all siege wars. Like all sieges the end has come suddenly, and when it has come has come catastrophically, and the enemy is held. There is no alternative but complete submission by voluntary act or by the mere imposition of his victors, and I allow the second issue to be the best.

The French phrase, invented at Verdun two years ago, sprang up spontaneously among the soldiers—"On les aura," has proved Delphic. They were to be grasped at last, and grasped they are. Let them surrender or be destroyed. It is indifferent.

In the tremendous news of these last days there is a slight historical thing which has been half-forgotten. It is the way in which the last march of the Allies has passed over point already fixed in the military memory of Europe. The country between Cambrai and St. Quentin was fought over the very ground on which the Caroling family, with its decisive victory achieved power. The plain of Chalon, what is called Chaupine Pouolleuse, the British only this last week advancing to Mons passing directly over the field of Malplaquet and just over Maubeuge, saw upon the north the right bank of Sambre, a square lift of earth which was the camp of Caesar on the day when he broke the Nervii, "when it was seen what the discipline of the Roman people could do." With the more recent history we are more familiar, and every one has noted the coincidence of Sedan. But it is a coincidence within a coincidence that the last victorious attack by which the Americans carried the bridge, was conducted over that very peninsula—wide river meadow—upon which the defeated army was cooped up and the prisoners counted on that fatal day, forty-eight years ago.



# "What They have Missed": By Arthur Pollen

THE war has ended without a victory at sea. "To-night," said Sir Eric Geddes, last Saturday, at the Guildhall, "our hearts go out, first of all in gratitude to the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet, Sir David Beatty, and his officers and men for what they have done; and, secondly, in sympathy with what they have missed." It will, indeed, remain a lasting regret that the British Fleet has been denied its second opportunity. For two years Sir David Beatty and his loyal and gallant subordinates have worked unceasingly at war plans and war practices. It is almost tragic that this vast and noble effort should remain uncrowned. There is a sense in which they have missed everything for which they have toiled and watched so well, so loyally, so patiently. But in another sense they have gained the greatest victory ever won—not by arms only, but by chivalry and example. But victory at sea they have missed. And we have to seek the cause.

It is simply that the German Navy has ceased to exist. Never has the emptiness of mere material strength been so clearly demonstrated in all its utter foolishness. A fleet, second to the British only in its strength of surface ships, and easily the most powerful in all the world in under-water ships, has, at a touch of fear or disloyalty or discontent, been brought as a fighting force to nothingness. It had the resources for a sea campaign as great as it would certainly have been novel. It had the greatest opportunity in history. In March last, Germany saw both her first and her last chance of victory, after four years of a failing defensive. It was a moment when, if ever, the enemy should have struck with all his forces, struck at sea as well as on land, and, even at great sacrifice, have made a final effort to prevent the soldiers of America standing alongside of their brothers of Europe. It has for months been a mystery why this effort was not made. At last, we now know why. The First Lord told us in his speech on Saturday. Already the battle of the Narrow Seas had gone against the German Fleet; already the German sailors were losing any stomach for a fight.

So the German Fleet failed Germany in the greatest chance Germany has ever had. There remained but one more thing to do. When the case of the Fatherland was hopeless on land, it might still have won the sympathy and respect of its opponents, could its fleet have shown the gallant spirit which smaller naval forces have so often shown before. But it was too late. The red folly of revolt had taken possession. In vain the orders were given to prepare for a fleet action. The order was but the signal for a revolution, which the whole country has followed. The Grand Fleet, perfected for war, has ended the war with no opponent in the field at all.

Very few, four and a half years ago, could have thought this could end in the enemy's such utter impotence at sea. And had anyone expected it, he could not have foreseen the cause. Yet the Nemesis was inevitable, and should not have been surprising. The German Navy has come to nothing because it was abused. It has been spoiled, wasted, sterilised, by those who needed it most. Of all fighting instruments, a fleet is the most complex, in that it is compacted of the most wonderful material instruments, and can be worked only by a personnel of enormous technical accomplishment, and of the highest spiritual and moral elevation. If every human organisation depends for its effect on its being the expression of some idea; if it must believe in its mission or perish; if it is only when it does believe that it preserves that principle of spiritual life which enables it to act—if this is true of every association of men, it is terribly true of every fighting force. And of sea force this moral life—that is, this loyalty, patriotism, discipline, self-sacrifice—is the very quintessence of its being. In the best conditions sea life is all strangeness and discomfort. There is ever present the menace of death, ever facing it the colossal problem of struggling with the unbound forces of nature. The vast responsibilities that fall upon the commander of a ship can be borne only if he can rely upon a discipline, which is really meaningless and always precarious if it is not willingly given. The material—the highly diverse types of ships, of weapons and all the apparatus of sea fighting—springs into life only when the men, that are to work it and command it and direct it, are guided by a common sacrifice of self, a common and willing dependence on each other. The naval profession exists only by an inspiring purpose from outside itself. It could not exist at all, did not each man in it believe it to be the noblest and greatest profession to which he could aspire. A high chivalry,

an ardent faith, a burning pride in the day's work, these are not the ornaments, they are the plain essentials of the calling of the sea. The German Navy ceased to exist because these high attributes have been killed within it.

## The Genesis of the German Navy

I do not know if they ever really existed. When war broke out the German Navy was without traditions of its own. It had been created almost out of nothing, and in two generations. The Germans have a certain genius for laborious mimicry, a native passion for theory, a congenital delight in the scientific dissection of problems. They possess unflinching industry, and a certain ruthless logic in following where analysis points the way. In evolving the navy they had the advantage both of these qualities and of the example of their military experience. And by 1914 they had produced a fleet that had every element seemingly necessary for efficiency and great achievement. In the first five months of war this navy exhibited, time and again, admirable examples of courageous action. In the engagements of the Heligoland Bight, between *Sydney* and *Emden*, between the squadrons of von Spee and Craddock, between the German armoured cruisers and Admiral Sturdee's forces, almost every incident entitled the enemy's navy to the credit of right action under the supreme test. There was further hardly an occurrence in the affair of the Dogger Bank or of Jutland that lessens the credit rightly earned in the distant seas. Had the German Navy made no other appearances in the war but these, had any other appearances been consistent with them, it must, whether finally successful or unsuccessful, have closed the war with a great and creditable record. But, unluckily, the German Navy, like everything subject to the Prussian contamination, was but an instrument of its master's policy, and when that policy demanded that the murder of the unarmed should become the chief business of the war at sea, the doom of the German Navy was sealed. How could a profession, pledged above all to being a fighting profession, and taught by history to fight with chivalry, maintain its character and keep its morale when, year after year, it was to exercise its daring only in evading our fighting ships, and its skill only in destroying ships unable to defend themselves?

In the last analysis it will most certainly appear that the atrocities which the rulers of Germany originated to the applause of the German people, have done the nation what, at the moment, must seem a worse service even than the condemnation of the conscience of the world. For it must now be plain that whether frightfulness is morally justifiable or not, it never can have any military justification whatever. The humanising of war has come, not because torture, murder, rapine and arson were bad morality, but because permitting them made bad soldiers. This is law that cannot be broken with impunity. If the High Command orders and inculcates as right things which all military principles show to be wrong, it is the High Command that must ultimately pay the price. Rightly looked at, then, the German Navy has fallen a victim to the German submarine. And it is the only victim whose loss was of vital military consequence. The victory of the submarine in the present war is its victory over the German Navy. And the red flag that flies at the mast head of the High Seas fleet is not the gonfalon of freedom, not the red badge of courage, but the scarlet stain which innocent blood has left for ever on the German escutcheon. The curse of Cain has fallen on its arms.

It is this truth that must console us, in our regret, that the chance that came at Jutland did not come—and now never can come—again. It does not mean that the amazing effort made by the British navy in the last eighteen months has been made in vain. This effort originated in the Grand Fleet, was then taken up at Whitehall, was shown in its most effective form in the operations of the Dover Command after it passed into Sir Roger Keyes' hands last spring. When at the end of April Sir Roger organised the blocking of Ostend and Zeebrügge, and carried these out after the most exquisitely careful planning, with a dexterity that showed that no point of training or rehearsal had been missed, and with a gallantry that only a perfectly disciplined service could exhibit, I ventured in these columns to say that this initiative strike, coming as it did just when the Allied fortunes were at their lowest on land, would show the enemy what he had to expect if he sent his fleet to sea. It was



abundantly clear that the fleet was not only tingling with life and on the tip-toe of expectation—as indeed it has always been—it was now planned for and led with skill and daring that banished into the limbo of forgotten fallacies all the quackery about winning the fruits of victory without winning a battle that had cramped and shackled us in the early days.

We may regret that all this splendid work, and the magnificent liberty of spirit engendered by it, has not had its due reward in a battle at sea as memorable and final as the great battle that had been won on land. But the work has not been wasted. The example the British Fleet has set has no more been thrown away than its actual achievement. It has held the sea for four years and four months; it has stifled the enemy's carrying service, controlled, checked, and stopped all neutral service to the enemy. It has fought ship to ship; it has fought the submarine, and kept its

ceaseless vigil in every circumstance of trial, anxiety, and danger. It has carried two and twenty million fighting men; it has fed a population of one hundred million, and more. Its strength was from the first the sole condition of victory. What is to the point is that in the whole four years there is not one action, even an accidental action, that is to its discredit. It has fought and beaten enemy ships again and again. It has never failed to rescue the enemy when fighting was no longer possible to him. Even the officers and crews of submarines—for whom it must have been difficult to preserve a regard hitherto maintained for a brave enemy—even these have been the objects of its tender chivalry. There is, then, no hour of its work that has not had its fruit, no memory that is not great and noble. And if the fierce joy of battle and the lurid glory of victory have been denied, is it not because its enemy was, in the old phrase, just not worthy of its steel?

ARTHUR POLLEN.

## The Freedom of the Seas: By Butler Aspinall, K.C.

HERE seems to be considerable confusion of thought and divergence of opinion as to the meaning of the words "Freedom of the Seas." As peace is now in sight, it would be well that as between ourselves, our allies, our foes, and all neutral countries, there should be no ambiguity as to the British point of view. The matter is of cardinal importance to Great Britain and her colonies. We live on an island and have large colonial possessions. We are a great carrying nation, and maintain a great navy. In time of war the free uses of the high sea is necessarily interfered with. Our experience of this and all past wars tells us this cannot be avoided, but our wish and effort is that this interference should be such interference as is consistent with recognised principles of international law and with a humane regard to the lives and property of neutrals engaged in using the high sea.

### The Right of Blockade

Point 2 of Mr. Wilson's "Programme of the World's Peace" is as follows: "Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas outside territorial waters alike in peace and in war, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants." Having regard to the fact that the United States and British navies have been working together for the purpose of destroying enemy craft, protecting our transports and commerce, stopping trade in contraband, and regulating the use of the high seas by neutrals, it is to be assumed that in practice both navies are giving effect in the same sense to the use and freedom of the seas. By the Declaration of Paris, 1856, the signatory Powers, including Great Britain, agreed that the neutral flag should cover enemy goods, with the exception of contraband of war. The United States of America refused to adhere formally to the Declaration of Paris, but in the wars in which she has been concerned she has seized contraband and established blockade. There would appear to be no ground for thinking that the United States of America is wishful to abolish the right to seize contraband or to establish a blockade, although it might be contended that the language of Point 2 of Mr. Wilson's points is wide enough to cover such an intention.

In the early stages of the present war some Americans thought that the British Navy was asserting rights to control and interfere with the use of the high seas in a manner not consistent with international law. It was said that Great Britain was not justified in seizing and detaining neutral ships bound for neutral ports *on the mere suspicion* that they were carrying contraband destined for the enemy; that she was not justified in taking or ordering into her ports or territorial waters such ships for the purpose of search; that her rights were limited to searching the ships on the high seas; and that if no evidence of guilt was found upon the ship herself, the ship and her cargo was entitled to be released. A point made on behalf of the American shipper was that he could not be held responsible for the ultimate destination of the goods after possession had been taken by a neutral consignee. In this connection it is to be remembered that it was during the American Civil War that her distinguished judges and jurists laid down and developed the doctrine of continuous voyage.

A further complaint was that we were treating conditional contraband in the same manner as absolute contraband. These complaints were mainly directed to the carriage of goods from American to Scandinavian and Dutch ports consigned to a neutral consignee. At first sight these complaints seem to have justification, and certainly called for explanation. In substance, the reply of the British Government was this, viz., an acquiescence in the view that the interference with neutral trade should be as restricted as possible, but an assertion of the right to control, and, if need be, stop it in so far as it was necessary to protect her national safety. The investigations by our Prize Court have abundantly established that these shipments of American goods were in most cases destined for Germany, although in the first instance they were carried to and discharged in Scandinavian ports. It is also the fact that in all cases where one Prize Court has condemned conditional contraband it was proved that the German Government had taken control of the particular class of commodity, such as food-stuffs, or that the goods were of a kind used by the German naval or military forces, or that they were going to an enemy base of supplies. We make no complaint that American shippers were wishful to trade in contraband goods, or when neutrals to supply Germany with such goods. A neutral is entitled to trade, even in contraband, with a belligerent if he can, but he runs the risk of the goods being seized and condemned. It is also to be noted that having regard to modern conditions, the size of ships and the large number of parcels of goods carried, it is essential that ships should be ordered into port for purposes of search and investigation. Moreover, the ship's papers by themselves would give no information as to what might be the real destination of the goods. The bill of lading would only inform the naval officer conducting the search the name of the shipper and the consignee, and such consignee, while seemingly an innocent neutral importing goods for the purposes of his own country, might in fact be acting as agent for the enemy. Search at sea would also gravely expose both the neutral vessel and the belligerent cruiser to enemy submarine attack.

### The Submarine—A New Factor

It is interesting to remember that while the German Government has been clamouring for the freedom of the seas, she has in practice wantonly violated it by asserting her right to sink all ships—and possibly their crews—whether belligerent or neutral, not only without search, but without warning. In whatever sense freedom of the seas may in the future be interpreted and practised by great maritime countries, it should be agreed and established beyond all doubt that ruthless submarine warfare must end. The right view of freedom of the seas may be one of some difficulty, but, having regard to our experience gained during the present war, it is certainly capable of amicable solution. We are all agreed that during war there must be some belligerent interference with neutral trade, that the contention that those who take no part in a war ought not to be injured or inconvenienced is impossible, and that whilst the aim should be "freedom of the seas," it can only be such freedom as is consistent with a belligerent's national safety. The freedom of the seas as practised by Great Britain, her Allies, and America has been a most powerful factor in the defeat of Germany.



# U-Boat Stories: By Herman Whitaker

WITH a slow, lazy roll our boat laid her slim cheek against a warm wave that lifted it, all wet and glistening, into the last rich rays of the sun. Far off, full eighty miles to port, a Spanish mountain raised its golden head from behind the curve of the sea. To starboard the African Coast loomed in dusky heat haze. On our beam the convoy of twenty ships steamed in double line across a violet sea, their oil smoke streaming in long black velvet pennons across the smouldering sky. While the great crimson ball of the sun hung poised on the horizon, a patrol boat sailed across its face at the exact distance required to bring out the hull, spars, masts, ropes, in black silhouette as though stamped by a die on a medal of fire. It was wonderfully beautiful. Its quiet loveliness laid a spell of silence even on the sailor lads skylarking astern. A hush fell over the ship that was broken only by the heart beat of the screws.

"Yachting in the Mediterranean." The officer on the bridge broke a long silence. "This is what your millionaire pays his good money for."

In our case it was literally true, for our boat, a converted yacht in Uncle Sam's Mediterranean Fleet, was said to be the finest yacht in the world before the war. Then she was a sailor's dream of polished wood, brass, copper; her decks snow-white from a daily bleach of squeezed lemons. It had spoiled almost a million dollars a year to keep her in commission and entertain the princes, presidents and kings who used her for a playground.

Generally she laid at Kiel before the war, and one of her officers possesses an engraved card of invitation to the great ball after the Kiel Regatta for the yacht's owner, and signed by His Imperial Majesty, the Kaiser. When the yacht was commissioned into the American service, the steward who used to wait on the Kaiser was still on board, and told many an interesting tale of the days when he sat at one end of the wardroom table while King Edward VII occupied the other. He said the Kaiser showed great affection for his uncle; a revealing glimpse of his character, for we know that even then he was plotting to enslave the world and bind England in German forged chains. But now—the irony of events!—an American officer occupies the Kaiser's beautiful state room. Others who are engaged in hunting down His Imperial Majesty's U-boats, dine in the wardroom.

There is nothing like a night watch on the bridge to produce stories. The quiet and darkness, broken only by the heart beat of the screws, provides the ideal atmosphere. One has only to listen to have the whole underseas war unroll like a cinema on the night's warm dark curtain.

Every base has some Hun commander who has achieved notoriety—usually by differing from the bloody run of his fellows. Now I heard of "Spartel Jack," who held the limelight in the Mediterranean for many a year. He was a fair fighter; always warned his ships before sinking them, and if it were not practicable to tow the boats to land himself, he would wireless their position in to the base. His boat was finally crippled so badly by a depth mine that he had to intern at a Spanish port; whereupon a number of English naval officers donned their "civies" and went up to see her.

Lo and behold! who should they recognise in "Jack" but an old acquaintance; a German tug-boat captain who had served twelve years at the base before the war. He greeted them pleasantly, but "grouched" about his internment. He never *had* liked Spanish cooking, and it was doing in his liver! When the news spread and more of his old acquaintances went up to see him; however, "Jack" was gone. He had provided the world with another Hun scandal by breaking his internment.

Thereafter the old pirate carried on with his sinkings until, not long ago, a depth mine sent his boat to the bottom. But he did not go with her. Just as she sank, the hatch flew up and two men leaped out. One was "Jack," so badly injured, however, by the explosion, that he died a few days later in the base hospital—to the regret of the British, who love a game enemy.

Genuine human feeling, the despised "human interest" of the high-brow critic, crops up in most of these sea stories. Man that is born of woman must have something to love, and in lieu of their wives, sisters and sweethearts, sailors' affections usually centre on some dumb animal.

To me came one of our ensigns with three English officers in tow, commanders in the Naval reserve of the patrol

boats serving with our squadron; than whom the war has produced no braver set of men. They talked shop that was at once history and romance.

One had served in the North Sea at the beginning of the war, and he told, with a little grin, of his early experiences in the war. "At first we had nothing but a three-pound pop-gun to chase Fritz off the waters, and he had three-inch guns. On his part, Fritz wasn't wasting time on small game like us, so without any *pourparlers* or *conversaciones*, we arrived at an understanding. He didn't bother us unless we interfered with his sinkings. Then he'd chase us.

"After they gave us real guns, of course, we went after him, war to the knife. If he saw us first—that ended it for us. If it was the other way, down he went in spray and smoke—unless your gunner got rattled like ours did one day. Fritz had popped up less than five hundred yards away, close enough for a woman to hit him with a potato; and we were already beginning to count the prize-money when off went our first gun.

"That shell is going yet. The next plumped into the water half-way. The third didn't miss by more than a hundred feet, and if Fritz had obliged by standing still, we might have landed on him during the day. But just about that time he got busy and threw a torpedo into our stern.

"Up went our depth mines. The stern gun was blown fully two hundred feet into the air. It was really what you writer chaps would call a tragic situation, for we were all due to die in about five minutes. I never would have believed anything funny could come out of it, but when the skipper came running and shook his fist in the face of that fool gunner, I had to laugh.

"You son of a gun!" he yelled. "Is this why the British Government paid two hundred pounds for your education—to shoot up the firmament and plug holes in the sea? If you weren't due to drown I'd brain you myself. But drown you will, damn you! along with the rest of us!"

"He said it! For just then a second torpedo took us amidships, and he and the gunner went up together. The ship just melted away, and when things quit raining down, I found myself with the ship's boy clinging to a piece of the deckhouse. About a dozen of the crew were floating among the wreckage, and we had scarcely got the water out of our eyes before the U-boat came shooting down through us, so close that we could see the commander's eyes as he leaned down out of the conning tower.

"How's the water?" he called out in good English.

"Cold," the man nearest to him answered. "Aren't you going to pick us up?"

"He shook his head. 'No, the devil's been waiting for you chaps a damned long time. You won't be cold long. You'll all be in hell with him for breakfast.'

"He sailed past, then circled and came tearing back ramming and drowning some of the men with his wash. Time and again he did it, always churning somebody up with his screws. It was about as hellish a bit of business as was ever done by any Hun. The boy and I had drifted out a piece, and were hanging as low as we could in the water, for already I had sighted smoke on the horizon, and felt sure the Hun would machine-gun us there in the water. But he didn't think it worth while. The last time he charged through, he swung his thumb over his shoulder.

"Friend of mine out yonder. I'll have to go. Sorry I can't stop to see your finish, but you'll all be drowned long before he comes up."

"Most of us were. During the two hours that passed before the patrol boat reached us, the men chilled and let go, one by one, till only myself and the boy were left. He had stuck it out so far, like a little brick. Now he tried to give in. 'We're going to drown anyway, so what's the use of suffering? I'm going to let go and get it over with.'

"I couldn't have stopped him for I was all in myself. But I put up a good bluff. 'Just try it, you little devil. I'll swim round there and tie you to the wreck, and after I get you on board that packet I'll skin you from head to heel with a rope's end.' And the bluff worked. He hung on till we were picked up."

This was but one of a dozen similar stories that passed around the table; all equally dramatic, all on the raw edge of life, where shams and illusions are stripped away, leaving nothing but fundamentals. While they talked I learned more of the underseas war than one could pick up in a couple of years of actual service.



# The Genius of Raemaekers

**M**ANY of us who have visited this present Raemaekers exhibition at the Fine Art Society's Galleries in New Bond Street have vivid memories of the first exhibition of all; the war was young then, and the portrayals of German inhumanity came as a shock to many people who had consistently refused to believe that there was anything in the likeness of man which could be so vile as the cartoons showed Germans. But, at the rate at which history is made in these days, all that is long ago; there persist memories of "Liège to Aix-la-Chapelle," the closed truck with blood dripping on the footboard—a picture of sheer ugliness and misplaced human effort as vivid as Browning's "Childe Roland," or as Shakespeare's study of Caliban; memories, too, of the "Shields of Rosslaere," or of "Men to the right, women to the left!" Half a score of those shocking presentments of an ugly truth come back to mind as one enters the galleries to see—what?

Cartoons of like quality, it is true, but other work as well. There is a picture—reproduced here—showing how the guard against submarines has been maintained; it is instinct with life—it is a testimony to the way in which the artist has sought out the realities of the war on sea as well as on land, and has set them down in crayon and ink and chalk that his fellow-men may know of what nature is this work that has been accomplished—of what its details consist. Not far from it is the giant

American soldier, with a pigmy Kaiser and Crown Prince standing down in its shadow, marvelling, and on the other side is the touch of irony in the big howitzer that blasts out leaflets of lies—Wolff's Bureau has been bought by Krupp's. These, typical of the wall on which they are hung, are different in quality from the fierce denunciation of the first exhibition; the world needed awakening then, in these days it needs only that its memory shall be kept vivid, and that may be accomplished in many ways. Raemaekers has taken every possible way; each of these pictures has its own message, and its own method of conveying the message; it may be by humour, or by the inspiration of contempt, or by the rousing of anger—there are half a hundred ways, and pictures and cartoons alike attest that this artist knows them all.

He is cartoonist more than artist. This is best understood by passing from the room in which, if every picture is not a cartoon, it is a finished work with a story to tell, to the second room, in which are studies and pictures not intended for reproduction—some little things there are, figure studies, intended to show the poses of a bomber throwing a grenade. "They are all wrong," said one critic. "The bomber does not throw like that, at all." However just or unjust the evidence may be, the bomber is real. But away from anatomical study, and in the presentment of the war area, there is a life and reality about these pictures that will draw the observer back to them again and again. The "Australian patrol in La Motte," and the landscape with shells bursting over it, are instances of this; each is a phase of war—one sees, not the picture, but the reality behind it, and that is true art. Never mind if the man's conception of the anatomy of this horse is wrong, or if that arm is too long, or that figure out of proportion, for the life is there. Del Sarto criticising Rafael displays not such impudence as the blasé art student who drags his limbs round these two rooms in

New Bond Street, and knows that he could give Raemaekers points in the anatomical construction of the human body or of that of a horse.

Certain of these pictures, or cartoons, had been better excised from the exhibition; they tell too much, and in too ghastly a fashion. The artist, whatever the mere spectator may say, will declare that they are true, and thus worthy of a place. They are true, too horribly true, and just for this reason they might well have been excised, for in these later days of war—and in the first days of peace, as well—we have got back our squeamishness; some of us would fain forget what happened in Belgium four years ago, or what was happening on the battle-fields of France and Flanders every day up to the signing of the armistice. It is quite true, of course; but it is so . . . so disturbing. A man like this should be kept quiet, or warned that we want amusing. A price was set on his head, once, for this sort of thing, and—well, really, you know. . . .

Most of these people pass through the first room hurriedly, on to the delightful little sketches of French soldiers, American soldiers, peasants, and the like. They pick out the weak points in the drawing and forget that the man who drew forced a realisation on the world, came out of Holland more as preacher than artist, and flung the crimes of Germany before a world that, but for him, would have ignored the half of them, or more—the half that these pictures of war's darker side make plain at a glance.



THE WATCH ON THE SEAS

By Louis Raemaekers

Those who know the work of Raemaekers only from the black and white reproductions that appear in various journals cannot realise what a colourist the man is. "Sleeping Russia and the Bolshevik Prince," and "The Rock of Doom," each in its own way are instances of this; there is in the first a warmth of colouring, and in the second an icy hardness, which render the pictures impressive as well as striking—they are not mere drawings that one dismisses after a glance, but works that their creator has made instinct with life and feeling.

It is curious to note, once in a while, a trace of an influence or it may be a fancy on Raemaekers' part, which results in a faint and puzzling likeness to some other artist's work. Here a passing resemblance to Nevins—passing, for a second glance shows that there is no great similarity, and the drawing bears the Raemaekers stamp; there a shadow of Matisse or of Gauguin, and in one or two cases a sort of facile ugliness that is not unlike Orpen in brutal mood.

He draws—and colours—attractive devils. "His Really Avowed and Unconditional Ally" shows a winged devil proclaiming his pride in the Kaiser, who inspired the sinking of the hospital ship *Rera*, and while the Kaiser is a figure of repellent evil, the devil is almost a jolly devil, an evil, but a frank evil, and thus not so repellent as the human figure that it shadows. It may be a matter of contrast; one figure we see as legendary, but the influence of the other we have all felt, even if we have not seen the lines of graves that his rule has brought to being.

The first exhibition was a unity, while this—the last war exhibition of Raemaekers' drawings, in all probability—is a collection of units. It is not a single aim expressed in many ways, but many aims with the one behind them, expressed forcefully through the media of hard humour, sadness, contempt, anger—a dozen emotions, behind which is the desire of a great man that his fellows shall realise the war.



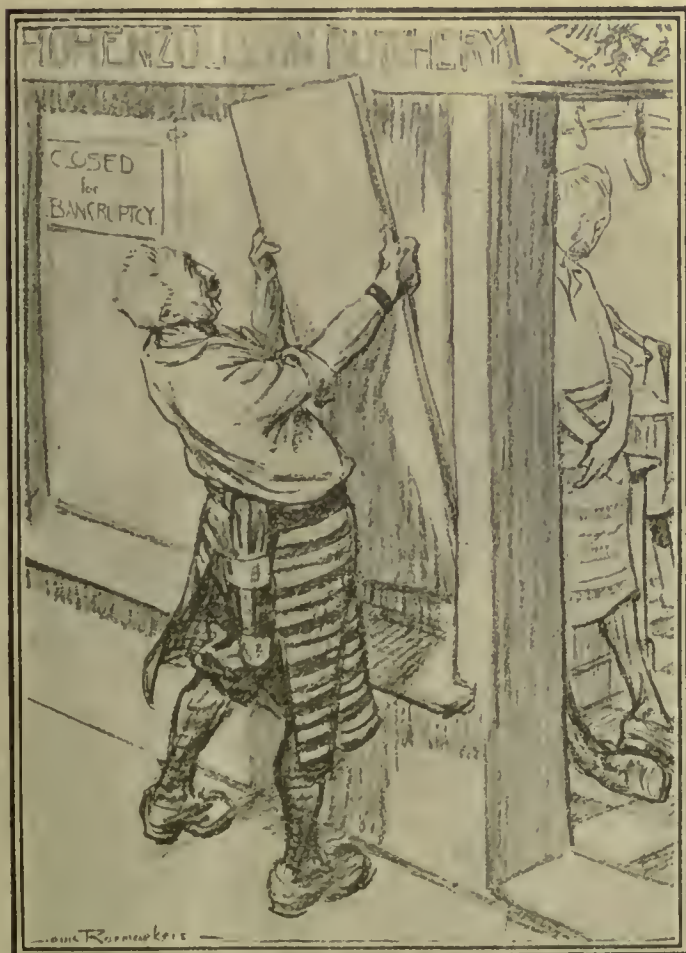
# The Last Phase



AFTER THE FALL OF JERUSALEM



HIS ALLIES,



IN THE HANDS OF THE RECEIVER



SURRENDER



# The Turkish Collapse: By Sir Edwin Pears

**N**OT since 1453, when the Ghazi Mahomet captured Constantinople, has there been so important an event for Eastern Europe, India, and the near East as the surrender of Turkey. After 1453 the Turks made astonishing military progress for upwards of two centuries. Their tide of success continued until 1683. During that period they had conquered the whole of North Africa from the Red Sea to the Atlantic. In addition to what our fathers knew as the Empire of Turkey as depicted on the maps, Persia was under their dominance and the whole of Hungary and South Russia as far as and including the Crimea. Macaulay in his famous chapter on the state of England in 1685 remarks that the first question asked of a traveller coming from the continent was "What is the progress made by the Grand Turk?" But the flood tide had turned two years earlier when the siege of Vienna was raised by John Sobieski, King of Poland. From that day the ebb commenced, and it may fairly be said that not a generation since 1683 has passed without loss of territory to Turkey. How rapid that has been may be noted when it is remembered that a century ago the whole of the Balkan peninsula as far north as the Danube and including what is now the Kingdom of Rumania was under Turkish rule and that nearly all North Africa was held by her. The more rapid collapse of Turkey during the last half century was due largely to the folly of Abdul Hamid: for while nearly all previous sultans had alienated the Christian subjects of the empire, Abdul Hamid, after he had caused at least 100,000 Armenians to perish, plotted against his Moslem subjects. These united themselves to the Christians and Jews, and the result was the revolution which dethroned him in April, 1909. The Committee of Union and Progress which had organised the revolution came into power and has held it to the present time. A writer whom the *Times* describes as a diplomatic correspondent stated on the 2nd instant that while Talaat and Enver, the two leading members of the Committee, had withdrawn to the wings, they had allowed the stage to be occupied by other members for "the sole purpose of concluding peace." The suggestion is an awkward one because it seems to me to imply that if Talaat and Enver are not satisfied with the conditions of the peace which will follow the armistice they might try to raise the country. The warning is timely, but it is almost inconceivable that if the conditions of the armistice are observed, either of the supposed leaders of the extreme party will be able to make a resistance when the Dardanelles are in possession of the Allies and the Bosphorus and Black Sea are within the range of the guns of the British Fleet. It is useless to abuse the Committee. It is in power and no reactionary or other party has shown that it possesses either patriotic feeling or power or desire to supersede it. The Allies have to make the best of it, and I doubt the wisdom of abusing the men with whom you have come to an agreement. It is true that we are dealing with an Eastern and therefore a subtle foe, and no precaution indicated by the necessity of the situation should be neglected. In our navy the story of Admiral Duckworth, who in 1807, during the Napoleonic wars, forced his way to Constantinople, is not forgotten; after remaining with his fleet for several weeks before the Princes' Islands the Turks opposed great obstacles to his departure, and it was only by a serious sacrifice of ships and men that he was not caught in a trap.

It was a happy coincidence that on the very day when the conditions of armistice were signed General Marshall succeeded in entirely defeating the last Turkish army respectable in numbers. Practically the Powers have a clean slate on which to write the conditions for a new Turkey. The Turkish population is one which loves peace; the Turkish peasant hates to be disturbed unless there is an immediate prospect of booty. Such prospect does not exist under present conditions. What he wants above all things is to remain in peaceful occupation and freed from the arbitrary extortions of the tax gatherer. He is usually without any desire to obtain more than the necessities of life. Speaking generally the Turks are always seen at their worst in their treatment of subject races. There is not a newspaper in the country which has not given illustrations of the abominable treatment to which Christians of subject races have been treated during the last thirty years. The Moslem non-Turkish races under Turkish rule have suffered hardly less severely. This is especially true of the Arabs, in which term is included all the races of Syria south of an extension of the line eastwards of the Taurus range.

What then are to be the new conditions which the Allies will establish? One of the first will be that no subject race shall be submitted to Turkish rule except by its own consent. If the principle of self-determination laid down by President Wilson is applied to all the population between the Levant and the Persian Gulf, then Turkish rule over other than Turkish races will have ceased to exist.

## Armenia's Future

The six so-called Armenian provinces which are on the eastern side of the great tableland of Anatolia and the Province of Cilicia situated between the Taurus range and the Mediterranean will require separate and special treatment. Unfortunately in none of these provinces are the Christians in numerical majority, but no man who remembers the hideous massacres under Abdul Hamid between 1893 and 1898, and the equally bad one under the rule of the Salonica Committee in 1909, will willingly consent to allow the populations to remain under Turkish rule.

It is desirable that the six Armenian provinces in Turkey should be joined with their compatriots in Russia, and that they should be given access to the Sea. In spite of their numerical inferiority no Englishman ought to consent to leave these provinces under the rule of the Turks and Kurds, who have pillaged and outraged their neighbours during the last thirty years. With good government, within the same length of time the population of these provinces would receive from foreign lands an access of immigrants which would go far to enable them to hold their own.

It should never be forgotten that every guarantee for the security of the Armenians given by the Berlin Congress in 1878 was treated as waste paper. Sir Henry Layard, Mr. Goschen and every subsequent Ambassador failed to obtain from the Sublime Porte any serious reforms for the Armenians. Even the demands made in Constantinople in 1897, when the cold-blooded atrocities were being committed in the capital itself, were only discontinued when Sir Michael Herbert induced every Ambassador to join in sending an open telegram to Abdul Hamid stating that these things must stop or there would be danger to his throne and dynasty. The treatment of the Armenians during the last four years, under the guidance of the German-led Turks, was worse than it was under Abdul Hamid.

When we come to Constantinople another group of questions of first importance arises. Certain definite principles may however safely be laid down. The passage of the Straits from the Black Sea to the Ægean must be made as free as the Straits of Dover. The enemy to such a condition is the ignorant diplomatist. Among the conditions laid down in the Treaty of Paris in 1856, one or two of which bitterly disappointed Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, was that Turkey should be left as the guardian of the Straits. It was intended as a blow against Russia, but it soon became evident to myself, to the successive correspondents of the *Times*, and to the later British Ambassadors, that Russia was the great opponent of any attempt to open the Straits. It was a foolish provision which must now be dropped. The Straits from the Black Sea to the Ægean are a great natural road of the river Danube.

Whoever may be the occupier of Constantinople should not be permitted to erect a fortification or any gun throughout the whole length of the Straits. The Straits would then be accessible to all commercial ships and to vessels of war.

Of course the restrictions placed by Germany on the navigation of the Danube and especially on the mouths of that river will be swept away. The International Danube Commission has done its work excellently during the last forty years, and it should be revived.

As to the possession of Constantinople, the agreement said to have been made early in the war by which it should go to Russia has, I presume, become a dead letter. It was a foolish agreement, which in the interest of Russia herself was purely mischievous. The two proposals before the world as to the possession of Constantinople are:

1. That it should be made the capital of a small international state, bounded on the north by the Enos-Medea line and on the south by one drawn from the Black Sea to Ismidt, and thence to the south of Brusa and to some point on the coast near Adramyttium. This I venture to call the ideal proposal.

2. The city should be allowed to remain in possession



of the Turks with, of course, proper guarantees for its policing, and for the prevention of fortifications.

As diplomatists almost invariably take the line of least resistance, it is perhaps probable that such a course, which indeed has many advantages to recommend it, will be adopted.

The above are among the most important matters which will have to be considered in a settlement with Turkey. But the people of the Empire, and especially the natives of the East all through India, will pay more attention to the events which have gone on in Asia Minor, Syria, and Arabia during the last three years than to their immediate results.

Our Indian fellow-subjects in particular will have noted the various phases of the war since it became one in which England took part against Turkey. When the first expedition was sent to Bassora and received a check at Kut, the report in the bazaars would be that England constantly fails on local expeditions by under-estimating the strength of the enemy, but that the result invariably is that a stronger force is sent out, the errors committed avoided, and the expedition returns to its base having achieved full success. What took place was considered normal, but General Marshall's success has been so great that it will have excited wonder and admiration. Indian troops under British leaders can apparently do what they like in the East. It was no matter that the armies sent against him were under the command of the Ottoman Caliph and were reported to be well equipped, they were no match for Indian Moslems. Russia has for generations been a bugbear even to English soldiers in India, and these take far too keen an interest in their profession not to have felt that the great enemy on the frontier was Russia. They know little of the causes which have led to the disruption of Russia. But they will recognise that the English army under General Marshall has overcome all opposition, and has been fighting in complete harmony with the true Believers of the Hedjaz and the Holy Cities.

Nowhere in the world is the story of Alexander the Great better known than amongst the natives of India and in the East generally. For them it remains the great romance of war. It was the aim of Mahomet, the conqueror of Constantinople, to imitate him. He and the leaders of the Turkish conquering army delighted to hear the story of the Macedonian hero recounted around their own camp fires. The Indian Moslem soldier will now relate that Allenby and Marshall, with a few British troops, and with Indians of Moslem and of various other creeds with them, made a campaign from Egypt to the Persian Gulf more romantic than Alexander ever made. They will mention how the British fleet co-operated with the army when it struck north from the Suez Canal, and made light of the great stony desert which the Turks believed to be impassable. The care and even reverence with which Allenby approached the holy places dear to Moslems will be recounted in every province of our Indian Empire. The description of the Mosque of Omar and of the remarkable conformation of rock which from the earliest records has been a holy place will be told by those who saw it. The narrator will explain that it was on this natural altar on which Abraham prepared to offer his son to Allah; that beneath it were the caves containing the seats of David and, in the eyes of all Easterns, his still greater son Solomon. These and all the wonderful stories of the wisest of men are well known and more highly appreciated in India than in colder climates. It will be told that this new Alexander took infinite pains, though himself a Christian, to show his reverence for one of the greatest of their prophets as well as ours, and that he placed Indian troops as guardians of the Mosque which covers this holy place, to which Mahomet himself will one day descend from Heaven. Nor will the narrator fail to make the comparison between the entry into Jerusalem of Allenby and his officers, after they had dismounted and showed their reverence for the sacred soil by entering on foot, with that of the entry of the Kaiser who twenty years earlier had had a portion of the wall pulled down in order that his entry might be more conspicuous and triumphant.

It will not be forgotten that the inhabitants of Palestine were astonished to find that every member of the British army revered the holy places, paid for whatever he took, that looting was not permitted, so that soon confidence was expressed in the honesty of the British and Indian troops; that Moslems and Christians alike brought forth their little treasures which they had always been accustomed to hide at the coming of Turkish troops. The spectacle was so novel that a wave of enthusiasm passed over the whole country, and the population, mostly Moslem, flocked everywhere to welcome the British troops as deliverers from the misgovernment of the Turks.

I may mention, in passing, a story, of which I have heard

many, illustrating the Arab desire to get rid of the domination of the Turks. Dr. John Peters, the famous discoverer of Nippur, in his latest return from the ruins of that city to the southern coast of Palestine, was interested in the remains of a castle a few miles from the sea. He took measurements and sketches. A venerable Arab Sheik had observed him and at length asked, "When are you coming?" showing that he considered the explorer to be taking notes for a military purpose. Dr. Peters explained that he belonged to a country which had no military interests in Palestine. The old Sheik remarked: "American or English or any nation you like, so long as you will rid the country of Turkish rule we shall all welcome you."

The march to Damascus occasioned some anxiety in England to those who know the district. It would have been easy to occupy a strong defensive position, but Allenby soon found that he was everywhere welcomed as a deliverer. This, of course, would have been natural if the Maronite population of the Lebanon and the Horan had been in a majority, but they were not, the great majority of those who welcomed him were Moslems. Then we learnt that Liman von Sanders, the soldier who with Admiral Souchon had threatened to knock the Sublime Porte about the ears of the Turkish Ministry if they attempted to disarm the Goeben and the Breslau, had been placed at the head of 12,000 Turkish and German troops which were to make a great stand about twelve miles from the ancient city of Aleppo. But as Allenby's army approached the Turkish army melted away, and none remained to oppose this progress.

### Co-operation with Hedjaz Forces

It will be remembered also that Allenby worked in accord with the new King of the Hedjaz. The Moslem soldier will explain that the Arabs are devout believers in their faith; that while the Turks are cold the Arab faith is like a blood passion among them. With the contempt that the Moslem always feels for those who abandon monotheistic belief for relapse into idolatry, he will explain that the Turks had not merely ventured to alter the sacred language of the Koran to give place to that of their conquerors, but had dared to propose that a thing called Turanianism, such as many of them had seen in remote districts in India, which had never been converted to the faith, was to be substituted for Islam, and that it was for this infidelity that the Arabs had thrown off the Turkish yoke.

Our soldiers will recount also that on the shores of the great rivers Euphrates and Tigris, and especially to the east of these rivers land had been reclaimed and placed under cultivation which had for centuries been barren. The whole story indeed of the English in Syria, from the Levant to the Persian Gulf, will be related throughout India and the East as a great romance.

When the changes here foreshadowed are accomplished the Turkey which will remain will be far different from that of five years ago. It will be smaller. But it will be more compact. As Mr. Disraeli cynically observed when Bulgaria was made into an independent State: "The Turk will be free from the disturbing element," this time of the Arab, an element which, as the Turks lately and truthfully declared in an official document, has never been loyal to Turkey. The great Christian populations will be no longer under the sterilising influence of a race which has made little progress in civilisation and has prevented the advance of other races. Representatives of the Powers or of the League of Nations will be in every district where the Turk rules to protect the Christian minority. Indeed I think it quite possible that the Turkish governing class will understand that religious liberty has to be permitted for the benefit of all sections of the community. Great Britain has been Turkey's greatest and best friend. What she failed to accomplish by representations made in the interests of the Turkish people has been brought about by the apostasy of some of the leading Turks who profess to speak for the nation, and by the irresistible logic of facts. No Turk can deny that England made great sacrifices for his country, but his rulers elected to join Germany, and he must face the consequences.

The new Turkey which the Powers will create may still retain the friendship of England if the rulers carry out the programme which they have accepted as conditions of peace. For the old traditional friendship of the two States, flouted as it was four years ago, is still not without its effect. In a reformed Anatolia, with good government for all classes, Turkey may yet have a career of peace, development and progress, but it will not be a development such as was looked for when Germany counted upon retaining possession of Asia Minor and Mesopotamia by means of the Berlin-Bagdad railway.



# The Armenian Massacres: By H. Morgenthau

THE old conquering Turks had made the Christians their servants, but their parvenu descendants bettered their instruction, for they determined to exterminate them wholesale and Turkey the Empire by massacring the non-Moslem elements. Originally this was not the statesmanlike conception of Talaat and Enver; the man who first devised it was one of the greatest monsters known to history, the "Red Sultan," Abdul Hamid. This man came to the throne in 1876, at a critical period in Turkish history. In the first two years of his reign, he lost Bulgaria, as well as important provinces in the Caucasus, his last remaining vestiges of sovereignty in Montenegro, Serbia, and Rumania, and all his real powers in Bosnia and Herzegovina. Greece had long since become an independent nation, and the processes that were to wrench Egypt from the Ottoman Empire had already begun. As the Sultan took stock of his inheritance, he could easily foresee the day when all the rest of his domain would pass into the hand of the infidel. What had caused this disintegration of this extensive Turkish Empire? The real cause, of course, lay deep in the character of the Turk, but Abdul Hamid saw only the more obvious fact that the intervention of the great European Powers had brought relief to these imprisoned nations. Of all the new kingdoms which had been carved out of the Sultan's dominions, Serbia—let us remember this fact to her everlasting honour—is the only one that has won her own independence. Russia, France, and Great Britain have set free all the rest. And what had happened several times before might happen again. There still remained one compact race in the Ottoman Empire that had national aspirations and national potentialities. In the north-eastern part of Asia Minor, bordering on Russia, there were six provinces in which the Armenians formed the largest element in the population. From the times of Herodotus this portion of Asia has borne the name of Armenia. The Armenians of the present day are the direct descendants of the people who inhabited the country three thousand years ago. Their origin is so ancient that it is lost in fable and mystery. There are still undeciphered cuneiform inscriptions on the rocky hills of Van, the largest Armenian city, that have led certain scholars—though not many, I must admit—to identify the Armenian race with the Hittites of the Bible. What is definitely known about the Armenians, however, is that for ages they have constituted the most civilised and most industrious race in the Eastern section of the Ottoman Empire. From their mountains they have spread over the Sultan's dominions, and form a considerable element in the population of all the large cities. Everywhere they are known for their industry, their intelligence, and their decent and orderly lives. They are so superior to the Turks intellectually and morally that much of the business and industry had passed into their hands. With the Greeks, the Armenians constitute the economic strength of the Empire. These people became Christians in the fourth century and established the Armenian Church as their State religion. This is said to be the oldest Christian church in existence.

In the face of persecutions which have had no parallel elsewhere, these people have clung to their early Christian faith with the utmost tenacity. For fifteen hundred years they have lived there in Armenia, a little island of Christians surrounded by backward peoples of hostile religion and hostile race. Their long existence has been one unending martyrdom. And now, as Abdul Hamid, in 1876, surveyed his shattered domain, he saw that its most dangerous spot was Armenia. He believed, rightly or wrongly, that these Armenians, like the Rumanians, the Bulgarians, the Greeks, and the Serbians, aspired to restore their independent mediæval nation, and he knew that Europe and America sympathised with this ambition. The Treaty of Berlin, which had definitely ended the Turco-Russian War, contained an article which gave the European Powers a protecting hand over the Armenians. How could the Sultan free himself permanently from this danger? An enlightened administration, which would have transformed the Armenians into free men and made them safe in their lives and property, and civil and religious rights, would probably have made them peaceful and loyal subjects. But the Sultan could not rise to such a conception of statesmanship as this. Instead, Abdul Hamid apparently thought that there was only one way of ridding Turkey of the Armenian problem—and that was to rid her of the Armenians. The physical destruction of 2,000,000 men, women, and children

by massacres, organised and directed by the State, seemed to be the one sure way of forestalling the further disruption of the Turkish Empire.

And now for nearly thirty years Turkey gave the world an illustration of government by massacre. We in Europe and America heard of these events when they reached especially monstrous proportions, as they did in 1895-96, when nearly 200,000 Armenians were most atrociously done to death. But through all these years the existence of the Armenians was one continuous nightmare. Their property was stolen, their men were murdered, their women were ravished, their young girls were kidnapped and forced to live in Turkish harems. Yet Abdul Hamid was not able to accomplish his full purpose. He attempted to exterminate the Armenians in 1895 and 1896, but found certain insuperable obstructions to his scheme. Chief of these were England, France, and Russia. These atrocities called Gladstone, then eighty-six years old, from his retirement, and his speeches, in which he denounced the Sultan as "the great assassin," aroused the whole world to the enormities that were taking place. It became apparent that unless the Sultan desisted, England, France, and Russia would intervene, and the Sultan well knew that, in case this intervention took place, such remnants of Turkey as had survived earlier partitions would disappear. Thus Abdul Hamid had to abandon his satanic enterprise of destroying a whole race by murder, yet Armenia continued to suffer the slow agony of pitiless persecution. Up to the outbreak of the European War not a day had passed in the Armenian vilayets without its outrages and its murders. The Young Turk régime, despite its promises of universal brotherhood, brought no respite to the Armenians. A few months after the love-feastings already described, one of the worst massacres took place at Adana, in which 35,000 people were destroyed.

And now the Young Turks, who had adopted so many of Abdul Hamid's ideas, also made his Armenian policy their own. Their passion for Turkifying the nation seemed to demand logically the extermination of all Christians—Greeks, Syrians, and Armenians. Much as they admired the Mohammedan conquerors of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, they stupidly believed that these great warriors had made one fatal mistake, for they had had it in their power completely to obliterate the Christian populations, and had neglected to do so. This policy was, in their opinion, a fatal error of statesmanship, and explained all the woes from which Turkey had suffered in modern times. Had these old Moslem chieftains, when they conquered Bulgaria, put all the Bulgarians to the sword, and peopled the Bulgarian country with Moslem Turks, there would never have been any modern Bulgarian problem and Turkey would never have lost this part of her Empire. Similarly, had they destroyed all the Rumanians, Serbians, and Greeks, the provinces which are now occupied by these races would still have remained integral parts of the Sultan's domain. They felt that the mistake had been a terrible one, but that something might be saved from the ruin. They would destroy all Greeks, Syrians, Armenians, and other Christians, move Moslem families into their homes and upon their farms, and so make sure that these territories would not similarly be taken away from Turkey. In order to accomplish this great reform, it would not be necessary to murder every living Christian. The most beautiful and healthy Armenian girls could be taken, converted forcibly to Mohammedanism, and made the wives or concubines of devout followers of the Prophet. Their children would then automatically become Moslems, and so strengthen the Empire as the Janizaries strengthened it formerly. These Armenian girls represent a high type of womanhood, and the Young Turks, in their crude intuitive way, recognised that the mingling of their blood with the Turkish population would exert a eugenic influence upon the whole. Armenian boys of tender years could be taken into Turkish families and be brought up in ignorance of the fact that they were anything but Moslems. These were about the only elements, however, that could make any valuable contributions to the new Turkey which was now being planned. Since all precautions must be taken against the development of a new generation of Armenians, it would be necessary to kill outright all men who were in their prime and thus capable of propagating the accursed species. Old men and women formed no great danger to the future of Turkey, for they had already fulfilled their natural function of leaving descendants; still, they were nuisances, and, therefore, should be disposed of.



Unlike Abdul Hamid, the Young Turks found themselves in a position where they could carry out this "holy" enterprise. Great Britain, France, and Russia had stood in the way of their predecessor. But now these obstacles had been removed. The Young Turks, as I have said, believed that they had defeated them, and that they could, therefore, no longer interfere with their internal affairs. Only one Power could successfully raise objections, and that was Germany. In 1898, while all the rest of Europe was ringing with Gladstone's denunciations and demanding intervention, Kaiser Wilhelm the Second had gone to Constantinople, visited Abdul Hamid, pinned his finest decorations on that bloody tyrant's breast, and kissed him on both cheeks. The same Kaiser who had done this in 1898 was still sitting on the throne in 1915, and was now Turkey's ally. Thus, for the first time in two centuries, the Turks, in 1915, had their Christian populations utterly at their mercy. The time had finally come to make Turkey exclusively the country of the Turks.

The Turkish province of Van lies in the remote north-eastern corner of Asia Minor; it touches the frontiers of Persia on the east and its northern boundary looks toward the Caucasus. It is one of the most beautiful and most fruitful parts of the Turkish Empire and one of the richest in historical associations. The city of Van, which is capital of the vilayet, lies on the eastern shores of the lake of the same name; it is the one large town in Asia Minor in which the Armenian population is larger than the Moslem. In the fall of 1914, its population of about 30,000 people represented one of the most peaceful and happy and prosperous communities in the Turkish Empire. Though Van, like practically every other section where Armenians lived, had had its periods of oppression and massacre, yet the Moslem yoke, comparatively speaking, rested upon its people rather lightly. Its Turkish Governor, Tahsin Pasha, was one of the more enlightened type of Turkish officials. Relations between the Armenians, who lived in the better section of the city, and the Turks and the Kurds, who occupied the mud huts in the Moslem quarter, had been tolerably agreeable for many years.

The location of this vilayet, however, inevitably made it the scene of military operations, and made the activities of its Armenian population a matter of daily suspicion. Should Russia attempt an invasion of Turkey one of the most accessible routes lay through this province. The war had not gone far when causes of irritation arose. The requisitions of army supplies fell far more heavily upon the Christian than upon the Mohammedan elements in Van, just as they did in every other part of Turkey. The Armenians had to stand quietly by while the Turkish officers appropriated all their cattle, all their wheat, and all their goods of every kind, giving them only worthless pieces of paper in exchange. The attempt at general disarmament that took place also aroused their apprehension, which was increased by the brutal treatment visited upon Armenian soldiers in the Caucasus. On the other hand, the Turks made many charges against the Christian population, and, in fact, they attributed to them the larger share of the blame for the reverses which the Turkish armies had suffered in the Caucasus. The fact that a considerable element in the Russian forces was composed of Armenians aroused their unbridled wrath. Since about half the Armenians in the world inhabit the Russian provinces in the Caucasus, and are liable, like all Russians, to military service, there was certainly no legitimate grounds for complaint, so far as these Armenian levies were *bona fide* subjects of the Tsar. But the Turks asserted that large numbers of Armenian soldiers in Van and other of their Armenian provinces deserted, crossed the border, and joined the Russian Army, where their knowledge of roads and the terrain was an important factor in the Russian victories. Though the exact facts are not yet ascertained, it seems not unlikely that such desertions, perhaps a few hundred, did take place. At the beginning of the war, Union and Progress agents appeared in Erzerum and Van, and appealed to the Armenian leaders to go into Russian Armenia and attempt to start revolutions against the Russian Government; and the fact that the Ottoman Armenians refused to do this contributed further to the prevailing irritation. The Turkish Government has made much of the "treasonable" behaviour of the Armenians of Van, and have even urged it as an excuse for their subsequent treatment of the whole race. Their attitude illustrates once more the perversity of the Turkish mind. After massacring hundreds of thousands of Armenians in the course of thirty years, outraging their women and girls, and robbing and maltreating them in every conceivable way, the Turks still apparently believed that they had the right to expect from them the most enthusiastic "loyalty." That the Armenians all over Turkey sympathised with the

Entente was no secret. "If you want to know how the war is going," remarked a humorous Turkish newspaper, "all you need to do is to look in the face of an Armenian. If he is smiling, then the Allies are winning; if he is downcast, then the Germans are successful." If an Ottoman Armenian soldier should desert and join the Russians, that would unquestionably constitute a technical crime against the State, and might be punished without violating the rules of all civilised countries. Only the Turkish mind, however—and possibly the German—could regard it as furnishing an excuse for the terrible barbarities that now took place.

Early in the spring the Russians temporarily retreated. It is generally recognised as good military tactics for a victorious army to follow up the retreating enemy. In the eyes of the Turkish generals, however, the withdrawal of the Russians was a happy turn of war, mainly because it deprived the Armenians of their protectors and left them at the mercies of the Turkish Army. Instead of following the retreating foe, therefore, the Turk's army turned aside and invaded their own territory of Van. Instead of fighting the trained Russian army of men, they turned their rifles, machine guns, and other weapons upon the Armenian women, children, and old men in the villages of Van. Following their usual custom, they distributed the most beautiful Armenian women among the Moslems, sacked and burned the Armenian villages, and massacred uninterruptedly for days. On April 15th, about 500 young Armenian men of Akantz were mustered to hear an order of the Sultan; at sunset they were marched outside the town and every man shot in cold blood. This procedure was repeated in about eighty Armenian villages in the district north of Lake Van, and in three days 24,000 Armenians were murdered in this atrocious fashion.

And so when Djevdet Bey, who had replaced Tahsin Pasha as governor, demanded that Van furnish him immediately 4,000 soldiers, the people were naturally in no mood to accede to his request. When we consider what had happened before and what happened subsequently, there remains little doubt concerning the purpose which underlay this demand. Djevdet, acting in obedience to orders from Constantinople, was preparing to wipe out the whole population, and his purpose in calling for 4,000 able-bodied men was merely to massacre them, so that the rest of the Armenians might have no defenders. The Armenians, parleying to gain time, offered to furnish five hundred soldiers and to pay exemption money for the rest; now, however, Djevdet began to talk aloud about "rebellion," and his determination to "crush" it at any cost. "If the rebels fire a single shot," he declared, "I shall kill every Christian man, woman, and child, up to here," pointing to his knee. For some time the Turks had been constructing entrenchments around the Armenian quarter and filling them with soldiers, and, in response to this provocation, the Armenians began to make preparations for a defence. On April 20th a band of Turkish soldiers seized several Armenian women who were entering the city; a couple of Armenians ran to their assistance, and were shot dead. The Turks now opened fire on the Armenian quarters with rifles and artillery; soon a large part of the town was in flames and a regular siege had started. The whole Armenian fighting force consisted of only 1,500 men; they had only 300 rifles and a most inadequate supply of ammunition, while Djevdet had an army of 5,000 men, completely equipped and supplied. Yet the Armenians fought with the utmost heroism and skill; they had little chance of holding off their enemies indefinitely, but they knew that a Russian army was fighting its way to Van, and their utmost hope was that they would be able to defy the besiegers until these Russians arrived. As I am not writing the story of sieges and battles, I cannot describe in detail the numerous acts of individual heroism, the co-operation of the Armenian women, the ardour and energy of the Armenian children, the self-sacrificing zeal of the American missionaries, especially Dr. Usher and his wife and Miss Grace H. Knapp, and the thousand other circumstances that make this terrible month one of the most glorious pages in modern Armenian history. The wonderful thing about it is that the Armenians triumphed. After nearly five weeks of sleepless fighting, the Russian army suddenly appeared, and the Turks fled into the surrounding country, where they found appeasement for their anger by again massacring unprotected Armenian villages. Dr. Usher, the American medical missionary, whose hospital at Van was destroyed by bombardment, is authority for the statement that, after driving off the Turks, the Russians began to collect and to cremate the bodies of Armenians who had been murdered in the province, with the result that 55,000 bodies were burned.

(To be continued)



# The Soldier Colonists\*

IT is one of the misfortunes of the present time that Reconstruction should offer itself to so many, who will be intimately concerned in it, as merely the business of finding the best way possible out of an evil situation. It is true that none save a few unimportant reactionaries think that we have only to pick up again as well as we can the threads that were snapped off on the first days of war. We could not do this if we would. The broken ends are lost, continuity in so many things has been for ever interrupted; and, whatever our ideals, all of us but the blind realise that a new beginning must be made. But for too many who hold this broader and more hopeful view, who are prepared to press with all their energy for better and more logical methods, the war's sole value for the social future of mankind seems to be that it has rendered a drastic scheme of Reconstruction necessary. They tend to take too little into account the possibility that the war may have introduced into our social life new and useful factors which did not previously exist; and this attitude of mind is certain to produce constructive schemes which will waste some of the available assets. On the material side war has been conspicuously wasteful, destroying commodities wholesale and preventing the proper upkeep of the machinery of civil life; but on the other hand the mere necessity of providing sufficient warlike commodities to be destroyed has produced thorough overhauling of our entire industrial system, and has left us, in some directions at least, better supplied both with organisation and plant than we were before. Similarly military service is believed, with good reason, to have been wasteful of some of the best qualities which our population possessed as civilians. But it remains to inquire whether these qualities have not been to a certain extent replaced by others—the direct results of military service—which will enable us to enter into forms of organisation and embark upon enterprises which were not possible to us before.

This somewhat lengthy introduction will perhaps serve to explain an enthusiastic reception of *The Soldier Colonists*, by Captain Warman (Chatto & Windus, 5s. net) which, in an important connection, shows unmistakable signs of an attitude towards Reconstruction more likely to induce success than that of most of the theorists. This little volume embraces in a wide survey two problems—first, that of settling again in civil life the soldiers who will be at a loose end on demobilisation, and who will prefer to seek occupation elsewhere than in England, and, second, the perennial problem of diffusing the population of the British Empire through its suitable territories in such a way as to ensure the best lines of development for the whole. "Captain Warman is intensely desirous," says Lord Selborne in his introduction, "that the soldier colonist should make good as a settler, and that he should do so within the British Empire, and not in a foreign land. It is a splendid desire, and this book is his first contribution towards its fulfilment. If he is spared to his country through the perils of war, I shall be greatly surprised if it is also his last." It might be observed that the perils of peace—ministerial obtuseness and departmental obstinacy—may conceivably be found not less inimical to Captain Warman's usefulness than those of war.

His inquiry and his proposals are alike solidly founded on a basis of historical investigation, the results of which are contained in two chapters written for this book by Mr. Collin Brooks, who emphasises the often recurring truth that unsystematic colonisation is doomed to failure, and that only emigration in complete self-contained communities has the best chance of success. Captain Warman seizes this verdict of history as a groundwork on which to build, with his discovery of a new social asset created by the war, an edifice of considerable importance. He admits that the drafting of the greater part of the young male population into the army will have had a tendency to infect it with certain failings for which military service is peculiarly responsible. He sees that the ex-soldier is liable more than other men to the faults of insufficient foresight and want of responsibility and stability, the first caused by the fact that a soldier's food, clothing, firing and shelter are not dependent on his own efforts, the second by the fact that he is unsettled by the removal of the discipline which has so closely governed his life. These are social results which will vary from case to case, but which will be present in a large proportion of the millions set free on demobilisation, as can be testified by any platoon-commander who ever paused to consider the peculiar characteristics of his flock, and learnt to guard against the

ill effects of the soldier's singular helplessness. Captain Warman not only admits these things, but also points out how serious a handicap they will be on the emigrant who seeks to open up new country. "A cynical statement not infrequently heard in the Dominion," Captain Warman says, "is that the Government bets you 160 acres of land against ten dollars that you will not be able to live on your area for three years, six months in each year, and the Government generally wins." In this wager, the defects of character induced by military service make the odds even heavier against the ex-soldier than against the civilian. But Captain Warman, who believes that even the civilian stands a poor chance of winning the bet unless he is organised in communities, discovers a special virtue created by military life which far outweighs the defects, and which is of immense value for this special purpose. "Military life," he says, "does to a quite serious extent deprive the soldier of both foresight and stability, but it gives him in their place that esprit de corps which is the essential ingredient of military excellence, and which is not acquired to anything like the same degree in the occupations of peace." He therefore suggests that the soldiers desirous of emigrating should be divided into such groups as will best preserve their esprit de corps, and that each group shall emigrate as a self-contained community to that part of the overseas dominions which its members prefer.

## Means of Subsistence

It is impossible here to follow in detail all the ramifications of this exceedingly fertile idea. Captain Warman has not been content to throw it into the world undeveloped, but has considered it carefully in all its aspects, and has summarised the information which the reader requires for testing its possibilities. He estimates that the number of soldiers requiring facilities for emigration during the first few years after the war will not exceed 100,000; and he shows that the offers already made by the Dominions are capable of satisfying this number. He also devises an ingenious plan by which the difficulties of the initial years are to be overcome. No organised colonisation, he argues, can hope to be successful without Government assistance; but, on the other hand, this assistance should not take the form of free land, which, besides being insufficient, has certain definitely deleterious effects. He proposes therefore that each community should be supplied with pay and rations on the military scale during the early, unproductive years of the scheme. As, however, the sum thus received by each member of the community in money and kind would be less than that which he would receive were he to take employment under a master in the more settled part of the country, a surplus should be credited to him in the books of the enterprise, which surplus might eventually be applied to paying off the charges on his land. The further details in Captain Warman's scheme, among which must be mentioned the lessons he has drawn from the history of Irish co-operation, cannot be summarised here, but are worthy of close attention. One further aspect of the question however cannot be omitted. Captain Warman points out with truth that, for settlement to be stable and permanent, it must be carried out by families, not by individuals. This brings into prominence the undeniable fact of the importance of considering the wives of the prospective settlers, who must be attracted and assured that conditions will be congenial to them. No scheme, Captain Warman claims, could better secure this than that of his self-contained communities; and the desirability of enlisting the active co-operation of women in the development of the enterprise grows the more closely it is considered.

Captain Warman's book is a very brief and unpretentious attempt to solve an enormous problem; but, though it is short, it is packed close with information and with fruitful and brilliant theorising. Much of the matter in it, as Lord Selborne observes, is also applicable to land settlement in the United Kingdom; and indeed there is no problem of reconstruction involving the handling of bodies of ex-soldiers on which light will not be thrown by a consideration of its main thesis. But Captain Warman has given his best powers of thought to the particular problem of colonisation. It is to be hoped that he will be encouraged to pursue his inquiries and to elaborate the details of his scheme. It is still more to be hoped that not only his scheme but also his own originality and brilliance will be made use of officially in the near future.

\* *The Soldier Colonists* (Chatto & Windus, 5s. net.)



# Life and Letters by J.C. Squire

## Words and the War

SIR EDWARD COOK'S *Literary Recreations* (Macmillan, 7s. 6d. net) is one of the fullest and most variegated books about books published since the war. Sir Edward's subjects are varied. He writes about biography, Ruskin's style, indexing, the *Cornhill Magazine*, "Literature and Modern Formation," "The Second Thoughts of Poets" (a chapter of extraordinary interest), Turner's (J. R. W.) verse, and superlatives. But his range of quotation and illustration, which seems to cover all occidental writings from Homer to yesterday's newspaper, gives it a double and delightful variety. His own arguments and observations are invariable, sensible, and often acute; but whatever they are and to whatever they may relate, he always seems able to fortify them with six excellent authorities. Either he has a prodigious memory or he indexes his note-books in some peculiarly efficient way. His book is as easy to read as a serious book could be. He has one topical subject; and to that I may be allowed to devote my sole attention. This is "Words and the War," and relates to the new words or new uses of words which have come into existence since 1914. The phenomenon is not a new one. The Crusaders brought home words, and we all remember the words that we acquired during the South African War. I do not recall that we invented many new ones ourselves, but we took a good many from the Dutch: commander, trek, stellenbosched, outspan, kopje, laager, etc., and the first two of these, at least, seem to have passed permanently into the language. A much larger war, fought under new conditions and with new methods, and employing, directly or indirectly, the greater part of the population, has been much more fruitful.

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Our acquisitions make a remarkable mixture. How many of them will last is another matter; except for the aerial words, most of them seem peculiarly adapted for a belligerent atmosphere, and the need for using them will die with the war. Conscientious objection (Sir Edward points out, by the way, that Parliament has left the job of defining it to the dictionary makers) may survive, but unless conscription persists it will be forgotten, and the chaste word "Conchy" will die. "Cuthbert" is a word for war-use only; so is "funk-hole"; so is "defeatist" (taken from the French eighteen months ago, when defeatism began to raise its head); and "Blighty," when the men have come home, will probably once more be relegated to its old proprietors, the soldiers stationed in India. "Tank" will survive as long as the vehicle which bears the name; but we are not likely to hear much more about "over-the-top," "Dora" (thank God), and "pill-box." "Gassed" may be retained for occasional civilian use, for cases of stifling by fumes; and we may find employment now and then for "dug-out" in both senses. "Dug-out" as meaning a refuge in the earth is at least a generation old; but as meaning a metaphorically excavated veteran it seems to have come into existence in 1914. "Archies" will presumably disappear. It is one of the most puzzling of terms; Sir Edward Cook's hazard is that it derives from the song-refrain "Archibald—Certainly Not," the justification being that in their early days the anti-aircraft guns never hit anything.

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We owe very little to the enemy. "Old Contemptibles" as a nickname for the Mons army will probably be retained in the history books, but it cannot have a new application. "Strafe" and "Strafing" have been found amusing and convenient, but it is doubtful whether they will survive. Other words we have grown accustomed to in the last four years include "Bolshevik" (which we are not likely to forget for some little time), "comb-out," "heavies" (applied to guns), and "dud." I may be wrong, but I think that "comb-out" probably started in the *Evening News*, which also invented "Cuthbert." It was a disgusting term to invent, but undoubtedly vivid. "Dud" should, I imagine, stay; there is no other word quite like it, and it is full of flavour. Sir Edward Cook notes that we have obtained no new words on the model of "shrapnel" and "maxim"; the Lewis gun and the inventions of Messrs. Mills & Stokes continue to be describe their full names, whereas most people are unaware that the gifted General Shrapnel ever existed. Like Captain Boycott, he enjoys an immortality in disguise.

There are a certain number of terms that Sir Edward has failed to note. He gives a number of the terms—which were bound to come into being to describe new phases of human experience—employed by airmen. But he misses the elegant "contour-chasing," which appears to be getting popular, and he does not mention "nose-dive"—though I may be wrong in supposing this to have been invented since the war. "Boche" and "Hun" he, of course, mentions. In the early stages of the war (q.v., the song "I Want to go Home") "Alleyman" contested it with these; and recently "Jerry" has been as popular among soldiers as either. When did "jerry" start? What was its origin? Why (if a Christian name was wanted) did it cut out "Fritz," once so commonly used? Of the names of particular missiles and their noises (none of which, unless war becomes perennial, is likely to be permanently embodied in the language) he mentions "Jack Johnson," "whizz-bang," "pip-squeak," and others, but omits to notice that very significant word "crump." On "camouflage" he naturally spreads himself, with a history of its derivation, though he leaves it uncertain whether, in its present sense, it was used before the war in France. This word will stay with us; we have, extraordinarily, lacked hitherto a comprehensive term for every sort of deceptive screen, from verbal bluff to a large beard. Of other words from the French, am I right in thinking that the word "barrage" is a war importation and that before the war curtain-fire satisfied everybody? "Sector," in the sense of a section of a line, is, I think, a French loan during the war; and if all the horrible jargon in our dispatches about "certain of our advanced elements occupied certain elements, etc.," does not come from French, I do not know where it does come from. However, the most notable of the words overlooked by Sir Edward Cook is none of these, but a word as good as any that the war has given us, and destined, I conceive, always to be useful—at any rate, I should be sorry to live in a world where no application for it could be found. I refer to the word "cushy." Comfortable, snug, luxurious: a job, or a place, or a billet where a man need not hurry and can do himself well: the Castle of Indolence, the hand of the Lotus-Eaters, where it is always afternoon: something as soft as a cushion. What an admirable coinage; how compact and recognisable a word! "Wangle," I imagine, may be pre-war; if so, when did it originate? It bears all the marks of modernity. Dr. Johnson would have perspired freely had he heard a man say, as I heard one say a few weeks ago, "I am going to wangle leave to fight a hopeless seat." Another word Sir Edward does not mention is "supernational," which has been freely used in connection with League of Nations propaganda, and not infrequently distorted by printers into "supernatural," sometimes with most unfortunate results.

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In one place Sir Edward Cook makes a notable error. "I omitted," he says,

to make note of the first appearance of *profiteering*; but by the time it had caught on, the *Spectator* was to the fore with one of its earnest articles, to point out, more in sorrow than in anger, the wickedness of politicians in using words without stopping to consider precisely what they mean. (June 16th, 1917.) The Prime Minister took up the challenge in a speech on which the *Times* gave the heading, "Mr. Lloyd George on Profiteering." Here is the passage which will be the *locus classicus* for definition of the new word.

He proceeds to quote from a speech of July, 1917. But if the lexicographers take that speech as the *locus classicus* and 1917 as the year when profiteering began to be called a spade, so to speak, they will be very behind the times. This word did not come into existence in 1917, or in 1916, or in 1915, or in 1914. It is not a war-word at all, though its use has become, and with reason, much more general during the war. I incline to think that it was coined by the editor of the *New Age*; certainly, long before the war it was in common use in the Labour Press. As for the structure of the word, Sir Edward says that "the suffix *eer* emphasises the sneer." "Some words ending in *eer* are, it is true, void of offence, but in many there is always a contemptuous implication." I wonder if there is anything in this. It is true that nobody likes being called a sonneteer, but volunteer is all right, and he would be a sensitive man who should resent being called an engineer.





# THE THEATRE

By W. J. Turner



IT was an excellent idea of Mr. Bernard Fagan's to produce *Twelfth Night* at the Court Theatre, and it is to be hoped that its success will induce him to give us some more Shakespeare—*The Tempest*, for instance, which has not been played in a West End theatre for years. *Twelfth Night* is much the best and most amusing play in London, and Mr. Fagan's production will probably be a revelation to many people accustomed to the dull distortions of Shakespeare which the late Sir Herbert Tree used to put on at Her Majesty's, and which were enough to make a critic headline his notices of the plays with: BILL—THE EXPLODED MYTH. The essence of Shakespeare is only to be got on the stage through the acting; the scenery needs to be as simple as possible—simple, but not ugly or incongruous, especially for the comedies which betray such a sensitiveness to physical beauty, beauty of nature, of clothes, of voice, and of person; that the setting, though unobtrusive, must be delightful to the eye and have a proper harmony. The setting, by Mr. Victor Machin, in Mr. Fagan's production, fulfils this condition and is its first satisfactory feature. The next important thing is to keep Shakespeare's balance. In Sir Herbert Tree's *Twelfth Night* it was a case of first there is Malvolio, and then there is nothing, and again nothing; next there is Malvolio, and after that there is nothing and nothing; then, but a long way off, there is Sir Toby, and again there is nothing and nothing. Finally, but so far away that he is hardly perceptible, there is the Clown, and after him there is nothing at all. To pull Shakespeare's structure out of shape in the pretended search for new readings is to spoil it, for the various elements are so skilfully combined that they lose half their virtue if taken out of their proper place in the picture. Mr. Fagan has not made this mistake, and, in consequence, the consummate ease with which Shakespeare handles his material and plays upon all our senses in turn so that no one is ever surfeited, is revealed by the fact that we are kept at one constant pitch of delight from the first word to the last. *Twelfth Night* is the quintessence of romantic beauty, and there must be passion in the actors and a keen sense of the beauty of words, which they must utter lovingly as if they were musicians playing beautiful viols. Did ever a play begin more beautifully than this:

DUKE: If music be the food of love, play on,  
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—  
That strain again—it had a dying fall:  
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound  
That breathes upon a bank of violets. . . .

Then the very next scene, a sea-coast, begins:

VIOLA (*shipwrecked*): What country, friends, is this?  
CAPTAIN: This is Illyria, lady.  
VIOLA: And what should I do in Illyria?  
My brother he is in Elysium.

I would go twenty miles any night to hear those four lines spoken as they ought to be spoken; and I was grateful that Miss Zeah Bateman, who played Viola, was worthy of her part, alive to the exquisite cadences of the verse, and using her beautiful voice and grace with a happy spontaneity. A poor Viola will absolutely ruin the play which depends on Viola—and, in a lesser degree, on Olivia—for its beauty, as it depends on Sir Toby and Sir Andrew for its humour, and on Malvolio for its character. Miss Bateman was the best Viola I have ever seen, and anyone who wants to know how Shakespeare's comedies ought to be played should see Miss Bateman as Viola. There are people who say that Malvolio is the most important part in the play. I thoroughly disagree. Malvolio is a comparatively easy part, wonderful creation though he is; provided he is not allowed to become grotesque, you can hardly spoil his effect. I have seen two performances of *Twelfth Night* this week—one at the Court and the other at the "Old Vic."—and in each case the Malvolio was well done. There was more dignity in Mr. Waring's at the Court, but more gusto in Mr. Saintsbury's at the "Old Vic." No, there is not much danger with Malvolio, as long as he is not caricatured; but the part which does demand great delicacy and skill, and which can make or mar the play equally with Viola, is the Clown's. It is the one serious defect of Mr. Fagan's production that Mr. Edgar Stevens is thoroughly bad as the Clown. Five minutes of example is

worth a page of argument, and I recommend anyone who wants to spend two enjoyable evenings to see *Twelfth Night* at the Court and at the "Old Vic.," and see the truth of this himself. The Clown at the "Old Vic.," Mr. Gordon Douglas, is Shakespeare's clown, but Mr. Edgar Stevens at the Court is never anyone but himself. He has the only really damning defect in an actor, and that is that he cannot act. The actor must have sympathy, he must act intuitively from his heart (or his stomach), but, at any cost, not solely from his head. Mr. Stevens gesticulates and prances about in a frantic endeavour to touch us; and, like all bad actors, he over-gesticulates and over-prances, and has no repose and no feeling; and when he sings he mouths and plays the same tricks with his words as he did with his legs and his features, and not only leaves us cold, but even irritates us. I dwell on this because the part of the Clown badly cast ruins the whole play, and the uninitiated who see *Twelfth Night* at the Court for the first time could never dream what an enormous difference it would make if the Clown were equal to the Viola. But Mr. Fagan's box-office receipts would show the difference; and besides Mr. Stevens' Clown makes Shakespeare out a fool, it is in the wrong key altogether. The clown who has to sing those beautiful songs is not a hard, brainless ninny, but a queer, lovable fellow. At the "Old Vic.," the songs touch the whole house to a profound silence, but at the Court they have no effect whatever. It is heart-breaking to think of those lovely things:

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

and

Come away, come away, death

being absolutely spoilt.

Mr. Miles Malleon, as Sir Andrew, was extraordinarily funny and lifelike, while Mr. Horace Sequeira, the Sir Andrew at the "Old Vic." production, who was very good, made more of a caricature of the part; there, however, the business of the fighting was better managed. *Twelfth Night*, I repeat, is far the best and most amusing show in London—revues and music-halls and George Robey included—and I advise everybody to go and see it.

There is one bad habit, so common as to be shared by nine out of every ten Shakespearean productions, which it is necessary always to protest against, and that is the abominable practice of cutting up the verse so that it becomes almost indistinguishable from prose. Whether it is the desire of actors and producers to make it absolutely clear to audiences that Shakespeare's verse has as plain a meaning as Mr. Bottomley's prose, or whether it is merely sheer fright of verse as something beyond popular appreciation that causes them to so accentuate the grammatical structure as to destroy the rhythm, I cannot say; but it is, in either case, absurd. As an example, take those famous lines in *Twelfth Night*:

But sat, like Patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief.

These are always spoken from the stage in this fashion:

But sat—COMMA—like Patience on a monument—COMMA—  
—smiling—COMMA—at grief.

The consequence is that the rhythmic beauty of Shakespeare's verse is unknown to most theatre audiences.

It is rumoured that there is going to be an attempt on the part of the Lord Chamberlain to restrict the freedom of the stage by making it a condition of the licences issued that the theatres are not to permit any private performances of any play which has not been officially sanctioned. This is a thoroughly outrageous attempt on the liberty of the individual citizen. There is a case for the censorship of plays publicly produced, such as we have at present, though that censorship has constantly made itself ridiculous by banning the wrong things; but when it comes to allowing D.O.R.A. to say that a group of private persons may not get up private performances of new plays if the Censor disapproves of the play because it contains a nasty woman who resembles his wife, or an attractive politician who belongs to the party he happens at the moment to detest, it is time to give a gentle reminder that we are Englishmen—not Prussians. The idea is so preposterous that by the time this is in print it may be definitely scotched. If not, the next step will be an inspector coming to approve of the pictures on our walls.



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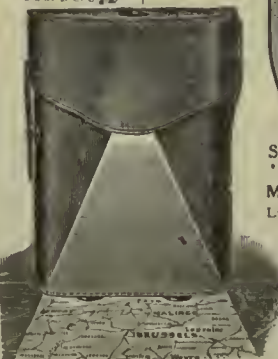
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# The Reader's Diary



## Recent Novels

## Alpha of the Plough

IT is a platitude of criticism that it is almost impossible to depict credibly a genius as the hero of a novel. Even a genius cannot do it, as a rule. But Miss Romer Wilson has undoubtedly achieved the remarkable feat in *Martin Schüler* (Methuen, 7s. net). Some objections have been raised, I believe, to the fact that the scene of the novel is placed in Germany and that all the characters are Germans. This may have been because the author thought that it would be hard enough to make her readers believe in a musical genius anyway, and that to ask them to believe in an English musical genius was asking for the impossible. Whatever the reason, the genius, his works, his life, and his surroundings are all almost perfectly done. The novel is short—perhaps a little too short. Martin Schüler dies suddenly in his box at the opera house at the end of the performance of his last and greatest work; and the end of the book might have been better if this somewhat dramatic climax had been avoided. But, apart from this, the construction and proportions of the book are admirable. We see Martin Schüler at the age of twenty dreaming over his music and then, in sudden flashes, the details of the opera which is to be his masterpiece. We see his music gradually improving as he grows older—and we believe in its improvement—until his genius is full-fledged. We see his love-affairs, and believe in them, and refrain from judging him a cad. We see, lastly, his revulsion from facile triumphs, his return to his first conception, and his feverish work upon the opera which he planned in his youth. In addition to this, we see the various circles which he outgrew one by one and discarded. All these people, who believe in his genius, are real—Steinbach, who launched him; Werner, who wrote his libretto; Lili, Hella, and Sophie, his three mistresses. He is not an altogether admirable character, and the people who befriend him and whom he uses are not altogether admirable. But he and they are, in a quiet unemphasised way, astonishingly alive. Some of them appear only for a few pages. Some, like Hella von Rosenthal, fill the scene for a while and then disappear altogether, as happens in life. But there are no degrees in their verisimilitude; and all play their part in exhibiting and defining the personality of Martin himself. And the setting, briefly, casually described, now Heidelberg, now Leipzig, Switzerland, Berlin, the Black Forest, is exquisitely done and exquisitely appropriate.

There is a genius in Mr. Ludovici's *Mansel Fellowes* (Grant Richards, 6s. net); but I cannot say that I believe in him. But, then, Mr. Ludovici has written to illustrate a thesis—a thesis which I judge, not only from this but from Mr. Ludovici's other works, to be derived from the teaching of Nietzsche. The entanglements of Latimer and the two young women to whom he allows himself with reprehensible carelessness simultaneously to be affianced, together with the admonitions of the Jewish physician, Dr. Melhado, are supposed to convey to the reader a doctrine which is not very clear, but which insists at least on the degeneracy and anæmia of these days and on the nobility of yielding to physical passion. No better proof of greatness of soul can be asked for, Mr. Ludovici thinks, than that one should die for love; and his heroine become tubercular in disappointment and suicidal in despair. His hero is a young intellectual author who writes a successful play unveiling the soul of a flapper. He questions heaven and earth unafraid; but under the pressure of his amatory complications he feels the need of guidance and joins the Catholic Church. This, according to Mr. Ludovici, caused a sensation, and Latimer's photograph appeared in the illustrated papers; but I feel that, even had I seen the photographs, he would still have appeared unreal to me, just as unreal as the wisdom of his mentor, Dr. Melhado. Miss Romer Wilson allows us to judge from indications that Martin Schüler is a genius; and she wisely withholds his music from us. Mr. Ludovici tells us outright that his characters are wise and witty; and then he puts speeches in their mouths that are neither. He would do better as an imaginative artist, perhaps, if he could leave his doctrine on one side for a little; and I have no doubt that his doctrine would be more useful if the imaginative element in it were somewhat reduced.

May I begin by saying that I do not think "Alpha of the Plough" the best essayist that ever lived? I do not think him as good as Charles Lamb or even as Mr. E. V. Lucas. But though the chorus of praise which his first volume received (helped a little, perhaps, by his penetrable pseudonymity) elicits this apparently gratuitous remark, I do think him among the most charming and companionable writers of the day; and his new collection *Leaves in the Wind* (Dent, 5s. 6d. net) has helped me to pass a very pleasant hour. The subjects on which he writes are such as essayists always have chosen and, one supposes, always will choose—"On Talk and Talkers," "On a Vision of Eden," "On Early Rising," "On the Indifference of Nature," and so on. But these are no more than pegs for agreeable discursions. Each of them is loosely enough devised to afford an ample range for rambling; and Alpha rambles or ambles with a comfortable grace that is all his own. This is a book to be picked up when one is at a loose end. You can begin it at either end or in the middle. You can begin almost any essay in the middle and go backwards or forwards as the fancy takes you. You will find cheek by jowl things that you know very well and things you have never heard before.

And you remember [Alpha says] that whimsical story of Lamb cutting off the coat-button that Coleridge held him by in the garden at Highgate, going for his day's work into the City, returning in the evening, hearing Coleridge's voice, looking over the hedge, and seeing the poet with the button between forefinger and thumb still talking into space.

You do remember, of course; but Alpha is wise enough to know that his reader will like to be reminded of the tale. But have you ever heard the verse, which Alpha quotes with obvious pleasure, about the great Mr. Sholes:

Whenever down Fleet Street he strolls  
The policemen look hurriedly up  
And say "There's the great Mr. Sholes,  
Who writes such delectable gap."

It is new to me, and so is the valuable last word; but both have now become part of my mental equipment. Nor is it widely known that in the time of Giordano Bruno it was ordained at Oxford by the University statutes that "Bachelors and Masters who did not follow Aristotle faithfully were liable to a fine of five shillings for every point of divergence and for every fault committed against the Logic of the Organon." These are the things you find in "Alpha of the Plough"; and they are gently beguiling.

## Comic Verse and Cookery

Mr. C. L. Graves is an established and distinguished member of the *Punch* school of humorous verse; and, as is the way of this school, having reached his level of accomplishment and competence, he does not rashly experiment or depart from the ways in which he has already learnt to please. His new volume, therefore, *Lands and Libels* (Sidgwick & Jackson, 3s. 6d. net), is, so to speak, another quart out of the same barrel and well up to the standard of the last. It is only natural that the versifier should in these days be obsessed by the thought of food and should call a section of his book "Lays of the Larder." My heart goes out to Mr. Graves when he writes:

A jocular burden rings in my ear  
Of Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese;  
It tells of good cheer ere food was dear.  
Of a time of plenty and peace and ease.

But I find nothing in his book quite so amusing as the following recipe from *The Victory Cookery Book*, by Mrs. C. S. Peel and Mr. Iwan Kriens (Lane, 5s. net):

### TO PREPARE DRIED EGGS.

Prepare according to directions on the box.

But it would be unfair to give the impression that this volume is merely a humorous compilation. It has been carefully written in order to show how we can make the most of our rations; and I can vouch for its usefulness. Its recipes do not begin, as did one I saw in a so-called war cookery book of meatless dishes with the maddening adjuration: "Take half a pint of cream. . . ."

PETER BELL.



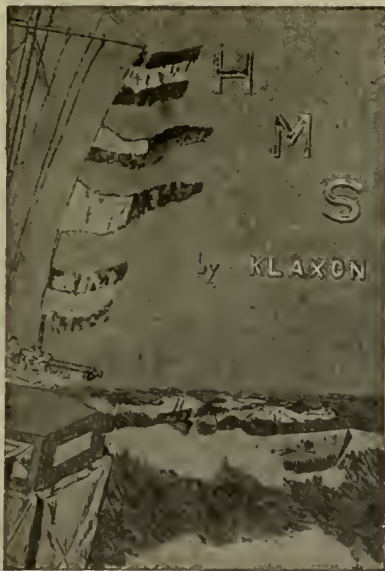
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# Looking Ahead: By Hartley Withers

**N**EVER was a time in which it was more difficult than it is to-day to "see one's way," as the City says, in financial matters. The best judges of the outlook in Lombard Street frankly admit that the future price of money is a complete puzzle, and that they are pursuing a cautious policy, confining themselves to bills with a short life and keeping a liquid position. Advocates of caution and prudence are generally resented as stuffy people who refuse to look at the bright side of things; nevertheless, in view of the great uncertainties that surround us there is every reason for deprecating anything like a spread of speculative canvas. The dear old public, of course, is showing a very human and natural desire, after the strain and restraints of the past four years, to continue a course of financial mafficking which will sooner or later cost it a good deal of money. And equally naturally, those who minister to its needs in this direction are making haste to gratify its wishes. Just as in Victorian days the "musical" public wanted, as Corney Grain told it, a song with

The piano not too difficult,  
The voice part not too high.

so in these times, when carrying over in the market is not possible, what the light-hearted gambler wants is a nice low-priced share that can be taken up and paid for with a moderate outlay, can be trusted to go up like a rocket if enough people will come in to buy, and consequently must not be hampered by too much information concerning its past for which anything like reasonable calculations concerning its future would be possible. This "felt want" was to have been obligingly provided last week by the placing on the market, in the neighbourhood of 12s. a share, of shares with a nominal value of 5s. in a concern called the Aabada Trust, of which little was known except that it owned concessions in various parts of the earth. The Stock Exchange Committee intervened and prohibited dealings, presumably pending inquiry concerning the company's position and the circumstances under which the shares were to be introduced to the market. It is very satisfactory to see the committee taking this step. Its responsibility for the securities in which its members are allowed to deal is a most difficult matter. Any attempt by it to make stringent inquiries into the prospects of companies which it admitted by granting them a settlement, would naturally be interpreted by the public as a virtual guarantee of the future prospects of any securities so admitted. But the committee cannot be wrong in insisting that before a security is introduced on the market, a certain amount of information shall have been made public concerning its past and present, so that buyers may have something on which to base their guesses as to its future. In the present temper of the speculative optimist such considerations seem sordid and contemptible. He wants to buy blindfold and trust to being followed by a large enough crowd to shove the price up after him, and give him a nice profit. Speculative profits are not subject to income-tax; everybody is feeling cheery and happy; there is not enough fuel to make a big enough bonfire; the restrictions on the sale of alcohol put a most uncomfortable bar on another obvious way of expressing one's feelings; so why not a run for one's money in Throgmorton Street? What one man loses another gains; no labour is involved except a little clerical quill driving, so where is the harm? It is a very plausible line of argument; but is this quite the right time for these amusements? If speculation could really be confined to people who knew what they were doing, and could afford to lose their money, and did not risk more than would be inconvenient to them to part with, there would be little or no harm in it. But it always drags in a crowd of folk who think that they are investing when they are actually only gambling, and then, when they find that money which they need for a rainy day is gone, turn round and denounce the whole City as a gang of swindlers, whereas it is only their own ignorance and greed that is at the bottom of the mischief. And this is not the right time to encourage the growth of that sort of spirit, because one of the things that will be very much wanted for some years to come is a steady stream of money into investment to provide our industry with all the capital that will be needed.

Moreover, the existence of a big speculative account means that there is a large number of people who will be frightened into selling securities at the slightest hint of any adverse happenings or possibilities. This would not be of very

serious consequence, perhaps, if the sales by these "weak bulls" could be confined to the low-priced stuff which they chiefly affect. But this is not so. When they suddenly turn round to sell they are likely to find that their speculative pets are more or less unsaleable; and then they are too often forced to turn out part of their holdings of real investments, and so give an air of weakness to securities with real intrinsic merit. And so just at a time when we want to show a firm financial front, an impression is created that London is not as strong as it was thought to be.

## The Turning Point

This is just the impression that is not wanted at a time so fraught with uncertainties and possibilities and impossibilities as the present. We are at a turning-point in the world's history. A terrible menace to civilisation has been destroyed, but everything depends on the next few steps that are taken by those who have won the fight. And on the economic side of things there is as much possibility of good or evil as anywhere else, if not more. The soldiers, so we are told, will be grievously disappointed if they do not come back to the better world which has been promised them as awaiting them at the end of the war. This seems to be rather a large order, for during the war the civilian population has had quite enough to do to provide all the material needed for the fight, and could hardly be expected to create a new heaven and earth in the course of it. What we have to do now is to get to work as quickly as possible and to show that we mean; by a greater output of better distributed wealth, to make good the ravages of war and build up a state of things in which the chance of a better life shall be open to all who are willing and able to do a good day's work. If we set about this task in the right way, sensibly, calmly, and with good will, the chances of success are big. We are not going to make a Utopia all in a moment. Because we have, under the stress of war, developed astonishing dexterity in turning out shells, it does not follow that all the peaceful wants of man can be met with ease at a time when raw material and transport are scarce and all kinds of complicated problems have to be solved in the course of transferring our energies from war work to peace.

To secure this object—on which our material prosperity completely depends—we need on the financial side a steady money market, and firm stock markets ready to absorb any securities that come on offer and ask for more. There is no reason why we should not enjoy these advantages if only we behave with calmness and common sense. Our prestige has been greatly increased by the war, by the clean fight we have fought for a clean object and the clean hands with which we come out of it. On the financial side our record might have been improved; but it was much better than that of our opponents who have not met a halfpennyworth of the war's cost out of taxation, and it was better than that of any of our Allies, except Japan, who did comparatively little fighting, and America, who came late into the struggle, and with her pockets bulging with war profits earned during the years of her neutrality. This prestige is a matter of great moment. For we hold at present a very large amount of money left here by neutrals out of the sums due to them for goods sold to us during the war. They have made a big profit on it owing to the recent favourable movement in exchange—we owe them pounds, and pounds have been rising in value on all the neutral markets. Some people anticipate that there is a danger that these neutral creditors may inconvenience our money market by taking these funds, which are payable more or less on demand, home, and so securing the profit that they have earned. But why should they? Like every one else they will want food, raw materials, coal, and other goods. These things they can most easily pay for by drawing bills on their balances in London. Surely the most reasonable course for them is to keep these balances here until the goods come forward and the whirligig of trade settlements begins again, instead of taking them away in gold, and so losing interest on them and hoarding the metal when what they need is goods. The only thing that would lead them to such a stupidity would be any indication of weakness on our part, or any possibility that the schemes of some of our financial futurists, who want to plaster the country with paper currency as a remedy for all evils, were going to be adopted by an ignorant Government.



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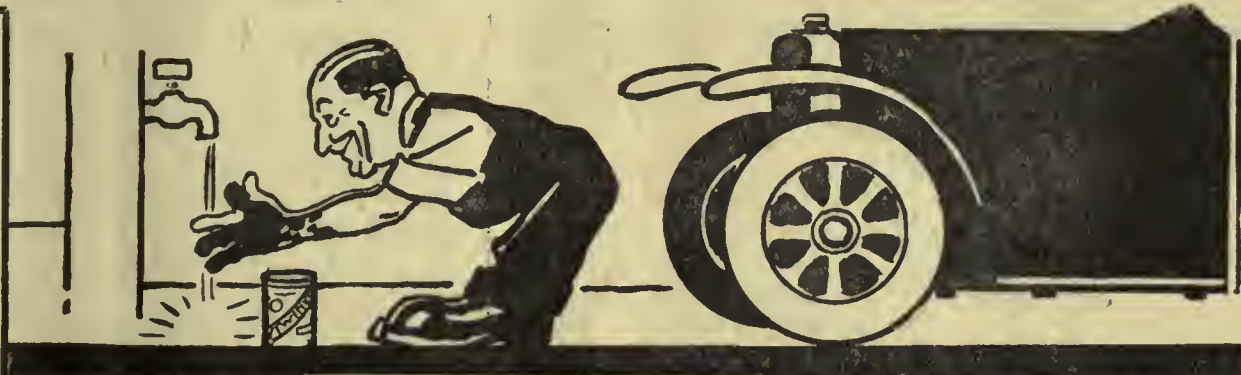
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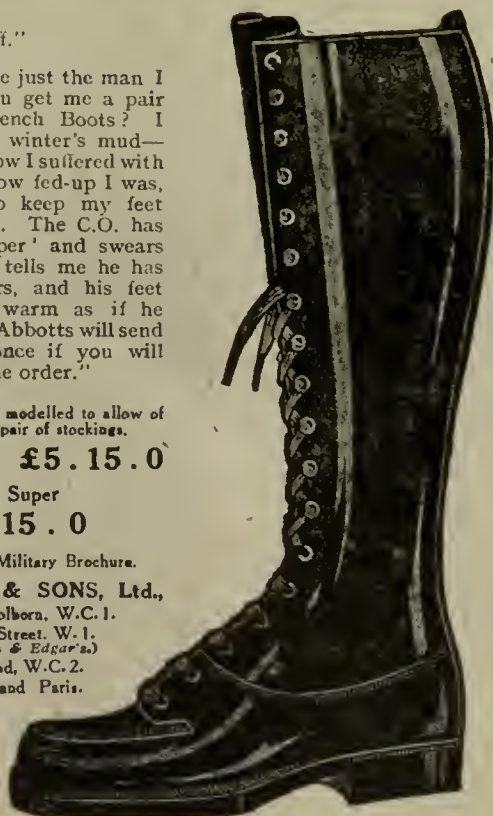
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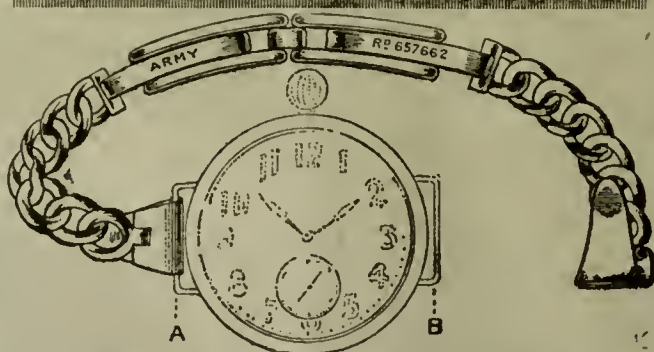
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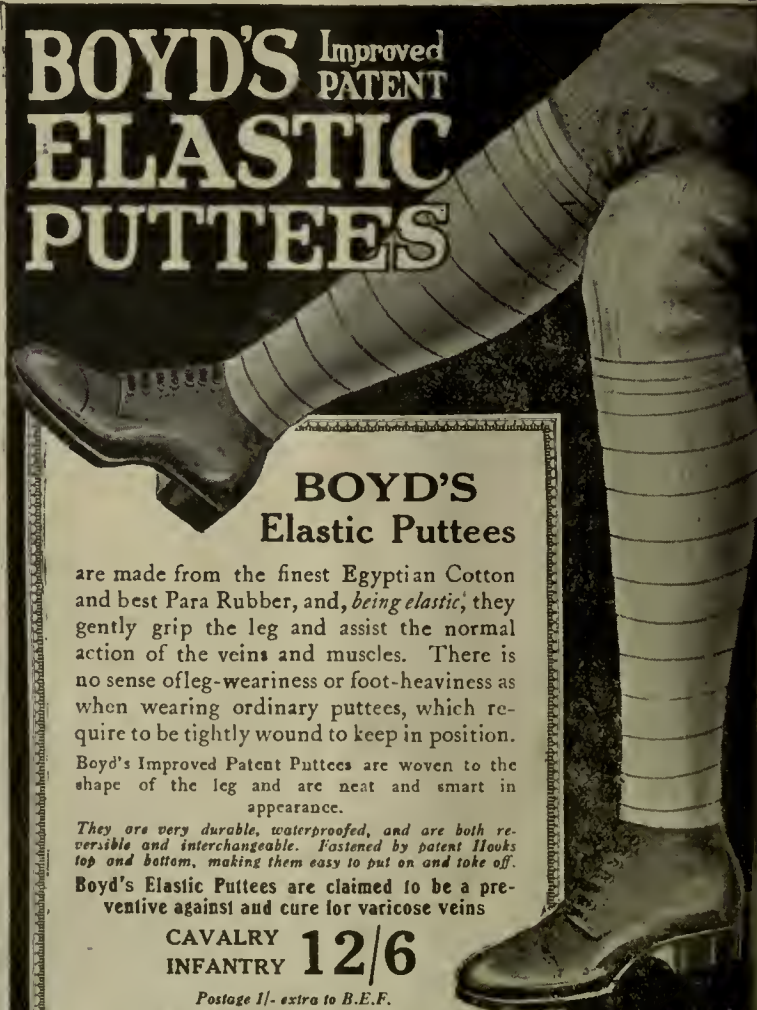
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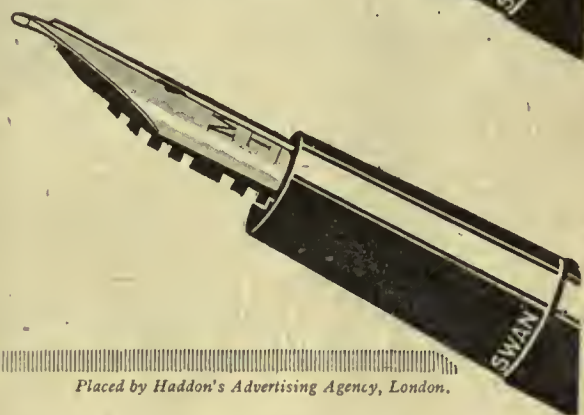
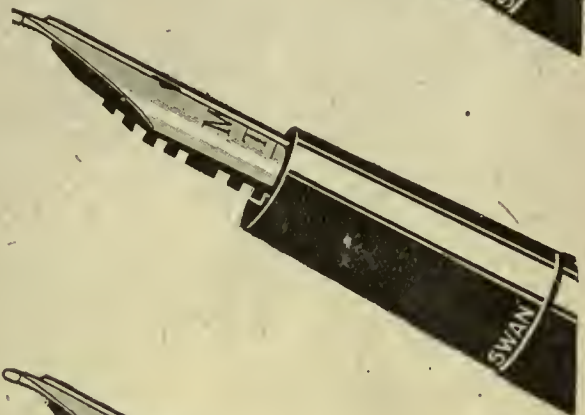
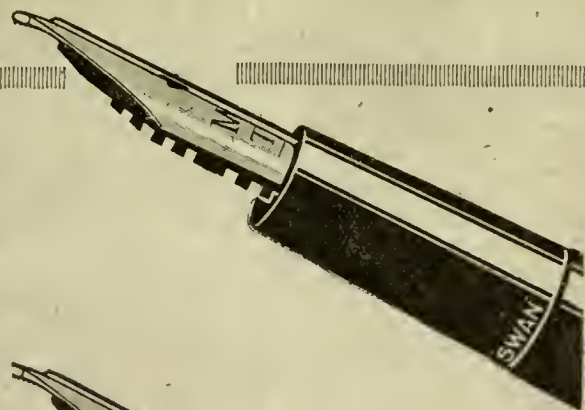
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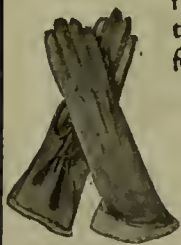
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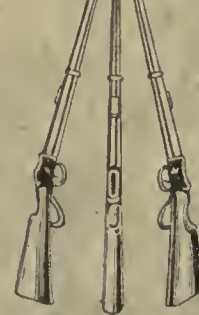


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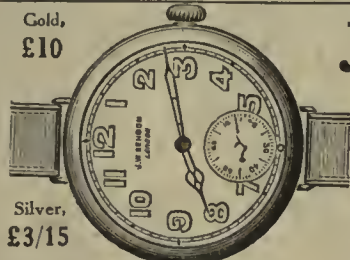
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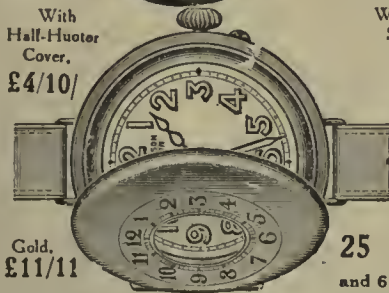
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# LAND & WATER

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PEACE—THE CHILD'S HERITAGE

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# LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1918

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## Towards Peace

THE carrying out of the armistice terms proceeds methodically. The English army, which was back at Mons on the day when hostilities ceased, will (we imagine) be in Brussels before these lines appear: King Albert, whose first challenge to the invaders rang like a tocsin through the world, will have re-entered his capital. The German withdrawal has not been altogether orderly: soldiers, having a chance to pay off old scores, have been shooting their officers, and there has been a certain amount of looting, some of which no doubt the High Command has been unable to prevent. It will all go on the bill. In Alsace-Lorraine the French are now quietly re-occupying the soil that Wilhelm's grandfather, against Bismarck's advice, stole nearly half a century ago: and they have been greeted with unqualified enthusiasm by a population, even the German-speaking members of which hated Prussian rule. Admiral Muerer, with the surrender of two hundred and fifty ships in his hand, has climbed the side of Admiral Beatty's flagship. Every day sees the beaten enemy denuded more and more of the still formidable, but now unavailing, power that remained to him when he threw up the sponge. There has been a certain amount of complaint in Germany about the hardness of the armistice demands. But what would they have? We have been more than once bit and we are shy. We had to make it absolutely certain that they would not be in a position to think better of their surrender and impose on us the necessity, very terrible for the Allied populations to face, of resuming hostilities. If a man is giving himself into custody it would be ridiculous for him to ask to retain one of his pistols and protest if we did not leave one of his wrists without a handcuff. Germany has been sentenced and has given herself up to justice. Justice will be done her, neither more nor less; but we should be fools if, however well her prison may be guarded, we left the window of her cell unbarred, and tempted her to an endeavour, however hopeless, to escape.

## The German De Wet

Meanwhile in Africa what we all hope to be the last chapter of the actual fighting has been closed. General von Lettow-Vorbeck, who has defied all our efforts to catch him since 1914, has been informed of the armistice and has yielded himself up. We know very little about him personally, but his career in East Africa has been one of the most romantic

subsidiary episodes of the war: worthy to rank with the story (now divulged) of the Q-boats, the pirate cruise of the Emden, and the marvellous march of the Czecho-Slovaks across Siberia. He has had, of course, the advantages of his disabilities, particularly the advantage of a small mobile force able to live on the country. But for four and a half years he has kept his end up against large and well-organised forces continually cutting him off and closing in on him, and continually being evaded by him. The white element in his force has been gradually depleted by wounds and disease, and at the end he was left with only a few hundred whites and a few thousand devoted blacks. He has had no regular source of supplies, his only considerable accretions being the cargoes of a couple of blockade runners. He has been constantly on the move, often spending weeks in most pestilent country; his medical arrangements must have been very defective; and, above all, he must have had throughout the knowledge that, sooner or later, the game would be up. But his job was to keep the largest possible Allied force busy for the longest possible time: and, when his threat to British East Africa was parried, he fought his way through German East Africa, and thence into Portuguese South-east Africa, and thence into Rhodesia, eluding his pursuers in a manner which would have done credit to de Wet, but, unlike de Wet, fighting with a negro force thousands of miles from his home, and very imperfectly in touch with what was going on in the larger world. At a time when the abominations of the German army have made the name of German soldier stink, we can still pay tribute to one German who has shown not merely great gallantry and endurance, but a remarkable gift for inspiring those qualities.

## The Election

It is no good crying over spilt milk, and since the Election is certainly coming we can usefully say no more about its desirability or undesirability. It is an odd election. All the official parties were agreed about the war; all were and are agreed (with minor reservations) about the nature of the Peace; all insist on the necessity of thorough reconstruction. So far, indeed, very few differences have emerged even as to the nature of the reconstruction. The Labour Party has a large and sweeping programme of reforms, but as for the immediate problems before us all are at one in laying stress upon health, housing, education, increased production, better wages, and a carefully planned transformation of war industries and demobilisation of war-workers. The Coalition Government, as the Government in office, is asking for a mandate to see the country through the immediate crisis, and is promising to provide solutions for all the problems before us. But it is going further. One thing leads to another; and the result is an appeal to the electorate to freeze out members of all three parties who will not describe themselves as supporters of the Coalition, and cannot get credentials from headquarters ratifying their claim. The extreme outcome of this would be a compact unanimous House of Commons all pledge-bound to support the Government. We have two observations to make. One is that even if the Government were a Government of all the talents and all the virtues, it would be a bad thing were there no Opposition in the House of Commons, and that even those who think that a large Government majority ought to be returned should dread a complete snowing-under of detached candidates. The other is that whatever opposition body is returned—and, humanly speaking, there is bound to be an Opposition—its members should forget the old maxim "The duty of an Opposition is to oppose." The duty of the Opposition in the new Parliament will be to watch, to criticise, and only to oppose when its conscience or its reason tells it that opposition is necessary. There is this much evident truth in the common Coalition argument: that we have so much work to do and it has to be done so quickly, that we cannot afford to have a merely factious Opposition, and that, wherever possible, the next Opposition should actually co-operate in the Government's reconstructive work.



# The Recovery of Europe: By Hilaire Belloc

## I.

EUROPE must recover: Now, what is Europe? Europe which came within an ace of destruction through the Prussian poison long absorbed and permitted, long increasing in effect, has, at an immense cost in vitality, cut out that growth. But in the effort Europe stands exhausted and must recover. If it does not do so, the operation will have killed the patient.

Well, what is Europe?

We must answer that question exactly if we are to face the problem at all, let alone to solve it. Even if we are lucky enough to get statesmanship instead of demagoguery, statesmanship itself will fail unless it knows the factors of its task.

What is Europe?

Europe is not a congeries of nations. That view of our civilisation is terribly dangerous in its crude simplicity, its vast ignorance of the complex reality. True, the religion of nationality has been the sustenance of this war. Without it the strain could never have been endured. Those in whom that emotion was weakest failed first, and those in whom it is strongest are now the ultimate victors. True, the general motive of nationalism has inspired its policy, and the chief desire of the victors to effect a full and final peace is expressed in terms of nationalism. They base their policy upon the idea of nationalities defined *as far as may be* and, once defined, free from alien government. Nevertheless, to regard Europe as a congeries of clearly marked nationalities, a sort of tessellated map the boundary lines on which exactly contain highly individual States, and those States each equally conscious members of the European society, is to see something which is not there. To act on such a concept would be to build upon no real foundation, to mistake the nature of one's material. It would result in mishaps as fatal as the confusion of iron for wood in the design of a ship, or the fashioning of some complex instrument without regard to the varying degrees of expansion, of conductivity, of density in the various metals.

Europe with her colonies is a certain culture developed in men not too dissimilar by racial descent to show one type—a type which all that is not European recognises at once as something different from the rest of the world—though it is now nearly half the world and much more than half the governing power of the world.

This vast State which summed up all our origins and from which we all derive passed, about sixteen centuries ago, through a prodigious revolution in religion the first seeds of which had been sown three hundred years earlier, and the completion of which was not effected for fully a hundred more. This revolution in religion—that is in the whole habit of the mind and therefore in all the product of society—had the strange effect, through missionary zeal, of widely extending the old civilisation from which it sprang, although that civilisation was already fatigued and impoverished. Ireland, the Germanies, the Slav countries far to the north and east, Scandinavia, came by an unceasing process into the orbit and within the limits of what men called Christendom: the task was accomplished—save for a few barbarous exceptions—about a thousand years ago, and within that period the Europe we know has developed.

This development has indeed produced nationalities as the marks of division: but not only nationalities, nor those nationalities equally well defined, nor—for the most part—lying within definite and undisputed geographical limits.

If we put only the major divisions of that complex which we call Europe, as those divisions stand to-day, we shall find, at least, five great categories of which each one is independent of the rest and makes a cross division at variance with all the others.

1. We have first of all the nationalities. They vary in national consciousness from the intense national feeling of a Frenchman or an Englishman to the vague half-awakened traditions of Lithuania. They vary in definition of boundary from the perfect sea-limit of Great Britain to the hopeless puzzle of Thrace and its sea-board. They vary in test: language is nowhere a perfect test, but you have an extreme like the French language with its small outliers in the Netherlands and certain Alpine valleys, and its small Basque and Breton exceptions at home, and another extreme like the Swiss with four languages and one jealously guarded national

system, or a third type, the English, covering the whole Irish race save a small fraction, and the United States as a whole yet excluding the mass of the Welsh. Race is rarely a test, it is too vague: locality never. They vary in simplicity of site, from the British or French who nowhere (in Europe) overpass rigid frontiers to the Prussians who have a fragment east of Poland, the Saxons who have fragments hundreds of miles away from their own country in Transylvania, and I know not which of the German nations which has a fragment on the lower Volga, thither transplanted by a German sovereign of Russia.

2. We have next the religions. Constantinople evangelised half the east, Rome all the west. The Orthodox and the Latin communions were separated for centuries by a belt of Lithuanian paganism not quite eliminated till four hundred years ago. The two churches have stood for centuries in a violent opposition which has increased with time, which is the great line of cleavage everywhere between the Baltic and the Balkans, and on which the Hapsburg dynasty reposed. For that tenacious institution was not a chance survival. It had a meaning. It was the organ of the Catholic as opposed to the Orthodox Slav. As though this parting were not enough you have the great religious quarrel of the sixteenth century making a cross division in the west. Nor is it a single cross division of north and south. A third of Ireland is Protestant. The Huguenots of France, though not a twentieth of the nation in numbers, are very powerful through their wealth—and their power is in the south. The German speech is almost exactly divided between the two forms of thought as are the Netherlands and Switzerland in balance of power if not in numbers. This distinction was half forgotten during the wave of scepticism which swept the vocal classes in the eighteenth century, and came to a climax in the nineteenth. Even to-day there are provincial centres in which it is thought good manners to ignore it. But it works a contrast in custom and morals of a most profound sort throughout Europe. And this is but a part of the story. You must add to the eastern and western division of Orthodox and Latin, to the northern and southern division of Catholic and Protestant, the intense force called anti-clericalism, a by-product of Catholic societies so strong in its action that for a generation it formed, with its opponents, the one living political quarrel of France, Italy and Spain, to which quarrel all other forms of political issue were subsidiary.

### RELIGIOUS TRADITIONS

I shall show later how this factor of the various religious cleavages affects our issue. I will be content here with only two examples—amply sufficient. The Belgian clerical was "Flamissant"—teutonic: opposed to the French tongue in Belgium and all its connotations; never suspecting what an awful issue such sympathies would raise, nor what an ironical fate awaited his great centre, Louvain. That is the first example. The second is this: One hears of the "Southern Slavs"—the "Yugo-Slavo"—as claiming to form one State. The claim is just. The language and race are the same, and the national aspiration is very real. But how many here know that half this people refuse to admit the priest of the other half, or that the difference in religious tradition between the two halves has led to the use of *two alphabets*? One half cannot read what the other half writes. One half prints its papers as we print ours, in the characters used in the article. The other prints them in quasi-Russian script and will tolerate no other letters.

3. We have the languages and their dialects. These do not determine nationality—but how powerful they are both for the dissemination and the withholding of ideas! And the frontiers of popular language are far more capricious, far more numerous, and at the same time far more vague than their printed literature or the set speech of the wealthier classes would suggest.

4. Profoundly affecting the problem is yet another cross division: that between the agricultural and the industrial areas. It has become more acute under the pressure of war. The mind of the one is not the mind of the other. The towns of industry have the organisation and the voice, but the country has the resisting power. Whole communities



are coloured by the predominance of the one type over the other. The industrial world is a herd, easily run by self-appointed leaders whose only anxiety is for their own position among a very few similar competitors. The agricultural world is organic. The former will accept any general rules imposed upon it. The very life of great towns makes such unquestioning obedience and mechanical submission at once possible and necessary. The latter will never obey these uniform and oppressive laws.

5. But the cross division in Europe to-day of agricultural and industrial, profound as it is, does not produce the *direct violent* and *immediate* effects of the last great cross division, the most clearly expressed of all: the division between the capitalist minority and their wage-earners. That great modern quarrel has its faint counterpart even in agricultural Europe, where there is the contrast between the stable, owning peasantry on the one side and the great eastern estates on the other. But for much the most part the quarrel of owners and non-owners is a quarrel of the great towns and ports, including the coalfields upon which they depend for their strange modern growth.

This cross-division is of such sharpness and separates interests so strong and so conscious that many confidently believed it at the outbreak of this war to outweigh nationality itself. That opinion erred: but not so widely that, under the strain of war and towards the end of it, the industrial quarrel overbore, in the defeated countries at least, the national claims. It threatened and threatens anarchy, and even the victorious countries know how their industrial parts are moved to great changes to-day.

Such are the difficulties of the great problem. Such are the conflicting definitions of right and the conflicting motives with which we have to deal.

So much for the analysis or criticism of a tremendous task. What of the synthesis? What of the accomplishment of a final stability?

The details of such an arrangement must be postponed to the second of these two articles. But we shall do well to begin by seeing the thing in its largest outlines.

In the first place the guiding principle of the settlement, in spite of all the perplexities which disturb it, must be national sympathy and tradition. This is so obvious that even the hurried and superficial glance of the newspaper and the parliamentary have long grasped it, and that even distant communities which can know little of Europe understand its importance. Indeed the trouble has been to prevent so simple and obvious a principle overriding all others, or obscuring the other principles of contrast and division which make what lies before us the awful thing it is.

We must begin by nationality, because nationality has been the driving force guiding all this affair. Within the national boundaries as they shall be established the other divisions of language, or religion, even of race, and perhaps of economic quarrel, may be arranged. But national the future of Europe must be. And the prime characteristic of its stability will be that national realities should be recognised. Even where boundaries cannot be exactly fixed; even where, as in the greater part of the new experiments, disappointed minorities must necessarily be included within the frontiers of satisfied majorities; even though you leave by this principle of nationality a legacy of unsolved minor problems, still it is the principle which must guide the whole.

Let me take a test case: the kingdom of Bohemia.

Bohemia is a State clearly defined by nature and by history. It is a square territory enclosed entirely by three ranges of mountains to the north, east and west, and cut off, though not so thoroughly, to the south. It is the upper basin of the Moldau and the Elbe.

How far this quadrilateral, which has been permanently present in Europe as a political entity has also preserved its original race, we do not know. The fluctuations of language little concern us. Religion is almost homogeneous: but when it comes to national tradition you are presented with the following phenomenon:

The metal-workers and the foresters of the northern mountain boundaries are largely German in tradition. They do not hold to a German national tradition, for there is no such thing, but they hold strongly to the German cultural tradition as against the Slav. Were it possible to map out in detail village by village, parish by parish, what is on the whole German in tradition and what is Bohemian, you would have an impossible frontier, not only ridiculously tortuous, but indefensible materially and morally. It is not possible to do this. But even a rough attempt at it, the abandonment of the mountains, for instance, would land you nowhere. If you are to have a new State which is to be stable at all, which is to have a chance of authority, and through authority of settling its economic domestic disputes and of making

something final, you must recognise the State of Bohemia, with its frontiers following the mountain chains, with its capital of Prague, with its connection eastward towards its Polish cousins, with all its traditions intact. That would involve the submission of certain Germanic minorities. That is inevitable. They are not the strongest elements in the State, and they are not the best. On the other hand, they are by nature docile. Bohemia within its historic boundaries, Bohemia recognised and rehabilitated, would be a permanent factor in Europe. Any attempt to create a frontier geographically artificial, or recognising the Germanic effort of colonisation by force or infiltration in the past, would not achieve stability at all.

I have only taken Bohemia as one example because it happens to be a complex and a difficult one. But the general principle stands. We must recognise the claims of nationality round which all this great war has been fought: we must take for the boundaries of those nationalities, in spite of local anomalies, their traditional and historic boundaries.

How shall opinion be expressed?

To say that it shall be expressed by the popular voice is to take two things for granted, which, as a fact, do not exist. The first is a popular conscience of geography—the power of millions of people to tell you with one voice exactly where their boundaries lie. The second is a popular initiative: the power of millions of people to frame the terms of the question upon which they shall vote.

### INSTINCTS OF THE MASS

There is a danger of error here which you find running throughout all representative institutions: the idea that vast numbers of men can act as though they were small numbers. They cannot. Men cannot vote upon a matter which they have themselves determined. They can only accept or veto in large numbers clear proposals put before them by a few. Therefore you can only have a popular vote within a framework which the peace conference shall lay down. You could create an artificial majority anywhere, by artificially including in some naturally united district an extraneous province. Such questions as may be submitted to a popular vote must necessarily be submitted from above, and it is at once the chief and imperative duty of those who submit such questions to follow the natural and historic lines; to follow the boundaries which sane history points out; to lean towards the older tradition and against recent colonisation; to neglect altogether the argument of "industrial efficiency" and the rest, with which cosmopolitan capital will try to muddy the waters. There is a Bohemian State in Europe; a Magyar State; an Austrian State—the eastern mark; a Poland; a Rumania; a Serbia, and so forth.

All negative attempts to confuse those great simple issues by a discussion of uncertain, complex boundaries are perils to the final settlement.

In this respect we must be particularly careful of the test of language, because it is a simple test, or rather because it is a mechanical one. It appeals strongly to men remote from the actual circumstances of any particular national problem. All political errors, or almost all, come from this attempt at mechanical simplification. We must remember that the test of language is subject to a hundred modifications. The statistics, to begin with, are modified by the nature of the government which drew them up, and by its object in drawing them up. Beyond this, more important is the fact that groups of languages do not correspond necessarily to national tradition at all.

Religious divisions again can only be dealt with upon the basis of a supposed national unity.

I take the case of the Masurian population, Polish in tradition but, alone of the Poles, Protestant in faith. I take the Federal Republic of Switzerland, divided into Catholic and Protestant, as it is also divided by another cross-division into Latin and Germanic tongues. I take the curiously united region of Alsace.

Treat any one of these as political units—which they are—and you get your answer at once. The Masurian population is Protestant but it is Polish. Alsace is a perfect medley of two religions, but it is united historically in its political character.

In other words in this matter of religious difference the test of the unit is nationality. And to that test we must adhere.

It is true that religion is also in many places a test of national survival, and of national definition. For instance, in all the western marches of Poland Catholicism is the test of Polish nationality, even after many generations of Prussian occupation and propaganda in language. Or again, the southern boundaries of the Kingdom of Holland, especially towards the sea, were established by the Protestant struggle



against Spain in the sixteenth century. But in spite of this, in spite of the fact that we must recognise religious differences and mark the places where it connotes a real difference of national tradition, it should be submitted, if we are to make the final settlement stable, to the settlement of nationality.

Let us grant then (as I think is already granted, in the minds of nearly all of those who approach this problem seriously) that the strong modern motive of national patriotism must be satisfied first: that no firm or permanent arrangement could be made which does not accept it, work with it, and try to confirm it for good.

Let us suppose Europe (it is too good a dream to come true) fixed in a stable arrangement of States much the greater part of which would be strong through a common patriotism, and able with that strength to manage each its own domestic problem, especially the most perilous problem of all, its

economic problem. Let us even imagine international forces to have become straightforward, to be working above board, and to be acting only as servants of the common good, and as subsidiary to these local national enthusiasms. Does there not still remain a danger for the future peace of Europe, and in particular a peril to that civilisation of the south and west, which the former German Empire and its Allies insolently challenged and so very nearly destroyed?

There does. It is still in acute danger, and it will become a greater danger than ever if we imagine that we have settled things once and for all by the erection of nominally independent States. That danger is the coalescence under another form of all those forces which when they were moulded and organised by Prussia proved so awful a menace to the older civilised life of Europe.

That is the target of policy. Let us aim at striking it.

(To be continued)

## The Bully on His Back: By Arthur Pollen

THE fact of the German surrender and the terms on which the surrender was accepted, were made known after my last week's article had been written. It was already clear that the German navy would submit to any humiliation rather than fight. But few people can have been prepared for such an utter sea eclipse as must now befall. All the submarines and battle-cruisers, and a full half of the fighting fleet are to be surrendered before Monday next. All the ships not surrendered are to be paid off, disarmed and demobilised, and then left under Allied supervision. The terms apply to the ships in German control in the Black Sea equally with those in the Baltic, and the acceptance of the terms carries with it the evacuation and surrender of all the defences which close the Baltic to the Allied fleets and shipping. The German navy—actually demoralised and therefore militarily non-existent before the armistice was asked for—will therefore in a few days be materially non-existent as well.

The astonishing character of this transaction lies in its singular contrast to the case of the German army on land. When one reads through the armistice conditions, one's first impression is that the principle of disarming the enemy has been carried out impartially in both elements. The army has surrendered so many guns, so many machine-guns, so much rolling stock, evacuates so much territory, gives up so many positions. The navy surrenders so many ships, disarms the rest and so forth. It is only when one remembers that the German army has fought to the point of absolute exhaustion before surrendering that the extraordinary nature of the naval catastrophe becomes clear. For it cannot be insisted upon too strongly that the collapse of German sea-power came when materially it was at its highest. Never before had the enemy possessed more or better ships, never had he for a year enjoyed such opportunities for training his fleet for those complex combined manœuvres which the great diversity of his force and the mechanical perfection of its material made possible. Here he had advantages denied to us. After the failure of the Russian navy to defend the Gulf of Riga, it became perfectly clear that, save for the British submarines, the Baltic had become a German lake. The treaty of Brest-Litovsk compelled even the British submarines to leave, and from February last the German fleet has had no opponent, surface or under-water, in all the waters that stretch away from Kiel. The Grand Fleet has never lacked for sea-practice, but its practices have been carried on in spite of such threats and dangers as German submarines and German mines held over it. The German fleet could have manœuvred month after month at its will, without a single anxiety or taking a single precaution. But the German command lacked the strategical insight, the tactical insight, the gallantry of initiative, necessary for putting this advantage to account. Worse still, it could not inspire its personnel with the fighting spirit. A fleet, then, materially intact and with every opportunity for attaining a great mastery of tactics and for developing a perfect moral, has now been surrendered—without striking a blow for its country, without the slightest pride in its power, without possessing any self-respect to lose.

The thing is, of course, entirely without precedent in history, but then Germany holds some curious naval records already. A Prussian Government once sold the whole of its fleet by public auction. In this war, with a few, but very few, honourable exceptions, the German fleet's action at sea

has been unique. It has warred, not against its armed opponent openly in battle—but by the stealthy assassination of the defenceless. It goes then unhonoured into the nothingness from which it came.

The whole episode is extraordinarily characteristic. Its most striking feature is one it shares with the Russian revolution. When the Tsardom fell, the discovery which disconcerted the Allies most of all was that the Russian people seemed wholly without national pride. In the fall of what we used to call Germany, it is this that marks the action of its fleet. That force has taken two inglorious leads. Its refusal to fight, whether from common sense or from cowardice, proved that it was not a sea microcosm of a nation willing to lose everything but honour when the time of trial came. It was the first line of the home defence to break. It was the failure of the unexhausted, untried, unfought navy that compelled the surrender of the war-worn, distracted, exhausted army. And, not content with this, it was the navy that gave the signal for the German revolution.

It is exactly in these two appearances, the last historic appearances of the German navy, that we see the difference between the two protagonist nations of the war. When the British people found themselves, quite unexpectedly and most reluctantly, at war in 1914, their confidence, not only in the material strength, but in the loyalty, devotion, and the fighting spirit of their fleet was absolute. Nor has that confidence wavered once, from the day when the Grand Fleet went to its stations a week before war was declared, until yesterday, when the new fast cruiser Koenigsberg was met fifty miles from Rosyth, bringing on board those who had come to receive Sir David Beatty's orders for the disposal of the German fleet. And just as the British nation has never doubted the British navy, so, too, the navy has never wavered for an instant in its belief in the constancy of the British nation to its historic mission. In the merchant service—as the Board of Admiralty has finely reminded us by a most opportune message of praise and thanks to that incomparable body—the Royal Navy has found allies and colleagues and indeed brothers in arms, of a temper and spirit not inferior to its own. The navy is the fighting Briton afloat, the merchant service the civilian Briton at sea. The finest traits of national character have been exemplified by each. There was a time just before the war when the public was rushed into a discussion as to what would happen should merchant ships become liable to unexpected torpedo attack from submarines. An admiral of great reputation and wide experience prophesied confidently that, as trade was timid, the first threat of submarine attack would drive all merchantmen from the sea. It was a prophecy most singularly and, let us not be ashamed to add, most surprisingly falsified. If anyone will take the trouble to set out graphwise the sailings and clearances from British ports, and try to gather from them the periods of greatest danger of submarine attack, he will find himself amazingly misled by the inferences that seem obvious. The destruction of nine million tons of British shipping necessarily made a difference to the arrivals and departures of ships from British ports. But the murder of between twelve and fifteen thousand officers, seamen, and passenger non-combatants seemingly made no difference to the willingness to face the risks inseparable from the submarine. Nor has there been a single action by the Royal or the merchant navy at sea dishonourable to themselves or to the nation, or questionable on any code of



right or wrong yet propounded. And so the sea war ends with the tie between the fleet, and merchant service, and nation closer and more intensely affectionate than it has ever been.

### The Bully on His Belly

When Germany's sea record is remembered; when we mourn the many thousands foully murdered in the sea service of ourselves and our allies; when we look at the grim depletion of our tonnage—just when the demand for tonnage for demobilising the forces and reconstructing the damage of war will be at its highest—it must surely seem very singular that the allied governments should not have set out, as a first condition of granting Germany an armistice, that the enemy should repair—so far as he could—the damage done at sea; should not, therefore, as a necessary condition to any relief from attack, have included the immediate surrender of the German merchant marine. It has been pointed out in these columns, not once but many times, that such shipping as Germany possesses can hardly make good more than one-third of the damage done. If it were handed over to Great Britain in its entirety, it would—even after our heroic efforts to maintain our shipping while maintaining our sea-fighting strength—hardly put our tonnage where it was before the war. What makes the omission still more amazing are, first, that the Allies have conceded the principle that either during the armistice or certainly while peace is being discussed, they will voluntarily undertake part of the provisioning of the defeated Germans; secondly, that

restitution is an admitted principle of peace. There is no reminder that the food shortage of the world is largely due to the countless cargoes of meat and bread stuffs now rotting at the bottom of the sea. Is it too late to suggest that this omission should be made good without delay?

The enemy at least is not backward in affording the opportunity. Day after day the whimper goes out that Germany must be fed, or perish in red revolution. But, thanks to the régime which Scheidemann, Solf and Co. so slavishly supported, other peoples, and those in no sense responsible either for the war or its outrageous atrocities, are in no better case. Germany may indeed be on the verge of famine, but it would be perfectly consistent with the German character to scream this out when it was altogether false. The Government of Berlin consists of the ex-Kaiser's henchmen, theorists inexperienced in the task of government, and utterly unused to being responsible either for their actions or their words. In stepping into their late master's shoes, a sedulous aping of their ways would come naturally. The situation does not justify the mailed fist blustering of a few years ago. The bully is on his back, and they cannot play the part as if he were on his feet. But they seem to play the part of the bully on his belly to admiration. First bluster, then collapse; now they turn and grovel. The first character was not very terrifying; the second not very edifying. The third is simply nauseating. If the Germans are to be fed, let them first volunteer the beginnings of restitution. Let them begin where their crimes have been most flagrant and destructive. Let them give up their ships

## Labour and Peace Terms: By John Murray

FROM time to time in the last four years claims have been made on behalf of Labour to a specific and direct voice in various war questions comprising, for instance, overtures for peace, formal negotiations, and the substance of the treaties which may eventually be concluded. These claims have failed, on the whole, to attract general attention or to win the support of the public, and this for several reasons. In propounding their claims, the Labour organisations have shown less adroitness, and less power of selection, than could have been wished in view of the reasonableness of much of what they ask. Their more extravagant and academic claims have been made the most of by their opponents. The Press has not been very sympathetic. Thus the public has gathered vaguely that Labour was making trouble by asking for the wrong things, or, at least, by asking too much and at the wrong time. And now Labour (see the *Times* of November 14th) has tabled its "international" policy in a few trenchant paragraphs. These will make many rub their eyes and protest again. But they ought, as well, to provoke thought.

The recent history of this policy in England is worth our glancing back at, in the general intention of bringing out the reasonable basis of a good part of it. Thus at the conference of the General Federations of Trade Unions of the Allied Countries held at Leeds in July, 1916, Mr. Ben Cooper said "if Capitalism was going to lay down tariff conditions and conditions favourable for the protection of itself against the international supremacy of Germany . . . Labour also should be equally as determined, so far as the Allied Powers were concerned, to see that any regulations which they wanted to impose on their own Governments for the purpose of assimilating industrial conditions and preventing the unfair competition existing were arrived at, in the same way as the capitalists had arrived at their decisions, before the terms of peace were discussed." Those were the days of the Paris Resolutions. Military victory and the launching of the idea of a League of Nations have presumably modified the capitalist plans referred to by Mr. Cooper; but they can only have strengthened his argument for Labour. At the same conference Mr. John Ward said: "We must insist on having some say, and we must use every means by which we can combine our forces to elevate those who are slightly lower in the social scale, to give greater opportunities to some of our Allies for free development." Mr. W. A. Appleton brought the discussion down to details: "While the programme set forth by the French may appear to be a very modest one in Great Britain (where we already have the Saturday half-holiday, Sunday rest, laws regulating the labour of women and children, and an understanding in respect of the length of the working day), yet, looking at it from the broader point of view, it is important. It would

be of immense value to Russia, France, and Italy if these laws could be internationalised." The views embodied in the above quotations were adopted by the conference.

In August, 1916, Mr. Appleton, as secretary of the General Federation of Trade Unions, formally submitted to Mr. Asquith, who was then Prime Minister, a statement of "international" policy which contained matter of some interest. Thus in 1904 France and Italy signed what was perhaps the first Labour treaty. This treaty provided, among other things, for

1. Facilities for the transfer of savings banks deposits.
2. Facilities for the payment of contributions and the payment of benefits from national pension funds.
3. The inter-State operation of insurance against accidents in employment.
4. The title of subjects of either country to unemployment insurance.
5. The protection of minors in industry.

The gist of the document is as follows: "The Management Committee respectfully suggest that you, as Prime Minister of Great Britain, should bring before your colleagues in the Cabinet the desirability of discussing with the Governments of Allied Powers the possibility of agreements dealing internationally with the labour of women and children, of night work, weekly rest days, and the maximum length of the work day, both for hazardous and non-hazardous occupations. You are also asked to use your influence and power to promote the appointment of an Allied Commission of Inquiry into the laws of hygiene and safety, and the best methods of applying these industrially and socially. Railways, ships, docks, and mines offer immediate opportunities for the adoption of automatic and other aids to safety, and an arrangement should be made for a common struggle against industrial poisons, dangerous processes, and illnesses pertaining to occupations. And further on it is recorded that "the Management Committee has recently conferred with representative leaders of workmen from Belgium, France, and Italy, and in these countries working-class opinion is strongly in favour of ameliorative Labour legislation on international lines, with agreements incorporated in treaties, framed prior to or in connection with the treaties that end in peace." At another conference of the same organisations, held in London in September, 1917, M. Jouhaux (general secretary of the Confédération Générale du Travail) moved a resolution containing this clause among others: "That social progress shall be effective and international, and shall fully realise the conclusion that "the worker is a citizen of the world." The resolution was passed unanimously.

Still another conference, the Inter-Allied Labour and Socialist Conference, which met in London in February, 1918, emphasised among its war aims "the need for an international agreement for the enforcement in all countries



of the legislation on factory conditions, a maximum eight-hour day, the prevention of 'sweating' and unhealthy trades necessary to protect the workers against exploitation and oppression, and the prohibition of night work by women and children."

Finally, the Labour Party programme, which appeared in the *Times* of November 14th, speaks of "the need for an international agreement for the enforcement in all countries of uniform legislation on factory conditions, maximum working hours, the prevention of sweating and unhealthy trades, and similar industrial reforms."

## Labour Legislation

The international policy proposed in monotonously uniform terms upon the occasions which I have noted has much to commend it. If the stage in factory legislation which this country has reached is a good thing in itself—if, relatively speaking, it humanises work and promotes true efficiency—that legislation will, *prima facie*, be good for other nations. Some of the labour conditions which in England are taken so much for granted are elsewhere the object of strenuous effort. Take the attitude of the French towards *la semaine anglaise*: an attitude no Englishman can observe without a little pride and more than a little pity. The past autumn, for instance, has witnessed a vigorous agitation in the tailoring and dressmaking industry in Paris, *la semaine anglaise* being among the points eventually gained by the workpeople. The following is from a rapturous letter by a *midinette* quoted in *L'Information Ouvrière et Sociale* of October 31st: "*La patronne dont on m'a dit beaucoup de mal récemment et qui certes ne fait pas encore participer ses ouvrières à ses bénéfices, a tout de même accordé à son personnel la "semaine anglaise." Pensez si nous sommes heureuses; tout l'après-midi du samedi pour courir à notre tour les grands magasins et nous occuper de notre coquetterie—je parle pour moi, c'est un peu mon défaut—et n'être plus obligée de passer une partie de la nuit pour arranger un corsage ou même raccommoder nos bas. Vous n'avez pas idée combien les bas de soie s'usent vite, et combien les yeux se fatiguent à travailler sous la lampe, sans compter que le pétrole. . . .*" There can be very little harm in workpeople in every land under the sun having Saturday afternoon off and resting on Sunday. There are other points, too, in which reform is as obviously desirable, and even more urgent.

To these general humanitarian grounds Labour thinks that the present juncture adds both opportunity and necessity. It is desirable that the public should realise this point. The war has brought the allied nations closer to each other so that, having done so much in concert, and done it successfully, they might well lay down regulations in common for industry. From these friendly possibilities a regenerate Germany need not be excluded in advance or absolutely. Regeneracy would require, of course, to be demonstrated. But, whether Germany came in or stayed out, there would be no incongruity in any League of Nations that may emerge from the welter of warfare defining broad principles of factory legislation. I shall say nothing at this point about the practicability of this intrinsically attractive idea.

It may be argued, however, that the present circumstances, while offering an opportunity, disclose an interest so pressing as to amount wellnigh to compulsion. If the friendly possibilities mentioned above are not explored or realised, if no League of Nations, or only a perfunctory one, takes shape, very severe competition may set in among the manufacturers of Europe. Under the pressure of competition the whole position of Labour everywhere would be endangered. Where Labour is weakest the fall in wages and the deterioration of conditions would be at a maximum. "Exploitation" in certain areas would drive other better-paid groups or nations to protect their own standards by tariff barriers which might have to be made impassable. The alternative to a League of Nations may really be, on the economic side, not to go on again as before the war, but to lapse into acutely exclusive nationalism. It is no exaggeration to suggest that Europe might then become the scene and the victim of an organised orgy of undercutting, of dumping, of thoroughly unfair competition, and of many other evils. Labour shrinks from this prospect, though, so far as regards political sentiment, it is just as patriotic and as "national" as any other class of the community. But it has enough solidarity with the men of its own class in other European countries to believe that no interests worth serving can be served by acquiescence in bad labour conditions, which connote exploitation, in any part of Europe. Thus at the present juncture Labour is unavoidably driven to press for more uniform conditions throughout Europe. Its campaign is likely to obtain support from the manufacturers who fear dumping and the effect of

"unfair" competition. On the other hand, those who believe in importing at the very cheapest rates may be expected to oppose the Labour policy. But cheapness, obviously, is not everything.

Hardly anyone will deny that the international Labour policy, in the boiled-down form in which I have put it forward, contains a great and a humane European ideal. Nor is this policy an enemy of nationalism. When M. Jouhaux claims that the worker is "a citizen of the world" he does not mean to sweep away the patriotic sentiments. That would be a peculiarly forlorn hope just now. The Labour Party seeks to make the relations of nations friendlier by removing certain powerful causes of economic strife.

## Ideas and Action

If the Labour ideas are both good and timely, the question arises next how they may be seriously discussed with a view to action being taken. The Labour Party is well aware that it will encounter grave difficulties when it reaches the stage of concrete and detailed proposals. Immediate success is not to be hoped for on many points. But no matter how great the difficulties or how small the probable success, no unfavourable view on these two points should interfere with the claim of Labour to have a formal opportunity given for the discussion of the main matter.

Let us look at the proposals of the party as set out in the *Times* of November 14th:

The Executive Committee, therefore, recommend that the Emergency Conference should adopt the following resolution:

"That this Special Emergency Conference of the Labour Party reaffirms the demand of the Inter-Allied Conferences of February and September, 1918:

- "(1) That, in the official delegations from each of the belligerent countries which formulate the Peace Treaty, the workers should have direct official representation.
- "(2) That a World Labour Congress should be held at the same time and place as the Peace Conference that will formulate the Peace Treaty closing the war.
- "(3) That this Conference demands that the Government should afford facilities for the fulfilment of the above proposals."

Proposal (1) is otiose, if Mr. Lloyd George on taking office in December, 1916, made the Labour Party a promise to that effect. In any case, the existence of the Coalition, which may be presumed, would automatically ensure Labour representation. But (1) means more than this. It emphasises the bringing of industrial conditions within the purview of diplomacy. There is no *a priori* reason against this, while there are plausible and strong arguments of fact in its favour. But, granted that diplomacy is to enter on this new field, it does not follow that at the Peace Conference diplomacy can conveniently handle labour questions, or, indeed, handle them at all. The English delegation at the conference cannot, for example, call in the same breath for South-West Africa to be handed over to General Botha and for everybody in the *Vaterland* to be given Saturday afternoons off. What, for Labour, is essential is that the conference should boldly proclaim labour conditions matters for international diplomacy to arrange. The conference must go further. It must provide both a platform for discussion and machinery for settlement. As the questions that will come up are numerous and extremely unlikely to be settled together or all at once, the platform and the machinery would have to be of a permanent sort.

Proposal (2) is naïve if it means that the Labour Congress is to consist of Labour only. Even if, as (2) virtually admits, the international charter of Labour is hardly a matter for the diplomatic Peace Conference, it is still, most assuredly, a matter for diplomacy. The Government must be represented. And not only they, but the employers' organisations as well have an indefeasable right to be present. Labour amelioration has proceeded in this country by agreement between employers and workmen perhaps as much as by State action. The methods of conciliation and arbitration are at least as likely to answer internationally as statutory prescription. If (2) may be read as pointing to an international court of arbitration in which both sides shall be represented, i.e., employers and workpeople, and diplomacy shall occupy the chair, it is difficult to quarrel with it. Who could quarrel with a glorified committee on production dispensing Sunday rest with both hands throughout Europe?

If proposals (1) and (2) are as reasonable, if, properly interpreted, they are as unavoidable stages in evolution as they can very readily be shown to be, proposal (3) need give no trouble.



# German Humour: By Edward Shanks

Enemy Views on the War



ON THE WAY TO THE WEST

Pile up the war loan! With the last we cleared up the East for you.



MARCH STORMS IN THE WEST

Do you think the Americans will come in this weather?

I DO not know whether it has ever been observed that, while nothing can make tragedy comic, the events of a few months can turn humour into the most blood-chilling tragedy. It is an obvious remark; but I do not think I realised how profoundly true it was until recently I looked through a number of German humorous papers published during the last few months. Before the war among young men of a certain type there was even a cult of *Simplicissimus*, which is much the best of its kind. I remember how at Cambridge there was a bitter struggle as to whether the paper should be taken by the Union, and how while one party alleged its ugly

brutality and its indecency, the other alleged its wonderful drawings and its biting wit. It certainly had three of these claims to notice, though its wit was intermittent and various. And now in the last year of war it is unchanged, as ugly, as brutal, as well illustrated, and, occasionally, as witty as before.

But what a wonderful commentary these pictures make on the events we have just lived through! They are like nothing so much as the ironical beginning of a Greek tragedy. A number published two days before the German offensive of March 21st shows on its cover a French woman (France is nearly always symbolised as "Marianne") and an English soldier in a terrific wind clinging in fantastic attitudes to



ON THE MARNE

Sic transit gloria . .



WAR PROFITEER

"Why does that gentleman get an ice-pail, and not me? Do you think I'm not so important as him?"  
 "Excuse me, you are having Bordeaux, sir."  
 "That's all one to me—I want an ice-pail."





#### PROGRESS IN THE WEST

Luckily we have learnt from the Germans that only one man should give orders—now we only need to find out what orders he is to give.

shattered trees and shouting to one another: "Do you think the Americans will come in this weather?" And a week later a really fine drawing by Th. Th. Heine represents French peasants in their fields looking wanly at a truly terrific thunderstorm which is rolling up over them and saying: "This time it may go hard with us—the Russian lightning conductor is out of order." In June, in another picture by Heine, called "On the Marne," a funereal barge floats on blood-red waters under a blood-red sky past a weeping willow. On the barge a woman wearing mourning and the cap of Liberty faints across a coffin marked R. F.; and at the side of the coffin the Gallic cock turns up his claws in the last spasm. It is in the same number that Clemenceau, a pitiful and sombre figure, looks sombrely at the guillotine. This is the climax of German expectation. In July there is satire at the expense of German profiteers; and a picture called "German U-boats outside New York" shows Colonel Roosevelt, mounted and dressed as a rough-rider, riding gallantly over a cliff's edge into the sea to dispel the menace, while Morgan spends the night in his strong-room and Barnum hails the U-boat with a megaphone, asking if he may have an advertisement painted on its side. It is not till September 17th that we get the new note; and here German infantrymen are seen gallantly bombing an advancing tank, and the reader is informed that "Not machines, but hearts decide the victory." The following week is more ominous still. Now, in a picture called "Nerves," Hindenburg, bent, gigantic, and statuesque, says, without turning to the frightened faces behind him: "Tell your friends they can drink in peace—we out here have the responsibility and the confidence." The last picture closes the series on the proper note of suspense and terror. It is called "Rumour," and the inscription beneath reads: "Terrible news is reaching the citizens—always from the best sources: from their own cowardice." But the picture—a huge, thin, fantastic figure, stalking down a moonlit street, and glaring at the citizens, who survey him in panic from their houses—belies the bravado of the words. Doom was already approaching Germany. Two days after this picture was published Foch began the offensive of September 26th.

But these papers provide more than a significant commentary on the march of events. They illustrate German conditions and the German mind in a very revealing way. They are often really witty, though the wit must now seem a little sour to the creators of it. Gulbransson's picture of reported "scandals" in the English Cabinet is excellently drawn, but is rather too scatological for reproduction or comment. But the German joke about our "single command" is really amusing, if not justified, and the English and French faces are well rendered. "Luckily, we have learnt from the Germans that only one man should give orders," say the Allied Staffs. "Now we only need to find out what orders he is to give." And this in June—only a month before the Allied offensive began. But observe the English officer standing up on the right—and confess that the type is by no means libellous. In this connection, it is worth observing that the artists of *Simplicissimus* seem to have as low an opinion of the German soldier as we have.

In the matter of internal affairs, *Simplicissimus* makes a curious contrast with *Kladderadatsch*, which is just as ugly, but rather feebler and by way of being reactionary. *Kladderadatsch* makes fun of shortages, and for the rest vents a futile spite on the Allies. It is only revealing when it asks who could refuse three fatuously smiling young women who bring as gifts three hearts labelled Livonia, Esthonia, and Courland. But *Simplicissimus* smites the profiteer (the *Kriegsgewinnler*) hip and thigh. It shows him in a restaurant, angry because another guest's champagne is in an ice-pail, while his Bordeaux is not. It shows him telling the war-worn lieutenant who comes to his party that a monocle would have given a better tone to the affair. And it suggests that two different Rolls of Honour might be published, thus:—

*The Following Have Bled for the Fatherland:*

Private Schulze, Private Lehmann, etc.

*The Fatherland Has Bled for the Following:*

Daimler Automobile Co., Chamberlain von Behr-Pinnow, etc.

But German humour is a variable thing.



#### NERVES

Tell your friends they can drink in peace—we out here have the responsibility and the confidence.



# The Tanks :

By Major-General E. D. Swinton, C.B., D.S.O., R.E.

(By request and with permission)

## "A little more of the Truth"

I HAVE been invited to give some further information about the Tank—the most striking military invention of the war—and one which, during its short life, has probably had as great an influence on tactical methods and the course of operations on land as any other weapon. On its own element, indeed, its introduction has had a revolutionary effect ranking with that brought about by the power of the submarine at sea.

The motto adopted for a previous very guarded article on this subject, written during 1917, and published in September of that year in the *World's Work* in America, and the *Strand Magazine* in England, was: "*The Truth; nothing but the Truth; but not the Whole Truth.*" If any caption be necessary for this further discreet dissertation, none more suitable in the writer's opinion could be selected than that printed above. For, though over two years have passed since the Tanks burst before an astonished world, and more than twelve months since my last article appeared, almost the same limitations apply now, as then, as to what can and cannot be made public. It is true that the Allies seem by now—October, 1918—to have climbed the steepest slope of adversity, to have passed the summit, and to be pressing the unspeakable Hun on the down-grade; but the war is by no means over, and the moment therefore not yet come for a complete revelation as to the birth and evolution of this still novel and not yet fully fledged arm. This, of course, refers to the necessity of not giving away information to the enemy. But there are other limitations to a full and frank discourse. A detailed account of the historical aspect of the development of the Tank would be of undoubted interest, but much would be of a controversial nature to be avoided; whilst in a narrative of its actual employment there can be little of that comment which might season and quicken a dull statement of fact.

Since September, 1917, the writer has been fortunate enough to have made two visits to the United States. During the later visit he was for some three months touring the country, "spel binding" for the Third Liberty Loan and the United States Shipping Board. Besides being accorded a most cordial and more than friendly reception, he was afforded the unique privilege of being a witness of the awakening of a whole country—of a giant amongst nations—to the nature and extent of the present world crisis. And it seemed to him that to those millions of minds turned so steadfastly and inquiringly towards the progress of events in Europe, no single detail as to the conduct of operations or the methods of waging warfare was so welcome as any scrap of information about the Tanks, their nature, the history of their inception, their development, the method of their use, the results attained, and the possibilities of their employment in the future. This engine of war, owing to its novelty, its mechanical nature, and to the fact that, though an entirely British invention, its possibility was suggested to some extent by an existing American machine, seems to have captivated the imagination, almost the affection, of the American public. To prevent disappointment, therefore, to those readers of this article who may expect more enlightenment than they will receive, it is necessary to point out at once the unavoidable restrictions under which the matter must be handled.

Firstly, a few words as to evolution. As was explained in September, 1917, the basic conception of employing an engine of war to perform, under the different tactical conditions of the moment, what is now effected by the Tanks is not new. And references were made to ancient and mediæval equivalents of the Tank, and to a more modern suggestion of M. Albert Robeida, of Paris, in 1883. More recently the military critic of the *Neue Freie Presse*, in an article on the subject of the changes of tactics brought about by the action of Tanks (September 15, 1918), draws attention to the fact that nearly four and a half centuries ago Leonardo da Vinci had conceived the idea of a similar engine, and in 1482 placed his views on record in a letter to the Duke Ludovici Sforza.

A year ago it was explained by the present writer that the possibility of creating a Tank was suggested at the very beginning of the war by the knowledge of the existence and performance of an American machine, the Holt tractor.

But beyond this inspiration of what might be practicable, the Tank as used by the British Army to-day is an entirely British production. During the year 1915 the problem of constructing "Landships" or "Land-Cruisers," as they were then called, was seriously taken in hand in England by more than one body of officials. Some conceived the project of constructing a machine with very large wheels. Others pinned their faith on the employment of coupled steam road rollers, and one at least on the Hornsby-Ackroyd Caterpillar. Trials were also made with certain existing tractors propelled on the caterpillar principle. Amongst the machines of the latter type experimented with as they stood, or of which certain parts were tried separately, the following were of American manufacture: the Holt, the Bullock, and the Killen Strait tractors. Neither the entire machines nor the separate parts of them, however, were found to be suitable for the purpose required, and all idea of making use of them was dropped. The final machine evolved—"Mother"—the prototype of all the British Tanks, which was officially tested in February, 1916, was, except for the adoption of the known system of caterpillar propulsion, the product of the brains of British engineers, both in regard to the general design and mechanical details.

With the exception of certain small fittings, also, the machines were made entirely by British workmen, of British materials, in the British Isles.

## The Magnitude of the Task

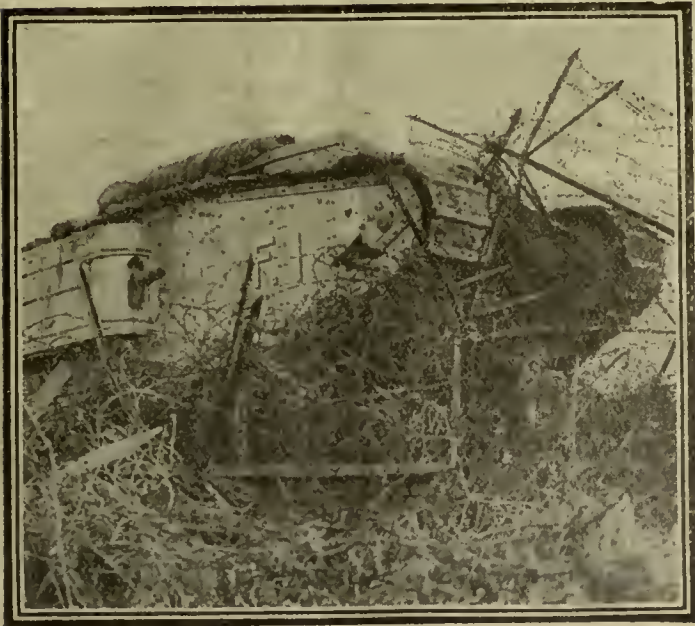
In regard to production, partly owing to the mystery surrounding the whole subject, the nature of the task achieved by the directing Committee, and the British manufacturers and workmen engaged in making the first batch or instalment of Tanks, is neither appreciated nor even recognised. After the military authorities had seen "Mother" perform and come to the conclusion the Tanks might be of service to the Army, it was decided that some of these machines should be made. In February, 1916, the order was placed for 100 machines, shortly after being increased to 150. The execution of this order entailed the lay out, the making of special tools for constructing a machine of a hitherto unknown type, the manufacture of special armour-plate, guns, gun ammunition, engines and gearing, the adaptation of certain machine-guns, and the manufacture of various minor fittings, all of which were the subject of searching experimental work. By September 15, or just over six months later, a number of Tanks were in action. The manufacture of a new and complicated machine, of which the type had not been sufficiently established nor the demand sufficiently large to enable output to be properly standardised, at a time when British factories were congested with other war work, was a *tour de force*. Moreover, the necessity for maintaining secrecy as to what was going on complicated the work and handicapped progress. And the way that the secret was in fact kept by the thousands of men concerned is not the least remarkable feature of the whole business of the first production of this new weapon, which was a credit to British patriotism, industry, and organisation.

During 1916 the French were also busy inaugurating a similar weapon. It was known in England during that year that our Allies were constructing armoured climbing motors, the idea for which, according to M. Abel Ferry, writing in the *Petit Parisien* of August 22 of this year, was initiated in the summer of 1915. But the actual machines were not seen by those engaged in producing the British Tanks until after the latter had already been "blooded" upon the field of battle. The lines upon which the French machines were developed were somewhat different from those adopted on this side of the Channel.

To turn to the operations of the British Tanks. Unluckily space does not admit of a full account of what they have done; it is only possible to touch upon the high spots of their achievements. Their first employment in September, 1916, was really in the nature of an experiment, since the new machines were not only untried in the field, but were the very first of their species, and were bound, under the acid test of actual service, to develop defects such as are inevitable in the infancy of every new invention.



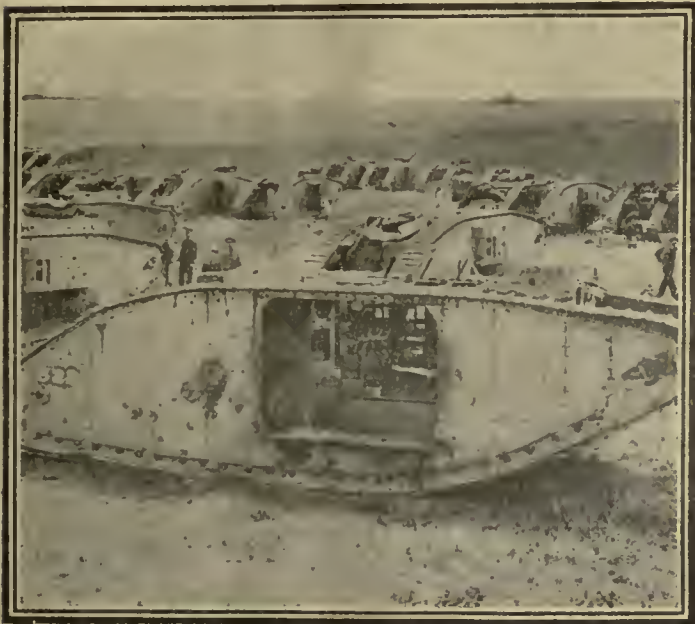
In Action and at Rest



GOING INTO ACTION



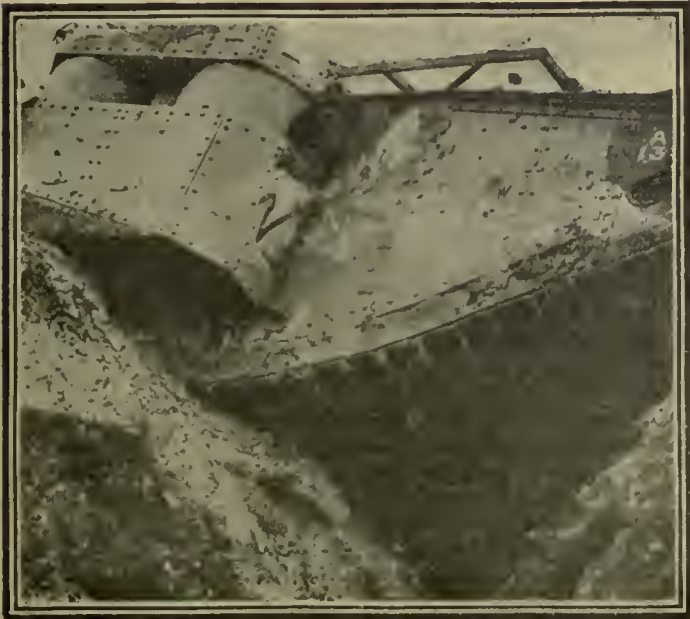
A WHIPPET IN DISTRESS



A FLEET OF TANKS



A DIRECT HIT ON A GERMAN TANK



DISABLED



FRENCH MOSQUITOES



Their crews also had been trained in haste, and were not fully practised, while no proper tactics for their operations had been evolved; and the "crumped," otherwise crater-pitted, ground over which they had to advance was almost impassable, even for them. And yet the results of this first essay were considered so eminently satisfactory as to justify a continuation of the employment and an expansion of the new arm, the expediting of every effort to remedy the defects that had been brought to light, and the development of the proper method of their co-operation.

On September 15, 1916, the most dramatic episode was the capture of the village of Flers by Tanks at the time when our infantry had been held up by their usual and hitherto unconquered enemies—machine-guns and barbed wire. This event, it will be remembered, was thus signalled by wireless back to Headquarters by an aviator: "*A Tank is walking up the High Street of Flers, with the British Army cheering behind.*" A little message which will not only be historic because it marks an epoch in tactics, but is remarkable because, brief as it is, it accentuates a very important point—the great moral effect produced on the infantry soldier by the first appearance of his steel-clad brother. So far the immense psychological influence of the Tanks upon the troops against whom they are employed and upon infantry of the side using them has not gained the attention it deserves. On this day also, two other Tanks performed remarkable feats. One got astride a German trench and enfiladed it with its fire, so causing the surrender of 300 Germans, whilst the other silenced a German battery single-handed. Ten days later, during the same battle of the Somme, at the attack on the Gird trench, when our infantry were again held up on a front of nearly a mile owing to the same cause, one Tank came up and waddled along the barbed wire, destroying it, and so enabling our riflemen and bombers to follow. The trench was captured, many Germans were killed by fire from the Tank, and eight German officers and 362 other ranks, who had "*bunched*" away from the Tank, surrendered. The casualties on our side amounted to five. During the battle of the Ancre, in the following November, 400 Germans surrendered to two Tanks which at the time were actually "ditched" and incapable of movement.

At the battle of Arras in April, 1917, the machines were again used, on ground which snow and heavy rain had rendered extremely unfavourable for their action. They assisted the infantry in many cases in ways similar to those described, and their performances were such as to earn the congratulations of the Commander-in-Chief. Later, at the battle of Messines, though the ground over which they had to manoeuvre was particularly unfavourable, being absolutely honeycombed with craters, the Tanks again proved their value.

### In the Ypres Salient

The third battle of Ypres, which commenced on July 31, 1917, and lasted for many weeks, was fought under weather conditions and over ground most difficult for the new arm, which, indeed, had no chance of showing what it could perform. Yet, amongst many failures, most of which were due to the mud, there were several instances of highly successful action. On one occasion one male Tank, which had knocked out a German machine-gun emplacement and by its fire enabled our infantry to seize a farm bristling with machine-guns, then became ditched and was left isolated by the subsequent enforced retirement of our infantry. So soon as the latter had withdrawn, the Tank was surrounded by the enemy and attacked with machine-gun fire and bombs. For 68 hours the crew resisted all the efforts of the Germans, and only on the third night, upon the approach of our own infantry, evacuated their "bus." This incident is not given as an illustration of Tank tactics, but as an example of the gallantry and devotion which have been consistently shown by the members of the Tank Corps.

So far, on every occasion, including their debut on the 15th September of the previous year, the new machines had been thrown into the fight under conditions adverse to them. It was not until the battle of Cambrai, on November 20, 1917, that they were used on a more favourable terrain in large numbers, and in a manner which enabled their special powers to be exploited. The first part of this action, indeed, was an object-lesson in the launching of a Tank attack. As is well known, this battle opened by a surprise, brought about by the sudden launching of a mass of Tanks without the usual preliminary and tell-tale artillery bombardment. The preparation for this, entailing as it did the careful co-operation of all arms, the accurate movement and secret concentration of large numbers of these slow-moving and bulky machines, was a masterpiece of organisation, followed

by thorough and determined action which produced astonishing results. Our troops assisted by Tanks broke through the boasted Hindenburg line, made an advance of four miles depth on a front of over six miles, and captured in one day about 8,000 prisoners and 100 guns. One striking and very important point of this "push" was the small cost in life with which it was executed; infinitesimal, indeed, in comparison with the casualties incurred by us in previous offensive actions of a similar scale, which had not even resulted in success. As a minor but nevertheless important item it may be mentioned that all the gun ammunition usually expended on the artillery preparation was saved. Later, in defence against the German counter-attack on November 30 and subsequent days, the Tanks again proved invaluable in a different rôle. On this occasion they assisted to stem the onrush of the triumphant German infantry, not the least feature of their intervention being the encouragement it gave to our own men.

After this, during the winter months, there was a lull in the fighting generally, which respite was shared in by the Tanks; and it was not till the great effort of the Germans to break through between the British and French, which started in March, 1918, that the Tanks again played a part. From March 21 onwards they were thrown into the fight at many points to co-operate in fighting rear-guard actions, in counter-attacking and recapturing lost villages and strong points, and generally to assist to delay, if not to stop, the advancing avalanche of the enemy. In this rôle they proved as useful as they had been on November 30, 1917. The moral effect of their appearance upon the German infantry was again most marked. On the 26th of this month the new smaller machines, known familiarly as "Whippets," first took the field, with the success which was expected from their special qualities. An amusing incident in connection with their first appearance was that many of the German infantry took them for their own Tanks, of whose existence they had heard but which they had not seen, and cheered our machines as they advanced round the village of Colincamps.

### A "Whippet" Feat

There again ensued a short lull in Tank activity till April 24, during the second phase of the great enemy offensive, when the momentum of the attack had spent itself and the Germans had reached the high-water mark of their advance to the east of Amiens. On this day the Whippets distinguished themselves in an isolated action which deserves special mention. Seven of these machines, sallying forth from the village of Cachy, bound on an operation of their own, arrived at a ridge, not four miles from their starting-point, and found it strongly held by the enemy, with many light machine-gun groups ensconced in shell-holes. Darting from one crater to another, they engaged the machine-gun nests successfully and then proceeded over the brow of the hill, where they discovered three battalions of German infantry in the open, apparently forming up to attack. Without hesitation the machines at once charged this body, shooting right and left, at close range, into the huddled mass of men, and by their unexpected onslaught caused panic amongst the surprised Huns. Some fought where they stood and were run down. Others, throwing away their arms and attempting to bolt, were shot or were chased and run down. Others surrendered. It was the Whippets' day out, and they literally ran amok. After having thus broken up the enemy's formation, spoiled their contemplated attack, and inflicted not less than 400 casualties, the little pack of Whippets returned to their starting-point, having themselves suffered a loss of one machine and five officers and men killed and wounded.

The next action of importance in which the Tanks took part was on July 4, when they co-operated in the highly successful attack carried out by the Australians and Americans at Hamel. On this occasion they were specially useful in nosing out and destroying the numerous machine-gun nests hidden in the standing crops, which would otherwise have caused us terrible loss.

On the 18th the French executed their magnificent counter-offensive which may be characterised as the turning-point of the war, and in this they were assisted by a large fleet of their own Tanks, to which *chars d'assaut* many of the German authorities agree in attributing their defeat. Five days later British Tanks co-operated with the further French attack near Montdidier, when, amongst other exploits of the usual nature, they dispersed the detachments of a German battery at 150 yards range. The prisoners taken here again attribute their failure to the presence of the Tanks.

(To be continued.)



# The Armenian Massacres: By H. Morgenthau

*Civilisation of the present is stained by no greater horror than the Armenian massacres, which Germany, as Turkey's Ally, could easily have prevented. Mr. Morgenthau presents an authentic account of this destruction of a nation.*

THE destruction of the Armenian race in 1915 involved certain difficulties that had not impeded the operations of the Turks in the massacres of 1895 and other years. In these earlier periods the Armenian men had possessed little power or means of resistance. In those days Armenians had not been permitted to have military training, to serve in the Turkish Army, or to possess arms. As I have already said, these discriminations were withdrawn when the revolutionists obtained the upper hand in 1908. Not only were the Christians now permitted to bear arms, but the authorities, in the full flush of their enthusiasm for freedom and equality, encouraged them to do so. In the early part of 1915, therefore, every Turkish city contained thousands of Armenians who had been trained as soldiers, and who were supplied with rifles, pistols, and other weapons of defence. The operations at Van once more disclosed that these men could use their munitions to good advantage. It was thus apparent that an Armenian massacre this time would generally assume more the character of warfare than those wholesale butcheries of defenceless men and women which the Turks had always found so congenial.

In the early part of 1915 the Armenian soldiers in the Turkish Army were reduced to a new status. Up to that time most of them had been combatants, but now they were all stripped of their arms and transformed into workmen. Instead of serving their countrymen as artillerymen and cavalrymen, these former soldiers now discovered that they had been transformed into road labourers and pack animals. Army supplies of all kinds were loaded on their backs, and, stumbling under the burdens and driven by the whips and bayonets of the Turks, they were forced to drag their weary bodies into the mountains of the Caucasus. Sometimes they would have to plough their way, burdened in this fashion, almost waist high through snow. They had to spend practically all their time in the open, sleeping on the bare ground—whenever the ceaseless prodding of their taskmasters gave them an occasional opportunity to sleep; they were given only scraps of food; if they fell sick, they were left where they had dropped, their Turkish oppressors perhaps stopping long enough to rob them of all their possessions—even of their clothes. If any stragglers succeeded in reaching their destinations, they were not infrequently massacred. In many instances Armenian soldiers were disposed of in even more summary fashion, for it now became almost the general practice to shoot them in cold blood. In almost all cases the procedure was the same. Here and there squads of 50 or 100 men would be taken, bound together in groups of four, and then marched out to a secluded spot a short distance from the village. Suddenly the sound of rifle shots would fill the air, and the Turkish soldiers who had acted as the escort would sullenly return to camp. Those sent to bury the bodies would find them almost invariably stark naked, for, as usual, the Turks had stolen all their clothes.

Let me relate a single episode which is contained in one of the reports of our consuls, and which now forms part of the records of the American State Department. Early in July, 2,000 Armenian "améls"—such is the Turkish word for soldiers who have been reduced to workmen—were sent from Harpoot to build roads. The Armenians in that town understood what this meant, and pleaded with the Governor for mercy. But this official insisted that the men were not to be harmed, and he even called upon the German missionary, Mr. Ehemann, to quiet the panic, giving that gentleman his word of honour that the ex-soldiers would be protected. Mr. Ehemann believed the Governor and assuaged the popular fear. Yet practically every man of these 2,000 was massacred, and his body thrown into a cave. A few escaped, and it was from these that news of the massacre reached the world. A few days afterward another 2,000 soldiers were sent to Diarbekir. The only purpose of sending these men out in the open country was that they might be massacred. In order that they might have no strength to resist or to escape by flight, these poor creatures were systematically starved. Government agents went ahead on the road, notifying the Kurds that the caravan was approaching and ordering them to do their congenial duty. Not only did the Kurdish tribesmen pour down from the mountains upon this starved and weakened regiment, but the Kurdish women came with butchers' knives in order that they might gain

that merit in Allah's eyes that comes from killing a Christian. These massacres were not isolated happenings; I could detail many more episodes just as horrible as the one related above; throughout the Turkish Empire a systematic attempt was made to kill all able-bodied men, not only for the purpose of removing all males who might propagate a new generation of Armenians, but for the purpose of rendering the weaker part of the population an easy prey.

## The Dark Ages Revived

Dreadful as were these massacres of unarmed soldiers, they were mercy and justice themselves when compared with the treatment which was now visited upon those Armenians who were suspected of concealing arms. Naturally the Christians became alarmed when placards were posted in the villages and cities ordering everybody to bring all their arms to headquarters. Although this order applied to all citizens, the Armenians well understood what the result would be should they be left defenceless while their Moslem neighbours were permitted to retain their arms. In many cases, however, the persecuted people patiently obeyed the command, and then the Turkish officials almost joyfully seized their rifles as evidence that a "revolution" was being planned, and threw their victims into prison on a charge of treason. Thousands failed to deliver arms simply because they had none to deliver, while an even greater number tenaciously refused to give them up, not because they were plotting an uprising, but because they proposed to defend their own lives and their women's honour against the outrages which they knew were being planned. The punishment inflicted upon these recalcitrants forms one of the most hideous chapters of modern history. Most of us believe that torture has long ceased to be an administrative and judicial measure, yet I do not believe that the darkest ages ever presented scenes more horrible than those which now took place all over Turkey. Nothing was sacred to the Turkish gendarmes; under the plea of searching for hidden arms they ransacked churches, treated the altars and sacred utensils with the utmost indignity, and even held mock ceremonies in imitation of the Christian sacraments. They would beat the priests into insensibility, under the pretence that they were the centres of sedition. When they could discover no munitions in the churches, they would sometimes arm the bishops and priests with guns, pistols, and swords, then try them before courts-martial for possessing weapons against the law, and march them in this condition through the streets, merely to arouse the fanatical wrath of the mobs. The gendarmes treated women with the same cruelty with which they treated their husbands. There were cases on record in which women accused of concealing weapons were stripped naked and whipped with branches freshly cut from trees, and these beatings were even inflicted on women who were with child. Violations so commonly accompanied these searches that Armenian women and girls, on the approach of the gendarmes, would flee to the woods, the hills, or to mountain caves.

As a preliminary to the searches everywhere, the strong men of the villages and towns were arrested and taken to prison. Their tormentors here would exercise the most diabolical ingenuity in their attempt to make their victims declare themselves to be "revolutionists" and to tell the hiding-places of their arms. A common practice was to place the prisoner in a room, with two Turks stationed at each end and each side. The examination would then begin with the bastinado. This is a form of torture not uncommon in the Orient; it consists of beating the soles of the feet with a thin rod. At first the pain is not marked; but as the process goes slowly on, it develops into the most terrible agony, the feet swell and burst, and not infrequently, after being submitted to this treatment, they have to be amputated. The gendarmes would bastinado their Armenian victim until he fainted; they would then revive him by sprinkling water on his face, and begin again. If this did not succeed in bringing their victim to terms, they had numerous other methods of persuasion. They would pull out his eyebrows and beard almost hair by hair; they would extract his finger nails and toe nails; they would apply red-hot irons to his breast, tear off his flesh with red-hot pincers, and then pour boiling butter into the wounds. In some cases the gendarmes would nail hands and feet to



pieces of wood—evidently in imitation of the crucifixion, and then, while the sufferer writhed in his agony, they would cry:

"Now let your Christ come and help you!"

These cruelties—and many others which I forbear to describe—were usually inflicted in the night time. Turks would be stationed around the prisons, beating drums and blowing whistles, so that the screams of the sufferers would not reach the villagers.

In thousands of cases, the Armenians endured these agonies and refused to surrender their arms simply because they had none to surrender. However, they could not persuade their tormentors that this was the case. It therefore became customary, when news was received that the searchers were approaching, for Armenians to purchase arms from their Turkish neighbours.

One day I was discussing these proceedings with a responsible Turkish official, who was describing the tortures inflicted. He made no secret of the fact that the Government had instigated them, and, like all Turks of the official classes, he enthusiastically approved this treatment of the detested race. This official told me that all these details were matters of nightly discussion at the headquarters of the Union and Progress Committee. Each new method of inflicting pain was hailed as a splendid discovery, and the regular attendants were constantly ransacking their brains in the effort to devise some new torment. He told me that they even delved into the records of the Spanish Inquisition and other historic institutions of torture, and adopted all the suggestions found there. He did not tell me who carried off the prize in this gruesome competition, but common reputation throughout Armenia gave a pre-eminent infamy to Djevdet Bey, the Vali of Van, whose activities in that section I have already described. All through this country Djevdet was generally known as the "horseshoer of Bashkala," for this connoisseur in torture had invented what was perhaps the masterpiece of all—that of nailing horseshoes to the feet of his Armenian victims.

Yet these happenings did not constitute what the newspapers of the time commonly referred to as the Armenian atrocities; they were merely the preparatory steps in the destruction of the race. The Young Turks displayed greater ingenuity than their predecessor, Abdul Hamid. The injunction of the deposed Sultan was merely "to kill, kill," whereas the Turkish democracy hit upon an entirely new plan. Instead of massacring outright the Armenian race, they now decided to deport it. In the south and south-eastern section of the Ottoman Empire lie the Syrian Desert and the Mesopotamian Valley. Though part of this area was once the scene of a flourishing civilisation, for the last five centuries it has suffered the blight that becomes the lot of any country that is subjected to Turkish rule; and it is now a dreary, desolate waste, without cities and towns or life of any kind, populated only by a few wild and fanatical Bedouin tribes. Only the most industrious labour, expended through many years, could transform this desert into the abiding place of any considerable population. The central government now announced its intention of gathering the 2,000,000 or more Armenians living in the several sections of the empire and transporting them to this desolate and inhospitable region. Had they undertaken such a deportation in good faith it would have represented the height of cruelty and injustice. As a matter of fact, the Turks never had the slightest idea of re-establishing the Armenians in this new country. They knew that the great majority would never reach their destination and that those who did would either die of thirst and starvation, or be murdered by the wild Mohammedan desert tribes. The real purpose of the deportation was robbery and destruction; it really represented a new method of massacre. When the Turkish authorities gave the orders for these deportations, they were merely giving the death-warrant to a whole race; they understood this well, and, in their conversations with me, they made no particular attempt to conceal the fact.

All through the spring and summer of 1915 the deportations took place. Of the larger cities, only Constantinople, Smyrna, and Aleppo were spared; practically all other places were a single Armenian family lived now became the scenes of these unspeakable tragedies. Scarcely a single Armenian, whatever his education or wealth, or whatever the social class to which he belonged, was exempted from the order. In some villages placards were posted ordering the whole Armenian population to present itself in a public place at an appointed time—usually a day or two ahead, and in other places the town-crier would go through the streets delivering the order vocally. In still others not the slightest warning was given. The gendarmes would appear before an Armenian house and order all the inmates to follow

them. They would take women engaged in their domestic tasks without giving them the chance to change their clothes. The police fell upon them just as the eruption of Vesuvius fell upon Pompeii; women were taken from the wash-tubs, children were snatched out of bed, the bread was left half-baked in the oven, the family meal was abandoned partly eaten, the children were taken from the school-room, leaving their books open at the daily task, and the men were forced to abandon their ploughs in the fields and their cattle on the mountain side. Even women who had just given birth to children would be forced to leave their beds and join the panic-stricken throng, their sleeping babies in their arms. Such things as they hurriedly snatched up—a shawl, a blanket, perhaps a few scraps of food—was all that they could take of their household belongings. To their frantic questions: "Where are we going?" the gendarmes would vouchsafe only one reply: "To the interior."

### Systematic Robbery

In some cases the refugees were given a few hours, in exceptional instances a few days, to dispose of their property and household effects. But the proceeding, of course, amounted simply to robbery. They could sell only to Turks, and since both buyers and sellers knew that they had only a day or two to market the accumulations of a lifetime, the prices obtained represented a small fraction of their value. Sewing-machines would bring one or two dollars—a cow would go for a dollar, a houseful of furniture would be sold for a pittance. In many cases Armenians were prohibited from selling or Turks from buying even at these ridiculous prices; under pretence that the Government intended to sell their effects to pay the creditors whom they would inevitably leave behind, their household furniture would be placed in stores or heaped up in public places, where it was usually pillaged by Turkish men and women. The Government officials would also inform the Armenians that, since their deportation was only temporary, the intention being to bring them back after the war was over, they would not be permitted to sell their houses. Scarcely had the former possessors left the village, when Mohammedan Mohadjirs—immigrants from other parts of Turkey—would be moved into the Armenian quarters. Similarly all their valuables, money, rings, watches, and jewellery, would be taken to the police stations for "safe keeping" pending their return, and then parcelled out among the Turks. Yet these robberies gave the refugees little anguish, for far more terrible and agonising scenes were taking place under their eyes. The systematic extermination of the men continued; such males as the persecutions which I have already described had left were now violently dealt with. Before the caravans were started it became the regular practice to separate the young men from the families, tie them together in groups of four, lead them to the outskirts, and shoot them. Public hangings without trial—the only offence being that the victims were Armenians—were taking place constantly. The gendarmes showed a particular desire to annihilate the educated and the influential. From American Consuls and missionaries I was constantly receiving reports of such executions, and many of the events which they described will never fade from my memory. At Angora all Armenian men from 15 to 70 were arrested, bound together in groups of four, and sent on the road in the direction of Caesarea. When they had travelled five or six hours and had reached a secluded valley, a mob of Turkish peasants fell upon them with clubs, hammers, axes, scythes, spades, and saws. Such instruments not only caused more agonising deaths than guns and pistols, but, as the Turks themselves boasted, they were more economical, since they did not involve the waste of powder and shot. In this way they exterminated the whole male population of Angora, including all its men of wealth and breeding, and their bodies, horribly mutilated, were left in the valley, where they were devoured by wild beasts. After completing this destruction, the peasants and gendarmes gathered in the local tavern, comparing notes and boasting of the number of "giaours" that each had slain. In Trebizond the men were placed in boats and sent out on the Black Sea; gendarmes would then come up in boats, shoot them down and throw their bodies into the water.

When the signal was given for the caravans to move, therefore, they consisted in the greater part of women, children, and old men. Anyone who could possibly have protected them from the fate that awaited them had been destroyed. Not infrequently the prefect of the city, as the mass started on its way, would wish them a derisive "pleasant journey." In these six months, as far as can be ascertained, about 1,200,000 people started on this journey to the Syrian Desert.

(To be continued.)



# Sir Walter Raleigh: By Arthur Symons

“**T**HERE was a large gathering at the Mansion House, October 30th, including many Americans, who met to do honour to the memory of Sir Walter Raleigh and the three hundredth anniversary of his execution in Old Palace Yard.” The very name of the man resounds across these centuries, with no blast from heaven nor hell, but rather in Swinburne’s lines:

I set the trumpet to my lips and blow.  
The height of night is shaken, the skies break,  
The winds and stars and waters come and go  
By fits of breath and light and sound, that wake  
Us out of sleep, and perish as the show  
Built up of sleep, when all her strength forsake  
The sense-compelling spirit.

His genius is certainly not universal, but singular, and passionate, and strange; often sinister, often sombre, often sad. He has none of the morbid, nervous, hesitating, intellectually dispassionate qualities of John Donne; none of his complexities of passion, none of his monstrous agility of mind, none of his pedantic modernity, nor of his ferocities, and ecstasies, and entanglements of sentiment. Donne’s poetry is full of “masculine persuasive force”; it has not, as the greater part of love-poetry has, a feminine pathos, but the passion of a man. The subtlety of a great brain waits upon a “naked thinking heart”; the result is a new kind of poetry, which Donne invented for himself, and in which he has no successor.

But there is something in Raleigh’s genius that seems to me not unsimilar with that of Michael Drayton, who came nearer to being a great poet than any other not quite great poet of his period. He has written, perhaps, the greatest sonnet in English: “Since there’s no help, come, let us kiss and part,” which seems to have something of the tremendous ardency and sense of hate and of love, of passion and of desire that makes Catullus the greatest of Latin poets and one of the greatest poets who ever lived. Drayton is never, in any part of his work, at his best for long together; even the great sonnet is marked by an inversion, and no long poem is strictly grammatical throughout.

It must not be forgotten that Donne, at twenty-three, was a soldier against Spain under Raleigh, and went on the “Islands Voyage.” Nor can it ever have been forgotten that, among all the restless, insurgent, adventurous, and fervid spirits of the Elizabethan age, none is more conspicuous for their characteristics than Raleigh. He was a soldier from his youth, and at an early period he was connected with the great maritime monuments of his time; he was ever the foremost hater and antagonist of Spain and all its works; one of the first to conceive the idea of colonisation and to attempt to realise it, and at the same time taking an active part in the party intrigues and contentions of a Court where the struggle for place and favour never ceased raging; yet, amidst all his enterprises and schemes, ignoble and noble as these certainly had to be, finding leisure for far other pursuits and interests therefore, for all these reasons and in a singular degree, he is a representative of the vigorous versatility of the Elizabethan period.

In regard to Raleigh, it must be said that the substitution of an intellectual for an ideal end, of energetic mental action for passionate spiritual emotion as the means towards that end, is as good a test as may be taken of the difference in kind rather than in eloquence between the first and the second order of imaginative artists. The lesser artists, with less liberty of action, will be less likelier of the two to show less loyalty of submission to the eternal laws of thought, which find their full and natural expression in the eternal canons of art. Those are not the greatest among men of whom we can reasonably say that circumstances might have made them as great in some different way from which they walked. We can imagine Raleigh setting up almost any debateable theorem as a subject for dispute in the school of rhetoric, and maintaining his most indefensible position with as much cunning and energy of argument as his native mind could bring to the support of his acquired skill of fence: we can conceive in his case he would argue his point and reinforce his reasoning with passion and profusion of thought.

In certain sense he is not unlike Pica della Mirandula, who had an inexhaustible, unrivalled thirst for knowledge, the strange, confused, uncritical learning of that age, and who supposed he had all the secrets of Eastern languages. And, as one glances into a page of their forgotten books, it is like a glance into one of those ancient sepulchres upon which

the wanderer in classical lands has sometimes stumbled, with the old disused monuments and furniture of a world wholly unlike ours still fresh in them. That whole conception of nature is so different from our own. And, above all, there is a constant sense in reading these two writers that their thoughts, however little their positive value may be, are connected with springs beneath them of deep and passionate emotion. But “the shaping spirit of imagination,” Coleridge’s phrase—proper to all great men, and varying in each case from all others, reforms of itself its own misshapen work, treads down and triumphs over its own faults and errors, and resumes its undiminished reign.

Raleigh is not a great prose writer. For the most part, his prose is a kind of thinking aloud, and the form is wholly lost in the pursuit of ideas. With his love for the absolute, why is it that he does not seek after an absolute in words considered as style, as well as in words considered as the expression of thought? Where he is really at his best is in such sentences as these, in which he writes as if he spoke. He refers to the Caribs in Guiana. “The casique that was a stranger had his wife staying at the port where we anchored, and in all my life I have seldom seen a better-favoured woman. She was of good stature, and black eyes, fat of body, of an excellent countenance, and taking great pride therein.” And in his description of a storm off Plymouth he seems almost to anticipate Joseph Conrad. I give one sentence: “But the night following, the Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the storm so increased, the ships were weighty, the ordnance great, and the billows so raised and enraged, that we could carry out no sail which to our judgment would not have rent off the yards by the wind; and yet our ships rolled so vehemently, and so disjoined themselves, that we were driven either to force it again with our courses, or to sink.”

If in the case of Raleigh there are traces of what was then called dishonesty, he was on the whole one of the most honest and upright men who lived in his century. His “Hymn” is certainly Catholic; as for his “Pilgrimage,” in its mixture of sublime and passionate passages and of amazing metaphors, and in lines such as these:

That since my flesh must die so soon,  
And want a head to dine next noon,  
Just at the stroke, when my veins start and spread,  
Set on my soul an everlasting head:

I can only compare it—with leagues of imagination between them—with “The Everlasting Gospel” of Blake. *The Lie* has in it magnificence; a life and a death’s confession; a denunciation and a grim and tragic humour; an abstract passion that almost rises to the heat of white fire.

In his adventurous spirit he had a lust for gold and for its discovery, as when he writes:

Gold values all, and all things equal gold.

He has also, as most artists of his period have, a sense of luxury; as, for instance, when he speaks of “the western spice” and of “French wine,” which vividly recall to me Sidney’s exquisite lines:

Having this day, my horse, my hand, my lance,  
Guided so well that I obtained the prize,  
Both by the judgment of the English eyes,  
And of some sent from that sweet enemy—France.

And, for one who so unjustly endured thirteen years’ confinement in the Tower, it is with an acute pathos, and even then, with his still refined sense of luxury that he writes:

What doth it help a wretch in prison pent,  
Long since with biting hunger over pressed,  
To see without, or smell within, the scent  
Of dainty fare for others’ tables dressed?

It is often forgotten that Raleigh is a considerable English poet. His rough verse, which seems always so intent on saying a given thing with emphasis, is really poetry. It is a knotted and gnarled kind of poetry, and in the poem which is certainly his,

As you come from the Holy Land  
Of Walsingham,

he has played remarkable variations on a kind of folk-tune; the kind of folk-tune which we get in Shakespeare’s “How should I your true love know?” Later on, Blake is to do a not wholly dissimilar kind of transposition, putting wild meanings into ballad stanzas. In some other poems Raleigh has the same hard, tight, intellectual pathos. His personal humour speaks always with disconcerting directness; his character, crotchety and self-reliant.



# Life and Letters by J. C. Squire

## The Blackamoor

WHEN I was writing here recently on "Q's" new book about Shakespeare, I made some remarks about *Othello*. I will not inflict a literal repetition of these upon my readers (if, as the modest editor said, any such there be), but the gist of them was that the end of the play was not convincing. I argued that, although some men might kill their wives out of jealousy, the Othello whom we have got to know in the play, passionate though he is, would not have done it. All round, it is not an inevitable, but a forced—even a faked—ending, however this may be disguised by the verisimilitude of Shakespeare's detail and the natural splendours of his language. I had never examined the sources of the play, but I suggested that probably the plot as Shakespeare found it hampered him: that Othello murdered his wife "in the original," and that the dramatist made him do it in his play in spite of the fact that as the play developed Othello's character grew into something quite unlike that of the murderer. I have now looked up the original, and find confirmation of the theory.

\* \* \* \* \*

The story is taken from a collection of fables (*Hecatomithi*) by Giovanbattista Giraldi, called Cinthio, who was a University professor at Ferrara, and published his book in 1565. Each tale was supposed to illustrate a moral virtue, but which virtue was illustrated by the story of Othello my informant (the Yale Shakespeare) sayeth not. The book was not translated into English, so far as we know; the conclusion being (we are used to these puzzling deductions about Shakespeare) that either Shakespeare knew Italian, French, or Spanish, or else he heard the story at second hand. In Cinthio's tale, "Disdemona" is the only person with a name. Othello is "the Moor"; Iago is "the Ensign"; Cassio, "the Captain"; Emilia, "the Ensign's wife"; and Bianca, "a courtesan." Disdemona, against her parents' wishes, marries the valiant Moorish general, and insists on going with him to Cyprus. Mark what follows. Iago falls in love with Disdemona, who is attached to Iago's wife. Failing to seduce her, Iago ascribes his failure to Cassio. Cassio gets into disgrace for striking a soldier; Disdemona intercedes for him, and this gives Iago his cue. He tells Othello that Disdemona is in love with Cassio and "has taken an aversion to your blackness." The handkerchief plot is developed, and the Moor, convinced, "fell to meditating how he should put his wife to death, and likewise the Captain, so that their death should not be laid to his charge."

\* \* \* \* \*

Then, Iago and Othello together "consulted of one means and another"—poison and daggers—to kill Disdemona, but could come to no conclusions. At last the ingenious Ensign said: "A plan comes to my mind, which will give you satisfaction and raise cause for no suspicion. It is this: the house in which you live is very old, and the ceiling of your chamber has many cracks; I propose we take a stocking filled with sand, and beat Disdemona with it till she dies; thus will her body bear no signs of violence. When she is dead we can pull down a portion of the ceiling, and thus make it seem as if a rafter falling on her head had killed the lady. Suspicion cannot rest on you, since all men will impute her death to accident." The Moor was pleased with this advice, and accepted it. One night, when he and Disdemona were in bed, the Ensign, who had been concealed in a closet opening into the chamber, made a noise, according to plan. The Moor said to his wife: "Did you not hear that noise?"

"Indeed, I heard it," she replied.

"Rise," said the Moor, "and see what 'tis."

Disdemona got out of bed, and as she approached the closet the other villain rushed out "and beat her cruelly with the bag of sand across her back, upon which Disdemona fell to the ground, scarcely able to draw her breath"; but with the little voice she had left, she called upon the Moor for aid. But the Moor, leaping from the bed, exclaimed: "Thou wickedest of women, thus has thy falseness found its just reward." The poor lady protests her innocence, but Iago keeps pounding her until she is senseless. The two men then lay her on the bed, wounded her head, and pulled down

the ceiling of the room. Then the Moor shouts that the house is falling down, and the neighbours come running in to find Disdemona dead under a rafter. The two murderers escape suspicion at the time. Othello gets to hate Iago, fears to kill him, but disgraces him. Iago then tells Cassio about the crime, and both the murderers come ultimately to bad ends. "Thus did Heaven avenge the innocence of Disdemona"—and demonstrate, as I suppose, the Italian moralist contends, that it is unwise and unsafe to murder one's wife.

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This plot, accepted as Shakespeare's chief source, illuminates three remarkable things. The first is Shakespeare's genius for clothing bare bones; the second is his wonderful sense for noticing weaknesses in his originals, and remedying them; and the third is his occasional failure (as I choose to think it) to let that sense guide him all the way. He saw that Cinthio's Othello was quite impossible as a hero. He could not be kept on that footing with Iago; the disgustingly calculated confederate murder was impossible; Othello could not, if he was to obtain any sympathy, be the sort of man who would survive and indulge in recriminations with a blackmailing accomplice. Turn to the death-scene in the play:

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul;  
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!  
It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,  
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,  
And smooth as monumental alabaster.  
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.  
Put out the light, and then put out the light:  
If I quench thee, the flaming minister,  
I can again thy former light restore,  
Should I repent me; but once put out thy light  
Thou cunningst pattern of excelling nature,  
I know not where is that Promethean heat  
That can thy light relume.

So to the most beautiful and awful dialogue, the greatest dialogue in Shakespeare, and its close "But while I say one prayer!" "It is too late." That is what takes the place of Cinthio's abomination. Cinthio was scrapped. Othello's character was remade. He grew, under Shakespeare's hands, one of the noblest and most generous of men, a husband worthy of his wife. But he grew too noble and generous, and though Shakespeare used all the resources of his incomparable art to palliate and explain the crime, though the murder in the play is committed by a demented man whose reason has temporarily been destroyed by the breaking of his ideal, and who immediately afterwards kills himself in remorse:

I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee; no way but this,  
Killing myself to die upon a kiss.

he did not succeed in making us feel that the thing, granted the characters, *had* to happen. *Othello*, I am heretic enough to think, should have ended happily, and been grouped with the "Comedies." But though Shakespeare took every sort of liberty with what, when he found it, was little more than a crude anecdote, it did not occur to him, or he did not choose, to alter the end, which—when he first began the play—was no doubt the thing which, by its dramatic possibilities, attracted him and towards which he was all the time working up.

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It is one more illustration of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's theory that Shakespeare was occasionally hampered by his plots. Sir Arthur's own chief illustration is drawn from the *Merchant of Venice*, where the silly arrangements about the caskets and the pound of flesh—which would never have sprung from the imagination of a Shakespeare, but were indolently retained since they were found in his original—tied him up badly, crippled his characterisation, and compelled him to concentrate upon a few persons and a few scenes for his really great effects. The conclusion is that, like Homer, Shakespeare sometimes nods: an admission that need not be left to those iconoclasts who, not knowing the greatest plays and the greatest poetry in the world when they see them, spend their time attempting to convince people that the general reverence for Shakespeare is absurd and that his plays are no better than anyone else's. The late Tolstoy was one of these.



# The Sculpture of Albert Toft: By Haldane Macfall

**T**HE art of Toft as sculptor baffles me; yet to-day, as the war comes near to its ending, and a strange sense as of stepping into a new world is in the air, I think I begin to understand why sculpture in England has ever been the Cinderella of the arts. Toft has in some fantastic fashion helped to give the clue—he is typical.

For, what do we see? Here is a head of the old actor Odell, to which, for its subtle and exquisite expression of the serenity of old age, words cannot do justice. The planes of the forms run in a rhythm that rouses a lyrical sense of the mystery of life fulfilled—of life nearing the hour when it slips like a whisper of a sigh into the unknown. The flesh, thin over the bone, has lost its earthly vigour and takes on the ethereal habit that is the fragile cloak of him who has lived his years and but awaits the call to the mystic pilgrimage through the void. The eyes, inward gazing, have ceased to trouble over the eager pursuits of the young blood and the vigorous endeavour of manhood—they gaze into the dream. And the rarified essence of the man, thus rhythmically uttered by the subtle impressionism of the skilful hands that wrought this thing, is consistently suggested throughout the whole design, to the very beard—the impressionism envelops it, bathes it in light and revelation. The resulting dignity of it all is exquisite. One realises that to this old poet the eager struggle for ribbons and decorations and wealth is a fantastic farce bawled into deaf ears.

Hard by we come upon a figure as uninspired as this thing is inspired—one sees the same skilful hand at work on the conventional thing, giving forth no music—but fulfilling a task that it has set itself. Set itself—why?

Sculpture amongst us has cut itself aloof from the life of the people and the spirit of the age so long that it has become a studio habit. The sculptor is in some way expected to be a great sculptor in the measure in which he sets up a studio piece unrelated to life, modelled and wrought in precision with some academic teaching of rivalry with works of art of the past. But any art that mimics the dead is born dead.

The mere aim of producing chunks of decoration which bear no relation to the homes of the people—this ideal of turning out figures or groups for the museum atmosphere of an exhibition—is further vitiated by the collectors and professors who write on art or are made keepers of national collections. It is all dealing in antiques—or modern reproductions.

But a new age is bugling across the face of the earth—and the first necessity of this new world is a living education—and the first need of that education is the encouragement of the arts if the peoples are to rise to a higher destiny. And

in the revolution of the world-policy which is before us, the manufacturers should lose no time in harnessing their wagons to the arts. Design has never been more urgently needed than to-day. And it is exactly by bringing the skill of sculptors like Toft to the ennobling of the furnishings and accessories of the home—and by that alone—that the manufacturers can rid their workmanship of the vile forms whereby the factories debauch public taste. If, say, the potteries and the metal-foundries attached a sculptor to their works so that the candlesticks, electric standards, and the hundred and one needs of the home were to take on the decorative significance and inspiring forms which the sculptor alone can give them, which, indeed, without the sculptor are bound

to be the barren and hideous product of the commercial hack, the arts would receive an impetus, as the works of the factories would receive an impetus, such as other manufacturers know only too well that the skilled chemist alone can give to their products. At once the sculptor would have a field for his genius. He would have the bracing satisfaction that goes with the knowledge that the art which he has created is being spread throughout the lives and the homes of the people instead of being the futile thing that has built itself a pompous and empty grandeur as "the limited edition" on a pedestal in a museum. Bronze and porcelain give the capacity for wide reproduction.

The hour of the conquest of the world by democracy has struck. The sole validity of art is to reveal

life to man—art has no other value, for art is nothing but that; but it is all that. When Toft, impelled by the inspiration to reveal the impression that serene old age has made upon him, put forth all his hand's skill to create that impression by the wizardry of sculpture, he achieved the masterpiece. When he says to himself in an uninspired moment that he thinks that a sculpture representing "Grief" ought to do well at an exhibition, he fails to create the masterpiece.

To test that truth, one has only to walk into the next room and glance at the astounding success in giving the impression of grief aroused by the rude sculpture of Gaudier-Brzeska. Gaudier was feeling his way to the utterance of the impressions of life without a thought of exhibitions or critics or precedents. He fell, with a Hun bullet through his brain, the down scarce grown upon his lip—and he fell little more than three short years after I found him, a mere youth, living in a London attic, unknown, and in poverty, and we bought the clay for him that he might utter the music that was in him. He fell, to fulfil one of the supreme tragedies in art in this hideous war—for in him died the rare thing that is called genius.



**THE PUDDLER**

On view at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, W.



# THE THEATRE

By W. J. Turner

**T**HE *Officers' Mess*, at the St. Martin's Theatre, is one of those entertainments which are supposed to be peculiarly adapted to meet the requirements of soldiers home on leave. That is to say, there is bright, cheerful music, bright, cheerful girls wear delightful frocks, such as one would like to see everybody wearing were it not for the mud and the fact that business men must not be troubled by too much beauty, and several comedians in various stages of humorous decay endeavour to invent new jokes. The mixture is, like plum-pudding, eternal, and will be served up when we are all under the sod; yet it has never failed to pique my curiosity how it is that men on leave can choose to spend their evenings admiring pretty girls at a distance for hours, when the restaurants and homes and dances are full of pretty girls that may be talked to, flirted with, and kissed. Surely this appears odd—at least, I hope so, for I have gone to the trouble of remembering a theory that fits it. It is one example more of disillusion or, to put it in another way, of the superiority of the emotions obtained through the imagination to those got directly from the senses. It is a dreadful fact that when you kiss a girl, even when you speak to her, something of her charm vanishes for ever; and though you may be so annoyed that you marry her and spend the rest of your life trying to find it again, you never do, though, as somebody or other whom I never read says, "there are compensations." This absolute and immediate bankruptcy of what are called the physical senses is the source of all art. We are driven to the theatre, to literature, to music, to sculpture, to architecture, and to painting because we can get no satisfaction whatever from our senses. Unhappy is the man who has never explored the pathway through the imagination to a new and richer world of emotions, but rushes for ever up and down that blind alley. You might have seen him any day before the war in the promenade at the Alhambra, trying to satisfy the highly complex spirit of a man with the crude sensations of an animal.

A show like *The Officers' Mess*, which is described—rather ambiguously—as a musical farce, depends, then, first of all on its cast and its dressing. The minor parts and the land girls and carnival girls are well, the dressing not quite so well, though there is an abundance of pyjamas. Personally, I have never thought pyjamas a specially attractive costume; for one thing, a pyjama is the same all the world over; it may certainly vary in colour—I prefer white, with black kangaroos jumping on the background—but it has no variety of design, and design is the essence of any appeal to the eye.

Colour, without design, is only fit for niggers (to whom I apologise for this insult), and I prefer the design to be in the clothes: not the clothes a mere background on which to paint the design. No, the clothes are not extraordinary, and they should be in a show like this. However, Miss Peggy Kurton looked marvellously attractive in her land-girl costume—a simple silk blouse, breeches, and boots—and she has a certain charm and a voice of very odd musical quality which adds to it; but her last costume, in black velvet, was a "missfire," due, partly, to the hat, which did not suit her and which she should change. Miss Odette Myrtil looked well occasionally, and Miss Violet Gould, who had to look impossible, was extremely good as a lonely soldier's girl. Her dresses were remarkably effective; one would have fled from her in horror.

Next in importance after the girls and the dresses comes the comic element, which in this instance was fairly abundant and of more than average quality. Mr. Ralph Lynn is quite a discovery, he has a sense of humour, and even occasionally wit; he is always amusing to watch, and keeps the ball rolling with success. The plot is elaborate and unintelligible to my brain; but it produced during its tortuous course one or two really good jokes and a thoroughly funny scene in a room on a house-boat between Mr. Ralph Lynn and Miss Violet Gould. The weakest part of the play was the music, which is perfect in its lack of originality, and gave one the impression that some one had turned on the gramophone and gone through all his records.

Why is it, I wonder, that we get no composers turning their attention to musical plays who are capable of taking advantage of the wealth of material offered? If I were a young English composer I should not write symphonies or string quartets, or orchestral scenes, or preludes, but musical plays. The opportunity they give to a musician of imagination to strike out in new directions is unlimited. I never hear a single song or chorus at a musical play without realising the chances that have been missed. The best things of Sullivan are simple and childish compared with what could be done; but you see one composer after another—Sydney Jones, Monckton, Caryll, Darewski, Novello—repeating the same old formula again and again, getting steadily worse, if anything; their tunes scarcely distinguishable one from another, and capable of being turned out by the million. One reason, obviously, is that the lyrics are sent to them and are set in batches of half a dozen without any reference to the play or any thought other than to get a catchy tune that will be so like every other popular tune that nobody will quite know which it resembles. If anybody would pay me four thousand pounds I would undertake in two years to present them free with the best musical play since *The Mikado*, and one that would be no imitation of Sullivan or anybody else. I make this offer seriously and in sheer desperation at having heard nothing but hopeless rubbish for years.

I can't possibly fill up a page of LAND & WATER about a play like *The Officers' Mess*, so I shall have to say something about *The Tempest*, which I saw this week at the "Old Vic." I feel as if I don't want to mention the "Old Vic." again for months; but, as *The Tempest* was played there and not at His Majesty's or the Haymarket, I cannot avoid it. It was not altogether well played; in fact, Prospero, the most important part, was very badly done by Mr. George R. Foss, who produces the plays so well. Mr. Foss's memory is not reliable, and perhaps for that reason he seems to have no sense of the verse rhythm. Prospero being so bad, the effect of the play was pretty well ruined, although there was some good acting from Mr. Orlando Barnett (Stephano), Mr. Sequeira (Trinculo), and Mr. John Leslie (Caliban). Miss Kitty Carlton also produced the right atmosphere as Ariel. It is a most marvellous play, but one which calls for the keenest instinct of the theatre and of Shakespeare's purpose from the producer. I disagree completely from those who think it can never be a good acting play. Mr. Foss brought off many of the effects; for instance, the scene in which Ariel mocks the King and his nobles with a table laid with food and drink and spirits it away. This and the spirit music are immensely effective on the stage, and show how great a dramatic craftsman Shakespeare was.

The scenes between Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo were well done, and even those in the audience who did not feel the underlying bitter satire found them, at any rate, very amusing. As is well known, *The Tempest* abounds with magnificent passages, and it is remarkable that there is not one of them whose effect is not immensely greater on the stage than to read, thus showing what integral parts of the drama they are, and how far removed from being in any way mere purple patches. It is a lesson that all modern poets who attempt to write for the stage should learn. Some readers may remember a performance of Mr. Gordon Bottomley's *King Lear's Wife* given, I think, in 1916 by the Stage Society. The play is printed in the second volume of *Georgian Poetry*, and it contains some beautiful passages which fell absolutely flat on the stage because they were not dramatically relevant; much longer passages of the wildest and most magnificent poetry in *The Tempest*, such as the one beginning:

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;  
And ye, that on the sands with printless foot  
Do chase the ebbing Neptune . . .

are used by Shakespeare with extraordinary effect; and even when a song is introduced, such as Ariel's

Where the bee sucks, there suck I,  
its effect is so great because it seems dramatically inevitable.



# Pelmanism and the Silver Badge

By George Henry

If it were within my power, I would so order it that every Silver Badge issued to a discharged soldier would be accompanied by a free enrolment for a course of Pelmanism.

For Pelmanism is of the greatest import to the discharged soldier, and I am putting my views in regard to it upon record because I believe that the lessons to be learned from my own case may be of some service to many thousands of my comrades in the great Brotherhood of the Silver Badge.

It is just a year since the day when I cast aside khaki, consigned my tin of "Soldier's Friend" to oblivion, and feverishly arrayed myself in the most flamboyant clothes that my tailor and hosier could provide.

It is twelve months since the day I realised that, after nearly three years' service, I had become a free man—free to order my comings and goings as I listed—free from the tyranny of the bugle-call—free to follow the dictates of my own will in everything, unhedged by restriction or prohibition.

And I was eager to burst upon a civilian world with all the theatrical *flaire* of a newly discovered prima donna. In my innocence, I thought that this same civilian world was waiting to lay bare its rewards before the sword of my wits.

But I was sorry to discover that this view-point savoured of the unsophisticated. It had not occurred to me that the battle for a living was quite as strenuous as ever—indeed, had intensified during war time—and that in going "over the top" in business or professional life one must still be equipped with the most effective mental munitions.

In my pre-war days I had gained a comfortable income in the practice of my profession. My mind had enjoyed ample exercise and was always (if I may be forgiven the simile) at "concert pitch." And so I thought that, with a world full of splendid topics of general interest, I could not fail to produce of my best, and rebuild my shattered fortunes.

I took a holiday, and, returning, came to my desk filled with a resolve to work as never I had worked before.

It was just there that I came down to earth, and the bubbles of my childlike faith bespattered themselves on the stones of reality.

One morning of fruitless, futile scribbling showed me that nearly three years' service as a soldier had had its inevitable effect on my mental processes.

That nimble wit I had been so proud to possess positively would not be stimulated; that ability to analyse a subject and classify its components that had made my previous work clear and forceful had fled; that ease in the choice of the right word that had made work a recreation had taken a fancy for aviation and winged away.

There I was, with a comfortable desk and chair, quires of fair, white paper, an efficient fountain pen, nebulous ideas in abundance—and I could not express myself for the life of me.

And it was not just a matter of mood, for this inability to work persisted. In a week or two there came the realisation that it was a chronic state. The reason was not far to seek. For nearly three years my every day's activities had been planned ahead for me. Almost had my every action been governed by the decisions of my superior officers. Day and night, week in, week out, I had, and rightly so, surrendered myself to the mechanical will of the military machine. My thinking had been done for me. I had no reason to think for myself. Indeed, I soon learned that "thinking for oneself" was a short path to the pleasures of "pack drill."

All of which resulted in a brain lying fallow. Its functions had not been properly exercised—it was a great obese brain, over-fed with facts and impressions, suffering from a species of mental indigestion, torpid and unresponsive to my will.

I had, indeed, come to a pretty pass! It was necessary for me to earn at least double as much as in pre-war days merely to provide the bread and butter of respectability. How was I to make provision for this—much less for the occasional jam that makes life liveable—with my mind rusted, faculties blunted, and thinking-power to a great extent atrophied by disuse?

Obsessed by this sort of query, little wonder that that sneaking little traitor, the Imp of Introspection, came upon the scene. I gave way to depression and doubt, and feared for my future. I began to think that I was going to be one of life's "wash-outs," and in the light of later learning, I really think I did for a time belong to that peculiar species of humanity—until Pelmanism came to me!

Until Pelmanism came to me—by the prosaic path of a daily paper announcement, and the subsequent clipping of a coupon. Many thousands of Silver Badge men have hesitated over that same coupon. I wish I could make them realise to the full the import of it. For Pelmanism gave me what it has given many a thousand men and women. It gave me courage, first of all. The first "little Grey Book" refreshed and stung my mind into activity, just as a plunge into a cold bath reinvigorates a tired body. My mind steeped itself in that little text-book and came forth permeated with confidence.

The Imp of Introspection and the legions of other mental devils who are his co-mates fled from my ken. I had no further use for them, and as "Grey Book" followed "Grey Book," and the fascinating exercises of Pelmanism unfolded their wonderful interest and charm, my mind began to bestir itself and throw off the shackles of its hibernation.

Pelmanism changed my whole outlook on life, gave me new interests, and made me THINK.

My mind began to function more speedily and easily. I found that I could collect my thoughts, concentrate on a subject, analyse and classify possibilities, and, finally, express myself without the hair-tearing and other temperamental performances which are popularly supposed to be the accompaniment of creative work. The upshot is that to-day my work is accomplished with ease, and I am never tired of reiterating the fact that Pelmanism pays for itself a thousand-fold.

So much for my personal experiences of Pelmanism. I have dealt with my own case at length because it is typical of thousands of others. I have lately had an opportunity of investigating the work of Pelmanism, and found that the register of the Pelman Institute teems with cases of students who at their introduction to the Course had suffered from the same mental "dry-rot" that was once my portion. I found, too, that among my brothers of the Silver Badge there is a great army of Pelmanists equipping itself for the stern struggle for a living that follows the laying down of the weapons of war. In many cases, officers who have appreciated the qualities of the men who served under them have paid for a course of Pelmanism for such men on their discharge from the service.


And no person who can read can escape the wonderful tributes which are being paid to Pelmanism by distinguished men in every section of the Press.

Yes. Pelmanism is, without a doubt, a vital necessity for the discharged soldier. For it is the men of the "Silver Badge" and their comrades who will return when peace comes—the youth of the world—upon whom the duty of rebuilding a new social order on the ashes of the old will devolve. It is the youth of the world who, when the peace comes, must so order things that the peace shall be kept and the earth cleansed of the corruption and loose thinking that played a great part in bringing about the mud-and-blood-welter of the last four years. And to equip them for their labours in this respect, as well as for their own individual welfare, I think that Pelmanism is of inestimable value.


*The Pelman Institute publishes a small book, "Mind and Memory," in which Pelmanism is fully explained and illustrated; and a supplement treating of "Pelmanism as an Intellectual and Social Factor." These two publications, together with a reprint of "Truth's" Report on the Pelman Institute and its work, will be sent gratis and post free to any reader of LAND & WATER who addresses a post card to the Pelman Institute, 39 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1. ALL CORRESPONDENCE IS CONFIDENTIAL.*

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# The Reader's Diary



## Recent Novels

SIR H. RIDER HAGGARD is one of the few novelists of whom we are content to ask only that he should do it again, and that he should keep on doing it. This means more in his case than in most. There are few periods of history which he has not touched, and none that he has touched which he has not adorned—at least, with a few unhistorical characters. However, in *Moon of Israel* (Murray, 7s. net) the unhistorical characters are fewer than usual. The Pharaoh Menephtah existed, and his son Seti and also the usurper Amenophis, whose unenviable distinction in this book as the Pharaoh of the Exodus is approved by so good an authority as the late Sir Gaston Maspéro. Even the faithful scribe, Ana, who follows Seti in greatness and disgrace, is an authentic character. Add to these Merapi, the beautiful Israelite who leaves her own people for love of Seti, Ki, the great and malevolent magician, and Bakenkhonsu, a humorous and loyal old sage—add, further, much heroism, several deaths, several miracles, a good deal of unalleviated villainy, and Pharaoh overwhelmed in the Red Sea—and you have a characteristic story of the old-fashioned kind which no one to-day can write so well as Sir Rider Haggard. To be sure, he does not here repeat the magic of *King Solomon's Mines* or *She* or the Zulu tales. But he equals his *Cleopatra*, which was a very good book indeed. He skimps neither nobility nor wickedness, nor desperate deeds; and he lays on the marvels with a lavish hand. He has, in fact, done it again; and we ought all to be duly grateful.

Mr. Alexander Macfarlan, the author of *Mockery* (Heinemann, 6s. net) is anything but an old-fashioned writer. In this, his first novel, he sets out minutely—one might say, surgically—to examine the soul of Deadly-Earnest Grant, a rather loathsome young man, whose life is built up on mean pride and mean deceptions. I confess that books in which the principal characters have obviously incurred the bitter dislike of the author, bore me rather severely; and I do not find either Grant's adventures or his psychology easily credible. He begins life as an anti-Papist lecturer, tells a story in his lecture that is exposed as a scandalous falsehood, and, resigning his job, sets out for New Zealand in the company of a somewhat heartless doctor who is curious to see what will become of him when he lands in a strange country with no money. On the boat he poses as a wealthy man, and falls in with a young woman who is maintaining the same pose with equal falsity. Each decides to marry the other as a means to fortune; and their reptilian amours are watched over by Mr. Govan, a leader of prayer-meetings, who, in the competition among the characters of this book to be the most disgusting, leads the field by a short head. Grant, however, has the misfortune to fall genuinely in love with a beautiful girl in the steerage; and, while he is in some perturbation over a sudden glimmer of sincerity which can hardly have surprised him more than it surprises the reader, the ship is wrecked. All the persons mentioned, with the exception of the doctor, are saved on a desert island, and they only. Here Grant gets near enough to the truth to tell his supposed heiress that he is suffering from cancer and that, as he cannot reach civilisation in time to be cured, their engagement must be regarded as cancelled. He cannot, however, bring himself to own that he does not wish to marry her. But Mr. Govan, who is an electrical engineer, proceeds to rig up a wireless telegraph in order that he may summon timely help and preserve the happiness of "his young people." While Grant is meditating murder, his false heiress, deciding justly enough that, money or no money, she cannot stand Grant and would prefer his cancer to proceed, appears and hits Govan over the head with a crowbar—the one incident of the story that causes my heart to beat for a moment in sympathy.

As a relief, I turn to Lord Frederick Hamilton's *The Assembly* (Hurst & Blackett, 6s. 9d. net) with its simple heroisms and its simple jokes. It is not very well put together, and the sentiment is sometimes rather strong; I much prefer the author's spy stories. But it is unaffected and readable; and the descriptions of ranching in the Argentine and of country pursuits in Norfolk are really good.

## The Dardanelles

If any episode in the war is yet so far closed and over as to be properly a matter of history, it is, I suppose, that of the Dardanelles Expedition; and it is therefore an excellent thing that Mr. H. W. Nevinson should have undertaken to write an account of it. He is, in addition to the advantage of having been on the spot, a writer of ability and judicial temper; and his book *The Dardanelles Campaign* (Nisbet, 18s. net) has in consequence much more of the air of being a real book than most of the ephemeral productions of the war. It is a fact, which will presently be realised by both writers and readers, that modern warfare does not lend itself to detailed narrative. Mr. Nevinson overcomes the difficulty by giving his detail set in a firm framework of the political and strategical conceptions of the campaign, so that the minor incidents are never allowed to overcrowd the main view. As a result, he gives an extremely clear and vivid picture of the whole, from the deliberations of the War Council in London—so far as they are known—to that astounding moment on August 9th, when Major Allanson and his men reached the saddle between Chunuk Bair and Hill Q and saw the Dardanelles, and were driven back by shells believed to be from our own ships. Perhaps this tragic accident lost us the campaign—perhaps not. Mr. Nevinson believes that its conception was the most promising which had appeared in the war up to the moment of his writing; but he believes that its success was endangered by the premature naval operations, almost lost by mistakes in the military operations, and finally ruined by want of proper support from home. The last word has not yet been said, and it is a long time before we shall hear it. But Mr. Nevinson's book must be regarded as the first step in the long process of judgment by history; for he writes not with the haste and superficiality of the war correspondent, but with the care and seriousness of the historian.

## Jones's Wedding

Arthur Hugh Sidgwick was a brilliant man who reserved his serious talents for the Board of Education and gave the humorous surplus to the public in two little volumes, *Walking Essays* and *The Promenade Ticket*. The public is not ever likely to know what a loss to the Civil Service was caused when he died of wounds in France in September, 1917; but those who chuckled uncontrollably over *The Promenade Ticket* know that they have lost an anticipated pleasure. A small volume of his verses, *Jones's Wedding and Other Poems* (Arnold, 3s. 6d. net) has now appeared. These pieces are not as good as his best work; and some of them are rather early. But the title-piece, a long dissertation in common-sense philosophy on marriage is admirably gay and admirably sensible. It is a sort of English *Anatol*, a tale of Jones's episodes—all perfectly respectable—before his fate closes on him; and it contains so much wisdom mixed with so much humour that one hardly knows from which side to take it. But Sidgwick's humour in nearly all these pieces is directed from a distinct point of view. In one he ridicules the commentators on Shakespeare, in another he neatly puts Mr. Shaw where he ought to be. In a third, he contrasts the Early Victorian woman who married an ordinary man with the advanced woman who

Was wooed and won and sometimes kissed  
By a sage, short-sighted Positivist.

and joined with him in working for the public good, and  
Riddled with ruthlessly strict analysis,  
Sentiments, creeds and similar fallacies;  
And finally proved (by a syllogism)  
That the Family was evolved or grown  
From basic, primitive Egoism  
(They had no family of their own).

Sidgwick, you can see, had a definite philosophy of his own; and in his scheme of things he exalted the Early Victorian woman who "without an atom of proper shame gave her eldest son a Biblical name" much over the clever woman. You may not altogether like his point of view; but you can find it at its gayest and most forcible in these verses.

PETER BELL.



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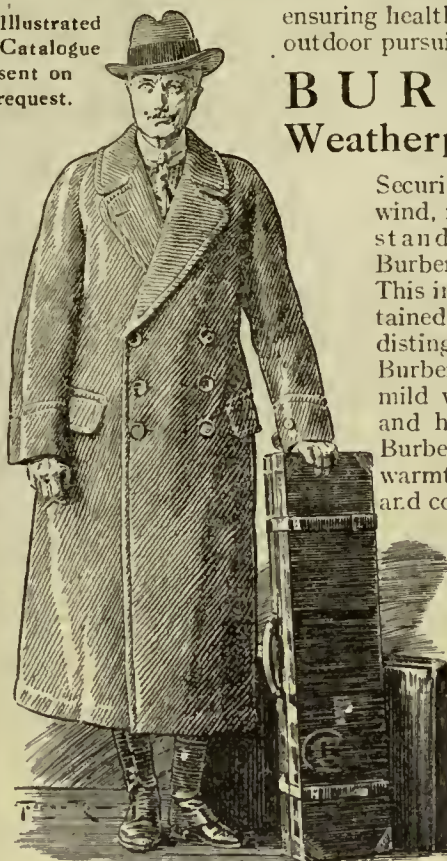
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# Facing the Cost: By Hartley Withers

**T**HOUGH with heartfelt thanksgiving we can welcome the end of the war, in so far as it involved the slaying and maiming of the best of our manhood, its financial end is by no means yet, and will not necessarily come even when peace is definitely signed. Financially, it will only end when the dead weight debt—debt unrepresented by any reproductive and profit-yielding assets—leaves off being heaped up and begins to be reduced. That can hardly happen for some time, since in any case the demobilisation period is sure to be long and costly. It is not even possible yet to arrive with any certainty at the actual cost of the fighting period, which may be taken, roughly, as four and a quarter years. During that time, as is shown by the weekly table published in the *Economist*, the British Government spent 8,611½ millions, from which we have to deduct some 860 millions as the cost for that period on the pre-war peace basis, making a small allowance for normal increase. This leaves a total gross expenditure, on war and war purposes, of 7,751½ millions during the fighting period, but included in this sum there are not only loans to Allies and Dominions, but the cost of a large number of assets that are or will be saleable or recoverable, in the shape of ships, food, land, buildings, balances in the hands of agents, arrears of taxation, and so on. The amount of loans to allies amounted on October 19th—so the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated in his Vote of Credit speech on November 13th—to 1,465 millions, and the loans to Dominions to 218½ millions. These loans to Dominions are, of course, as good as gold; but with regard to loans to Allies, in view of the position in Russia and the far greater economic losses that the war has involved to our Allies, relatively to their financial strength, than it has to us, most people will agree that the Chancellor's proposal to take them at half their face value, in drawing up our war balance-sheet, does not err on the side of financial austerity.

As to the other recoverable assets, they were estimated by the Chancellor when he made his Budget speech last April, to be going to amount to 1,172 millions by March 31st next; and it is very satisfactory to note that in his Vote of Credit speech he said that recent inquiries had shown that their value is far greater than the very conservative valuation that he had put on them last April. On the other hand, we have to remember the big aftermath of expenditure that the transition period from war to peace will surely involve. It is thus very difficult to see how we shall really stand when the war's liquidation is over. All that we can be sure of is that the splendid bravery of the Allied armies, the astonishing feat performed by their navies and merchantmen in transporting the American forces, and the straightforward diplomacy of President Wilson have, by bringing the war to an end some months earlier than the most sanguine among us expected, reduced its final cost by many hundreds of millions. "For this relief much thanks."

This shortening of the war has also helped to make good the Chancellor's estimate of 6,800 millions as our debt at the end of the war, supposing it to end on March 31st next. When he made this estimate he left out, with his usual cheery optimism so untimely in a War Finance Minister, the expenses of demobilisation and arrears of expenditure. Now he is able, apparently, to hope that demobilisation, etc., will be covered by the sums that will be got in during the present financial year, since he says that 6,800 millions can be looked on as the limit of the debt for which we shall be responsible. If, then, his hopes with regard to the value of our recoverable assets are well founded, we may hope to see the final amount of our after-war debt brought well below 6,000 millions.

There are a number of "ifs" involved in this calculation however, and we are on safer ground when we try to see how the financial position of the country, as a whole, has been altered by the war. Many gloomy prophets, going as far on the side of pessimism as our cheery Chancellor has erred in the other direction, have told us that we should end the war no longer a creditor country. If the estimates of statisticians, which put our total holding of investments abroad in foreign countries and our Dominions at 4,000 millions, were anywhere near the mark, there seemed to be no reason to fear that we should have used up the whole of that huge asset for a long time. The Chancellor now tells us that the burden of the debt that we have raised abroad during the war will not at the outside reach 1,000 millions. The published figures seem to indicate its gross amount at over 1,260 millions, so the Chancellor is apparently putting against it our loans to Dominions and something over on account of loans

to Allies. He also stated, in an interview in the *Observer* of November 10th, that practically the whole of our holding of American securities had been returned by us to America for sale or as collateral against our borrowings, and that their value was about "3 billion dollars," or 600 million pounds. In so far as they are held as collateral, they will, if now or hereafter sold, reduce the amount of our foreign debt. But if we take the whole amount as gone, and add another 100 millions or so for other lands of foreign securities sold, we are still well below 2,000 millions as the amount by which we have impaired our position as a creditor country, by parting with foreign securities and raising loans abroad. In other words, we are not only still a creditor country, but more than half as big a one (so to speak) as we were when we began drawing on our capital for the sake of our Allies. The net result is that instead of receiving about 200 millions a year in interest from investments abroad, we shall receive about 160 and have to pay about 50 so that our net receipt on this account will be about 110 millions.

Another invisible export that we used to make in the shape of freights earned by our merchant ships will have been considerably affected by the war, owing to the number of our ships that have been sunk by submarines. We have lost nearly 9 million tons in this way out of a total of 19 million tons of merchant ships owned by us when the war began. On the other hand, we have built during the course of the war 5½ millions of new tonnage, so that the net loss is 3½ million tons.

## The Necessity of Production

We have thus good reason for facing the after-war financial position with calm serenity, if only we can feel sure that the industrial and commercial production which is the basis of all financial strength will be set about with energy and goodwill. Finance deals in promises to pay. But the payments ultimately have to be made in goods and services. Our equipment for providing goods and services has not been seriously impaired apart from the loss of ships referred to above. We have not been as careful in the matter of upkeep as we should have been if we had had more material and labour to spare, but we have imported a mass of machinery for war purposes, some, at least, of which will be useful for peace work; we have improved our organisation, and we have shown what can be done with machinery if it is given a fair chance with no restrictions on its output, or with less than were imposed on it before the war. If we can make use, full use, in the future of these benefits that we have gained there is no reason why, after the difficulties of the transition period have once been dealt with, our industrial output should not be greater than it has ever been. And after all, a nation's industrial output, in the widest sense of the term, is its income—the source, that is, of the necessities and comforts that it is able to enjoy.

On the purely financial side of things we have to see to it that our financial machinery is clean, that sound enterprises, giving the investor a fair chance of a return on his money, may stimulate saving, that our currency is brought back to a sound basis on the lines indicated by Lord Cunliffe's committee's report, and that measures are promptly taken to put our system of taxation in order. On these questions there is likely to be acute differences among the political groups and parties that are now bidding for the public favour. Whatever be our political predilections, we must all admit that in order to ensure our industrial and financial recovery, industry must be hampered as little as possible, especially in its demand for raw material and for any imports that it uses in production, and that direct taxation, which will clearly have to bear the chief weight of the war debt charge, shall as far as possible affect, not industry, but the net income from it that comes into the pocket of the individual citizen. In other words, that long overdue reform of the income-tax, the absence of which has hampered us so severely in our war finance, ought to be set about at once. During the war, we were told, it could not be done because the Inland Revenue Office had been too seriously weakened by enlistment and conscription. Now that the fighting is over and a return to financial sanity is imperatively needed, one of the first things to be done is to put back our taxing experts into their right place and set them to work to relieve the income-tax of its unfair pressure on fathers of families, which has had so disastrous an effect in reducing the fertility of the middle class.





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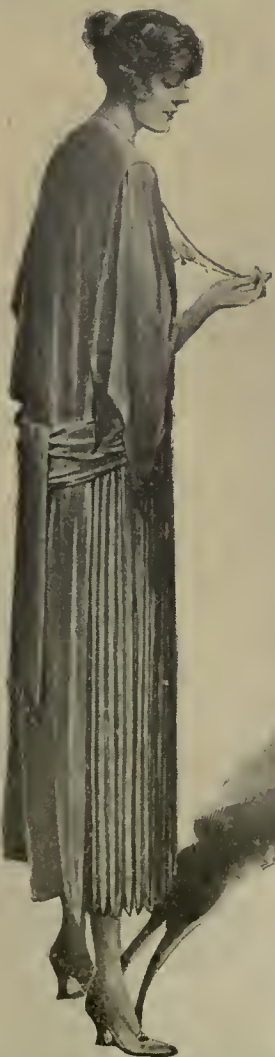
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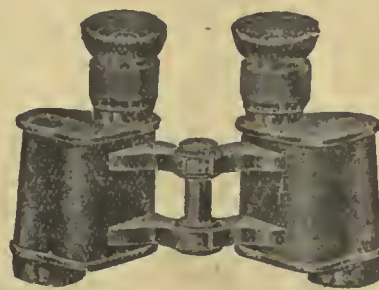
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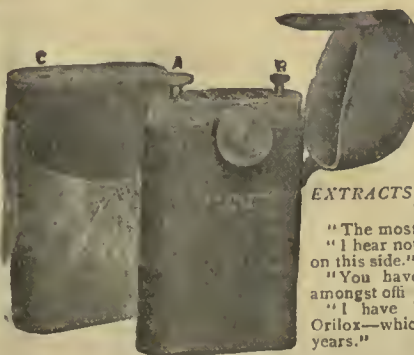


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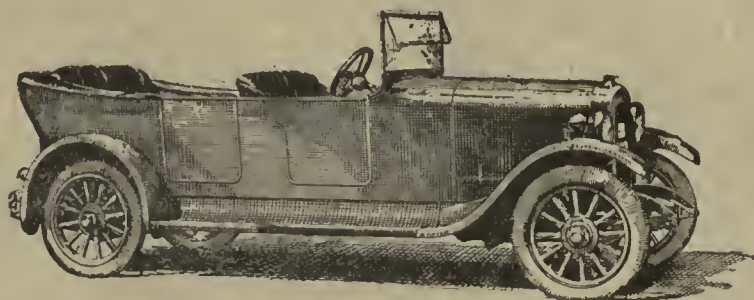


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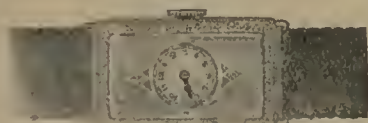
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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1918

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## The Armistice Terms

HALF the time allotted to the Germans by the armistice has elapsed, and considerable progress has been made since last we wrote with the fulfilment of the armistice terms. Alsace-Lorraine is now irrecoverably French, and Metz and Strasbourg are draped in the tricolour. King Albert has entered Brussels, and the Allied line from north to south moves steadily towards the Rhine. The great surrender of the German Navy has been made, the toll of submarines—rather inexplicably slowly—is being gradually levied, and Germany is now a third-rate naval Power. What proportion of the five thousand guns and the five thousand locomotives has yet been yielded we do not know, but we hear of the Germans in some places leaving behind even more stuff than we bargained for. There is every reason to suppose that by the time the five weeks have elapsed the whole contract will have been fulfilled. The terms may not have been carried out to the utmost exactitude, but the approximation will be near enough to guarantee Germany's helplessness. The French provinces will have gone, the occupied territories will have been cleared of the enemy, and Germany, shorn of the greater part of her fighting strength, will be at the disposal of Allied justice. Her power of aggression will have gone once and for all. Her weapons now are not the menacing mailed fist, but appeals to mercy, plausible arguments, and in the last resort the threat of a desperate last resistance on her own soil should we persist in what she calls intolerable demands. She is not really in a position to fight again; but we are bound to hold ourselves ready for an attempt to trade on our war-weariness in this way in order to get some modification of terms.

## The Terms for Germany

No modification is possible. If our terms are based, as they are, on justice, they cannot be changed without injustice. Our terms for Germany are in their general outlines simple, though conditions may necessitate their being supplemented with extra precautionary measures. She has to cede Alsace-Lorraine unconditionally, she must give up (and this to all Germany will be the bitterest pill of all) Prussian Poland and give the Poles access to the sea, she must surrender all

claim on her colonies, and she must make full reparation for the damage she has done to civilian life and property in France and in Belgium, by sea and by land. Her fine will come to thousands of millions. She will say she cannot pay it. But we, not Germany, will be the judges of that, and, up to the limit of her paying capacity, no compromise is possible. For if she does not pay it, who will? The French? The British? The Belgians? The Chinese? We have no patience with those sentimentalists who are already saying "let bygones be bygones," and interpreting the maxim as implying that it is the business of the Allies to make good the havoc wantonly caused by our enemies. Republican or monarchist, democratic or autocratic, militarist or pacifist, unregenerate or repentant, the German people has got to make amends. A vigilant watch must be kept for any tendency to prune down what we are asking for; and are entitled to insist, as the Germans did in 1871, that our terms shall be ratified by a National Assembly elected on the widest possible basis, in order that the strongest possible authority shall be given to the national surrender and the whole people made parties to it. Meanwhile, we cannot honestly say that there are many signs of an inclination to resist in Germany. They are fighting Bolshevism, they are discussing whether they shall break up or remain a confederation. But, save the Count Reventlows and such persons; they do not seem to be devoting much thought to Germany's future as a fighting Power. They seem, on the other hand, precipitately anxious to curry favour with us and to demonstrate that had they only known how bad their cause was, they would never have fought us. The documents published after four and a half years, in Bavaria, prove up to the hilt the guilt of the Kaiser and his gang.

## The Future of the Air

The full report of the committee appointed by the Government to consider the peace-time possibilities of aerial navigation is not yet available, but a summary has been published which gives all the important facts. The conclusions are highly interesting, but too numerous to be more than glanced at here. It is, it seems, agreed that aeroplanes are not likely to rival trains as carriers of heavy goods. Their commercial future lies in their usefulness: (1) simply for emergency transport, (2) as mail carriers, (3) for rapid passenger traffic. India will be only two days off; and in some cases even the telegraphs will have serious rivals. The primary need is not so much machines as aerodromes and landing-stages. Very great expenditure will be necessary before we have provided on the most promising routes facilities for paying services. The prevalent opinion seems to be against a State monopoly of air-traffic, the risks involved being too heavy. Those risks, in the early stages, will certainly be great. Aircraft manufacture may boom, but we may expect for some time to have to record the failure of transport enterprises prematurely ambitious. A question of enormous difficulty is that of the ownership of the air. There is an old maxim that the landlord owns the soil down to hell (where his boundaries dwindle to a point which has no magnitude) and the air up to heaven. As against this, the Germans have maintained that there is a territorial three-mile limit in the air above which the "freedom of the air" is unqualified. Neither doctrine is acceptable; the first would mean absurd restrictions and private actions for trespass, the second would be intolerable from a national point of view. The State will have to have unqualified supremacy over its own airways, and its exercise will have to be defined by international agreement. Points were discussed (such as responsibility for damage done to poultry by aeroplanes falling after collisions for which their pilots were not responsible) which suggest that an enormous volume of new legal puzzles are likely to arise. It is very difficult to move in this world without providing more work for the lawyers, and the sooner we get to work with the exactest possible definition of aerial rights and responsibilities the better.



# The Recovery of Europe: By Hilaire Belloc

## II.

**W**HAT we have to prevent, if we are to save ourselves, is the re-formation of that smouldering possibility, the Central European State. For if it once take form, no matter under what disguise, particularly if the disguise is unconscious, no matter under what name, whether it is called Republican or Imperial, co-equally federal, or rallied round one centre—the older Europe is insecure. The highly organised, highly differentiated nations of the west, particularly Great Britain and France and the new Italy, will stand separate before such a menace—and an organism of this kind, no matter how it might arise, would have the East in its power.

That we may understand the problem, let us try to put fairly to ourselves the attitude of those who but recently tried to bring such a State into being, under the direct hegemony of Prussia.

Men talk sometimes as though the ambitions of these men had been narrow, and purely mechanical; as though Prussia were an intriguer quite indifferent to the fate of every other German State (for she was the least German of all), and as though her dependents and allies were attached merely by force or fraud to that great mass which she led.

That is an imperfect view, and in particular cases it is a completely false view. The point of Prussia was that her discipline, crude though it was, and quite uncreative, could promise to most of the German nations organised under a Prussian Presidency prosperity and strength; and that Prussia could offer as proof of such a claim the great victories of a generation ago. Such a German Confederation being established, it achieved a natural preponderance over the partly German imperial system of the south, Austria, and through this union threatened all the Slav world, and impressed or controlled in part the nearer East.

Now such a system, though Prussia was immensely valuable to it, was not necessarily, in theory at least, dependent upon the power or even the existence of Prussia.

The men who conceived a vast central European State, with an inevitable influence extending eastward, though Prussia was the backbone of their system, had a more general theory in mind. What they said to themselves (and still say to themselves) would remain true in their minds though the Prussian system should fail to rise from its ruins, and though the very region itself east of the Elbe should be blotted out.

What they said to themselves was something like this:

"The accidents of history have made of all Central Europe east of the German peoples such a welter and puzzle of conflicting languages, religions, races and national traditions, that no permanent solution is possible save large impartial *Empires* ruling the distracted welter—and best of all one large empire, federal in nature, wherein the German, especially under a Prussian discipline, will naturally direct, but into which we must—rather against the grain—admit the Magyar. The Magyar is an obstacle because he is highly national, clearly defined, and jealous of his independence. The other much larger nation, still more clearly defined, and still more attached to national freedom, is Poland. But Poland we dismembered in the moment of her weakness. The Magyars we failed to subdue; for we attempted it too late. We accept the Magyars, then, as a sort of junior partner with subject peoples of their own to coerce, and we solve the general problem by this idea of a Federal Empire which will control the centre of Europe. Such a unity is capable of vast economic expansion as well as of military power; for it can organise the parts of one great whole and throw its combined effect on section after section of industry in succession: it has a "mobile economic reserve" superior by far to that of any other European unit. Further it will control the East, for it holds the approaches to the East, and merges racially and culturally with the East through the Balkans. Side by side with this economic settlement goes the political settlement which alone makes it possible. This great central State in Europe is the natural and inevitable form which, under modern conditions, all that vast territory will take, whether it be called a Federation of Sovereigns, or of republics, or of both; an Empire with an elected or an hereditary head, or a mere group of States with not even a nominal chief or President, the *thing* will of necessity exist."

Such is the conception still firmly planted in every North German head. It has not suffered defeat. It is taken for granted, as we take the future of our colonial system for granted.

A Central European State will arise, they think, and be master.

Well, that is exactly what we have to prevent. What may prevent it we must next inquire.

What can prevent, and what alone can prevent the resurrection of this menace, is a combination of three things, lacking any one of which the fruits of the war are lost.

The first is the true and full restoration of the nationalities, wherein the test is Poland, and the test of that test is Danzig.

The second is a common control of the two gates which geographically close the Baltic and the Black Sea.

The third is the constitution of such a common control by those western nations which bled, and almost died, in defence of Europe and the world against the barbaric conception of the Central State.

Each of these three is essential to the result. Be certain that if we fail in any one, the rest are lost.

If in the first of these there is weakness, treason, or ignorance, we certainly fail altogether. It is the keystone, all the more the keystone because it is new to the West.

If the second is compromised by quarrelling or misapprehension, the first is a bit of waste paper; for if you have not certain access to the Baltic and the Black Sea, if you leave these in particular hands, then the West gives up all voice in the East. Surely the war has taught us that!

### GUARDIANS OF THE EAST

The third point is the most difficult to erect, and to maintain. It is as essential as the other two. Lacking it, we shall never achieve our end. It is the Western Powers which must, in the nature of things, be the warrantors for and the guardians of the newly freed nations of the East and of the international waterways to the Black Sea and the Baltic, because that against which they are ranged has exactly contrary interests. Those who desire to produce—no matter in what form—a great central State in Europe desire, by definition, the control of the Baltic and the Black Sea, and the weakening and division of the Eastern nationalities.

Let us take these three necessities of the situation and examine them more closely.

We must set up the new nationalities. A treaty of peace which did not impose this piece of justice upon the reluctant Germans and Magyars would be a direct negation of all we have said, and, speaking for the general public at least, sincerely said during the war. But there will be more resistance, open and secret, to such a policy than most people are yet aware of.

You have these factors of resistance:

First, the inertia of Western opinion on the matter. It is indeed natural and explicable, but may none the less be fatal. Five years ago no one in the West, beyond a handful of experts, knew or cared about the national traditions of those subject to the Germans and Magyars. How many educated men of one's acquaintance could have drawn even approximately on the map the Western boundaries of a free Rumanian State? How many could define the belt of Serbian population north of the Danube? One has only to ask such a question about one's own ignorance to appreciate how little we knew. The war has largely changed this state of affairs, but it remains true that the problems involved are distant and unfamiliar. Though their solution is vital to us, we cannot easily think of them as immediate; and that is a very dangerous mood to be in. It is the common mood of a man who neglects the approach of a mortal disease because he has had no experience of it and sees no external sign of it near him.

Next, we have the rooted, secular conviction of every German and every Magyar that he is in some way the natural superior of the Slav and the Rumanian. That is a much more formidable obstacle than the policy of a Government. The persecution of the Poles by the Germans, that of the Serbians and of the Rumanians by the Magyars, was not a whim of autocracy: it was a profoundly national act with centuries of national feeling and action behind it. This war has confirmed the feeling very strongly. We must remember



that point, for it is important. Our enemies have been defeated in the West; but in the East and against the Eastern nationalities they were for three years victorious, and that space of time has had a great effect.

It is an illusion, of course. There is not apparent to the impartial foreigner any German superiority over his Eastern neighbours save that of a more industrialised civilisation. But those illusions are strong, and, when left unchecked, they mould history. The only way of reducing them in a man or a nation is the presentation of a contrary *fact* persistently maintained, and by its very existence contradicting and gradually dissolving the imaginary. The new nations extended to their widest limits, and fully supported by the Western Powers which have released them, will be a *fact* pressing upon the foolish pride of their former masters with the constant force of reality and ultimately humbling it. Nothing else will.

Next, we have the lack of obvious boundaries, the vagueness of definition, which characterises the limits of nationality in the East of Europe especially. It is purely a negative argument, and one which would never be used save by the enemies of local patriotism; but it has a powerful effect upon the Western mind when it is put forward. The Western nations are so long accustomed to highly defined and sharp boundaries that the conditions of the East of Europe in this respect puzzle them. As we shall see in a moment, the test case of all—that of the basin of the Vistula—is a very pronounced example of this difficulty.

Lastly, and far more effective as a force opposing us than any other of the factors mentioned, is the economic arrangement of what was so recently the German Empire, and is still in its economic arrangement a united body. This is the very core and centre of the resistance which we shall meet, and it will appear in a number of changing forms difficult to seize, omnipresent and million-tongued.

#### THE FINANCIAL INTEREST

If, as the less reputable Press and the simpler of its readers assert, there were a country called "Germany," which actually had certain definite economic interests of its own, different from those of France and England, the matter would be a simple one. We should make this clearly defined economic entity supply reparation for the evil it has done in its military aspect. But, unfortunately, the modern world is not built upon those lines. The great capitalised interests, especially the largest of all, are not only interlocked, uniting Central and Western Europe in one group: that phase is already passing, and we were arriving before the war at a state of affairs in which the control of great staple interests was really international. It was pure accident that one man should be living in London, and perhaps sitting as a member of a British Government, while his brother or cousin should be living in Hamburg or Frankfurt. They might both of them have been living in London or both of them been living in Germany, for it makes no difference to the arrangement of the financial interests which they controlled. The great mass of the people to whom reparation is due know nothing of these things.

Now, this international financial force, which is the greatest power of our time, is closely interlocked with the Prussian system and opposed to the resurrection of free nationalities in Eastern Europe. Of the various great States over which it has spread its power, and upon the politicians on which it relied for its positive influence, none was more necessary to international finance, none was more cordially related to it, or more intimately, than that of what was but yesterday the German Empire. The great interests, textile, mining, shipping, the great energies of production and transport, which are the supply and basis of national financial interests, were organised upon a system which took for granted the German Empire and its dependents to be arranged as they have been arranged for a generation.

The economic expansion of this system, through tentacles which it has thrown out all over the world, was stamped upon the subject nationalities. When I visited Warsaw in 1912 the most striking thing I saw was the contrast between the old high, refined civilisation of the Poles and the sprawling Germanised industry imposed upon the town in quite recent years. The exploitation of the Balkans was about to begin when the war began and, beyond it, the exploitation of the nearer East had already begun. The control of the seaboard was and is necessary to this economic interest. That is why, when we come to the test point of Danzig, we shall find it acting with full vigour.

Now, as is nearly always the case when you have a difficult task to perform, the particular task of resurrecting a free nationality, especially in Eastern Europe, at once the duty

and the prime interest of the Western allies—and in particular of England—is subject to a *test*. You may know whether you have or have not succeeded; you may know whether you are or are not deceiving yourself by taking some clearly defined point, one aspect of which would be the mark of your achievement: its contrary, the mark of your defeat or slackness. The test in this case is not only Poland, but the kind of approach to the sea which the new Poland would be granted. If we re-erect Poland as a great State, and give it access to the sea such as it possessed for centuries, and by which alone it can live, we have done what is necessary to restore the equilibrium of Europe. But if we give it that kind of access to the sea which spares the enemy and which leaves the isolated group of Eastern Prussia in contact with the rest of the Germans, then what we have done will not last. The whole point of our effort is to make something permanent. All these vast evils which have fallen upon the world during the last four years have proceeded from the fact that the equilibrium of Europe was unstable. Power in the hands of Prussia was an unnatural thing, for Prussia was not fit to exercise power, but degraded and making vile everything which its expansion affected.

#### THE PRUSSIAN "ISLAND"

It is an accident of political geography that the Polish race and all its historical traditions occupies a stretch of country reaching to the sea, indeed, but enclosing a little island of purely Prussian culture, with its capital at Königsberg. This island of alien speech and tradition corresponds to rather more than half, the northern half, of the province of East Prussia. Königsberg is its capital. It is the seed plot of Prussia and her system. It was as a vassal of the Polish kingdom that the Prussian kingdom arose. Between this Eastern colony, as it were, and the mass of the German nations to the west lies a broad, unbroken belt of purely Polish land, and in between come the mouths of the Vistula and the great port of Danzig. Here is the test within the test. Here is the point upon which we can put our finger and say: If it suffers such and such a fate, we have won. If, from whatever cause, it suffers a contrary fate, we have lost. If Danzig remains under the rule of Prussia or within the Prussian orbit, you might as well not let Poland approach the sea at all. Danzig controls all the trade and half the political influence of that district. There has been a heavy German colonisation of the town for generations past. Its speech is in the main German. Its capitalisation is German when it is not international. There will be strong arguments for its exception from the greater Poland which it is vital to us to erect. If those arguments prevail that greater Poland will not survive. It is our enemy that will re-arise.

I have said that the second of the three things necessary to reap the fruits of the war is a common control of the two gates of entry to the Baltic and to the Black Sea. Before the war, the one was entirely in the hands of what was then the German Empire, the other in the hands of the Turkish Government, which was in the main under German control. It goes without saying that such a state of affairs has ceased with the victory of the Allies. We certainly shall not permit, in the paper of the treaty, at least, when it is signed, the continued control of either of these avenues in such hands. Indeed, the power which originally exercised that control has ceased to be. But the danger lies in leaving either of these entries politically and even nominally in particular hands. Take the case of the Kiel Canal. If the country upon either side of the Kiel Canal is politically controlled for civil purposes by a German State, we have no guarantee of the permanent international use thereof. In other words, there must not only be international committees to act as the executive of the common control of these waterways: there must also be garrisons, and the civil government of the land about them must also be in the hands of an international executive. Vast as are the economic interests concerned here, the political interests are greater still. If Western Europe has not full, free, and continued use of the Kiel Canal the Baltic will necessarily remain in the control of the German States to the south of it, and two of the Scandinavian countries, at least, will fall back into their old orbit. The position of the canal involves, through rapidity of transit, control over the natural waterways to the north. It cuts off Poland in any moment of crisis. It cuts off whatever may arise as a State in Northern and Central Russia.

The case of the Bosphorus is too well known to need analysis. Economically, it is of greater importance than the gate of the Baltic. It is the door to one of our granaries and to one of our oil supplies. But there is a political side to it which is a new side: the gates of the Black Sea will be the connection by which the Western Powers



can reach the southern group of the new nationalities, particularly Rumania. Of the two avenues, it is the Bosphorus which will most certainly have to be internationalised. The struggle will take place over the Kiel Canal, and there, as in the case of Danzig, we shall have all the arguments of nationalism turned against us. It will be said with justice that the country through which the canal passes is German in culture and tradition: that the work done was a German work. Indeed, if it were possible to apportion the new world exactly by racial boundaries, with no exception and with no concern for any other principle, it would be impossible to establish European control over this waterway. But the exception must be made, as must sundry others. Notably that of Danzig, which we have just considered. Because if we do not make it, we are putting power necessary to our lives into the hands of what we have discovered to be the most dangerous of enemies.

#### THE FUTURE AT STAKE

The third point is, I think, the most difficult; although in earlier and better times it would have been the most obvious. The common controls which we are about to establish, the general policy which we are about to develop, must be established and must be principally controlled by the Western Powers who have been the protagonists in the great struggle. The British, the French, and, in their own sphere, the Italian peoples, are those who must be the guardians. It is their resistance to the Prussian scheme; it is their tenacity and their sacrifice which have saved the world; and it is they which by tradition represent those things to preserve which the war was fought. It will neither be just nor politic, and, what is worse, not statesmanship, it will not correspond to external reality, to treat the parties to the peace as a sort of mathematical symbols, units, equivalents. They are not. They are living nations with vital interests to preserve, with terrible dangers menacing them if they fail, with their whole future at stake.

Nothing permanent will be done if the general direction of affairs slips from their hands or is compromised by them.

There is here a quarrel between two principles: one false and the other true! The false one appealing to superficial minds, and even seeming obvious to them, the true one more difficult to appreciate.

By the first principle, that nation is regarded at the end of the war as the strongest and the most able to dictate its terms which is the least exhausted. Thus, to take an extreme case, the neutral who has not fought at all will reap the harvest of any great struggle, and that belligerent among the victors who has sacrificed most will obtain the least reward. That the theory is false—its opposite is true. It is those who sacrifice most, who strain themselves to the utmost, and who are, therefore, the most exhausted at the close of the campaign, who reap its results in the long run.

Why this is so it will be difficult to discover, though one may suggest that the moral effect of victory gained at a great price has something to do with it. But, at any rate, all history is there to prove the truth of the least obvious of these two contrasted theories. For one thing, exhaustion is not a permanent phase on the victorious side, whatever it may be upon the side of the vanquished. For another, the sense of justice, the sense of what is due to effort and to sacrifice and an intense emotion will profoundly affect the near future.

The task of resettling Europe is much more difficult than the facile programmes issued during the war would lead men to think. It is terribly complex, filled with the most difficult problems, and demanding wisdom and forbearance between highly educated peoples, all of whom contribute to the common victory.

The mood created by the war is not one favourable to the exercise of those qualities.

Nevertheless, the task can be accomplished if the major lines which should guide it are recognised in time and if the principal obstacles to its success are thoroughly appreciated beforehand and can therefore be guarded against by public opinion.

The only value of such a sketch as this is to crystallise, to define. There are innumerable details, many of them of high import, which a brief summary of this kind does not touch. For instance, we have spoken of the two essential waterways into the Baltic and the Black Sea. The Suez Canal would also come under revision, so will the entry into the Mediterranean. Again, there is that enormous question of tropical supply on which Mr. H. G. Wells has supplied so much admirable material. Worst of all, both in peril and in complexity, there is the problem of disarmament; at the very moment when men speak of disarmament you have the air full of programmes for increased power. The machinery of international agreement which all desire to set up has not been so much as sketched out. No one as yet can give even the most elementary idea of what an international court is, its constituents, its powers, or its procedure may be. There are whole series of such grave questions still left unanswered.

None the less, in the case of this great evil, as in the case of minor difficulties to be dealt with in life, it is everything to have the main lines of the affair clearly before us, before one approaches solving of the riddle; and those main lines I take to be in their largest aspect the three dealt with here: the confirmation of national life, the secure and free entry of the inland seas, and, the most important of all, the control of our decisions, not by some mechanical system of voting, but by the frank confession that the Western Powers, having won the war, shall dictate its conclusion.

There is, of course, a further matter, which I have not touched on because it is, I think, obvious to all and universally admitted. It is the question of reparation. On this there is very little to be said because no issue exists and the problem is of the simplest kind. The maximum effort which can be obtained from those who have ruined so much—that is, upon the people formerly composing the German Empire—must, of course, be obtained, and will be obtained. When it has been obtained—to whatever limit we may strain that effort, for whatever length of time we may compel them to the work, and whatever just confiscation of material may also be necessary—the resultant will fall far below the mere material injury which they have done. The mere wealth which they have destroyed by their singular interpretation of military honour could not be met even by the largest possible advantage of energy spread over the longest practicable period of time. We must be quite clear on that. There can be no discussion save the discussion of what is possible. In the matter of principle, in the matter of justice, the conclusion is one with which the whole world agrees. Indeed, if reparation were not made to the utmost, civilisation could not endure. The example of such crimes escaping their consequences would be too much for the survival of Europe.

## Naval Terms of the Armistice: By Arthur Pollen

**A** WEEK ago to-day the battleships, battle-cruisers, light cruisers, and destroyers that constituted the main elements in the material strength of the German Navy were tamely surrendered into the custody of Sir David Beatty's fleet. The enemy's submarines arrive day by day at Harwich. The first step in the disarmament of Germany at sea has, then, already been taken. It is a step so large that it is definitely certain that Germany cannot resume the war whether by surface force or below the waves. The immense significance of these events is so obvious that further dwelling on them is unnecessary—unless it is to say that there is little doubt that as it was the illusions of coveted Admiralty that led the Kaiser and his duped people to their insane ambition, so was it eminently fitting, when this ambition had been thwarted by sea-power, that the most signal acknowledgment of defeat

should be made upon the high sea and to the fleet that brought their hope to nothing. But if it is unnecessary to dwell any longer on this aspect of the matter, it is exceedingly important we should keep before us two truths which, in the relief from the strain of war and in the bewildered interest which our own domestic peace problems create, may easily be overlooked.

The first of these is that the surrender of ships was only a part, and though the most dramatic, by no means the most important part, of the naval conditions of the armistice. The second is that unless between now and the meeting of the Peace Conference our sea-power is used to the utmost and, at the Peace Conference, its claims are resolutely maintained, it may easily happen that Europe's transition from war to peace may be very gravely delayed, or the resulting peace be less sure and stable than it should be.





GERMAN DESTROYERS SURRENDERING TO THE BRITISH NAVY

Official Photo

### Unfulfilled Armistice Conditions

The naval conditions of the armistice were directed to bring about three results: the complete disarmament of Germany, the clearing of the enemy mine-fields from the seas, the opening of the Baltic and the Black Sea. Disarmament was to be brought about by two steps. First, there was to be the surrender of six battle-cruisers, ten battleships, eight light cruisers, fifty new destroyers, and all the submarines. On Thursday last nine battleships (and not ten), five battle-cruisers (and not six), seven light cruisers (and not eight) were handed over. The submarines are coming over in batches, and at the time of writing the exact number already at Harwich is not known. But it has been stated that only about a hundred were, on the day the armistice was signed, in German ports with full complements. If the Allies have accepted this figure, no more will be brought to this country. But the intelligence branch of the Admiralty is very unlikely to be wrong as to the actual number of submarines that *might* be in full complement, had Germany possessed a loyal and disciplined navy. And if it is right in its estimate, there will be at least as many more submarines technically fit for sea as will put to sea for their last journey. It is the second measure exacted by the Allies that will make the actual number of ships surrendered immaterial. This provides that all submarines that cannot put to sea and all other surface warships, including river craft, that have not surrendered are to be concentrated in German naval bases to be designated, to be paid off, to be completely disarmed, and then placed under the supervision of the Allies. Intolerable, then, as the first condition would have appeared to any navy but the German, a more grinding humiliation is still in store. For the terms of the armistice have no meaning at all unless British fleets are to appear in German harbours, and to occupy and dominate every place at which warships, completed or incomplete, are lying, from which any warship, surface or under-water, can issue. If the German Navy has just made its last, as well as its longest, sortie into the North Sea, the British Navy is about to make its first into waters dominated by German coast defences. But these defences will be harmless, for they, too, must be surrendered. At the time of writing, all we know is that a squadron, under Vice-Admiral Browning, is on its way to see to the fulfilment of this very severe, but most necessary, provision. It may seem surprising that this squadron did not leave on Friday. The reason, possibly, is that another armistice condition may not have been completed. This is the indication to the Allies of the locality of every German mine-field. Until these under-water dangers were definitely removed it would

obviously be imprudent to risk our ships; but if the enemy has complied with his part of the bargain the clearance should not take long, and then the Allied seizure of the bases will no doubt be prompt.

Vice-Admiral Browning's squadron is apparently to be directed to the Baltic, and not to the German North Sea ports. It will thus do its share towards fulfilling the third of the objects aimed at by the armistice. This was to throw the Baltic and the Black Sea open to the sea forces of the Allies. Already we hear that the Bosphorus has been cleared and that the French have undertaken the naval dominance of the Black Sea. It will be for Vice-Admiral Browning to do the same thing in waters which no British surface ship has entered since the declaration of war. Thus, before very long, all the naval forces belonging to or seized by Germany will be in Allied control and the sea-power of the Alliance will be in a position to make itself felt where hitherto it has not reached at all.

### The Full Power of the Sea

The seizure of the dockyards, the Kiel Canal, the naval bases, and the Baltic ports, and the opening of the Baltic and the Black Seas, are of far greater practical importance than the surrender of an inadequate number of German fighting ships and submarines, simply because the war is not yet over, and, whatever a peace conference may decide, there can be no real peace until sea-power can claim the full fruits of its final victory. And that victory cannot be won until the peoples of Central Europe find themselves encompassed by the fleet which, in purblind rashness, was flouted and challenged by the army leaders of Germany and Austria. A very little consideration of the state of Russia, Poland, and the Slav countries, no less than of the present state of Austria and Germany, will, it seems to me, show convincing cause why it is highly perilous to allow even the smallest delay in insisting upon our Fleet asserting its power where its influence will be greatest. In Russia, Bolshevik anarchy has brought all the northern and western provinces to a state of utter exhaustion. The Siberian movement, from which, if anywhere, the regeneration of that country is to come, has just discarded its democratic character in despair, not only of the divided counsels inseparable from such a character amongst people utterly untrained to democratic action, but because it was found that democracy was but a cloak for treachery. It has accordingly vested Admiral Koltchak, that extraordinary product of the Russian Navy after its rejuvenation by the Japanese war, with dictatorial powers. His headquarters are at Omsk. It is no doubt a far cry from



Siberia beyond the Ural Mountains to Petrograd. But all over the country there are true men and brave who believe in the national destiny, and are willing to give their work and their lives for it. What they lack is any visible certainty of the help and support, without which any overt act of theirs would be wasted.

The regeneration of Russia will not be brought about—if at all—by a set war in which the East invades the West, but by a movement, sporadic at first, but finally universal, in which all the forces that make for settled order will assert themselves. What is wanted to-day is to give heart of grace to these forces from as many centres as possible. Already on the Murmansk coast there is an Allied force, and its influence extends far beyond the barren and frozen territory that it occupies. The bases from which such influence can radiate should be multiplied to the utmost. It is ridiculous to suppose that even in Petrograd there are not elements which will be powerful enough to strike effectively against the anarchists, if only they know that there is some reality of force behind the words of sympathy so generously offered to them by Allied statesmen. Now, who can estimate the result in Russia of the influence of sea-power if British ships appear before Reval and Riga, if Kronstadt could be brought under the guns of our Fleet, simultaneously with Allied sea forces appearing off Odessa and Sevastopol? Is it not, indeed, almost certain that here, at least, history would repeat itself? When, a century ago, Napoleon invaded Russia and got to Moscow, the thing that gave incalculable support to the Russian Government was the presence of British ships in the Baltic Sea and the immense effect they had in interfering with Napoleon's communications and in heartening the people to a realisation of their national duty.

And if our help to Russia is to go beyond the defeat of Bolshevism, if we are to give that remarkable nation the chance of regaining its unity, may not the presence of Allied fleets in the Black Sea, as well as in the Baltic, be exactly that determining factor by which this issue would be decided? If this is a situation in which a vast political result, indefinitely beneficial to the world, might be attained by sea-power, is it not one in which immediate action is enormously urgent?

And if one goes further and proceeds to the consideration of the other Baltic problems, viz., the cases of Finland and Poland, is not the case equally strong for promptitude? It is possible that, even without the presence of the fleet, Finland may break altogether clear of German influence; but the revolutionary element will hardly be altogether suppressed until it is suppressed in Russia, and if the fleet can help in one it helps automatically in the other. The need of Poland, not only for moral, but for the material support of the Allies, is surely very obvious. It is one of the main purposes of the peace to give back to the Poles the whole of their ancient territories with full access to the sea. The armistice provisions which bring the German naval bases under the occupation of the Allies may or may not justify us directly in seizing Danzig and Königsberg. But there is no question that the peace conditions are to secure the free use, if not the free simple, of a seaport to Poland, and it would be all to the good that one of the first of Admiral Browning's actions after the occupation of Kiel should be an overt demonstration in Poland's favour. A British fleet at Danzig would, at this juncture, do something more than give moral support to a people who have already thrown off the German and Austrian yoke. It would be in a position to guarantee military and naval aid, should disloyal attempts be made, by Russian revolutionists or by the German Reds, to interfere with the orderly progress of reconstruction. Here then we have two tasks set before our Fleet, and in each case they should be undertaken without the least delay.

### Sea Power and Peace

The regeneration of Russia and the restoration of Poland are great causes worthy of every effort for their own sake. But they are particularly worthy of effort because, as sea-power is the only means by which the Western Powers can help, and as it is sea-power that has brought about the destruction of German militarism, it is a crucial matter that, before the Peace Conference meets, the fleet's predominant share, both in defeating Germany and in ensuring the full fruits of victory, should be made unmistakably obvious to all the world. Without this final and convincing proof our representatives will be robbed of their best credentials. Already there is wide discontent and uneasiness amongst many thoughtful people that in the armistice terms, however satisfactory the German sea surrender, there was no such recognition of Great Britain's sea services as might easily and, indeed, should almost obviously have been included. Let me state again a point perhaps already familiar to my

readers. When Germany applied for an armistice it was asked for on the condition that the terms of peace would be those set before the American public by President Wilson. The Allies consented to this preliminary condition with two modifications. The question of belligerent and neutral rights at sea was left for open and unprejudiced discussion, and it was stipulated that it should be a condition of peace that Germany was to be liable for all the consequential damages to civilian property that her unprovoked aggression had inflicted. This last was a moderate demand, and amounted to no more than this: that what Germany had stolen or otherwise caused us to lose, was to be repaid. It was not in its nature a condition differing at all from another included in the fourteen points, namely, the evacuation of the invaded territories and the restoration to France of the provinces wrongfully seized at the Treaty of Versailles. Restitution was the justification of both. Now, Alsace-Lorraine has been given up by Germany. It has been re-occupied by the French Army, after an interval measured only by the time it took for the German forces to get out and the French forces to get in. Before these lines are in print every yard of this French territory will be in French hands, together with all German private property that could not be removed. The debt was obvious and admitted, the method of repayment simple and direct. There was no reason for delay.

But, on the same showing, why should Germany's debt to the world's sea service not have been acknowledged and met by a similar restoration? Nine million tons of British shipping and half as much again of Allied and neutral has been wantonly destroyed by piratical action. Germany has over three—possibly four—million tons of merchant shipping lying idle in her harbours. There is no question about the debt. The means—or, at any rate, the partial means—of repayment are there. Why was immediate repayment not insisted on? This failure to insist upon a very obvious piece of restoration has undoubtedly given the impression that the representatives of this country failed to maintain the due of sea-power when the armistice terms were settled. I do not suggest that the whole of this tonnage should have been surrendered to Great Britain. Its allocation on some just principle between all the Powers whose shipping has suffered at the enemy's hands would have been simple. The point is that this tonnage still remains in German hands, though useless to them, for the blockade continues unabated.

Nor is this the only point in which we seem to have been somewhat shy of acting on our professed belief that sea-power has won the war. The fourteen points containing President Wilson's unexplained statement, about "absolute freedom of navigation alike in peace and war," were public property in the first week of January last year. A week or two later the subject was amplified in the President's address to the Senate. An examination of the text of his words leaves the meaning of the passage in the fourteen points still obscure. But surely it was no service to a good understanding amongst the Allies that the British Government should have remained silent from that day to this. If the Washington correspondents of the New York Press are to be trusted, this question of the freedom of the seas is one to which President Wilson attaches the utmost importance. Has Great Britain got a policy in this matter? If it has, has that policy been discussed with and been accepted by any of her allies? Are we to continue the course of policy which gave us first the Declaration of Paris and then the Declaration of London? Or have we learned wisdom by the war?

The Peace Conference, we are told, is to meet in January and finish its deliberations in six weeks. If the new communities into which the enemy countries have split, or seem likely to split—for Bavaria, we now learn, advocates the division of the late German Empire into ten republics—can organise themselves under government that look like being stable between now and March 1st, their achievements will be very astonishing. So far, Hindenberg seems to be the only strong and, indeed, the only sane person in German public life. The people are represented to be receiving the German soldiers as if they were conquerors coming from victory. Perseus discusses the fall of the German Navy as if Tirpitz's crime was not the black murder of piracy, but failure to organise it more on a scale sufficient to win. Both the people and their leaders seem, therefore, entirely unconscious of what has happened or of the responsibilities they have incurred. Whether the actual surrender of the fleet, the actual occupation of the naval bases, will do something to enlighten them, we do not know; but one thing is sure. There must be no room for German sea illusions. Our spokesmen at the Peace Conference must, if they are to be faithful, maintain the sea rights of the Power that has brought about the victory, and their best title to do it will be to use that sea-power from now till the conference meets to its utmost.



# The Armistice : A Soldier's Letter

*The following has been received from a British soldier. The writer may be quite right or quite wrong in his opinions, but at least they are interesting as coming from a man who has had considerable service in the field.*

JUDGING by all we read and hear of the cheering, and bunting, and burning bonfires (of *our* captured guns), you people at home are feeling pretty bucked over the whole of the armistice. Here the feeling does not seem to be quite so full of rejoicing, and there are a few little points worrying the fellows in the field now and again. I don't mean to suggest that we are not all thoroughly glad to be done with the fighting, and it is really only the men who were programmed to go over the top in the next few days of the push that can understand just how thankful it is possible to be that the "cease fire" went. But we don't like the terms of the armistice. In fact, a whole lot of us are wondering pretty hard why there were any terms at all, and why "Jerry" was not told straight out to surrender unconditionally, and if he didn't like to do that, to run along home and let's get on with the war.

Some of you may say that it was not worth while; that the terms are strong enough to prevent the Boche beginning the show again, and that it would have only meant more of our men being killed for nothing. But is this so? Everybody knows that we had the Huns stone-cold. In the last few days there was no fight left in them, and we were much more busy trying to find them than in fighting them. I believe that down in the south, on the American front, they were having some scrapping right up to the finish; but there is very little doubt that if the Yanks had simply stopped there and marked time they would have had no further casualties, and the trick could have been just as effectively tried on other fronts where the enemy were not on the run, and where the wash-out of the whole lot could have been completed. There was no question, then, of stiffer terms costing us a single casualty more, or prolonging the war one hour. We are sure the "Jerries" would have surrendered by the stated hour on any terms or no terms.

Most of us here don't profess to be any great strategists, and we know little or nothing of international politics and complications, and all that sort of thing. But we do know a bit about fighting; and, after all, it is only the fighting side I am talking about. Nobody will deny that the Hun was completely done for, and we had the war so well won that the longer it ran the worse a hammering he was going to get. This being so, why were any terms offered at all? Foch is a strategist, and knows his game from end to end; and you cannot persuade us that he didn't know just how well he had the game in hand, or how absolutely he was master of the position. Why did he, or the conference, or the admirals and generals—or whoever it was made up the terms—give any terms at all?

I know that the statesmen would have to have a bit to say on this question affecting the interests of the whole of the Allies, and I know, too, that it is only heads outside the Army who are best able to know whether there is money enough, or men enough, or powder enough, or anything else enough, available to go on with the "straffing." No doubt these people went over the whole situation very carefully, and discussed it with Foch and the rest of the fighters, and framed their armistice terms as a result. Foch knew that every day, in fact, towards the end, every hour, was putting the Boche more and more at our mercy. Did he have any authority to make more drastic terms if he felt that the military situation was good enough to allow him to do so, and impose them successfully?

We have a vague notion that we have been cheated of the full reward of such a sweeping victory as we were on the point of gaining. It was a pretty good victory, but it was nothing to what it would have been if the war had run on another few weeks. We don't like Germany being allowed to hand out a number of her battleships and U-boats when we could have had the lot; we don't like hearing that we *may* occupy Heligoland when we could have had it for the asking; we don't like knowing that 2,000 aeroplanes were to be handed over if the enemy had 3,000, or even 2,001. And, most of all, we don't like reading in translations from the German papers an address from old Hindenburg to his army that they can hold up their heads with pride, that Germany has only been beaten economically, and never in the field—and all that sort of stuff. If they wanted a bigger beating they only had to keep on. But if they are allowed to get away with the idea that they were not beaten as a

military power, then we feel we have not properly finished the job. I don't say it out of spite, but I do believe that most of us want to see the Germans beaten down and humiliated and broken in spirit, and for a very sound reason. If they finish up the war with the firm belief that their army has not been well thrashed, and that it would not have been better thrashed as days went on, there seems to be quite a chance that in some years' time they will 'pluck' up spirit and get ready to have another go. We don't want that. We have had our full share of war, and most of us don't want to have to get back into khaki again in our lives.

I know that it is the peace terms that will settle this question of whether or not the Germans can ever begin a war again; but it is just because we feel we did not exact the full advantage of our victory in the armistice terms that we feel very doubtful if the peace terms are going to be as strong as they ought to be. We will resent it deeply if the peace terms do not tie the Hun up for generations so helplessly that war will be an impossibility for him, and one of the surest ways to make him sick of war is to make him see that he has been well licked, and that for all his cockyness and pride in the invincibility of the German armies, they can be beaten, and have been beaten, and that they are going to be beaten again if ever they ask for it.

How the terms are going to be framed to gain this object we are willing enough to leave to the statesmen, or whoever is thought best fit to handle the job. We don't care how it is done so long as it is done, and we are going to kick pretty hard presently if we find that the right men have not done the job in the right way. At the moment we are mainly interested here in two things: getting a good peace signed and getting the Army home. We have not studied questions of boundaries and races and national rights to any great extent, and we are quite content to leave the settlement of these things to people who understand them. But if the peace-term makers want to please the British Army and, I fancy, most of the Allied armies, they will stick in a couple of clauses in the terms—one making sure that when we get back to civilian life we are not going to be saddled for the rest of our existence with all sorts of crippling taxations to pay for the mischief we had no hand in beginning, and the other that an armed force does a real good full-dress parade through Berlin on the same lines as the Germans did in their last war to Paris.

A SOLDIER.

## The Fall

I'll sing a song of kings and queens  
And falling leaves and flying rain,  
With Time to mow, and Fate who gleans  
Their good and evil, boon and bane.

I'll sing a song of leaves and rains  
And flying queens and falling kings,  
Yet doubt not reason still remains  
Snug hidden at the core of things.

For every year an autumn brings  
To round the root and fat the sheaves,  
And haply garner queens and kings  
With falling rain and flying leaves.

The rain is salt with tears of queens,  
The leaves are red with blood of kings;  
Unknowing what the mystery means,  
We puzzle at these solemn things.

For why great kings and rains should fall,  
And wherefore leaves and queens should fly,  
Or such rare wonders be at all,  
You cannot tell; no more can I.

Yet this we know: new leaves and rain  
Anon shall crown the vernal scene,  
But dust of dynasts not again  
Blows up into a king or queen.

EDEN PHILLPOITS.





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## THE GREAT

B C

Meeting the head of the German Fleet at 7.30 a.m. on November 21st, 1918.  
On the right of the picture is H.M.S. "Seymour," T.B.





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# SURRENDER

Dixon

rearmost German ship is "Seydlitz," "Moltke" and "Hindenburg" following.  
d of which was LAND & WATER artist, Mr. Charles Dixon.



# The Tanks (*continued*):

By Major-General E. D. Swinton, C.B., D.S.O., R.E.

(By request and with permission)

## "A little more of the Truth"

ON August 8 it was the turn of the British to bring off a successful offensive on a large scale. This was once more a surprise effected by the Tanks. Then, almost daily, from the 21st of the month up to September 3, Tanks were helping the unremitting pressure we were putting on the enemy. During the course of these operations, one Tank captured a six-inch gun, and another a three-gun battery. On the 18th Tanks assisted in our attack between Gouzeaucourt and St. Quentin which resulted in the capture of 10,000 prisoners and 60 guns, also on the 21st and 24th, and again on the 27th to the west of Cambrai, when our spoils amounted again to 10,000 prisoners and 100 guns. It was a strange coincidence that during this battle some of the "Elders" of the Tank family found themselves where they had battled ten months before near Bourlon Wood. Two days later the Tanks again played a part in the action near Vendhuile in which 4,000 prisoners formed our "bag."

This day, September 29, was the first occasion on which British Tanks were manned in action by Americans—members of the "Treat 'em Rough" Corps.

Tanks possess the power of offence of the fire-arms they carry, but they also are endowed with a unique attribute in their ability to crash their way through obstacles and to charge down and crush the enemy *personnel* and armament. A striking example of this brute force action was given at the attack at Hamel on Independence Day, 1918, already referred to. After the fight, 26 machine-guns were dug up in one stretch of the German position out of the ground into which they had been crushed. And in this connection it must be admitted that the German machine-gunners are as a rule very brave men. On numerous occasions they have stuck to their guns to the very last moment and been crushed alongside their weapons.

If a German account can be believed, there is a recent achievement of the Tanks in another theatre of operations which affords further proof, if any now be required, of their power against defensive positions even the most deliberately organised. It attributes to them the initial success on September 15 of the Franco-Serbian offensive of the Balkan Front, which started the *détâcle* of Bulgarians, led directly to their defection from the Central Powers, and has been partly responsible for the subsequent great events in this part of the theatre of war. The account is referred to by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of London, of September 30, 1918, in the following paragraph:

It is distinctly amusing to read the patronising explanation of the Bulgarian defeat which is offered by the military critic of the *Vossische Zeitung*. The Tanks, says this authority, were an unpleasant surprise to the primitive race of the Bulgarians. There is another primitive race, if we remember, who were equally taken back when the Tank made its first appearance upon the Somme.

Incidentally, the manner in which this statement is made

is one more example of the well-known happy knack possessed by the German race of endearing themselves to those with whom they happen to be associated.

Of the action of the French Tanks it is not within the province of the writer to say much. They have had their vicissitudes, as have had ours. According to the article by M. Abel Ferry already quoted, this new arm was mishandled at the great French offensive on the Aisne on April 16, 1917, when any chance of surprise was prevented by a nine days' preparatory bombardment, the resultant discredit of the machines leading to great delay in their development. He is of opinion that the real entry of the Tank into battle was in June, 1918, and that the true conquerors in the

fighting round Amiens and Montdidier were the French and British Tanks. According to him the increasing demand of the soldier in the front line for Tanks and more Tanks is logical; and the queen of battles is now the mechanic, and no longer the infantry. He points out finally that the Germans have always been great believers in the employment of mechanical means of fighting, but that in this war they have, as regards such means been wrong three times out of four. They were correct in be-



AFTER THE BATTLE

By Captain Spencer Pryse, M.C.

lieving in poison-gas. They were wrong in believing in the Zeppelin and the submarine. They were also wrong in disbelieving in the Tank.

And how is it that the Germans have not done more to instal for their own use this machine which has for two years taken part in operations so much to their loss and detriment? Partly owing to the state of their own industrial resources, and partly to the changes in their opinion of the value of this weapon as exhibited by our employment of it, there has not been continuity in their policy, so far as we know. Startled and impressed by the results attained by the British Tanks at their first appearance at the Battle of the Somme, they initiated certain experiments in the construction of similar machines during that winter; but did not prosecute the enterprise with energy. Our offensive operations, in which Tanks co-operated during the first half of 1917, were not, so far as these machines were concerned, of a nature to enable them to show their real value or to cause any alarm to the Germans. The German General Staff did not realise that their undoubted failure was not due to any inherent fault, but was attributable to the breakdown of mechanisms caused by their employment under most difficult conditions.

As luck went, therefore, our Tank operations during the summer of 1917 were in the long run and in one direction of benefit to us. They discounted the original impression produced by the machines, misled the enemy as to their potentialities, possibly caused him to doubt whether we should again have recourse to them, and generally confirmed him in the false security in regard to them already engendered during the first half of the year. It was this that enabled us in November, at Cambrai, by suddenly and secretly launching a large number of Tanks on ground which was practicable



for them, on a well-thought-out and co-ordinated scheme enabling their peculiar powers to be exploited, to bring off a second successful surprise with a weapon of whose existence the enemy had been aware for over a year. The subsequent failure of this offensive had nothing to do with the Tanks, which carried out their tasks with an ease and celerity which was surprising even to the side which was operating with them. This second lesson was not lost upon the Germans, and they set to work again in haste to equip themselves with *Panzer Kraftwagen* for their own use, and also to elaborate their counter-measures to meet future attacks of this nature.

As to their actual employment of Tanks, they intended to make use of a few captured British machines in their great assault on March 21, 1918, but for some reason did not do so. About a month later, however, some of their own manufacture were ready, and in their attack near Villers Bretonneux, to the east of Amiens, they used six. They were all of the so-called male type, and each carried a .75 gun. And on this day there occurred the first battle of Tank *versus* Tank—a historic event, possibly the precursor of what will be a normal occurrence in the future warfare of monsters. One of their machines encountered and with true Hunnish gallantry knocked out two British "females" by shell. It then came up against a British "male," and was itself put out of business by gunfire—which encounter is typical of the struggle for life between animals since primeval times. Details of these machines have already been published, and, as will be understood, this is no place for any comment on their fighting value, or the reverse. An insight into the opinion of the nature of the Tank Service held by the enemy is given by the fact that every member of a German Tank crew is awarded the Iron Cross.

The Germans have not infrequently this year made use of captured British Tanks. The most recent attempt to do this, in a counter-attack on October 8 on the Cambrai-St. Quentin battle front, had a curious sequel, for the British Tanks captured and manned by Germans were put out of action or dispersed by German Anti-Tank rifles captured and fired by the British.

General von Wrisberg, speaking in the Reichstag for the Minister of War, stated that:

"The attack on August 8 between the Avre and the Ancre was not unexpected by our leaders. When, nevertheless, the English succeeded in achieving a great success, the reasons have to be sought in the massed employment of Tanks and surprise, under the protection of fog.

The American Armies also should not terrify us. We shall also settle with them. More momentous for us was the question of Tanks. We are adequately armed against them. Anti-Tank defence is nowadays more a question of nerves than material.

But of the many recent articles, one of the most detailed and most interesting is that by the military critic, Fabius, writing in the *Neue Freie Presse* of September 15 of this year, in which he discusses the developments in offensive tactics which have taken place during this war. He instances the replacement of cavalry as a means of breaking through a defensive line, by the massed drive of infantry, and the abandonment of this method owing to the huge losses incurred; the subsequent inauguration of the colossal artillery bombardment as a preparation for the assault, these tactics having been started by the Central Powers at the battle of Gorlice, the credit for initiating them being given to the Austro-Hungarians, owing to the super-excellence of their artillery material. He then describes the latest step in the evolution of breaking through—the advance of Tanks—and states that, when properly applied, it is the most suitable for the purpose. In discussing the various methods of meeting this form of attack he points out that the Germans are more and more inclined to take up defensive positions behind rivers and canals, or other similar obstacles, owing to the fear with which this new weapon has inspired them.

Now we come to the most pertinent and possibly the most interesting part of what there is to be said about the new arm, though it can only be touched on. Sufficient experience has now been gained to enable some analysis to be made of the action of Tanks from an economic or business side. By "business" side is not meant the narrow financial aspect only, but the common-sense point of view, from which the conduct of the war is regarded as a business proposition in the broadest sense of the word.

As regards economy in fighting man-power, a comparison of Tanks with ordinary artillery in the terms of the amount of fire-power given by either arm for the same number of personnel shows that the Tanks provide the fire-power of four light guns and seven machine-guns for the same number of men as are required to keep in the field one field gun or 60-pounder gun. Again, when the Tanks are employed in

a surprise attack to replace the usual artillery preparatory bombardment, the work formerly done by the guns is replaced as efficiently, if not more so, by the action of the Tanks with about 4 per cent. of the number of men.

An approximate comparison between the number of men necessary in an offensive executed by infantry and Tanks, and by infantry alone, is that in the former case the same fire-power can be furnished with about one-third the number.

## Economy in Man Power

Perhaps the most important feature connected with Tanks is the saving of life effected by them. Experience has shown that by their intervention the rate of loss of life of attacking troops is about halved. This, of course, is mostly due to the mastery obtained over the machine-guns and barbed wire. When it is remembered that this reduced rate is applicable to a total force of only about one-third of that which, without Tanks, would have had to be thrown into action to give equal fire-power, the net saving of life is striking. Further, when a Tank operation of the nature under consideration is carried out without preliminary artillery "preparation," the losses caused by the enemy counter-battery work—in reply to the "preparation" before the actual assault is launched—are entirely obviated. In this connection it may be mentioned that in one such "prepared" offensive our casualties due to this cause incurred before our infantry advanced amounted to several thousand. To assess the increase in losses caused to the enemy by the Tanks is almost impossible; but an idea may be gained from the few examples given of hundreds of Germans surrendering to one or two Tanks, and from the total of prisoners and guns gained in recent operations. Finally the moral effect on our own and the German soldiers has been tremendous.

In material the directions in which the employment of Tanks results in economy are various. To specify only a few: wherever the artillery "preparation" is replaced by a modern Tank advance, thousands of tons of the shells that would have been fired are not expended. This implies a saving in money, a corresponding saving in the labour necessary to make that ammunition, the transport of the raw material of which it is composed, the tonnage to convey it overseas when made, the transport to carry it up to the guns, and the wear and tear on roads, etc. In regard to the saving of labour in manufacture, the difference between the man-hours required to make the gun ammunition fired away in the preparatory bombardment of a certain previous battle, and the man-hours expended in constructing the Tanks which were lost at the battle of Cambrai, in November, 1917, amounted in round numbers to 70 millions, while the difference in cash value was some millions of pounds sterling.

In another direction, as to maintenance, the cost of the continuous supply of fodder for horses is enormously greater than the intermittent supply of petrol (gasoline), etc., to an equivalent number of Tanks. One more factor is that of time. The saving of time between that required to attain a break-through accompanied by success on a large scale—such as that of Cambrai in 1917—and that required for the long-drawn actions, with days of preliminary artillery preparation, needs only to be mentioned to be recognised. In ordinary life it is said that "Time is Money." In war, time is very nearly everything, it often means something which money cannot buy—Victory. A Tank costs so much, but only takes a few weeks to produce. To breed good draught horses takes at least six years: to breed fighting men takes nineteen.

It is by now a platitude, though not universally understood nor admitted by those who should know, to say that the introduction of the Tank has marked the commencement of a new era in warfare—that of fighting with power-driven machines and steel instead of with naked human bodies. The chief value so far obtained from its use has been the power of meeting and establishing movement in the face of that terrible and murderous combination of machine-gun and barbed wire, which, during the last four years, has been responsible for more loss of human life than any other weapon used in warfare. But though the Tank as it exists to-day is still in its infancy, and is capable of improvement, it has obvious physical limitations. It is, from its nature, essentially a slow-moving ponderous Behemoth, a weapon of brute force and not of finesse—a bludgeon and not a rapier. It is, however, endowed with attributes which, though they have not always been fully exploited, have sufficed to defeat the weapon in which the Germans quite correctly placed so much trust, and upon which, as the best man-stopper in the world, they relied to hold back the inevitable tide of advance of the Allies.



# The Armenian Massacres: By H. Morgenthau

**T**HE Armenians had hardly left their native villages when the persecutions began. The roads over which they travelled were little more than donkey paths, and what had started a few hours before as an orderly procession soon became a dishevelled and scrambling mob. Women were separated from their children and husbands from their wives. The old people soon lost contact with their families and became exhausted and footsore. The Turkish drivers of the ox-carts, after extorting the last penny from their charges, would suddenly dump them and their belongings into the road, turn round and return to the villages for other victims. Thus in a short time practically everybody, young and old, was compelled to travel on foot. The gendarmes, whom the Government had sent supposedly to protect the exiles, in a very few hours became their tormentors. They followed their charges with fixed bayonets, prodding anyone who showed any tendency to slacken the pace. Those who attempted to stop for rest, or who fell exhausted on the road, were compelled, with the utmost brutality, to rejoin the moving throng. They even assailed pregnant women with bayonets; if one, as frequently happened, gave birth along the road, she was immediately forced to get up and rejoin the marchers. The whole course of the journey became a perpetual struggle with the Moslem inhabitants. Detachments of gendarmes would go ahead, notifying the Kurdish tribes that their victims were approaching and Turkish peasants were also informed that their long-awaited opportunity had arrived. The Government even opened the prisons and set free the convicts, on the understanding that they should behave like good Moslems to the approaching Armenians. Thus every caravan had a continuous battle for existence with several classes of enemies—their accompanying gendarmes, the Turkish peasants and villagers, the Kurdish tribes, and bands of *Chélés* or brigands. And we must always keep in mind that the men who might have defended these wayfarers had nearly all been killed or forced into the army as workmen, and that the exiles themselves had been systematically deprived of all weapons before the journey began.

When they had travelled a few hours from their starting-place, the Kurds would sweep down from their mountain homes. Rushing up to the young girls, they would lift their veils and carry the pretty ones off to the hills. They would steal such children as pleased their fancy and mercilessly rob all the rest of the throng. If the exiles had started with any money or food, their assailants would appropriate it, thus leaving them a hopeless prey to starvation. They would steal their clothing, and sometimes even leave both men and women in a state of complete nudity. All the time that they were committing these depredations the Kurds would freely massacre, and the screams of old men and women would add to the general horror. Such as escaped these attacks in the open would find new terrors awaiting them in the Moslem villages. Here the Turkish roughs would fall upon the women, leaving them sometimes dead from their experiences or sometimes ravingly insane. After spending a night in a hideous encampment of this kind, the exiles, or such as had survived, would start again the next morning. The ferocity of the gendarmes apparently increased as the journey lengthened, for they seemed almost to resent the fact that part of their charges continued to live. Anyone who dropped on the road was frequently bayoneted on the spot. The Armenians began to die by hundreds from hunger and thirst. Even when they came to rivers, the gendarmes, merely to torment them, would sometimes not let them drink. The hot sun of the desert burned their scantily clothed bodies, and their bare feet, treading the hot sand of the desert, became so sore that thousands fell and died or were killed where they lay. Thus, in a few days, what had been a procession of normal human beings became a stumbling horde of dust-covered skeletons, ravenously looking for scraps of food, eating any offal that came their way, crazed by the hideous sights that filled every hour of their existence, sick with all the diseases that accompany such hardships and deprivations, but still prodded on and on by the whips and clubs and bayonets of the executioners.

And thus, as the exiles moved, they left behind them

This section of Mr. Morgenthau's story comprises a detailed account of what is, most probably, the most awful tragedy in the world's history—the deliberate massacre of a nation. No such authentic a story of the murder of Armenians as this has yet appeared in any British publication.

another caravan—that of dead and unburied bodies, of old men and women dying in the last stages of typhus, dysentery, and cholera, of little children lying on their backs and setting up their last piteous wails for food and water. There were women who held up their babies to strangers, begging them to take them and save them from their tormentors, and, failing this, they would throw them into wells or leave them behind bushes, that at least they might die undisturbed. Behind was left a small army of girls who had been sold as slaves—frequently for a medjidie, or about eighty cents—and who, after serving the brutal purposes of their purchases, were forced to lead lives of prostitution. A string of encampments, filled by the sick and the dying, mingled with the unburied or half-buried bodies of the dead, marked the course of the advancing throngs. Flocks of vultures followed them in the air, and ravenous dogs, fighting one another for the bodies of the dead, constantly pursued them. The most terrible scenes took place at the rivers, especially the Euphrates. Sometimes, when crossing this stream, the gendarmes would push the women into the water, shooting all who attempted to save themselves by swimming. Frequently the women themselves would save their honour by jumping into the river, their children in their arms. "In the last week in June,"—I quote from a consular report—"several parties of Erzerum Armenians were deported on successive days and most of them massacred on the way, either by shooting or drowning. One, Madame Zarouhi, an elderly lady of means, who was thrown into the Euphrates, saved herself by clinging to a boulder in the river. She succeeded in approaching the bank, and returned to Erzerum to hide herself in a Turkish friend's house. She told Prince Argoutinsky, the representative of the 'All-Russian Urban Union' in Erzerum, that she shuddered to recall how hundreds of children were bayoneted by the Turks and thrown into the Euphrates, and how men and women were stripped naked, tied together in hundreds, shot, and then hurled into the river. In a loop of the river near Erzingan, she said, the thousands of dead bodies created such a barrage that the Euphrates changed its course for about a hundred yards."

## Extermination the real motive

It is absurd for the Turkish Government to assert that it ever seriously intended to "deport the Armenians to new homes"; the treatment which was given the convoys clearly shows that extermination was the real purpose of Enver and Talaat. How many exiled to the south under these revolting conditions ever reached their destinations? The experiences of a single caravan shows how completely this plan of deportation developed into one of annihilation. The details in question were furnished me directly by the American Consul at Aleppo, and are now on file in the State Department at Washington. On the first of June a convoy of three thousand Armenians, mostly women, girls, and children, left Harpoot. Following the usual custom, the Government provided them an escort of seventy gendarmes, under the command of a Turkish leader, — Bey. In accordance with the common experience, these gendarmes proved to be not their protectors, but their tormentors and their executioners. Hardly had they got well started on the road when—as before—Bey took 400 liras from the caravan, on the plea that he was keeping it safely until their arrival at Malatia; no sooner had he robbed them of the only thing that might have provided them with food than he ran away, leaving them all to the tender mercies of the gendarmes.

All the way to Ras-ul-Ain, the first station on the Bagdad line, the existence of these wretched travellers was one prolonged horror. The gendarmes went ahead, informing the half-savage tribes of the mountains that several thousand Armenian women and girls were approaching. The Arabs and Kurds began to carry off the girls, the mountaineers fell upon them repeatedly, killing and violating the women, and the gendarmes themselves joined in the orgy. One by one the few men that accompanied the convoy were killed. The women had succeeded in secreting money from their persecutors, keeping it in their mouths and hair, with this they would buy horses, only to have them repeatedly stolen by



the Kurdish tribesmen. Finally the gendarmes, having robbed and beaten and killed and violated their charges for thirteen days, abandoned them altogether. Two days afterwards the Kurds went through the party and rounded up all the males who still remained alive. They found about 150, their ages varying from 15 to 90 years, and these they promptly took away and butchered to the last man. But that same day another convoy from Sivas joined this one from Harpoot, increasing the numbers of the whole caravan to 18,000 people.

Another Kurdish Bey now took command, and to him, as to all men placed in the same position, the opportunity was regarded merely as one for pillage, outrage, and murder. This chieftain summoned all his followers from the mountains and invited them to work their complete will upon this great mass of Armenians. Day after day, and night after night, the prettiest girls were carried away; sometimes they returned in a pitiable condition that told the full story of their sufferings. Any stragglers, those who were so old and infirm and sick that they could not keep up with the marchers, were promptly killed. Whenever they reached a Turkish village all the local vagabonds were permitted to prey upon the Armenian girls. When the diminishing band reached the Euphrates they saw the bodies of 200 men floating upon the surface. By this time they had all been so repeatedly robbed that they had practically nothing left except a few ragged clothes, and even these the Kurds now took, the consequence being that the whole convoy marched for five days completely naked under the scorching desert sun. For another five days they did not have a morsel of bread or a drop of water. "Hundreds fell dead on the way," the report reads, "their tongues were turned to charcoal, and when, at the end of five days, they reached a fountain, the whole convoy naturally rushed towards it. But here the policemen barred the way and forbade them to take a single drop of water. Their purpose was to sell it at from one to three liras a cup, and sometimes they actually withheld the water after getting the money. At another place, where there were wells, some women threw themselves into them, as there was no rope or pail to draw up the water. These women were drowned; and, in spite of that, the rest of the people drank from that well, the dead bodies still remaining there and polluting the water. Sometimes, when the wells were shallow, and the women could go down into them and come out again, the other people would rush to lick or suck their wet, dirty clothes, in the effort to quench their thirst. When they passed an Arab village in their naked condition, the Arabs pitied them and gave them old pieces of cloth to cover themselves with. Some of the exiles who still had money bought some clothes."

On the seventieth day a few creatures reached Aleppo. Out of the combined convoy of 18,000 souls, just 150 women and children reached their destination. A few of the rest, the most attractive, were still living as captives of the Kurds and Turks; all the rest were dead.

### The Fiendish Turk

My only reason for relating such dreadful things as this is that, without the details, the English-speaking public cannot understand precisely what this nation is which we call Turkey. I have by no means told the most terrible details, for a complete narration of the sadistic orgies of which these Armenian men and women were the victims can never be printed in an American publication. Whatever crimes the most perverted instincts of the human mind can devise, and whatever refinements of persecution and injustice the most debased imagination can conceive, became the daily misfortunes of this devoted people. I am confident that the whole history of the human race contains no such horrible episode as this. The great massacres and persecutions of the past seem almost insignificant when compared with the sufferings of the Armenian race in 1915. The slaughter of the Albigenes in the early part of the thirteenth century has always been regarded as one of the most pitiful events in history. In these outbursts of fanaticism about 60,000 people were killed. In the massacre of St. Bartholomew about 30,000 human beings lost their lives. The Sicilian Vespers, which has always figured as one of the most fiendish outbursts of this kind, caused the destruction of 8,000. Volumes have been written about the Spanish Inquisition under Torquemada, yet in the eighteen years of his administration only a little more than 8,000 heretics were done to death. All these previous persecutions seem almost trivial when we compare them with the sufferings of the Armenians, in which at least 600,000 people were destroyed, and perhaps as many as 1,000,000. And these earlier massacres, when we compare them with the spirit that directed the Armenian atrocities,

have one feature that we can almost describe as an excuse; they were the product of religious fanaticism, and most of the men and women who instigated them sincerely believed that they were devoutly serving their Maker. Undoubtedly religious fanaticism was an impelling motive with the Turkish and Kurdish rabble who slew Armenians as a service to Allah, but the men who really conceived the crime had no such motive.

### Greek and Syrian Victims

The Armenians are not the only subject people in Turkey who have suffered from this policy of making Turkey exclusively the country of the Turks. The story which I have told about the Armenians I could also tell with certain modifications about the Greeks and the Syrians. Indeed, the Greeks were the first victims of this nationalising idea. I have already described how, in the few months preceding the European War, the Ottoman Government began deporting its Greek subjects along the coast of Asia Minor. These outrages aroused little interest in Europe or the United States, yet in the space of three or four months about 400,000 Greeks were taken from their age-long homes on the Mediterranean littoral and removed to the Greek Islands in the Ægean Sea. For the larger part, these were *bona fide* deportations; that is, the Greek inhabitants were actually removed to new places, and were not subjected to wholesale massacre. It was probably for the reason that the civilised world did not protest against these deportations that the Turks afterwards decided to apply the same methods on a large scale not only to the Greeks, but to the Armenians, Syrians, Nestorians, and others of its subject peoples.

The martyrdom of the Greeks, therefore, comprised two periods: that antedating the war, and that which began in the early part of 1915. The first affected the Greeks living on the sea coast of Asia Minor. The second affected those living in Thrace and in the territories surrounding the Sea of Marmora, the Dardanelles, the Bosphorus, and the coast of the Black Sea. These latter, to the extent of several hundred thousand, were sent to the interior of Asia Minor. The Turks adopted almost identically the same procedure against the Greeks as that which they had adopted against the Armenians. They began by incorporating the Greeks into the Ottoman Army and then transforming them into labour battalions, using them to build roads in the Caucasus and other scenes of action. These Greek soldiers, just like the Armenians, died by thousands from cold, hunger, and other privations. The same house-to-house searches for hidden weapons took place in the Greek villages, and Greek men and women were beaten and tortured just as were their fellow Armenians. The Greeks had to submit to the same forced requisitions, which amounted, in their case, as in the case of the Armenians, merely to plundering on a wholesale scale. The Turks attempted to force their Greek subjects to become Mohammedans; Greek girls, just like Armenian girls, were stolen and taken to Turkish harems, and Greek boys were kidnapped and placed in Moslem households. The Greeks, just like the Armenians, were accused of disloyalty to the Ottoman Government; the Turks declared that they had furnished supplies to the English submarines in the Marmora, and also of acting as spies. The Turks also declared that the Greeks were not loyal to the Ottoman Government, but that they also looked forward to the day when the Greeks outside of Turkey would become a part of Greece. These latter charges were unquestionably true; that the Greeks, after suffering for five centuries the most unspeakable outrages at the hands of the Turks, should look longingly to the day when their territory should be part of the fatherland, was to be expected. Everywhere the Greeks were gathered in groups and, under the so-called protection of Turkish gendarmes, they were transported, the larger part on foot, into the interior. Just how many were scattered in this fashion is not definitely known, the estimates varying anywhere from 200,000 up to 1,000,000. These caravans suffered great privations, but they were not submitted to general massacre, as were the Armenians, and this is probably the reason why the outside world has not heard so much about them. The Turks showed them this greater consideration not from any motive of pity. The Greeks, unlike the Armenians, had a government which was vitally interested in their welfare. At this time there was a general apprehension among the Teutonic Allies that Greece would enter the war on the side of the Entente, and a wholesale massacre of Greeks in Asia Minor would unquestionably have produced such a state of mind in Greece that its pro-German King would have been unable longer to have kept his country out of the war. It was only a matter of State policy, therefore, that saved these Greek subjects of Turkey from all the horrors that befell the Armenians.



# Colonel Alderson's Revenge : By Douglas Jerrold

IT was late one winter afternoon when Rivers and I rode into Engelbelmar. The place was deserted; the battalion which had been billeted there had left in the forenoon, and we had galloped on across country well in advance of ours.

We drew up outside the church and looked round for some one to take us to the town major. It was getting darker every minute, and the place was empty as a catafalque. Suddenly Rivers left my side and rode straight towards the ruined church porch. No ordinary eyes could have picked out the officer leaning up in the shadow there; but Rivers, the keenest-sighted man I ever knew, was on to him in a flash. He greeted him cheerily, and asked him to direct him to the town major's billet.

"Right you are, I'll take you round," the officer answered, and came out of the shadow. He was a distinguished looking fellow, with a bronzed aquiline face and very keen eyes: a face one could hardly forget, yet, oddly enough, he was like a hundred others superficially. It was merely his expression which lingered with one, I think, a look of refined rather weary audacity, as of a man who lived with a secret and bore himself superior to the burden of his care.

"So you are in the Wessex!" the stranger remarked, almost affectionately. "Did you ever serve under Alderson?"

The question gave me quite a start. . . . Alderson's name had a habit of turning up in strange places, in quiet backwaters, and arousing the most poignant yet contentious memories.

"Alderson." I heard Rivers answer. "I was with him when he died."

"Alderson died alone," the stranger answered, without a moment's pause, adding, as if by an after-thought in the way of an apology for his certainty: "I thought every one knew the story."

Then Rivers did a very remarkable thing, for him. He turned round and asked me for a cigarette. Rivers had never smoked for ten years to my knowledge, but I felt his hand on my arm as he asked me, and I knew that for some reason he wanted a cigarette now, and quickly. I gave him my case. He took one, put it between his lips, and bent over and asked our guide for a match. He offered a box.

"Would you mind striking one for me," Rivers asked, rather apologetically, to my surprise, for he was the most punctilious person himself that you could have imagined, and bent over while the stranger, striking the match, held it between his hands to shelter it from the wind. The light from it lit up the stranger's face . . . certainly a remarkable face.

"Thank you," Rivers said, as he puffed at his cigarette. "You're quite right about Alderson. As a matter of fact," he went on, "he did die alone; but 'died' is hardly the word I should have used."

"Killed, you mean," the other remarked, rather sadly. "Yes, of course."

"Murdered!" Rivers remarked very drily, with a surreptitious glance at his companion, which I would not quite understand. "Would you like to hear the story?"

"Very much, if it's not too painful to you," the other said. "I see you were a friend of his."

"Believe me," Rivers answered, "the story interests me. I'll tell it now; we can see the town major later."

And Rivers followed the stranger and myself into a dimly lit estaminet, and sat down almost in the doorway.

Rivers lent back in his chair, with his eyes on the ceiling. "*Infandum jubes renovare dolorem*," he murmured, almost tragically. "Well, well, I will tell you the story; it'll interest you."

And Rivers looked with an indefinable assurance at his companion.

"We were sitting in our battalion headquarters one evening," he began, after a pause, "talking over the proposed attack.

"I can see him now, smoking one of his execrable Dutch cigars, and ejaculating at intervals: 'You see, they expect us to attack. . . . I tell you it's a matter of psychology . . . our brains against theirs. . . .'

"I agreed that it was a matter of psychology, but not very enthusiastically, I'm afraid. After all, all we could do was go by the map. It's the best information a soldier can ever get, and I said as much to Alderson.

"We propose to go by the map; but the point is, need we?" was Alderson's answer, spoken in that strange voice of his which seemed as ever to carry one mysteriously to the

edge of an unimaginable abyss. I couldn't understand his point, and told him so."

"And Alderson didn't agree?" the stranger asked, in tones of quiet surprise.

"Alderson agree?" Rivers exclaimed. "Alderson turned on me with the most perfect affectation of impatient contempt that you can imagine. 'Can't you see the naked fact staring you in the face?' was what he said to me; but he didn't say it—he spat it across the table. Then he took out his note-book, and began writing.

"There was a pause after Alderson's remark, as you can imagine, . . . then he tossed the note he had scribbled across the table to me.

"I looked at it.

"You see," Alderson went on, in a very nasty, sarcastic voice. 'It's a question of guns.'

"The curtain had gone up on the first act of that amazing evening drama, and Alderson had cast me for my part in the nick of time."

"So there was another actor?"—the stranger's voice had sunk almost to a whisper. "My God, what a magnificent story for the stage," he added, reflectively, with a really extraordinary serenity. He must have known, by that time, of course, though I could hardly guess. But he rose superior to his destiny, if any man ever did.

"You see," Rivers went on, "Alderson was incapable of sarcasm, and his sarcasm marked the rise of the curtain. In one line he'd told his audience that he was a conceited ass, and that I was—well, a person of no importance.

"You mustn't think it all came to me in a flash. But I picked up the essential thing. *He was not talking to me, but to some one who was not there!* Talking to a shadow—a presence forecasted, merely. I felt that unimaginable abyss, from which one was never quite sufficiently distant when one was with Alderson, opening beneath my very feet."

"And yet you never said a word," the stranger murmured, with a note of admiration in his voice. His detachment was marvellous—the detachment of the artist, of course.

"I recovered from my dreams," Rivers went on, "to find myself introduced to a colonel of artillery. So the unseen presence had materialised; and, believe me, I was never less surprised in my life.

"I got up, and was introduced. Then Alderson had another flash of inspiration.

"You'd better put off your round, Rivers," he said, 'and stay and give us the benefit of your advice,' and his voice had a most persuasive charm.

"What an actor!—what a gambler! He was playing for high stakes, I knew, and he took that risk. After all, I might have stayed."

"Yet you understood . . . all that . . . without a rehearsal?" the stranger said, speaking very slowly, and bewildered.

"Alderson made me understand," Rivers answered, almost humbly.

"And yet men say the English Army has no discipline," the stranger commented. He was resigned by now to whatever end the story might unfold. Another victim had surrendered to Alderson's mysterious power.

"Our brain against theirs"—I remembered Alderson's phrase," Rivers went on, almost disregarding the interruption, "and I knew from that minute that the game Alderson was playing could have only one ending. No one could have defeated him that night.

"I went through to the next compartment of the dug-out; it was one of those long, French contrivances, shaped like a tunnel, and cut into compartments at intervals by double thicknesses of blankets stretched on wooden frames.

"Alderson and I slept in two bunks fitted up in the next compartment to the mess. I walked through it to the signallers' room at the end, took off my boots, put on a pair of canvas shoes, and stole back into my bunk.

"A small slit cut in the blankets on the level of my eyes, and you had all the essential elements for a drama. The actors were sitting opposite one another over the mean, battered table, a bottle of whisky, another bottle full of water, two spluttering candles in two other grease-bespattered bottles, and, sitting among all this muddled parody of civilisation, Alderson and his colonel of artillery.

"My dear Boyton," Alderson was saying, as I crept into my bunk. 'It's easy—perfectly easy.'

"I don't agree, . . . their positions on the left are too strong, and they're the key to the whole thing. We can



pour men through on the right, but the position for miles back is commanded from here." And Boyton put his finger on a small redoubt marked on Alderson's map in the third line of the enemy position on their right flank.

"That's what I want to explain to you, my dear fellow; you gunner fellows have got to do this show for us."

"Guns, not bayonets!" Alderson's phrase, such obvious nonsense on the face of it, came back to me.

"And when are we to fire?" Boyton asked. He was getting interested, I could see.

"Oh, that'll be in your orders, I suppose," Alderson asked; "what I'm getting at is just to show you the general idea of the attack, as your batteries have only been in the line a day or two, and I . . . damn it all, I do know just a little about the old Hun and his way."

"Quite so, quite so," Boyton answered, "but what I can't get out of the C.R.A. is a copy of the infantry orders; I want to get an idea of the scheme. You know, unless the different arms co-operate intelligently, understand each other's intentions besides just carrying out their own orders . . ."

"But our intentions are as I explained," Alderson answered. "We put up a barrage in depth over the whole of the front line system from here to here," he pointed out the position on the map, the centre third of the frontage were attacking, in fact . . . and then—"

"Yes, what then?" Boyton asked, eagerly.

"Enthusiastic fellow, aren't you?" Alderson laughed. "Well, we just keep it there. . . . Smother the main garrison, . . . five hours of it you've got to give them. . . . Then we should be all round them, . . ." and he traced with his pencil on the map the projected lines of the infantry advance on either flank.

"By Gad," Boyton remarked, "that's clever."

"He meant to express his admiration, I suppose. But I caught a look of triumph passing over his face."

"A great show," he went on. "When does it come off?"

"Oh, I forget," Alderson remarked, casually; he had caught that passing expression on Boyton's face, and meant to drive his advantage home.

"I never can remember the damned dates," he added, with a foolish laugh; and that laugh cost Alderson his life.

"You must be a very forgetful man, Colonel Alderson," was all that Boyton said in reply; but I could detect the grudging admiration in his voice, . . . and that note of admiration in Boyton's voice cost the Germans a good many thousand lives.

"You see, the psychology of the thing was amazingly subtle; all the remarks impressed themselves on my memory indelibly, but the significance of all the things only came to me later. You see, Alderson had explained a plan of attack, which was—and that was Alderson's master card—a really more brilliant conception than the one actually intended; and he had done so with a lucidity which prevented any suspicion in Boyton's mind that it was an improvisation. Alderson was able to convince Boyton because he had convinced himself. His plan, as a matter of fact, was sound."

"Boyton believed every word of it, but he believed it so implicitly that when Alderson said he'd forgotten the date fixed for the attack, he thought he was merely being played with. He never dreamt that he was meant to leave that town alive. And he told Alderson, as plainly as a born actor can ever say anything, that he gave up the game."

"Alderson didn't reply to Boyton's challenge; he was playing for higher stakes. He had meant to insist on Boyton's belief; he now meant to give Boyton the cards, and let him play the hand and win it. For he had one card up his sleeve which Boyton might not guess. He might have forgotten that an actor of Alderson's calibre would never play to an empty house."

"During the pause Alderson helped himself to another whisky-and-soda, and Boyton got up and moved towards the door. Alderson watched him disappearing. Boyton had got up in the most leisurely manner, put on his coat with an amazing deliberation, and Alderson had to sit there toying with his glass, unable to say a word. He didn't dare as much as suggest by a look that Boyton should go; the move had to come from Boyton. . . . sure enough it did. His manoeuvre was simple, but I must say exquisitely carried out. His coat and hat had been on a chair in the corner of the room, and instead of going into the corner, taking them off the chair and bringing them over to the light, he brought the chair and all, and planted them between the table and the end wall of the dug-out."

"Why on earth . . ." the stranger asked. And as he asked the question, seemed to lose all interest in the story, and got up yawning. He began to light his pipe.

"Why?" Rivers repeated; "well, just stay where you are, and I'll show you."

Rivers got up, and walked past me behind my back; I followed the glance of his eye. On a chair at the end of the room were his coat and hat, and very deliberately he illustrated his story. He brought the chair over in the most casual manner, and put it between the end of the table and the wall.

Rivers looked at the stranger triumphantly. "You see," he went on, "how Alderson was cornered. He could shoot, of course, but before he'd have had time to pull the trigger Boyton would have been round the corner, just as I should be out of the door. Once up the steps, he was lost in the maze of trenches in a second."

"I fancy Boyton was a cleverer man than you suggest," the stranger interpolated. "Let me rearrange the chairs a little."

"My memory is not at fault, believe me," Rivers said, sharply; "the chairs are exactly as they were then, . . . and you, sir," he said to the stranger, with a stern, almost judicial tone, "are to-night in exactly the position in which Alderson was. It lends interests to my story, I assure you."

"I agree," the stranger said, quite pleasantly, but with an effort of will, "your story has a certain fascination; it has such a dramatic end, I can see."

Of course, I understood by then; and, frankly, I was lost in admiration. It was superb . . . nothing affected about it, no exaggeration of gesture . . . just scorn—the scorn of the man playing the more dangerous game. . . .

"The end is very close—unfortunately," Rivers went on. "You see, Alderson was giving the tricks away. And at the point he suddenly discovered the infantry orders. 'By God,' he cried, and I shall never forget his wonderful assumption of hearty stupidity, . . . for all the world, he might have been a certified lunatic . . . or a man of the world. 'By God, . . . here *are* the orders, . . . got them in my pocket the whole time—like to have a look at them?' and he tossed them across the table."

"As luck would have it, they fell on the floor, . . . and Boyton was brave enough, . . . oh, yes, I'll say that, . . . he was brave enough to stoop down, five yards away from the man who knew he was a spy, and had every motive—as he thought—for shooting him dead, and to pick up the orders."

"Alderson moved with a certain step towards the door, and went up the stairs ahead of Boyton. 'Come and have a look at the line,' he said cheerily, as he went up. Boyton followed."

"I heard Alderson telling Boyton that he could keep the copy of the orders he had given him, and then their voices died away in the distance. . . . And the next thing I heard was that Alderson was found lying at the head of a disused sap with a bullet through his heart."

"And the artillery colonel had gone with the orders?" the stranger asked as a matter of form, of course, "just the convention of the drawing surviving rather grotesquely."

"The artillery colonel, on the contrary, had gone off without the orders. The orders were found in Alderson's pocket."

"What was Boyton like?" the stranger asked.

"I really can't remember," Rivers answered, to my amazement, "and I don't much wish to remember," he added. "I rather fancy I needn't trouble to remember."

"Colonel Alderson and you are very clever men," Boyton remarked; "you won't need your revolvers. . . . I shall trouble you another five minutes, that's all."

And he fell forward, breathing heavily. Rivers and I sat looking at one another. Alderson had taken his revenge; that remarkable personality had triumphed over his enemy from beyond the grave. Alderson had come back into Boyton's life for one evening of absorbing interest. His memory had fascinated Boyton, that was clear, and he couldn't rest till he found the key to Alderson's inexplicable negligence in going up that sap alone with the man whom he knew to be a spy, and allowing him to blot out that fatal interview from the list of recorded things.

He knew that Alderson suspected him. That was clear from his attempt to get out of that dug-out before he'd got the information which he came for. That Alderson could have gone up that sap with the intention of redeeming that fatal error of allowing his suspicion to be suspected by the only means possible of allowing his suspicion to be killed had not occurred to Boyton, brave man though he was.

The problem had haunted him. But the soul of the artist that was in him died satisfied. "Alderson," he grasped, in a voice from another world, "was a braver man than . . . I could have . . . believed possible. . . . I should like to meet him again. . . ."

"And he followed him."



# Life and Letters by J.C. Squire

## A Subject

GOING into the country for a week-end (without the least intention of beginning this article bestially with a participle), I found that I had left at home the book which I had intended to review. Had it been a book of argument, that need not have been much of a difficulty; for I could have mentioned the book's name and then argued with and about everybody else who had ever dealt with the matter under consideration. But it was a collection of letters, and you cannot review a collection of letters without quoting from them, or, at least, reading them: that is, unless you are cleverer than I am or more impudent than I dare to be. The result was that I found myself with "nothing to write about."

The situation must be a familiar one to every routine writer; and I conceive that all men meet it in the same way. They wished that they had gone to the Straits Settlements to plant rubber at Kuala Lumpur or some such place; or that they had become doctors or professional soldiers; or that they had gone into the Civil Service, or that they had jumped at that opening on the Stock Exchange. They madden those around them with their querulous complaints, beneath which there seems to be an implication that it is a monstrous injustice that a subject has not been provided by family, or friends, or rained down from heaven by Providence. They sit down, get up, walk about, pull their hair, pick up papers and look at them, open books and begin to read, though they know time presses, smoke pipes and cigarettes alternately, spill ashes, talk jerkily to dogs and cats, wish they were rich, write headlines in a fair, round hand, draw faces, and put down words like "The," "Everybody" (and "Going"), in the hope that they will start trains of thought—or, at any rate, trains of words, which are the next best thing. The clock ticks on as remorselessly as it did to Faustus; the time of train or post approaches; the game seems up; suicide presents itself as a remedy for life's ills; reason interposes that the worst troubles can be survived; and in the end something happens. As a fact, no editor ever gets letters from regular essayists saying "Excuse me this week, I have no ideas." The pressure of necessity forces the door and something rushes in.

So it was with what I was long ago warned not to call "oneself." I had told myself twenty times that I had nothing to write about; I had ransacked my memory in vain for fragments of some recent intelligent conversation which might have raised some literary problem of interest; I had searched several papers and many shelves for something which might appear capable of exposition or dispute; I had finally sat down in a sulk; and then an Inner Voice repeated "nothing to write about" in tones of contempt. Justly; for what nonsense it was! To begin with, there is "Nothing" itself, a subject which has not been exhausted, though it has been glorified, by a dead poet and a living essayist. And, apart from nothing, there is anything and everything else, including (as was long ago observed), a broom-stick. A change came over my brain, and I felt suddenly as though I could write, with equal fecundity, on anything in the world. My mind, my body, the room, the landscape, the sky, the universe, instantaneously became crowded with subjects all clamouring to be investigated.

That is what is known as the awakening of the imagination, a process that may take place in all sorts of ways: that may be brought about by a word, a sound, a scent, a drink. The world, that seemed a collection of lifeless matter, is suddenly invested with wonder; all things spring to life and are clothed with infinite associations; every object recovers its history and its mystery—which is history undisclosed. Every shape and colour acquires interest, every aspect of every object asks questions. Here, at this moment, I look at my hand, my moving hand. I see it as the slave of will, the prodigious garment of soul; as a concourse of chemicals drawn together by unimaginable forces; as the heir of innumerable ancestors, paws and claws and tendrils. I pore

over the elevations and depressions, the nails and the little hairs, the pits whence the little hairs grow, the ribs and wrinkles of the skin, never the same on any two human hands. I think of chiromancy, and wonder how began the human belief that a man's fate was written on his hands; who it was named those thin, pink streaks and girdles by the names of Life and Venus and Mars; and why so remarkable a doctrine should have started if there was no truth in it. How interesting it would be to pursue that speculation, to meditate on it and to examine the reflections of other men on it, of the ancients, of Paracelsus perhaps, of modern doctors. The mind travels to Bertillon and Scotland Yard; to finger-prints on windows and woodwork; to greasy and bloody finger-prints; to counter-detective work; to gloves. At that word gloves, all the gloves in the world soar into sight: velvet gloves, the gauntlet of the King's champion, the glove that the heartless French lady flung among the lions for the *seigneur* to pick up, gloves to which men have written songs, gloves of an ancient fashion kept in lavender with faded letters. And, returning, I think of metaphorical hands, of the hands of fate and the hands of destiny; of symbolical hands, of clouds no bigger than a man's hand, of finger-posts and pointers; of sculptured hands, the giant hand of Rodin; of real hands, hands long dust, Queen Mary's, and Alexander's that curbed Bucephalus; of Lady Macbeth's little hand from which no waters could wash the stain, of the white hands of Iseult of Brittany, and the pale hands that the ghosts stretched out across Acheron.

How easy it would be to write a large book about hands; how impossible to exhaust their beauties and their strange-nesses, their diversity and multitude of their works. But why linger on the hand? There is the pen also. It is a fountain-pen, and has to be dipped continually in an inkpot; but, though degenerate as an individual, it is the scion of a wonderful race. Its very name is history in a crystal, and memories the wing of the goose with strong quills. Steel pens and gold pens, now dominant, are but newcomers; the stylus had a longer and a wider reign; there is also the brush, which the Chinese—whose ink the French call *chinoise* and we Indian—prefer; there are also fingers which, used by prisoners and dying travellers for writing messages in their own blood, have established a peculiarly intimate link between the hand and the pen. Then, the characters of pens, their racial peculiarities and habits: the broad pens, the fine pens, the new pen that refuses to take ink, the old one that is encrusted; the wilfulness of the pen that crosses; the mania of pens for the collection of hairs; the difficulties of removing such hairs; smudges; blots; the problem of what sized blot really matters, and when. Here, in looking at the operation of writing, we come upon a large area of human life and activity; yet who has explored it and analysed its content? One thinks into it like a man digging in a cave; the more one discovers the larger the surface exposed to research.

I come to the ink. How is it made? I don't know; if I looked it up in the encyclopædia, I should find a whole article about that. I fancy that gall and lamp-black come in. What is gall? What things have been done with ink! How much ink has been shed by journalists in noble causes! How pathetic is the yellowness of old ink! How true is that observation of the Mid-Victorian litterateur that we should have very little to drink if all the sea were ink. A great vista opens up from ink.

The pen, the ink, the table-cloth (black and white check); paper; a blue bowl full of oddments; a window; brick chimneys; bare elms; a mottled sky. Below, a garden and plants in winter sleep; a pond where fat goldfish used to be, and probably still are, waving to and fro with gaping and closing mouths, amid a green growth, hiding under flat leaves, diving out of sight, rising bright to the surface. Fields, farms, churches, trains, towns, London, the sea. Each word is the head of a comet with an infinite tail of coloured light. I am humiliated at the variety and splendour of things and ashamed of my own dullness. Never again, I say, shall I feel that there is nothing to write about. . . .

But I shall.



# On the Making of New Style Motor Cars:

By H. Massac Buist

**T**HE carrying out of the armistice conditions assures us that, come what may, world warfare is at an end for this generation. Hence the majority of motorists are interested concerning the time at which it shall be possible for them to study at first hand the progress of motor-carriage design which has been achieved as a result of the motor industry in Europe having diverted its activities to war purposes for full four years of unprecedentedly rapid and successful developments. The regular issue of standardised cars from British factories is governed by a variety of factors, the chief of which may be set forth briefly.

Scarcely two firms in the industry are finding themselves in precisely the same case as regards their contracts for war work.

Nevertheless, all makers find themselves in the same case in regard to the cost of the labour for making post-war cars. They have been prepared for war rates to rule at least for the 1919 production season; but they discover that an advance of another five shillings a week has just been made compulsory. This is utterly confusing in that such a development affects the cost of raw materials to an unknown extent. Therefore it is next to impossible to ascertain to-day what will be the cost of making any given type of 1919 car.

As in time of peace, so during war and its aftermath, a very appreciable portion of the firms composing the motor industry does not lead in matters of design. Such prefer to wait and see what other manufacturers are doing, observing what degree of popularity each effort achieves. Consequently, it is a fact that to-day some British makers have no true post-war motor carriages even in the experimental stage, though those will not necessarily be the last to put new-made cars on the road. They may either have pre- or early-war models; for example, those intended for introduction to the market in November, 1914, when the yearly motor show in London was abandoned for the first time. Such types of vehicles can be put on the road quite quickly.

## Problems of Lost Proportions

Obviously, the more highly skilled and the greater the reputation of a motor manufacturing enterprise in the pre-war period, the more important the part it has been able to play in bringing victory. Consequently, the greater its problem of changing over, as the process of bringing a factory back to normal conditions is styled. In this connection it must be had in mind that there is scarcely a motor manufacturing concern in the country that has not had its works completely remodelled, alike as regards equipment and the purpose to which given shops are put. Even the pre-war proportions of departments one to another have been entirely upset. Most factories have at least double the capacity to-day they had before the war. Some have expanded until they are more than five times as great; but not in ratio one department to another. On the contrary, new departments have been added, old departments have been entirely dismantled and put to quite different uses, and in not a few cases large numbers of specialists have drifted to other factories. Such are distributed to-day all over the country. Thus to return to the necessary proportions alike of machinery and of workers requisite for car production is a very big undertaking indeed.

Every firm in the motor-carriage business before the war is keen to retain, and even develop, its connection; but the Government measures in regard to labour costs and contractors' liabilities leave responsible heads of industrial concerns no option but to consider each his own case and see what is the soundest course possible to steer for the time being. It must be had in mind that, certainly, the operation of the Excess Profits Duty does not tend to leave our manufacturers in a financial condition at all enviable. This one can judge at any moment merely by asking oneself: What would be the state of the said firms if, instead of being called upon to pay away such vast sums out of profits gained from dislocating their businesses and involving themselves in huge capital outlay, they had paid equal sums to shareholders by way of dividends? Obviously, boards of directors acting in any such fashion would be dismissed from the office at the earliest meeting subsequent to such procedure.

## Much More Capital Needed for Motor Making

That this is no idle notion will be sufficiently plain when it is discovered in the course of a few months that a large number of our motor-manufacturing enterprises, in common with otherguessed industrial concerns, will have to go to the public for extra money to finance their undertakings on the scale to which they have been expanded. The Government has intimated that, up to last month, about £36,000,000 had been advanced to firms for the purposes either of making munitions or of obtaining the materials to do so. Of that sum, £17,000,000 is recoverable as having been lent for the expansion of existing works or for the establishment of new ones. £7,000,000 represents grants or other advances, a considerable part of which will be refunded to the extent of special allowances, which will be made to the firms by the Inland Revenue Commissioners under the Finance (No. 2) Act, 1915.

Thus, at the conclusion of their war efforts, manufacturers, no group of whom is greater than those composing the motor industry, have to refund the Government some £17,000,000 of money between them, largely for buildings and plant they have set up for Government purposes now lapsed. As an offset, they have only some £7,000,000 to be awarded between them all. Moreover, as none can tell what he will be allowed by the authorities, of course he cannot go to his banker and borrow money in advance to finance his present and immediate future enterprise. During the war one motor firm has borrowed as much as £10,000,000 from the Government.

What are we to expect our more responsible motor manufacturers to do in the circumstances? They have orders that cannot be cancelled because the Government has yet a General Election to win; therefore, it is currying favour with Labour, regardless of cost. They have four months from the commencement of the armistice in which to complete contracts in hand for aircraft engines, motor transport, and so forth. At the end of that period, work that has reached a certain stage of completion is to be finished. Thus, most motor carriage makers find themselves with practically six months' guarantee of the Government sharing their losses, if they have any.

## Six Months for New Style Cars

In those circumstances, is it matter for wonder that the majority of the firms whose reputations as car-designers and manufacturers stand highest in this country will not be placing on the market standardised examples of their post-war cars for five and, many of them, for six months; others even more? The temporary loss of the market is a serious matter. It gives the opportunity to rivals.

Many of the firms which are really going to introduce notable cars of the better qualities that will embody no pre-war car scheme, but which will be in every sense of the term post-war cars, will not be able to entertain the idea of supplying the public for six months. That brings us to next summer.

Plainly, therefore, the matter of importing cars will have to be dealt with at an early date by the next Government. At the moment, however, we do not know what caste of politics is going to be elected on December 14th to govern the empire. On that will depend very largely the proposition as to how, under the absolutely artificial labour conditions obtaining in this country, motor-carriage makers will continue to produce vehicles which will compete in our own market, far less in the export markets of the world, with those made in other countries.

At the moment the motor industry has no guarantee that it is to be regarded as a "key" one. None knows whether American cars will flood the home market. They are about to issue in absolutely unprecedented quantities, in that the United States motor industry only turned wholly over to war work something less than eight weeks before the conclusion of fighting. Consequently, the proposition of its returning to its normal activities is extraordinarily easy by comparison with the same problem in our own country, where our factories have been diverted for a matter of four years, at least.





# THE THEATRE

By W. J. Turner



I WONDER who named that gim-crack music-hall near Oxford Circus "The Palladium." For "Coliseum," there is some vestige of a reason. Vespasian's "Coliseum" was the mother of all music-halls; but "Palladium," as far as I know, is a statue of the Goddess Pallas, who probably strongly disapproves of music-halls; however, it is an easily pronounced, easily remembered name, which was no doubt the chief consideration. I had no intention of going to the Palladium this week; but it suddenly occurred to me that I had never seen Little Tich, and Little Tich, I found, was on there, so I went to see him.

When I get into a theatre the first thing I do is to buy a programme and then read who owns the theatre. I have no intention of buying it, naturally; but it is an instinct born probably of a desire to know exactly where I am and who can turn me out if I suddenly make up my mind to become disagreeable; and so I read that the Palladium belonged to the Capital Syndicate, Ltd., and that the managing director was Mr. Charles Gulliver, his chief of staff (*sic*) being Mr. Harry Masters, and his manager Mr. C. Foster-Warner. I name all these gentlemen because I prophesy there is a thin time coming for music-halls after the war; the present prosperity—not to say boom—will be over, and the race will then be to the enterprising men not afraid of new ideas. I see nothing in the programme given at the Palladium to suggest that they will fail to sink in the struggle.

It is a fact—whether lamentable or not is another matter—that at the present time nothing is too bad in the way of theatrical entertainment to prosper. The only requirements for a full house nightly are accessibility and enough electric light. Of course, there must be a drop-curtain and some attempt at a show behind it, but any effort on the part of the management to do *something* will meet with generous appreciation. But this is not going to last; with the return of peace, audiences will become more sparing of their money, more determined to get good value for it, and more critical. This will be all to the good, because critical audiences make good artists, raise the standard of their profession, and stimulate healthy rivalry, while an all-round devastating slackness results from easy success and the feeling that anything will do.

The distinction between music-halls and theatres will in time disappear; even now the difference between the Ambassador's and the Royalty, which are both known as theatres, in the entertainment given is at least as great as between the Coliseum and His Majesty's. If asked now whether the Pavilion is a music-hall or a theatre, most people would not be able to say, the chief present distinction between music-hall and theatre being the thoroughly artificial one that smoking is allowed in one and not in the other. At one time the word music-hall suggested a definite type of entertainment, but it has ceased to do so for a number of years, and anything from the white-eyed Kaffir to a French classic drama, or a Russian ballet, may be seen at a music-hall; and although music-halls still suggest a more varied entertainment, the coming of revue into the theatre—to say nothing of the musical play destined to come in the near future—has made variety no longer their monopoly. The strength of the variety entertainment lay in the average man's feeling that among the items he would be sure to find something to like. But, as a matter of fact, a man is just as likely to find as many interesting and attractive moments in a play he does not care for as in an average variety programme. Bad as many of the plays are at present being performed in London, there are only one or two of them I would not rather see than the programme at the Palladium. It is very rarely that one gets more than two good numbers at a music-hall, and there are few, if any, music-hall stars that could not be seen with equal advantage in a revue, farce, or musical play.

That the formless variety entertainment, however good, is inferior to a constructed play there can be no doubt, and those who during the war have had to do with entertaining British and overseas soldiers learned, to their surprise, how the men invariably prefer plays to revues or music-halls. There was a time, not so very long before the war, when what was described as the legitimate stage was thought to be doomed; but it was a mistake, and it is certain that the St. James's Theatre is likely to flourish at least as long as the

Palladium, even though we are not likely to see Little Tich in comedy. It is a pleasure to see such a masterly artist; his genius lies in his legs, which are amazingly versatile, and which he manipulates like another pair of hands. His ball-room scene was incredibly funny, and I am astonished that no kinema syndicate has induced him to act for them. He would make a serious rival to Charlie Chaplin. Apart from Little Tich, there was a good ventriloquist, Coram; but nothing else. "The irresistible comedienne" I just missed, and the comic conjuror Carlton was indisposed. There was a substitute turn that was very poor, except for the fair hair of the girl, which was well dressed, and looked really beautiful from a short distance. Miss Ruth Vincent sang one operatic excerpt and, I think, two songs. She was described as "the famous Prima Donna, in selections from her repertoire," and the selections were printed. Here they are:

"Garden of Happiness" .. .. Daniel Wood  
"One Dream of You" .. .. Oliver de Gerde

Above published by Enoch & Sons,  
58 Great Marlborough Street, W.

"Sing me a Restful Song" .. .. Ed. St. Quentin  
"When I Hear that Far, Far Call" .. Herbert Mackenzie

Above published by Reid & Co., 26 Castle Street, W.

"Se Saren Rose" .. .. Arditi  
"Dennis" .. .. R. M. Richardson

Published by Joseph Williams, Ltd.,  
32 Great Portland Street, W.

"Wonderful World of Romance" .. .. Haydn Wood  
"Fat, Lil' Feller" .. .. Sheridan Gordon

Published by Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street, W.

I give you these because those who are musical may like to know what "a famous Prima Donna" sings, but my advice is *don't get them!* After Miss Ruth Vincent there was an American comedian named Sam Stern; this turn narrowly escaped being good. He gave two Jewish character studies, one of a boy in the Army and the other of a Maida Vale Jewess flapper—two excellent ideas, but indifferently executed. The chief amusement of the evening after Little Tich was caused by Mr. Ernie Lotinga in what the authors described, evidently in a state of perplexity induced by over-collaboration, as "an entirely new original dramatic comedy sensational sketch." This dramatic wonder was called *Jones, K.C.*, and had about as much relation to anything real on this earth as a rhinoceros has to a pet lap-dog. Mr. Ernie Lotinga, however, did actually succeed several times in being funny; but I never saw a sketch, even on a music-hall, in which the author took so barefacedly and in the teeth of all probability the shortest and easiest way to raise a laugh. It was a far cry from such rubbish to the late Mr. Fred Emney's sketches, one of which I had seen when I was last at the Palladium.

Some one has written to me objecting that playgoers should not be too intelligent. I mention this in order to inform any correspondent, if by any chance he does not already know it, that somewhere about the year 1036 a Chinese poet, named Su Tung-P'o, was also disgusted with intelligence, and wrote the following lines:

## ON THE BIRTH OF HIS SON.

Families, when a child is born,  
Want it to be intelligent.  
I, through intelligence,  
Having wrecked my whole life,  
Only hope the baby will prove  
Ignorant and stupid.  
Then he will crown a tranquil life  
By becoming a Cabinet Minister.

Nevertheless, I assure my correspondent that neither he nor Su Tung-P'o, nor Mr. Waley, his admirable translator, have succeeded in converting me:

I, when my son is born  
Only hope he will prove intelligent;  
For, having castigated so much stupidity  
On the stage and in my pantomimic acquaintances,  
Feel that, if there is to be any more  
Brought into the world from under my own roof,  
I might as well become an actor-manager  
And give up pretending that I have any brains.





# The Reader's Diary



## Recent Novels

MISS NETTA SYRETT is an old hand at the novel; and *The Wife of a Hero* (Skeffington, 6s. 9d. net) has the deftness and accomplishment which one expects of her. It is, too, up to a certain point true and convincing. Anne Templeton, a not unattractive heroine, her husband, Hugh, and Roger, her husband that should have been, are all well drawn. One believes in them, one has met them—though it is a little difficult for a reviewer to sympathise very heartily with Anne's yearning for conversation about books. And the tangle into which they get themselves is also credible. Roger Neilson, a man verging on middle age, would hesitate and consider a little before asking Anne to marry him. Anne might very well, at the outbreak of war, feel a sudden revulsion from the atmosphere of "culture" in which she had been brought up, and fall in love with a handsome, brainless young barbarian of a newly gazetted officer. She would also after the honeymoon discover what she had let herself in for, find that her husband's family had all his barbarism and none of his good looks, and find that his selfish and narrow character constantly irked her. Through all this tying of the knot Miss Syrett has done very well indeed, unfolding the development of her story with a rightly confident hand; and she does not outrage probability in ascribing to Hugh relations with a placidly and vulgarly disreputable widow of thirty-five, relations which he resumes after marriage, when his high-brow wife begins to bore him. I only revolt from Miss Syrett when she makes her widow the goddess out of the machine. For she represents Hugh, with considerable accuracy, as a man in whom laxity of conduct is combined with great strictness of views on the conduct of his own women; and then she makes him anxious that Anne should divorce him and leave him free to marry the widow, who is to be the indispensable co-respondent. I can only say frankly that I find this quite impossible. As the widow engagingly remarks, it would only mean another week-end with him at Brighton and—the Hughs of this world do not behave in such a way. Besides, what would become of Hugh if he had married his widow? It seems to me that, if we are to take Miss Syrett's word for it that he was anxious to do so, the most interesting part of her story was only just beginning. I look beyond the last page and see Hugh, aged forty, and still narrower and more selfish than before, sitting over the fire with his fifty-year-old Lydia, discussing the details of her past.

Mr. Thomas Cobb's *Captain Marraday's Marriage* (Lane, 6s. net) is another tale of a war-wedding; and Mr. Cobb is another accomplished novelist. The form his accomplishment takes here is the firing off at us of a perfect *feu de joie* of well-known situations. The broken and impoverished rake who confides to his old boon companion the care of a twelve-year-old daughter, the guardian who falls in love with his ward, and the man who sacrifices himself by marrying in name only the woman he loves to do her a service, and who is persuaded only with difficulty that she really loves him—these are the situations which in this book succeed one another like the explosions of a cracker. But—I am overcome by the reflection that, if there are only thirty-six dramatic situations, there cannot be many more for the novel; and if Mr. Cobb continues to use them up three at a time he will soon be reduced to repeating himself.

In *The Little Daughter of Jerusalem*, by Myriam Harry, translated by Phoebe Allen (Dent, 6s. net), I take up a very different book from either of these. Here, such little plot as there is is almost entirely superfluous; and the interest of the tale lies in the author's impressions of childhood in Jerusalem. Life in that city seems to have been various enough for the daughter of a Protestant Russian Jew and his German wife; and it is impossible to read the book without being instructed in the extraordinary conflict of religions which exists in Palestine. But it is not for this that the book should be read. Whatever its setting, it would have been a most remarkable study of a child's life. With the bright colours and strange things and people which make up its setting, it is a book of unusual and irresistible charm.

## The Humours of Legislation

The only fault I have to find with Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes's *Press, Platform, and Parliament* (Nisbet, 12s. 6d. net) is that he makes life in the House of Commons seem much more amusing than it really can be. It was recently my duty, during a period of about twelve months, to read every morning with as much attention as I could manage, the official Reports of Parliamentary Debates; and during that time the Reports drew from me two smiles, and no more. On the first occasion, Mr. Hughes himself made a speech on—I think—the relations between the Government and the Press. On the second, a member asked a Minister whether he was aware that a certain local sanitary inspector had been lately murdered by a milkman, and whether he was prepared to grant the inspector's widow a pension, seeing that he had met his death in the execution of his duty, and in view of the necessity of maintaining a supply of pure milk. Apart from these, I found nothing in the debates but dullness, punctuated by grammatical errors; and, taking all things into consideration, I believe that the humour of which Mr. Hughes's book is certainly full, lies in himself rather than in the body of which he has the doubtful privilege to be a member.

And yet the forms and language of Parliament are of a sort that lends itself to the humorist, as is well illustrated by one of the best stories in this book. An Irish member once wanted Mr. Balfour to tell him why an extra force of police had been sent to a certain district. Mr. Balfour replied that the movement had been necessitated by the member's own disturbing presence. The member protested that he had not been there. "I think," said Mr. Balfour, in suave official tones, "that the honourable gentleman is misinformed." Not enough Parliamentarians, however, have grasped the possibilities of comedy in the well-worn formula; and for the most part, Mr. Hughes's good stories are of lapses, intentional or unintentional, from decorum or sense. He tells an excellent tale of a junior Minister who was put up in the absence of his chief to oppose two amendments to the Budget, and who was carefully instructed by a Treasury official in the answers he was to give. He proceeded, however, to answer the first amendment with the second set of reasons, and so confused his opponent that the amendment was withdrawn in bewilderment. To such sidelights on our statesmen, Mr. Hughes adds sidelights on our orators. In his varied collection stands conspicuously the speaker who lost his head during an all-night sitting, and began by the words "At this late hour of last night," correcting himself impatiently with: "Well, of course, I mean at this early hour of to-morrow morning." And not much after him comes the poetic gentleman who said: "But, sir, the well is running dry, and they think that by putting in the pruning-knife they will bring more grist to the mill."

In Mr. Hughes's experience there seem to have been very few deliberately satirical hits in speeches worth quoting, such as can be found in profusion in the speeches of the eighteenth-century giants and of Disraeli. Yet there is one, complete, polished and telling, which deserves immortality. It comes from Mr. Asquith, who said, in 1906, when it was proposed to defer the Tariff Reform debate until both Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour could attend: "We all feel that the debate on the fiscal question would be very incomplete in the absence of both the right honourable gentlemen—it would be like playing *Hamlet* in the absence not only of the Prince of Denmark, but also of the ghost." And a *proxime accessit* might well be awarded to the member who capped this with, "Where's the grave-digger?"

These extracts will perhaps give an idea of the character of Mr. Hughes's book. It is true that he gives the misleading impression that the House of Commons exceeds most revues in the quality of entertainment—not a very hard thing to do, by the way—but, on the other hand, it was not his business to write a sociological essay on the faculty of humour in politicians. It is his business, as it was for so many years in the lamented *Sub Rosa*, to amuse; let those, therefore, who desire to be amused, read Mr. Hughes instead of seeking to enter the House of Commons. They will find it cheaper and—more amusing.

PETER BELL.



# Maritime Prize of War: By E. S. Roscoe

**G**ENIAL Admiral Croft would never have become the tenant of Kellynch Hall, neither would agreeable Captain Wentworth have married Anne Elliot but for their good fortune in making substantial captures and consequently in obtaining large sums of prize money. Prize money is, in fact, a vital element in Miss Austin's *Persuasion*. This is not surprising, for the story was written after more than twenty years of European warfare, during which British sailors and ship-owners, men of the Royal Navy and on privateers, had secured prizes—more or less valuable—in all the seas of the world. The novelist's observant eye enabled her to note a resulting phase of contemporary English social life and to leave to later generations a record of it. With the return of peace in 1815 interest in the subject died away; it has revived, but languidly, during the present war the maritime characteristics of which have differed so markedly from those of the great struggle of the eighteenth century. The Prize Court has pronounced much valuable cargo and some vessels to be good and lawful prize, but its individual importance to officers and men of the Navy is slight. The keen personal interest, the realised hopes and the disappointed expectations, not less than the remarkable commercial speculation which centred in privateering, before it was abolished by the Declaration of Paris in 1856, have entirely departed.

Little imagination is required to realise a naval force in early mediæval times. It was a group of small vessels fitted out and manned by burghers and mariners summoned from their homes to assist their sovereign in a maritime war. The reward of their crews was not the success of the cause for which they fought, but the booty which they could seize. Prize was pay.

From an early period in English history the right of capture constantly became more regularised. The first fact of importance was the recognition of the constitutional theory that all prize belongs to the Crown, in technical language is a "Droit of the Crown," and can become the property of captors only through the bounty of the Crown testified by a grant. Lord Stowell in 1803, and again in 1806, emphasised this principle. It is visible at a far earlier period. In the reign of King John an instance occurs of a grant of prize from the sovereign. "Know ye" it runs, as translated, "that we have granted to the crews of the galleys, which Thomas of Galway has sent to us, one half of the gains which they may make in captures from our enemies." Another example occurs in 1337, when Edward III., uniting a recognition of the prerogative of the sovereign with his personal bounty, made the following Order:—"In consideration of the activity and worth of our well-beloved William of Goseford, who, with others in a galley of ours, bravely gave chase to a ship called the *Cog of Flanders*, in which was the Bishop of Glasgow and other Scottish enemies of ours, and after slaying some of our aforesaid enemies captured her; we desiring to deal graciously with him on that account, have given him the aforesaid ship and all her apparel, which, as a capture from our enemies aforesaid belongs to us. And therefore we command you that without delay you deliver to him, William, the (same) ship, which, as it is said, lies in the aforesaid harbour, together with all her apparel, to keep (for himself) as a gift from us."

From those early days this royal prerogative has been claimed and clearly recognised, though it has had, from time to time, to be asserted with decision and authority. It appears in war after war, in proclamations, and in Prize Acts, as in a Statute passed in 1708, which enacted that "if any ship or ships of war, privateer, merchant ship, or other vessel shall be taken as prize by Her Majesty's ships of war or privateers and adjudged as lawful prize in any of Her Majesty's Courts of Admiralty, the flag officer or officers, commander or commanders and other officers, seamen and others, who shall be actually on board such ship or ships of war, or privateers, which shall so take such prize or prizes, shall, after condemnation, have the sole interest and property in such prize or prizes so taken and adjudged to their own use without further account to be given for the same."

This grant of the Crown covered only captures made *at sea* during hostilities by commissioned vessels, that is, by ships of the Royal Navy or by privateers sailing under Letters of Marque. The object of the grant was tersely stated in the same statute: it was for the better and more effectual encouragement of the sea service. This fact excludes all enemy property seized in port: the difference is important, since it is con-

stantly and erroneously assumed by those unfamiliar with the subject that all the property condemned by the Prize Court during the present war would, under former conditions, have found its way into the pockets of the officers and seamen of the Royal Navy. Those conditions ceased in August, 1914, when an Order in Council declared that the conditions governing the distribution of proceeds of prizes, when such proceeds are granted to the officers and men of the Fleet, required modification to bring them into accord with modern conditions. It then went on to say that there should be instituted a system of prize bounties or gratuities for more general distribution. The Great War has made many changes, and in an historical review of maritime prize of war one perceives that this Order in Council concludes the practice of which the first documentary record seems to be the grant by King John in 1205. Prize money remains, but has ceased to be the personal reward of the courage, energy, or fine seamanship of individual captors and has become only a collective war bonus distributable out of a limited fund rateably among the officers and men of the Royal Navy. The amount of this fund will be fixed by the tribunal which is constituted by the recently passed Naval Prize Act, a body which will have to investigate judicially the circumstances of each seizure in order to ascertain whether the proceeds of it are Droits of the Crown or Droits of Admiralty. Here again we find an historical origin for the distinction between these two classes of maritime prize. To the Lord High Admiral were granted prizes made at sea by non-commissioned captors and all property seized in port—these in technical language were Droits of Admiralty. In addition he received, in many instances, one-tenth of the value of prizes at sea.

## Exchequer Control

The grant by the Sovereign to captors and to the Lord High Admiral left little in the way of prize money to the Crown, only the proceeds of a few vessels which were driven into port or were seized before a declaration of war. So far, however, as the adverse rights of the Lord High Admiral and of the Crown were concerned the conflict between them ceased in 1707, when Prince George of Denmark surrendered his rights as Lord High Admiral to the Crown. All these Droits were, on the accession of William IV., when a new Civil List was prepared, relinquished to the Exchequer.

In the first grant of prize money which exists in the national records the vessels were galleys. It recalls a primitive state of maritime life when the same craft could be loaded with bales of wool or crammed with armed men. It was a long time before the mercantile and the King's Navy became separate and distinct classes of vessels. When this separation was accomplished there sprang up a division in maritime prize. The frigate which captured a Spanish galleon took a rich prize, a frigate which destroyed a man of war received no pecuniary reward. So it was considered desirable that financial encouragement which existed through the Royal Grant for the capture of merchantmen should be given by a direct payment from the Treasury for the destruction or capture of armed vessels, and a system of Prize Bounty, or "Head Money," was established to reward success in the destruction of *armed* vessels. As a system distinct and regulated by Parliament, it first appears during the Commonwealth in an Act passed in 1649, by which in respect of every ship of war burnt, sunk, or destroyed there was to be paid for an Admiral's ship £20 per gun, for a Vice-Admiral's £16, and for other ships £10. This was the beginning of the modern practice which, except for variations in the amount of the bounty, has continued unaltered to the present time. Like mercantile prize this fighting prize as it may be called had, and still has, an element of uncertainty inevitable from its basis which was, and is, success in destruction.

A brief sketch such as the foregoing, though it renders outlines clear, is quite inadequate to reproduce the antagonisms, the influences, and the colour of the progress of maritime prize. We are now looking back over, at least, seven centuries of eventful history, crowded with varied and dramatic incidents and constant international developments. In the past the subject of prize of war was of paramount importance to the seamen of Great Britain. Amidst prosaic and semi-legal records are crowded individual heroism and hopes, disappointments and successes, lives lost and fortunes gained, constituting no inconsiderable portion of the long story of the British Navy.





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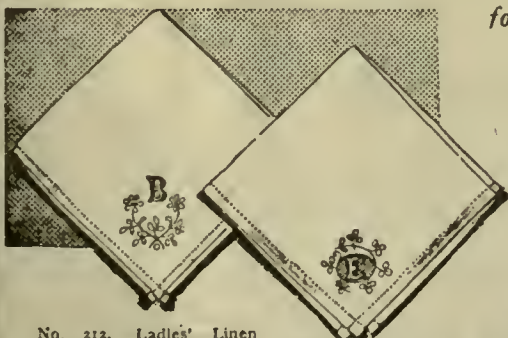
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## Making Good : By Hartley Withers

**T**HE longer one looks at the problems of after-war finance, the more evident it becomes that no ingenious devices or new-fangled monetary legerdemain are going to be of any use towards solving them, and that we have got to fall back on the good old copy-book virtues and the philosophy of the late Dr. Smiles. It is very tiresome. It would be much pleasanter just to wave a wand and set the printers to work and make everybody rich and happy by multiplying the number of claims to wealth. But it does not work. You can only make people rich and happy, on the material side, by multiplying the good things that are wealth instead of the paper that transfers claims to them. Moreover, two and two still make four, and a man or a nation who has a debt to pay can only do so by working hard and consuming little. All these platitudes are here set down because they are apt to be forgotten in the enthusiasms of a time when a number of adroit politicians are drawing pretty pictures for the edification of an electorate the greater part of which has heartily despised education, especially on the economic side of things. In view of much of the wisdom that is written and talked in these times, about paying off debt with currency based on international bonds, setting up special institutions for lending money to every one who holds War Loan or War Bonds—thereby practically making these securities into currency—or simply divorcing our currency altogether from all connection with gold, and printing it as fast as spend-thrift Governments desire, one sometimes wonders what sort of a monetary world our reconstructing enthusiasts are going to create. On the industrial side of affairs, the omens are not too encouraging if we judge it merely by the nostrums proposed by politicians. One side seems to be proposing to develop trade at a time of much doubt and difficulty by putting up barriers and restrictions; while the other demands that everybody should be made comfortable all round at the expense of an apparently bottomless fund which is to be provided by the taxpayer. The awkward necessity for getting to work and working as hard as possible and with hearty goodwill altogether seems to be forgotten. And yet it is only by means of hard work that the necessary stream of good things to meet all these needs can be started and kept running. It is clear that it would be unfair to all the workers who have, by their industrial effort, made victory possible, that they should be turned adrift when war work is over, and left to find work as best they can under peace conditions. On the other hand, there is the danger that if they are organised and regimented and shepherded beyond a certain point, the process of getting back to a genuine industrial basis, on which their own prosperity ultimately depends, may be seriously retarded. Another danger, that might become very real if the extremists on the Labour side took charge, lurks in the prejudice against the man who makes money too fast. It is a very natural one when we consider how unevenly the prizes of industrial success are distributed. But any attempt to give it practical expression and to establish what is called a "national maximum"—by which any surplus above a certain income would be forfeited to the State—would have a most deadening effect on enterprise just when enterprise needs all the encouragement that it can get. After all, people can only earn big profits in these days by providing some article for which there is a great demand. If only one had enough confidence in the public's use of its spending power to feel sure that demand is only centred on things that are worth having, one could proceed to the happy conclusion that big profits are only possible to those who provide a public benefit and produce it cheaply. If this cheerful conclusion is not yet possible, that is because the last thing about which the average citizen of both sexes exercises much thought or intelligence is the spending of money. But even as it is, big gains are only to be got by providing the public with something that it thinks it wants and by organising production in such a way that the want is met on terms most favourable to the consumer and to the producer, and to all who work for both of them. The principle of the Excess Profits Duty was an excellent one in war time, when all the conditions were artificial and the free play of competition no longer existed; but, even so, it had bad effects in checking effort and encouraging extravagance. Under peace conditions—to which we have to get back as quickly as we can—we want to encourage every one to make as much as they can and to spend it wisely, not on stupid vulgarity and ostentation, but on the expansion and equipment of industry

so that they may leave the world better off in plant, machinery, and organisation than they found it. That the big earner should be more highly taxed than the small is evidently fair and right on the principle of putting the taxation on in proportion to the ability of the taxpayer to bear it. But to expect industrial enterprise to be keen and active when it is told that anyone who earns more than a certain sum per annum will hand over the whole surplus to the State is about as sensible as to expect to create a race of good runners by enacting that all who go beyond a certain pace shall have a leg cut off. We have to make the best possible use of human nature as it is. At present most of us work best if we see before us the chance of a big monetary gain, generally, perhaps, not because we hanker after money for its own sake, but because a big bank balance is the rough test of success in practical work. It is quite possible that human nature may be developed in such a way that most people will be ready and glad to work for the public good. But until that day comes, or some other way has been found of organising industry, a great mistake will be made if the big earner and successful organiser is to be penalised for his prowess.

### Prices : Rise or Fall

A correspondent has set an uncomfortable trap for me by wanting to know what is to be the future course of prices. To answer the question with any certainty, one would have to be able to forecast the economic history of the human race for the next year or two. But it is a very important problem to most people who are engaged in any kind of business. Wholesale houses, as this correspondent points out, at present hold stocks which in value would be probably three times what the same bulk would have represented before the war. "In many cases," he adds, "the bulk itself is larger." This is very good news from the point of view of the country as a whole, since it shows that we have plenty of goods on hand ready to be exported in exchange for the raw material that we shall have to buy abroad. As to scarcity of raw material, it is certainly likely that in various articles of consumption—notably food and clothes—it may be some time before depletion can be made good. The fertility of the earth has been reduced in many countries during the war by lack of nourishment for the soil, and the big meals required for the maintenance of the fighting men and munition workers have caused inroads on the world's flocks of sheep and cattle. Wool, hides, and leather seem likely to be scarce; on the other hand, experts tell us that the rest which the fishing fields have had during the war has produced a great harvest of fish ready to be caught as soon as the mines can be swept up, and the wrecks removed, and the trawlers can get to work again. But the whole problem is complicated by the uncertain question of the pace at which ships can be set free for carrying goods. Scarcity has been one cause of the rise in prices, lack of transport facilities another, and yet another is the financial question of the great addition to currency and the consequent depreciation of the buying power of money. Scarcity can be cured slowly in some cases, more quickly in others; transport will be needed for taking home the armies, but should surely be more plentiful almost at once. Currency inflation is not likely to be diminished. Something may be done in that direction if, for example, our Government is able to dispose quickly of some of its saleable assets in the shape of ships, food, etc., and uses the money to redeem floating debt held by bankers, who have manufactured credit for Government against it. On the other hand, however, the legitimate demands of enterprise for credit may cause a net addition to the total volume of buying power. Then there is the further question as to how far the world-wide demand for goods will be effective—that is, how many of the people who want things will be able to pay for them. In the neutral countries these are probably plenty of buyers with ready money available. We know that there are large balances held in London on neutral account which will be used in purchases of our products and of goods shipped to this country. Other nations, especially poorer warring Powers, will have to be given financial help before their demand can be made effective. So that if credit and capital are available, the world-wide demand may help to maintain prices and prevent a rapid collapse which, however pleasant to the consumer, might have had effects on trade and the confidence of traders.





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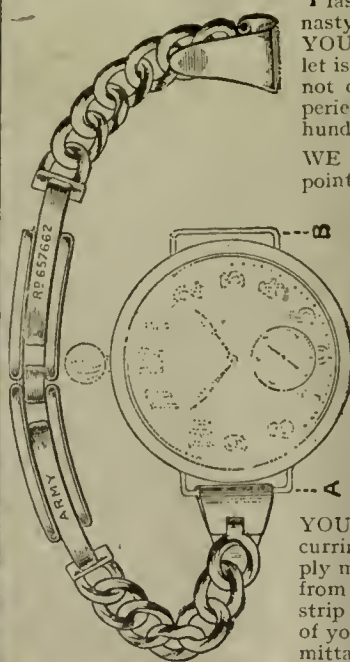
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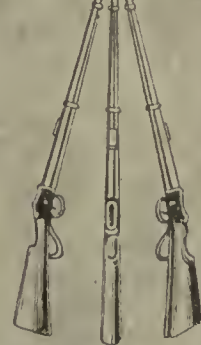
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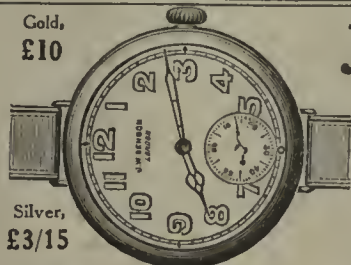
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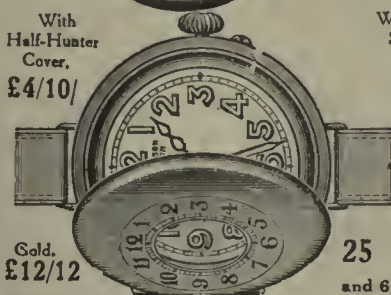
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# LAND & WATER

5 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2. Tel. Holborn 2828

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1918

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## The Election

**M**ARSHAL FOCH and the French President have visited London in triumph; President Wilson is coming; the Allies are on German soil; the tale of surrendered submarines is mounting up. But it would be hypocrisy to pretend that the movement of the great world-story is not for the time being obscured here by a far less important thing, namely, the General Election. The supreme arguments against an election in war time always were that it would preoccupy ministers who ought to be doing something else, that it would destroy national unity, and that it might crystallise and magnify differences of opinion about the war. The great crisis has passed; the war is (we all assume) over; but similar arguments apply, though less forcibly. Happily, our peace terms are too precise and too generally agreed upon for a really serious division of opinion over them to have been revealed. Nevertheless, election conditions offer men every temptation to exaggerate such differences of opinion as exist; the new Government will not even be able to pretend to have more than the "larger half" of the country and the House of Commons at its back; and the party Government of a confessedly divided England cannot carry the weight that the two old Coalitions have done. Finally, when "the conduct of the Peace"—as vital a matter as "the conduct of the war"—should be engaging the whole attention of ministers, they are spending their time running about the country making speeches, examining the credentials of candidates, vilifying their opponents, and desperately endeavouring to make sure that the electorate will not, in some strange aberration, dislodge them from the position from which nobody desired to evict them until the Peace Congress had concluded its deliberations and we could, without grave risk, return again to our domestic feuds.

## Its Result

Ostensibly the Election was going to be held to give Mr. Lloyd George a mandate for the Peace Congress. Except that the country is impressing on him the necessity of dealing with the Kaiser and of getting as much damages out of the Germans as they are physically able to pay (matters about which the opinion of our people need never have been supposed to be in doubt), the Election is throwing no light at all on the Peace Terms, which are not being, in detail, discussed. Most of them are taken for granted; those which are still in debate (such as the precise adjustment of the

Italian and the Jugo-Slav claims) are too difficult and (to the ordinary voter) remote to be elucidated from election platforms. Mr. George had as good a mandate before as he will have now; it was the same mandate as any other Prime Minister would have taken to Versailles; and the Election will certainly not strengthen his position there. That he will probably get a large majority of supporters in the House will be due not so much an increase of his popularity which (largely owing to the general dislike of this premature Election and its squalid concomitants) is, for the time being, at least, noticeably on the wane. It will be due to the general English feeling that we must have the solidest possible Government at a time like this, that there is no alternative Government even dimly in sight, and that a leap away from Mr. Lloyd George's Coalition would be the leap into the dark. Hundreds of thousands of electors will vote for the Coalition Government because they cannot imagine any other Government; the actions of hundreds of thousands of others will be determined by their conviction that the Coalition is going to win, and that whoever is going to win at such a time ought to win handsomely. Meanwhile, as these lines appear, some thousands of candidates, with an unprecedented variety of labels, will be going through the forms of nomination. As we scrutinise the lists in all their complexity and puzzling novelty, our certitude about the result for a moment fades, and we feel that so singular an Election, held under such novel conditions, with split votes general, and no precautions taken against minority victories, with a hundred discontents and doubts flowing in incomputable strength through the hearts and minds of the masses of the people, may produce some result entirely unexpected, a chaos of representation from which order will only gradually be evolved.

## Punishing the Kaiser

It is now virtually certain that the Allies will insist upon obtaining the body of the Kaiser from the Dutch. The legalists are disputing as to ways and means. It surely is clear that in the last resort we could compel the Germans themselves to demand his extradition on the gravest criminal charge; but in a case like this few people are going to worry about the precise legal processes, or fictions, employed; what is certain is that, if there is a world-wide demand for the execution of justice upon him he cannot be allowed to escape trial by taking up his abode on neutral soil. The autocrats were always enthusiastic for international measures which would leave the small penniless Anarchist no safe place on which to lay his head; and what is sauce for Gomez or Dubois in Soho or Barcelona is sauce for the Imperial Anarchist in Amerongen. The sophisticated classes have debated about Wilhelm's guilt; some argue that he was really only a figure-head, that he was more vain than blood-thirsty, and that we cannot judge kings by the standards of ordinary men. But the Allied democracies have never had any doubt about it. The common Englishman and Englishwoman obstinately persist in holding a man morally responsible for his actions. Since Wilhelm insisted on his autocratic power and the supreme necessity of maintaining his dynasty and preserving his dynasty's spoils, even at the cost of millions of lives, they are content to take him at his word; they do not think it is any palliation to say that it was out of childish vanity and not lust for slaughter that he conspired to devastate Europe. And even if they were persuaded that he could not have stopped the war, they would not agree that that justified him in assenting to it; for a man cannot innocently assist an intending murderer merely because he thinks the criminal will succeed in killing his victim. The populace in England, in France, and in America will insist on having the Kaiser tried; and tried he will be. Whether or not hanging would be the most salutary punishment for him is a moot point; there is something to be said for the view that the guilt of meretricious romance would be more thoroughly taken off him and his kind if he were given a short term of bag-sewing or oakum-picking with the low-down thieves and ruffians in an ordinary English prison.



# The Freedom of the Seas: By Arthur Pollen

No phrase has given rise to more discussion, on both sides of the Atlantic, than "The Freedom of the Seas." It is, clearly, a subject of vital interest to Great Britain, and will be one of the most important questions for deliberation and settlement at the Peace Conference. In this—the first of two articles—Mr. Pollen analyses the divergence between the American and the British point of view.

**T**WO days before these pages are in the readers' hands, the President of the United States will be on the high seas, the chief of America's peace delegates to Europe. No American has ever left the shores, first won from the barbarian and the wilderness by British settlers three centuries ago, on any so great a mission. No visitor to Europe has ever been assured of so great a welcome. His coming is the crown of the Great Alliance which has secured the freedom of the world against the most powerful and the best calculated attack it has ever sustained. France, Great Britain, Russia, Italy, Belgium, Serbia, and Montenegro, have sacrificed wealth, treasure, and life beyond calculation or belief to win this victory. And victory could not have come as it did and how it did, had not the United States joined them when Russia, worn out and shattered under the strain of war, fell away from the cause.

The Allies are indebted to America for two enormous services. In the summer of 1917 the authoritative character of American naval advice succeeded, where all other advice had failed, in persuading the British Admiralty to adopt the principle of convoy. It was this that saved the sea communications of the Allies. Exactly a year later the newly raised American armies, pouring into France at the rate of 50,000 men a week, were a determining factor in converting the repulse of Germany's last onslaught into the overwhelming defeat that we have seen. And it need not be said that but for the sea communications saved the year before, the American Army could not have taken its place in France. It is as well to remind ourselves of the Allies' sea debt to America, because the President's coming is supposed to portend an important discussion of the principles on which sea-power should be used. If we are to get this discussion into its right relation, we must start with a clear apprehension of the share sea-power has taken in this last four years of ferocious fighting, rapine, enslavement, and martyrdom.

Now, looking back on this vista of bloody sacrifice, certain truths stand out as incontestable. It cannot, for instance, be questioned that, but for the absolutely irrational heroism of Belgium, the German invasion of France would have been ante-dated by at least ten days. The self-sacrifice of this, the least warlike of the nations, made it possible for France to get her army together, for the first small English force to join it. The struggle that lasted from August 20th until September 14th was the first decisive action of the war. The German plan was ruined. And the heroism of Belgium ruined it. Then followed six weeks of an attempt to retrieve what had been lost—when the heroism of the British soldiery saved the day. From then on it was clear that our force in France could hold, and if the losses in coal and engineering resources which the invasion had caused that country could be made good; if the man-power of Great Britain could be trained, organised and armed; if Russia could be adequately supported, that ultimate military preponderance would be on the Allied side. The realisation of these hopes depended entirely upon sea-power.

Broadly speaking, the anticipations based upon what sea-power could do have been realised. It is therefore an incontrovertible truth that if the German threat to freedom has been thwarted, that the first acknowledgment of the world's debt should be made to the British Fleet. But we can go further. For four years and three months the ships of Great Britain have looked for the enemy, to fight him when he was found, and have chased the enemy's merchant ships off the sea. And to the measure to which their Government has permitted it, they have prevented neutral ships from bringing him comfort and supplies. In all this period there is not recorded against the British Navy a single act of doubtful humanity or doubtful chivalry. The noble tradition maintained for centuries—that no unarmed ship should be assaulted; no civilian, whether belligerent or neutral, wounded, imperilled, or even unnecessarily inconvenienced; no neutral, or even enemy, property seized and made prize without due form of law; in all this the British Navy has been true to its history. And, lastly, I take it that there can be no question that, had the Navy from the very beginning been unhampered by the restrictions voluntarily put

upon its activities by the unratified Declaration of London, had neutral traders not been permitted to supply the enemy with things essential to war—and in vast quantities—that the end of the war would have come much sooner.

I repeat, then, that there are three truths about the war which are incontrovertible.

First: without sea-power arrayed against them, the Germans must have won, and won decisively in very few months.

Secondly: The sea-power, which has brought victory, has been exercised without a single act of inhumanity or a single exercise of force of a harsh, illegal or oppressive kind.

Thirdly: Had sea-power been free to exert its full pressure from the first, the enemy would have been exhausted and incapable of further effort many, many months ago.

Now, if these statements are correct, if the world can now look forward to a long period of peace with the chimera of military autocracy definitely ended, it is surely a most extraordinary paradox of that peace that there should be, so far as is known, but one subject of acute controversy between the victorious Allies, and that subject the question of naval armaments and the regulation of their use in war! It is a matter of great moment to us to realise exactly what the issues are and how they have arisen.

Early in last January, the President of the United States appeared before Congress and set before the world the principles that, in his opinion, should govern the peace settlement. The Germans accepted these principles in October last and, with one exception, and with one addition, the Allies accepted them later. They excepted the clause dealing with what is called "the Freedom of the Seas"; they extended the principle of reparation—already stipulated as to the damage done in the invaded and occupied territories—to all damage of a civilian nature occasioned by Germany's unprovoked aggression. Shortly after the signature of the armistice it became known that the President intended coming to Europe, and some of those reputed to be in his confidence informed the world that a chief motive for this departure—a thing without precedent in American history—was his desire personally to advocate his views on the very point to which the Allied statesmen had demurred. This naturally drew public attention, first to the fact that the disagreement between the President and at least some of the Allies was an acute difference; and next, that the President himself attached exceptional importance to carrying his views into action.

Before trying to elucidate what these views are, I must draw attention to certain significant features of the situation.

Less than a month ago the American people elected a new House of Representatives and replaced one-third of the members of the Senate. The election did not create originally a very great deal of interest, nor was it being fought on any sharply defined party lines, until the President made an appeal to the country to strengthen his hands by voting democratic, so that a peace in conformity with his ideals could be urged on Europe with the endorsement of the American people behind it. The President's intervention was unusual. Ordinarily the Chief Executive takes no share in elections held in the middle of his term of office. The intervention of Mr. Wilson has inevitable results. The issue at once became a personal one—because the President had made it so. If the country responded to his appeal, it would be adopting the policy he has made his own. If it declined its support, whatever other authority these policies might have, they would lack the endorsement of the American electorate. In the event the Republicans won. The "fourteen points" accepted with certain qualifications by the Allies and by the Central Powers have not been accepted by the American people.

That the President's personal weight in America—and inferentially in Europe—must therefore be less than it was has been stoutly maintained by his political opponents. There is better ground for saying that his executive authority, in so far as treaty making is concerned, is lessened. When the fourteen points were announced, the President's party had a working majority in the Senate. To-day that majority is gone. And as the Senate is, with the President, the treaty-



in so far as treaty making is concerned, is lessened. When the fourteen points were announced, the President's party had a working majority in the Senate. To-day that majority is gone. And as the Senate is, with the President, the treaty-making organ of the United States Government, the importance of this change is enormous. It is for this reason that great pressure has been brought to bear upon Mr. Wilson, both to consult with Mr. Lodge—the Republican leader of the Senate—and his colleagues before detailing his views in Europe, and to associate some of these gentlemen with himself in his mission. Up to the time when these lines are written, however, Mr. Wilson has given no indication that leads one to suppose that he intends either to show his hand before leaving America, or to bring with him representatives of those who ultimately must share the responsibility for the peace treaty.

In the meantime, controversy on the "League of Nations," the "freedom of the seas," and disarmament, goes forward vigorously. The election having gone against the President, it is natural that these distinctive features of his policy should be attacked, for it was on these that he seems to have made the election turn. But we should be deceiving ourselves if we supposed, because these matters are in debate, that we can ignore the very deep and very widespread feeling on them which Mr. Wilson will express. And, above everything, we must recollect that it is to the last degree improbable that even a Republican Senate would throw Mr. Wilson over if, after maturely weighing all the indications now coming to him of American public opinion, he puts forward a programme, and the Allied governments accept it.

### Mr. Wilson's Policy

There has been no indication of the President's views since January last. After making the address to Congress, in which the fourteen points were first given out, he on January 22nd addressed the Senate. On this occasion he expounded his views about naval armaments at greater length. Let us begin with the first speech. It is the second of the fourteen points with which we are concerned. It runs as follows:

Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas outside territorial waters alike in peace and in war, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants.

To understand the meaning of this we must, it seems to me, take it as referring to a state of things created by the settlement to which the whole document refers. This settlement is to follow after open covenants of peace have been arrived at; when there are no private international understandings; when economic barriers have, as far as possible, been removed; when armaments have been reduced to the lowest point "consistent with domestic safety"; and when an association of nations offering guarantees of political and territorial independence for all States shall have been formed. And, as a preliminary to any of these things, the territorial problems raised by the war are to be settled on principles of justice and nationality, and all colonial claims adequately and impartially adjusted. Clause 2, then, with which we are concerned, applies to a state of things when the peace of the world is established by the Congress and henceforth is virtually in the keeping of a League of Nations.

In these circumstances, Mr. Wilson seems to propose two drastic changes in the international sea law as it is practised to-day. Where a war is declared or sanctioned by the league, the seas may be closed *altogether against any neutral trader* who wishes to bring supplies to the recalcitrant belligerent. Should, however, the war not be countenanced by the league, then neither belligerent is to interfere with the neutral traffic to the other. In the first case, the interference with the neutral is not to be limited by any of the present rules that exist in his favour. There is to be no distinction between blockade and other measures; none between contraband and other enemy property. The neutral trader's activities are to be stopped absolutely and altogether. Clause 2, therefore, instead of weakening the law of the sea, strengthens it to an extent which no one outside of Great Britain has ever dared to propose for the last 200 years. But, of course, it strengthens it only where the war is sanctioned by the League of Nations. Where the war is not sanctioned, sea war—apart from battle or invasion—is forbidden altogether. It is the existence of the league which is the governing condition, first, for the creation of a new licence for the (sanctioned) belligerent ruthlessly to oppress his enemy, and, secondly, for an absolutely complete licence to the neutral to trade, where the war is not so sanctioned. These are great changes from the present law, as will be apparent when we come to consider what that law is. For the moment, I content myself with drawing attention to the fact that Mr. Wilson

perfectly realises that, where a war is legitimate, all neutral traffic with an enemy can rightly be stopped.

It seems to me that no objection can be raised to this point at all, if we assume that the world can agree to leave the decision, as to when war is justified and when not, to the judgment of the associated countries. If, that is to say, we can imagine a state of affairs when each country will cease to be primarily concerned with its own defence, and the protection of its own exterior interests; when the exaction of justice, where subjects are injured abroad, and the enforcement of treaty obligations are to pass out of the hands of the injured nation and into the hands of a tribunal made up of all nations—then, clearly, no one nation's interest can be hurt by such a rule as this because those interests will *ex hypothesi* be safe.

But if we pass on from the speech of January 8th to the speech of January 22nd, we find Mr. Wilson dealing with the problem of sea war, quite apart from any League of Nations.

It would appear, then, from this speech that, whether a League of Nations is formed or not, it would still be his policy, if possible, to get the Allies to accept a new code of sea law. The Senate speech first of all advocated that every great people should have a free and direct outlet to the sea guaranteed to them, either by the cession of territory, or by the neutralisation of direct rights of way. "The paths of the sea alike in law and in fact should be made free," because such freedom is the "*sine qua non* of peace, equality, and co-operation." On this subject, no man in the world can speak with greater authority. We in this country, at least, should never forget the extraordinary service that we owe Mr. Wilson. When he was candidate for the Presidency in 1911, he was party to an election programme which to some extent excluded non-American shipping from the Panama Canal, and, if I remember right, subjected all such shipping to a differential rate of tolls. After he had become President he convinced himself that these provisions were inconsistent with America's treaty obligations to Great Britain, and, in the face of real hostile opposition from his own supporters, forced Congress to repeal the provision he was personally pledged to maintain. Few more signal acts of political courage are recorded of any statesman, living or dead; and in urging the freedom of the sea in times of peace, both in law and fact, he is now certainly on the strong ground he has made his own.

But when he passed on to the problems created by the great naval armaments and international regulations for their use, the President was on more debateable ground. He suggested that international practice and international sea law should be "radically reconsidered," so as to make the seas "practically free in all circumstances." For there could be no trust and intimacy between the peoples of the world without such changes, because the "free, unthreatened intercourse of nations is an essential part of the process of peace and development." The problem was intimately connected with the reduction of armaments because there could be no sense of safety and equality, "if great and preponderant armaments are to continue henceforth, here and there, to be built up and maintained." He seems to say: "If preponderant armaments exist, then they threaten war. If there is war, the free use of the sea is threatened. Let us try, therefore, to get a reduction of armaments, so that war could be less likely, and a change in the rules of war which would make war less burdensome, if, after all, it cannot be avoided."

That this is his line of thought appears more clearly when he points out how great are the concessions which Great Britain, the predominant sea-power, has already made from the rights she formerly upheld. "She has abandoned," he told the Senate, "non-belligerent rights of visits of search; has sacrificed the old doctrine of indelible allegiance, which supported her earlier policy of impressment, has accepted the principle of free ships, free goods, and has placed her commercial policy on a free trade basis. She claims for the most part no special advantage in the ports of her Colonies. Again, it was she who issued invitations for the naval conference of London, 1908-09, her delegates to which pursued a course which forbids the idea that she then designed an offensive use of her sea-power."

"During the present war Great Britain has widely extended her belligerent rights of blockade, but this was in retaliation for Germany's inhuman use of the submarine. In general, Britain's position can be stated this way. Being set near the continent, she cannot afford to regard the problem of sea-power as separable from the problem of land-power. To decrease the striking power of her navy, without there being a corresponding limitation of the huge standing armies of the continent, would be morally to surrender the continental



independence, and ultimately her own, to the most powerful and ruthless State."

### Some Strange Misunderstandings

This passage is more than a little surprising. Neither Great Britain, nor any other Power, has ever abandoned the right to visit and search non-belligerent ships in war. It is indeed the one belligerent right always and universally admitted; always and universally practised. What has been in dispute is not the right of visit and search, but the course that may be taken when search gives ground for supposing that there is either enemy property on board the ship or that the ship itself is on an enemy mission. Again, our acceptance of the principle of "free ships, free goods," is certainly not an acceptance in the sense of those who first put that catch-word forward. And, lastly, the reason why a great navy is vital to this country is not because a supreme fleet can to some extent maintain the balance of power in Europe against a preponderant military nation, but because a more powerful navy in hostile hands could paralyse our actual life instantly.

All this is rather disconcerting because, as will be observed, the President does not here suggest that the proposed changes in sea law should be subject to the institution of a League of Nations, which would, so to speak, be above the law. He contemplates a state of things when each nation must look after its own vital rights and honour, and proposes a reduction of naval armaments and a change in the rules for their use which, if passed, would reduce sea-power to very little effect. And he makes this proposal evidently thinking that Great Britain's interest in her submarine fleet and its liberty of action must be changed altogether by the extinction of the military threat in Europe.

Of the debate going forward in the American Press on this subject, we have as yet no full details. But a fortnight ago the *Times* gave us one very illuminating passage from the *New York World*, a paper which, from the great ability with which it is written and its close association with the leaders of the democratic party, must be taken as representing a considerable section of opinion. This article is so remarkable that I quote it in full.

"In America," says the *World*, "freedom of the seas has always been associated with the sanctity of private property afloat, as is the case on land where international law is observed. We have held fast to the doctrine that free ships make free goods, which is to say that unless goods are contraband they cannot be seized, and neutral vessels carrying them cannot be captured or destroyed.

"That we never were able to write this principle into international law has been due largely to the opposition of Great Britain. International law has been ignored too often in the present war on both sides, technicalities serving Great Britain and violence Germany. By pronouncing practically everything contraband, the one has inflicted enormous hardships upon neutrals, whereas the other with its submarines has wantonly destroyed life and property, neutral as well as enemy. The responsibility of Great Britain cannot be compared with that of Germany and yet, in degrees, both have been transgressors."

The *World* continues the line of thought of the Senate speech. Private property is by agreement sacred in war on land. It should be sacred at sea also and then the neutral trader could carry on his innocent traffic with either belligerent, undisturbed by the operations of that belligerent's enemy. Unless this rule, for the establishment of which America has always struggled, is acknowledged, the world's life is at the mercy of force. The more yellow journals, such as Mr. Hearst's papers, go further and compare the "navalism" of Great Britain with the "militarism" of Germany, as if one were a sea and the other a land aspect of the same essential phenomenon, viz., unbalanced power, unscrupulously used to obtain selfish and indispensable aims.

The issue then stands squarely before us, and we must face it squarely, and meet it candidly. This is not a subject on which this country can afford to be misunderstood, and the people of America are not of the sort to resent perfect frankness of expression where a disagreement exists.

The difficulty of this age-long controversy lies largely in the circumstances out of which it arises. The writers on belligerent rights at sea either defend the British contention—on the broad ground that the law of prize is a necessity to us in war, because without it a naval power cannot carry the war into an enemy's country and so compel enemy submission; or, they combat this view on the ground that prize is a ruthless use of force, and an excuse for free and naked plunder at sea, which civilised nations have forbidden in land warfare. Now, if we put our case on the ground of

British necessity, we are using an argument which Germany's defence of her own peculiar sea practices has thrown into considerable disrepute. The *New York World*, the reader will have noticed, puts British and German conduct into the same category. Both, that is to say, were illegal and unjustifiable—though there was, of course, the enormous difference that, our illegalities were humane and the German purely barbarous. We must, however, recognise that the world will never admit that national necessity can justify, whether on land or sea, any use of power that is, I will not say cruel or murderous, but even manifestly oppressive or unjust. If the law of prize is to be justified, it must be for some reason. The argument of national necessity may be good enough for us. We may feel its cogency—though past governments have not always felt it. But we can not ask others to accept, as an antecedent premiss to the whole discussion, that in every war in which Great Britain engages she has an inherent right to victory at sea! If we are to convince others, we must show that the law of prize can be defended on the same grounds as the law of blockade; that it is just as essentially a corollary of sea war as are investment and siege corollaries of land war. We have to show, in fact, that if there is any anomaly in the circumstances that have brought the practice of law and prize into being, it is not occasioned by the use of force against the neutral, but by the attempt of the neutral to interfere with the natural, humane and legitimate operations of the law of force.

The weakness of our opponents' case is that their attack on the right of prize is based on the neutral's moral claim to continue trading during war as in peace. And they speak, accordingly, of prize as if it were a continuance of practices dating back to uncivilised ages; as if the primary object of the British Navy was to enrich individuals in that force by seizing private property and selling it for their benefit—a thing long since forbidden as unthinkable in land warfare. It is, therefore, a necessary preliminary to the discussion to say that what is done with goods taken in war has no moral connection at all with the rightness or wrongness of the act of taking it. The British case for the full use of sea-power would not be altered in the least degree if the right of naval officers and seamen to the value of the prizes taken was abolished. To enrich them is not the motive for taking prizes. We must, then, argue the case without reference, on the one side, to its being essential to us to get the due value of sea-power, and on the other, without obscuring the issue by discussing the destiny of property taken in war, once it is taken.

The issue in itself is really perfectly simple, and one can ask for no better statement of the case than that given by the *New York World*—if only because it gives, with singular completeness, all the familiar fallacies of this secular debate. "In America," says the *World*, "freedom of the seas has always been associated with the sanctity of private property afloat, as is the case on land where international law is observed." Let us take two typical cases to illustrate the *World's* parallel. The German Army invades Belgium, and drives the defenders of that country to the line which they are to hold for four years from Nieuport to La Passee. The whole of the property in Belgium east of this line is in German power. Until the Belgians and their allies can advance and drive the Germans out, there is nothing in the whole State—specie, securities, food, cloth, metal, arms, leather, clothes, rubber—which can be of the faintest use to the Belgian nation in the war. The lines of the German Army near the frontier stop all intercourse with the national army. The maintenance of the national army depends in no way either upon the nation's prosperity, on its industrial effort, or on its moral. So far as the war is concerned, all Belgian wealth—in German hands—is exactly as if it did not exist. The Belgian Army's power to fight would not be increased if the German occupation were to treble the wealth of Belgium. It would not be diminished if the whole country were reduced to literal ruin and beggary.

All Belgian private property, then, is absolutely at the disposal of the invader, and it can only be used for purposes of the war by the invader turning it to account in his own behalf. This international law permits him freely to do! On the plea of military necessity, he can take everything in the country capable of direct or indirect employment to support his forces—so long as he either pays for it or gives the unfortunate possessor a receipt! The alternative reduces the title of the possessor to a matter of very slender value. It will be observed, then, that the convention that makes private property sacred on land permits of exceptions so wide as to make it nugatory. It cannot, in fact, be put higher than this: that it is a counsel of perfection addressed to a victor to respect the possessions of those he has conquered.

Now let us take what the *World* would call a parallel case at sea. Germany, believing that Great Britain would



Now let us take what the *World* would call a parallel case at sea. Germany, believing that Great Britain would be neutral and that France can be conquered in four months, secretly prepares a blow, the weight and pace of which is to be irresistible. It is presupposed that Belgium will not fight, and that France will not be ready. In preparing it enormous quantities of guns and munitions have been manufactured, vast factories have been built or extended to make this provision possible. But, of raw materials actually needed in war, and of stores of food, wool, oils, fats, etc., needed to support a large population in a long war, Germany has provided herself only with sufficient for a short period. To her surprise she finds that England comes into the war, and in three months it becomes obvious that, instead of getting the victory in four months, she runs considerable risk of being beaten at the end of four years. If she is to fight for so long a period, she will need enormous quantities of things—chiefly food and propellants. Cotton is an indispensable part of these latter, and of cotton she has very little. Accordingly she gets into relation with a neutral trader in the United States, who sends over a cargo of 10,000 bales. It is bought by a German consignee and paid for. It is not technically contraband, the vessel carrying it is stopped by a British ship. It has all the marks of private property at sea.

What is the difference between this cotton and let us say a similar quantity of cotton lying in a warehouse at Antwerp? To the British, the cotton on board the neutral ship is enemy private property, just as to the German the cotton lying at Antwerp is enemy private property. But the cotton on board is *in transit* from America to Germany. The cotton at Antwerp is where it is, and by no conceivable circumstances could it ever be transferred to the enemy army, which has been driven beyond Ypres. The first is, therefore, a proposed *addition* to German national wealth. The second *can never become an addition* to Belgian national wealth. There is then, so far as the essentials of the situation are concerned, no parallelism at all.

Next, however, there is another aspect about this transaction for an account of which I will refer the *New York World*, and my readers, to page 144 of Mahan's *War of 1812*. It is this famous, much quoted passage which he explains that the claim for "private property" possesses peculiar interest as involving "a play upon words to the confusion of ideas, which from that time to this has vitiated the arguments upon which have been based a prominent feature of American policy." He insists on the enormous difference between property at a standstill on land, and property used as an instrument of exchange. The first is as unproductive as money in a stocking. The other is like money in circulation. It is on national prosperity that war depends and goods in circulation are the life blood of national prosperity. It is the operation and not the thing that the belligerent aims at.

The goods seized may belong to an individual. It is the nation that profits by the interchange and it is the nation with which one is at war. "To stop such circulation," says Mahon, "is to sap national prosperity; and to sap prosperity, upon which war depends for its energy, is a measure as truly military as is killing the men whose arms maintain war in the field."

When Mahan has killed a fallacy it is, perhaps, a work of supererogation to make a show of killing it again. But the facts of this war are so illuminating that it is impossible to resist drawing attention to them. And their importance lies just in this, that modern commercial practice makes it obvious that in war time there is *never any private property at sea at all!* Recall for one minute the notorious fact that the world's shipping has suffered to the extent of 13,000,000 tons by enemy action in the last four years. Remember that between four and five thousand ships, many of them with priceless cargoes, have been sent to the bottom. The total loss cannot be far short of a thousand million pounds, of which at least six hundred million must have fallen on British shipowners and British merchants—had the property destroyed been private property. But it is a simple matter of fact that those shipowners who have lost their ships are far richer than those whose ships have survived, and we hear of no bankruptcies amongst the merchants. How is this paradox explained?

It is simply that the practice of insurance transfers the value of all ships cargoes at sea from the nominal owners to the underwriters, who, by the premiums which they exact, in turn transfer it to the public that purchases the cargoes of ships that survive. The ten thousand million pounds damage, done by the German submarine, has fallen, not on the tutelary owner of the ship or the nominal consignee of the goods. It has been met by doubling and trebling the prices of the things which the man in the street buys. It is obvious from this that what is destroyed in British ships is really the property of the British nation, and that what is destroyed in neutral ships going to an enemy is really the property of the enemy nation.

Grasp this fact and then the character of the neutral trader becomes apparent. He is a person who, for the sake of gain, has gone to the help of one of the two belligerents. He is doing a thing which, if his country did it, would involve that country in war. As a public act, it would be a belligerent act. International law permits the private individual to engage in this traffic, which is belligerent traffic, at a certain risk. International law limits his risk to the inconvenience of the search, the detention, and, perhaps, the ultimate capture and confiscation of his ship. International law exposes him to no risk of life or limb. It even permits the neutral to resist capture by force, with no worse fate than would befall a belligerent warship in like case. But it cannot alter the fact that this act is hostile.

(To be continued.)

## Clemenceau: By H. M. Hyndman

**T**HERE are historic characters whose entire lives have been made up of dramatic episodes. Clemenceau may be classed as one of these remarkable men. From his youth until to-day, he has played important parts in one great drama—the rise and development of the French Republic. He was put in gaol, as a medical student, under the reign of Napoleon III., for referring to a date which registered an effort towards Republican rule. Having taken his doctor's degree, he devoted himself, after a stay in the United States, to gratuitous treatment of the sick in one of the poorest districts of Paris. There he gained the confidence of his fellow-citizens as a thoroughgoing Radical. In that capacity, he rushed to the front when the disaster of Sedan, and the complete failure of the Imperial Government, decided the Parisians to take affairs in the capital into their own hands.

Clemenceau was one of the foremost in proclaiming the downfall of the empire. Elected Mayor of Montmartre, he displayed remarkable faculties of organisation and popular leadership. He took upon himself the control of the whole district and put fresh life into every department of municipal administration, raising and drilling troops also for the National Army. He gained the confidence of the people of Montmartre so completely that they sent him by a great majority as their member to the reactionary Assembly of Bordeaux. There he found himself with Louis Blanc and other stalwart Republicans face to face with a majority composed of the most hide-bound clerical and monarchical

bigots. After helping to resist their harmful policy, he was suddenly called back to Paris by the growing power of the extreme revolutionary section. Immediately afterwards he plunged into the struggle of the Commune, and did his utmost to save the lives of Generals Lecomte and Thomas, who, having attempted to disarm the citizens, were speedily put to death.

Now, Clemenceau's political adventures began in good earnest. His policy as Mayor of Montmartre did not find favour with Pyat, Vermorel, and the other extremists of the new Government of Paris. Their methods of persuasion took a formidable shape. A warrant was issued for his arrest, which, had it been carried out, would probably have caused his summary removal. Happily, there was a young Brazilian who precisely resembled Clemenceau. Him the fanatics took, and were making ready to argue out of the error of his ways by a volley of musketry, when they discovered that shooting the wrong man would fail to convince the popular member for Montmartre. Meanwhile, Clemenceau had escaped to the provinces, where he endeavoured to stir up the people to resist the invading Germans to the death. He heartily supported Gambetta in his vigorous effort to reorganise the armies of France against the enemy, and was one of the few who voted at Bordeaux for still carrying on the war, even when the national cause seemed hopeless.

All this was fine work; for the risk he ran, with the police of the Bordeaux Government and the reactionaries of the provinces, who objected to his Radicalism, was almost as great as that which he incurred from the extreme Com-



munists, who demurred to his moderation. And that was not the end either of his experience of getting between two fires at a period of ferocious internecine controversy. No sooner had the Versailles and their troops, under the leadership of Thiers and Gallifet, crushed the Commune with horrible vindictiveness, than Clemenceau found himself in the dock, on the charge of not having saved the murdered generals. It would probably have gone very hard with him but for the evidence of a reactionary colonel, who, for a wonder, thought that even a Radical and a free-thinker was entitled to the truth from a witness. So he was acquitted. But a duel followed, in which Clemenceau, being the best fencer and the best pistol-shot in France, as well as left-handed, a teetotaller, and a man of the athletic persuasion, was considerate enough to let off his antagonist with merely a bullet in his leg. For that performance Clemenceau was fined and given a fortnight's imprisonment.

Here ends Act I. of Clemenceau's political career. Shortly afterwards he was unseated as deputy for Montmartre, and devoted the next five years to solid service on the Municipal Council of Paris, which he had been largely instrumental in establishing. He began as simple councillor for Clignancourt and finished as President of the Municipal Chamber.

Then Clemenceau began his work again in the Chamber of Deputies, being returned afresh for Montmartre. It is noteworthy that the very first speech he made in the Assembly was in favour of a complete amnesty for the Communards and political prisoners, some of whom had been so anxious to deprive him of any further power to speak at all, five years before. He did not succeed in thus doing good to his enemies, but he convinced the Assembly that a new and powerful orator had made his appearance in its midst. And so he entered upon the next important episode in his political life. For the year after was the year of the great reactionary combination, of which the President of the Republic, Marshal MacMahon, and the Duc de Broglie were the chiefs. The Republic—"L'Empire Républicainisé," as Clemenceau called it later—conservative as it might be, was in danger. The President himself, though a well-meaning, honest soldier, and true to his salt, carried into political life his motto of the Malakoff fortress: "*J'y suis et j'y reste.*" He lived in mortal fear of a revival of the Commune. Behind every tree in the Champs Elysées lurked the red spectre by day: the ghostly figures of incendiary *pétroleuses* danced nightly round his bedroom. So he became little better than a tool in the hands of the Legitimists, Orléanists, and Bonapartists, with their attendant clericals, who sank their differences in the struggle against the common enemy of them all.

But the Republicans, led by Gambetta, held a powerful majority in the Chamber of Deputies, and they, too, for once, united in support of their cause. Gambetta bombed the domestic enemy relentlessly with his explosive eloquence; Clemenceau let them blood copiously at close quarters, with his deadly rapier thrusts. It was a very pretty fight indeed. The Republicans won handsomely at the General Election, and Gambetta's ultimatum to MacMahon, "Give in or get out," ended, in the long run, by the Marshal doing both. The 363 Republicans who had virtually compelled the President's surrender, on returning from the constituencies with a majority of 100, cried for vengeance on the men who had used every imaginable means to debauch the electorate. Clemenceau was the most active of those who demanded the impeachment of the reactionary political leaders. Thus, the Extreme Left began to play a great part, and Clemenceau rapidly became its leader.

His position was shortly afterwards fortified by Gambetta's policy of opportunism, which Clemenceau bitterly attacked. From the fall of MacMahon until Gambetta's own assumption of power, Clemenceau was, in fact, Gambetta's most formidable opponent; and the death of the fiery Southerner, who had degenerated into the would-be moderate political dictator, put Clemenceau virtually in control of the Assembly. It was in the sixteen years from 1877 to 1893 that this indefatigable and ruthless political warrior earned his title of the Tiger. He was a Republican of Republicans, a Democrat of Democrats. The Second Chamber stank in his nostrils; the policy of financial colonisation by conquest was accursed in his eyes. France needed all her resources for development at home: that development could only be guided to safe issues by reliance upon educated universal suffrage, free from the influence of reactionary or profiteering cliques. So he toppled over Ministry after Ministry.

Not a prominent politician in France but bore about his person scars inflicted by the Tiger's claws. When in the late 'eighties I had a long chat with him in the Rue Clément Marot, he had already the scalps of some eighteen Ministries hanging at his girdle. Time to "range himself" and

take office! I thought so myself, as a mere English Social-Democrat. But office for Clemenceau? Not he. His object was to republicanise the Republic, and, till that was achieved, nothing was done. There was no vestige of compromise in him. An example of his methods? Could there be anything more telling than this? Clemenceau had vehemently and consistently resisted the policy of financial and military interpenetration in Tunis. All to no purpose. The Philistines had the better of him. It became necessary to "settle the matter"—those old familiar words—and M. Jules Ferry had the overwhelming majority of the Assembly in his favour. But a division was taken. Result? 430 to 1. The 1 was Clemenceau. The Tiger was crushed. Not a bit of it. Within six months that formidable creature had sent M. Ferry and his whole Ministry-packing. And so on, and so on.

These manœuvres did not tend to political popularity. Perhaps no man ever massed up against himself such a portentous array of incongruous enemies as Clemenceau had succeeded in bringing together by the year 1893. Scarce a single political faction or financial coterie in France but furnished its quota to this motley host. "What about Panama?" "Who is against Russia?" "Down with the opponent of the *brav' Général* (Boulanger)!" "Away with the Free-Thinker!" "*A bas l'Anglais!*" Such were a few of the cries shouted at him in Paris and re-echoed in his constituency of Draguignan. His friendship for England was the most serious offence of all. At any rate, these charges together did the work. Out of Parliamentary life he went at 52, and seemed likely to stay out.

But to-morrow he appears, quite undiscouraged, as the most telling publicist and journalist in France. In five years he made for himself a very considerable literary and philosophic reputation. Then another few years of desperate fighting as writer and orator in the Dreyfus case. A most dangerous business that. At the time of the Zola trial Clemenceau's life was in danger at any moment. This affected him not at all. Having in conjunction with Zola, Scheurer-Kestner, Jaurès and others obtained partial justice for this persecuted Jew officer, he was again stranded in a backwater, from which friends and enemies alike thought he might never float himself out. Within six months of this most apparently hopeless failure he was Prime Minister and master of France.

His Administration of 1907-1909 achieved much more in the way of consolidating the Republic than is generally put to Clemenceau's credit. That but for a sudden and still almost inexplicable outburst of temper he might have remained Premier for a much longer period no one now doubts. But having flounced himself out of office in a moment of petulance—"I went in with an umbrella and came out with a stick"—he was once more a vigorous critic in journalism, and a political Ishmael at large in the Senate. So he remained until the war. Then, even before he was forced into power, his love of France, his disregard of all personal considerations, his hatred of intrigue, of weakness, of treachery, made Clemenceau the spokesman of all that was bravest and noblest in his country.

Accepting the Premiership unwillingly at the age of 76, if we wish to understand what Clemenceau has done we have only to look round. Compare the France of a year ago with the France which, with the help of Great Britain, and the later assistance of the United States, met, countered and swept back for ever the flood-tide of German barbaric invasion and devastation. The Army soon knew, from the last-joined poilus to the Marshals of France, that what was won by heroic courage and determination at the front would not be lost by deliberate pro-Germanism and treachery in its rear. The traitors themselves were imprisoned or executed.

More than that, Clemenceau embodied in himself and inspired in his countrymen the spirit of France, the France of the great revolution, at whose shrine alone he worshipped. His old and unbroken friendship with England, his knowledge of the United States, his unswerving exposure of Germany's aggressive designs for full forty years before the war, all told in his favour. Those who doubted were convinced: those who were hopeful saw their aspirations realised: those who had never wavered cheered for victory right ahead. And now that he and we have won—our aid, as none knows better, having been indispensable to the French triumph—Clemenceau feels so deeply that France as a whole has shared in the great awakening that he, of all men, joins with his devout Catholic countrymen in the Te Deum of Thanksgiving in the Cathedral of Lille. The work he has done, the risks he has run, the unshakable determination he has displayed have raised him high above all petty considerations of politics, creeds, classes, or conditions. Therefore he is the hero of France to-day.





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## THE CAPTURE

By C. L. ...

The U-Boats at Harwich. Drawn from the fore-deck of U 139 by Mr. Charles ...  
U 139, which has evidently had a narrow shave.





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# ED PIRATES

s ixon

xi, the special artist of LAND & WATER. Note the damaged conning tower of  
ome "scrap" before the Great Surrender.



# The Last Battles—and After

By Captain R. A. Scott-James, M.C.

**A** FEW months after the beginning of the war—I think it was February, 1915—I had a talk with an officer who had just returned, wounded, from the front. He had been in the Ypres sector. He had often looked out across the German lines to that road which runs through Gheluvelt to Menin. In those days the transport moved freely along the road in the full view of our observers. The long avenue of trees was still an avenue.

Often in the last two years I have recalled his words. "The Road to Menin" has been like the refrain of a song which dreamy soldiers (if ever there were such things!) might have been repeating through interminable years of stalemate. They did not, of course. They gave up that sort of song. "Tipperary" became obsolete, till the Belgians revived it a few days ago. But many times, during last year, from an observation post on Hill 63 I have looked at Commines and Werwieg, and the factories of Tourcoing and Roubaix; and from Mount Kemmel the upper tips of Halluin and Menin churches were just visible. Between those towns and us, the wilderness!

The incredible, the hateful wilderness! If we advanced we only advanced into more wilderness. We took Wytschaete and Messines, and from any but the most prosaic military point of view it was a barren harvest. Messines village contained only brick and concrete dug-outs, and those much the worse for wear. I discovered bits of a pavé road buried under a wild crop of weedy turnips. The charred stumps of great trees have sometimes been useful when we were desperately hard up for fuel. It was the same with Gheluvelt, Passchendaele, Zonnebeke—we conquered places which were not places at all—villages indistinguishable from the rest of the wild—mere map co-ordinates, names. The further we advanced—the further we got away from civilisation—the greater the tract of bleak, featureless, shell-crater country between ourselves and normal humanity.

But to get to decent houses, to luxurious billets, by *going forward*, to reach civilisation on the *other side*—how remote that seemed last March, and April, and May! Had the people over there, in the back of beyond, got two eyes, and a mouth, and a nose? Could the Belgians and French in Courtrai and Tourcoing bear any distant family resemblance to the Belgians and French of Poperinghe, Cassel, Bethune?

But I have recently been living in a sort of palace—in Courtrai. I have been many miles beyond the Scheldt. And I have just come far back again; and am writing this, as it turns out, actually in Menin.

## The Miracle

The whole transformation scene happened in an incredibly short time—in six weeks, which seemed like six months, so full it was of incident and change. On September 28th we were still back behind Wytschaete Ridge and Messines. It is true the Boche had already moved from Vailleul, Steenwerck, Merville, and Estaires, and even from the now devastated top of Kemmel Hill. And he had moved from this salient not merely to "shorten his line," as the critics say, but more especially because he could not stick the deadly ravages of our "harassing fire"—that continuous, nightly shelling of roads and tracks which the heavy artillery on the whole British front maintained without a night's cessation from March 21st till near the end of September—a feat possible only to the British Army, with its almost unlimited supply of shells.

But on September 29th we made a battle of it—the Belgians and the British together. Our guns started firing before dawn, and at breakfast time the enemy was out of range. We pushed on as far as broken tracks would permit, and found that the infantry had already pressed the Germans beyond our reach. For a fortnight we, and the rest of the Army on that sector, laboured among the shell-holes. For the British there were only two available roads from Ypres—the Zonnebeke and Menin roads. At intervals the enemy had blown mine-craters, and for some days we had to pass by crazy plank tracks which the engineers laid down on either side. Day and night an endless procession of horse and lorry transport filed up and down these greasy, treacherous ways. Material for building dug-outs was not to be thought of, and all that could be "scrounged" in this part of the world was scrounged long ago. For some days we endured inter-

mittent hostile shelling and rain under canvas bivouacs near a place known as Terhand—in advance of the Field Artillery, as we have often been in the battles of this year. But there was one immensely cheering prospect. Going into the front line—an indiscriminate region occupied only by patrols—I found *houses*. It is true they were roofless and broken, but they were recognisably houses; and Dadizeele, behind our lines, was definitely a village, with a church spire that was still a spire. One more battle, and it was certain that we should penetrate to the back of beyond, to good roads, to villages, possibly even to civilian inhabitants. "To-morrow," we said, on the evening of October 13th, as we sat in a wet hole in the ground working out our barrage programme, "we will dine in a house, and sit in arm-chairs, and salute the villagers."

And that very nearly came true. When the din of our early morning bombardment was beginning to die down, and the gas with which the enemy had tried to choke us and the fumes of H.E. were mostly dispersed, and the Field Artillery were limbering up and advancing in one direction, whilst in the other direction squads of German prisoners were trudging along carrying the British wounded, I managed to slip past in my car and get forward by a road which the horse-transport had overlooked. In the recent front line lay the German dead—all with that stark, abandoned, scattered appearance which killed men have—and a little further on, dead horses, monstrously obstructing the road. (Horses die so easily—the least flesh wound seems to kill them.) Skirting a mine-crater on the Roulers-Menin highway, I got on to a clear, excellent road, and was able to speed on among cultivated fields, past cottages and farms intact, right into the, as yet, scarcely touched village of Moorseele. Just beyond, the infantry were pausing for an interval in the advance, and the crackle of rifles and machine-guns showed where they were.

Not far off I found a good place for the guns, with perfect flash cover, a furnished farmhouse and dry barns, and a large château adjoining, with flower-gardens and neat lawns. We lived there for a week, and had it not been for one shell we should have had no casualties.

During that week the war went easily for us. At long range we fired across the Lys River, helping the Pioneers when they constructed pontoon-bridges; and we fired the next night, when the infantry crossed easily, meeting with little opposition. And from time to time we were exposed to minor hazards when one or two of us went forward to select advanced positions which, owing to the rapid retirement of the enemy, we never occupied.

The civilians were very soon in evidence. Some had gone down into their cellars during the battle; others had been sent eastwards by the Germans, but were turned loose as soon as the retreat became a rout. They emerged, first, in small numbers—dazed, frightened creatures—astonished at seeing khaki uniforms instead of the familiar, all-potent grey. Their deference to us, during the first day or two, was excessive; they had become accustomed, these poor village folk, to subservience. They had long given up expecting that the distant sound of guns would draw appreciably nearer to them, and they had been fatalistically accustoming themselves to the circumstances of a subject people.

Soon they began to arrive in crowds in Moorseele. From all the villages up to the confines of Courtrai they began to set out towards this central village. Some walked hurriedly, bare-headed, dishevelled; others put on their best clothes, and pushed their beds, their wardrobes, their cutlery, and their babies in wheelbarrows and handcarts. They arrived, an immense crowd, in Moorseele. One party turned up at our billets, and was fed by our gunners. Others were fed by other units. Some sort of central authority was improvised, and a kitchen was set going, and lorries began taking them off indiscriminately to Poperinghe—on the other side of the wild. All sorts of queer provisional arrangements were made, and sooner or later Belgian officials began to turn up, and I do not know exactly what they did. At any rate, orders were finally issued by the corps that, as far as possible, civilians were to be left in the districts where they were found, and should only be removed when the exigencies of battle made it dangerous for them to remain.

As each new family arrived in Moorseele, the waiting crowd raised cheers. Bewildered, as they were, they were immensely relieved at the great event that had come to pass. They soon lost their reserve and became communicative.



The tales they had to tell were similar. First, they had been ordered by the Germans to go back. Then this order had been rescinded. Nearly all their horses, cattle, and live-stock in general had been requisitioned. Last year their seed-corn had been left them for sowing; this year it was all taken away—a proof that the Germans foresaw the retreat. But that so rapid a retreat was not contemplated is shown by the fact that the big munitions factory at Bisseghern, near Courtrai, was kept working up to a late date, and that no attempt was made to remove the immense stores of munitions which were collected there.

They complained that they were not merely rationed, but that they were atrociously punished for the least misunderstanding of the rationing orders. One farmer, who had killed one of his own pigs, told me that he was fined six times the value of the pig. Any wine or beer in the possession of the farmers or villagers was long ago confiscated. They had little or no redress against the exactions of those billeted upon them; against the word of a soldier, civilian evidence was generally of no avail.

Of the concluding battles of the war I have two vivid recollections. One was at Heestut, just across the Bossuyt Canal; the other was at Avelghem, on the River Scheldt. In the first occasion the infantry had crossed the canal, and had advanced to a line just beyond Heestut. Our major and myself, following up to choose the site for a battery position, crossed the canal and followed a railway line which had been systematically blown up at every junction of rails. We came to the village of Heestut. The shelling was not violent anywhere, as neither side knew precisely where its own front line was. There was a thin barrage not far away to our left, and a succession of heavy shells falling on our right; the major and myself debated whether these shells were ours or the enemies, the point of doubt arising from the fact that the line ran very queerly just here, one part of the enemy's front being almost behind us.

What was odd was that there were no troops to be seen. In an advance of this kind, where the infantry get beyond the range of the artillery, and feel their way forward, there are apt to be many gaps in the advanced line. We knew that the enemy was not far away, because machine-gun bullets were falling unpleasantly round us. But we could see no soldiers. We could see only some hundreds of civilians.

A battle, of sorts, was going on, and the civilians were walking about their village. Some of them, of course, were frightened. One old woman was in violent hysterics. In other cases whole families were hastening towards the west. But others were just standing about, wondering what they ought to do; and when they saw us they ran up to shake us by the hand and ask for advice.

The other incident was at Avelghem, close to the banks of the Scheldt. Our battery was in action there, considerably less than a mile from the front line. Our firing from this position constituted almost a record, as it was not intended that the infantry in front of us should advance during the engagement—only the infantry to the north or left of us; so that at the end of the engagement we might expect to be subject to the counter-battery work of the enemy, more especially as we were completely overlooked from the important height of the Mont de L'Enclus.

The bombardment lasted for four hours, and though we were worried by gas-shells and high explosives, we fired our full number of rounds. At the end, as a parting gift, the enemy put forty or fifty big shells between our guns, but we had just got the men under cover. Scarcely had this ceased when parties of civilians began walking towards us from the village of Avelghem. Some wanted assistance, others went right on with no more than a hurried *bon jour*. Entering the village a little later, I found it in a doleful condition. The principal street had almost ceased to exist. The church-tower was perilously tottering on a flimsy support. The miserable villagers had, many of them, been taken away in ambulances. They had been subjected for two hours to a vicious gas bombardment, during which they had not dared to emerge from their cellars. Those cellars were, if they had but known, death-traps—the gas sank into them, and nearly a thousand out of a population of four thousand succumbed. The remainder walked or were taken back to Courtrai.

That was almost the last episode of the war on this front. On Sunday morning the infantry pressed on to Renaix, and occupied the town; on Monday morning the armistice came into force.

Its arrival was anticipated on Sunday night. I travelled back that evening from Avelghem towards Courtrai, and on the road, approaching Knokke, got held up among a mass of ditched transport. By good luck I found myself near my own brigade headquarters. I dined there, and was about to seek my car again when suddenly the whole sky became

alight with fireworks—that is to say, German cartridges were fired indiscriminately, Verey lights were sent up in rear areas, the search-lights began to play fantastic tricks, and the brigade sergeant-major appeared with triumphant, if inaccurate, news. Corps H.Q., when rung up on the telephone, were without information; Army had nothing to say; the news, it subsequently appeared, had been picked up from the German wireless.

I got back to Courtrai. A bonfire was burning in the Square. As I approached by a side street, a crowd of Belgian factory women seized us by the arms, saying: "Come along; peace has been declared." It was a delirious moment for all Courtrai. Respectable citizens, who for four years had never been out of doors after 8 p.m., paraded the streets till the small hours of the morning.

## The Condition of the Towns

The population is already beginning to re-sort itself and to accustom itself to new conditions. It must be remembered that in the last six weeks of war a long belt of country, about thirty miles in depth, hitherto undevastated, has become a field of battle. The larger towns, on the whole, have suffered the least. Halluin and Menin, which were not far behind the old wilderness, have been badly knocked about, but they still contain many undamaged houses. Courtrai, though all the bridges were blown up, and some quarters of the town were badly shelled by the enemy, still remains a thoroughly habitable, and inhabited, town. In France, towns like Lille, Roubaix, and Tourcoing are almost undamaged—thanks to the method of attack, which gave the Germans no excuse for destroying these places.

Villages, however, are in a different case. Some have escaped altogether—where the retreat was rapid. Others, notably at places on the lines which the Germans attempted to hold, have been almost completely destroyed. In the example of Avelghem to which I have already alluded, the village, in October, was a pretty and peaceful place that had known nothing of fighting. Now its streets are heaped with the debris of fallen houses. There are hundreds of small places which have suffered the same fate.

Some of the inhabitants remained where they were till the war had swept past them. Others fled eastwards behind the German lines, or westward behind the British. Now, day after day they are drifting back. On every road you meet wagons drawn by old horses, or oxen, or even cows; the wagons are heaped high with furniture, and on the top of all, a complete family—old men, women, children—wrapped up in blankets and shawls, recumbent, motionless, fatalistically patient.

When they get back to their old homes they at once begin to patch them up, if they admit of repair, and to estimate their losses in chairs, tables, crockery. If the house is ruined, they move temporarily into somebody else's house, pending the arrival of the proper owner.

In towns such as Courtrai the inhabitants are cheerfully trying to get back to work. Owing to the removal or destruction of machinery, the factories cannot yet be restarted. Gas and electric light plant have been destroyed. Industry, properly so called, is at a standstill. When we first arrived, the shops were still stocked with goods made in Belgium or Germany, and articles were exposed for sale at prohibitive German prices. These prices, of course, soon began to fall, but, owing to scarcity of transport, the shop-people found it difficult to renew their stocks. Also they were at a loss to know *how* or *from whom* things could be bought—everything was unfamiliar to them.

The hatred which Belgians feel for the Germans is expressed in bitter speech. "It was too long," they exclaim; "we have lived for four years waiting; we had almost given up hope." Some complain of the overbearing despotism of the *Kommandantur*; some, of the thefts which were ordered or countenanced; some, at the meagre wages paid to those who were forced to work in the factories; some, at arbitrary tyrannies such as that which consigned a certain barber to seven months' labour in the most dangerous kind of munition work because he steadfastly refused to shave Germans. Nearly all can adduce specific grievances. But I think what has rankled even more than definite injustices has been the general demeanour of the Germans, especially the officers. The studied curtness of manner, the insolence, the assumption of the air of conquerors and superior beings, irritated and aggravated the Belgians even more than acts of injustice. It is not surprising that amongst some of them their joy at the making of peace is modified by their longing for revenge. "I should have been satisfied," one of them said to me, "if only the war could have continued for as many months in Germany as it has lasted years in Belgium."



# Industry and the State: By John Murray

IN pre-war days it was a common complaint that the State did little for the industry of the country. Active concern and support were felt by many to be unduly lacking. Nor was this feeling confined to extreme Protectionists. For many trades are at all times relatively unaffected by foreign trade. Many others depend on cheap and plentiful imports of every description. Mixed up with various political motives was much misgiving about the domestic conduct of industry. It was beyond question that many branches of production and distribution suffered more from their own intrinsic faults and infirmities than from any other cause.

What these shortcomings were scarcely needs telling: scarcity of capital, ill-trained and ill-supervised labour, lack of knowledge of organisation of progressive ideas among the directing heads. The remedy for most of these is as easy to name as it is difficult to apply. It consists, of course, in an exacter fitting of means to ends and a profounder study of the conditions of success. This depends, clearly, on the better education of all parties. Mr. Chamberlain's protectionist campaign, negated at the election of 1906, bore fruit indirectly in these directions. Business men were provoked and driven into discovering how to better themselves without recourse to Protection. But for Mr. Chamberlain's campaign, less would have been done in the succeeding era towards the renovation and the modernisation of industry than was in fact accomplished. This era was one of self-help. The State might certainly have helped, without offending against any party's political principles; and with State help even greater advances than occurred might have been made between 1906 and 1914. The great advances made by Germany in that period were due in great part to well-developed self-help. But in England the election of 1906 practically vetoed action by the State even in the uncontroversial matters. And, indeed, by 1906 the nervous mood, which followed the Boer war, and which provided an atmosphere for Mr. Chamberlain's campaign, was already passing away. The nation was entering on an exceptional period of growth and prosperity.

## Individual Obligations

In this wave of prosperity an opportunity was lost: a great one, if you like, or not so great; but, in any case, an opportunity. In the reaction against the Protectionist propaganda of 1903 to 1906 the alternative or non-political theory of the relations between the State and industry ought to have had more prominence. For this alternative policy is no blank negative, no mere veto on State interest or action. It is self-help, of course, in the first place. Self-help means the use of inventive and methodical intelligence in your own business in a spirit of co-operativeness with other men placed similarly.

In proportion as emphasis is laid on invention and method, the idea of co-operativeness, generally speaking, will make itself felt. But, in the second place, the alternative policy should include a certain completion of self-help which the State alone can give or can give most effectively. Industries differ so widely that it is difficult to indicate in a general form what the contribution of the State should be. In general, however, it would be true to say that in each industry there are conditions to be studied, experiments to be made, steps to be taken, which are scarcely within the scope or the competence of private interest. This is probably true, at present, even of the best-organised industries. Their organisation has been devised, as a rule, for the solution of general labour questions, less often for the regulation of prices to the consumer, and it has been devised only under compulsion—by labour on the one side, by competitors on the other. The effort and the machinery scarcely anywhere contemplate more than relief from the two-fold primordial emergency of the business man. So strong is the individualism of the nation.

Many industries, moreover, have only the bare beginnings of organisation to show, and some not even these. Scarcely anywhere is a more positive contribution sought from organisation or any of the refinements of self-help. Whatever may come to be the practice in the future, it is certainly true at present that there is work to be done in almost any industry—learning, exploring, experimenting, training, suggesting, planning—that calls for a more general view and a more disinterested attitude than can be expected from any industrialist, or from any group or organ of the

industrialists. The ordinary man of business has no time for such work, nor the versatility. He will tell you, too, that he lacks the money; and so will his rivals. Yet that must, indeed, be a poverty-stricken industry which cannot find money for experimentation towards its own greater success as a whole. Here is the crux. The industries exist as wholes. They have uniform interests and needs, apart from any suggestion of consolidation into trusts. But they do not readily or easily think of themselves as wholes. They are suspicious of acting as wholes, even towards general ends which do not touch individual freedom, except to promise it a more substantial success. They shrink from undertaking, so to speak, certain items of their own staff work. This work concerns, primarily, the industries themselves. In course of time some of them will shoulder it. But even these, and *a fortiori* certain others, need a starting impulse from outside.

This impulse can only come from the State. No other agency has the ear of the country, or the necessary power. And the State, if in a secondary sense, is genuinely concerned with the industries, for it embodies the most general interests of all citizens. Among these interests must be reckoned the efficiency of production and distribution, which has logically nothing to do with protection or with any specific policy or possibility of favouring either consumer or producer at the expense of the other. The State, therefore, is marked out for a staff rôle, as pioneer or as colleague of the industries in tasks of the widest scope.

## State Help

It was so marked out, by implication, at the election of 1906, if the nation or its rulers could but have seen it. True, Parliament was not prepared at once to renew controversy even on a basis which, properly propounded, might have united men of all parties. And the civil service lacked the specialised staff whose knowledge and experience might have made intervention fruitful. Thus neither the motives nor the means were there. Yet the idea of such State help as has been indicated above is both simple and clear, no matter how varied its application in particular industries might prove. It is also reasonably workable. It is advantageous, whether judged *a priori* or on the facts of experience, in those countries which have tried it. On the other hand, it is neither control, nor expropriation, nor socialism, nor taxation. It encroaches nowhere on freedom in trade. It prejudices neither consumer nor producer. It is not identifiably any of the things which inflame partisan feeling, or which confer sectional benefits only. You have in it, on the contrary, a common aim, a minimum and uncontroversial policy which deserved, and deserves, the goodwill of both political parties. And both political parties neglected it from 1906 upwards. The State had no share in the industrial awakening of that period.

Here, and there the process of modernisation made headway according as individual firms had the initiative or the means to undertake it. The results have been significant. But they might have been vastly greater. The State, missing its opportunity, staved off functions which might well have descended upon it any time after 1906. By its refusal to grow, the State renounced a large measure of usefulness. Or shall we say postponed, and not renounced?

Since 1914 all this is changed. It is hardly necessary to rehearse the steps that have been taken or their directions. Little by little the State has laid hold of wellnigh the whole economic life of the nation. The vast scale of war needs and the reduction of world margins, whether of labour, food, transport, or materials, have driven a nation that has always been jealous of freedom to multiply controls. The farther reduction of certain margins may yet intensify certain control.

The "central point of view" is everywhere in evidence, and also in power. State control, indeed, has reached a zenith. And it is no momentary intrusion into affairs formerly thought private that the nation is bearing so loyally. In these four years control has "found itself." And control will not vanish the moment peace is declared. The bureaucracies are now securely in the saddle, or were so on November 11th. Some are efficient; and, if they continue, more may be. Acceptance of bureaucracy is growing among those considerable classes which are ordinarily indifferent to bureaucrats or only slightly hostile. In some quarters admiration has set in. If through all this freedom is jeopardised, remem-



ber that only the active elements in any community really treasure freedom. The more passive portion is usually thankful for humane or tolerant handling, and this portion has suffered little from control, and it may desire to perpetuate control as widely as possible. In most classes the long strain of war has undermined the memories of freedom. All of us know and remember much less about it than we think. Month by month the mesmeric spell of the war-time State has grown greater *pari passu* with the mental fatigue of the nation.

In the form in which the war will leave it the State cannot help becoming a subject of political controversy, and perhaps the predominating issue. For some it has been immensely profitable. Great numbers have found it, in certain respects, a comforting bulwark. By the time the war ends it will probably have increased its hold, if not on the affections, at least on the obedience of the more passive sort. It has answered the prayers of many theorists, in whose eyes it approaches the ideal of social order. It offers careers, in equal profusion, to the ambitious and the humble. Its various friends will combine to preserve it—or, at least, as much of it as they can. It will die very hard, you may be sure.

On the other hand, history suggests that the reaction in favour of freedom will be very strong. For freedom is almost the only ideal that will unite the great majority of Englishmen in a burning enthusiasm. To-day there are many signs that the reaction is maturing among the civil population. The efficiency of the present controls is suspected by a public which has no means, as yet, of ascertaining the truth. Their economy is in graver doubt. After peace is made investigation will be possible. But will it be profitable? Detailed proof or disproof of charges and suspicions will probably fail to appeal to the nation, which will be thankful to drop the administrative organisation incidental to the war, and with it all inquiries into its efficiency. The robust sort of man in the street will not trouble greatly to count the pence or to cross-question the paymasters. He knows that almost every one, as contractor, or customer, or servant, has been handling public money, and he thinks this unwholesome. He thinks it, too, in the circumstances perhaps unavoidable. But when the time comes he is likely to say with all the emphasis in his power that he has had enough of this sort of thing, and that it must now stop.

It can hardly be doubted that, on the whole, the movement towards freedom will succeed. The war, after all, has been fought for freedom. With freedom vindicated in world politics its cause elsewhere must gain thereby. Speculation about the many moods of the returning armies is not very safe. But it is not the unsafest surmise that they will value very highly the recovery of their personal liberty. The bureaucracies will find plenty of enemies among them. But the friends of freedom must not underrate the numbers of those who will seek to perpetuate the present system, or their influence with the indifferent classes which they may contrive to attract. The fight may be long and severe. The genie in the old story came readily out of his jar, but was difficult to put back again. In human affairs the motive often fails to govern or limit the results of action. Start a thing for one reason and it will persist for another, when the first exhausts itself, or it will live on from its own weight and bulk.

Indulge an idea as an adventure, embrace it in an

emergency, and it will become your habit and tyrannise over your policy. It is thus that our serfants become our masters. It has often been thus with military power in States, though never before to the same extent with the civil side of State activity. The genie has come to our help very effectively against Germany. Nevertheless it is against him that we shall have to fight our *Nachkrieg*.

It is instructive to compare the present crisis with that of 1906. Then freedom was too strong for the State: now the State has become too strong for freedom. The problem in those days was—or, rather, would have been, for the nation as a whole ignored its existence—how to enable the State to help industry on lines that may be labelled as “scientific,” and are essentially non-political and non-partisan. That is still the problem. What would have been thought too much then, what many at the present moment may think too little, remains, under the new conditions as under the old, the directest scope for State action in industry, since the nation’s love of liberty is at least as great as its respect for Government. But there is a momentous difference in the procedure to be followed. Apathy and pre-occupation were then the obstacle. Now, it is all-round encroachment and the aggressive machine of emergency Government. It is one thing to make new grafts upon a modest tree, another to lop away branches and shoots of the rankest overgrowth. The latter must be the work of time. Nor is it likely to be done with absolute thoroughness. The State can never be quite the same after this war; and, indeed, very few wish that it should be this.

### The Future of Industry

For there exists a very real basis of possible agreement for all parties as regards the action of the State in industry. Among the war activities of the State are many of those which have been indicated above as the right policy after 1906. The State has been obliged by the war to face the general problems of many industries. What business imagination and methods and co-operativeness have done in fostering general efficiency the nation has already an inkling of. It will realise the results later, when the history of that aspect of the war is more public. It is enough at present to insist that certain work which rests on the central and relatively disinterested point of view, and to which broad knowledge, initiative intelligence, and co-operative ideas of organisation are essential, has been undertaken in many departments. A tradition is being evolved and machinery has been built up. These good things are mixed up with many growths which, though useful for the nonce, are noxious to freedom. How to uncover and to disentangle what is worth preserving is a serious problem. There are as many problems as there are industries. In all of them, however, the guiding idea is clear.

An intelligence staff, in the broadest sense of the phrase, must be set to work on the general interests of production in the specific industries, all questions of preference as between capital and labour, producer and consumer, and so on, being rigidly excluded. A condition of freedom is an impartial State. What State action should be in detail the war has shown fairly clearly in some industries. In others there is less to go upon. In others, again, which the State has scarcely touched, conditions have changed very little since 1906. All cases alike deserve special study, and no single scheme is likely to fit more than one industry.

## The Stick: A Story by A. A. Milne

**T**HERE are always bores in a mess who want to talk about their adventures when you want to talk about yours. Mullins was as bad as any of them, but with this difference. The adventures of the others were adventures in search of the material; a petticoat, a golf ball, a gun emplacement. Mullins had only spiritual adventures. If, during those early days of training, he had fallen off the cliffs into the sea, he would have told you of his emotions on the way down, and said not a word of the splash at the bottom. Recovering in hospital, he would not have wondered whether he would always carry on his body the scars of the accident; he would have contemplated only the new scars on his soul. “Do I look different?” he would have asked his nurse, quite seriously, his face swathed in bandages, and would have been surprised at her polite prevarication. What he would have

meant would have been “Don’t you understand that, as a result of this extraordinary experience, I am a finer Mullins altogether?”

This is not to say that he was indifferent to his personal appearance. He was very tall and thin, talked in a high voice, and walked with his head well back in the endeavour to balance a pair of glasses on a nose apparently not meant for glasses. Had he been indifferent to his appearance, he would have worn spectacles. Spectacles may or may not be ugly, but they would have hidden from you the essential Mullins. The essential Mullins, in a material world where people fight each other, and the short-sighted must suffer no handicap in the battle, could be expressed more clearly by pince-nez. So Mullins strode past you on the parade-ground with his head in air, and if you did not realise at a glance all the astonishing things that he meant to himself,



you did at least admit that he was an interesting-looking person. Which would have pleased him enormously to hear.

He went to France. He had often spoken of the changes in his mental and spiritual attitude which were likely to be caused by the battle-fields of France; but he had never wondered, as many so much less introspective have wondered, whether he would be afraid. He knew he would not be afraid, simply because whatever might come to him would only offer him yet another of those spiritual adventures for which he hungered. Death least of all he feared. For to a man like Mullins, whose every adventure is an adventure of the soul, the next world was simply an escape from the trammels of the body: a communion of spirits unfettered by spectacles and such-like matters, in which (I suspect) Mullins would do most of the communing.

But he had another reason for looking upon death with a kindly eye. He was already in communication with many of those who had begun the adventure of the next world. In his actions in this world he was influenced by what they of the next world told him—(indeed, that is my story, as will be seen)—and now he was eager to join them, and himself to get to that great work of helping and guiding the earth-bound mortals whom he had left behind, but of whom he had never quite been one.

All this sounds strange, and perhaps a little uncanny, but it was Mullins. If I say simply that he was a Spiritualist, you will think of table-rappings and other stupidities, and do him an injustice. If I say that he was just a Christian who really believed all that the other Christians profess, I may be nearer the truth; save that I do not know at all what his religion was. All I do know is that he believed the barrier between this world and the next to be a slight one, and was himself quite ready to pass it.

And, of course, still more ready to talk about it.

To be absolutely without fear is not the only virtue required of a Company Commander in France. Mullins was given his company, and then taken away from it. He disregarded the material too openly. He saw beyond the crown on his sergeant-major's arm into the blankness in his sergeant-major's soul, and preferred to consult his batman, whose arm was devoid of anything but wound-stripes, but whose soul shone with crossed swords and stars. He was wrong about the sergeant-major, and wrong about the batman; and, of course, still more wrong about the proper duty of an officer. So he was taken from his company and made Intelligence Officer instead.

He did not mind. As Intelligence Officer he had much more scope. No soul is so clogged by the material as a Company Commander's, whose twin cares must ever be the stomachs and the feet of others. True, a Company Commander is the lord of his Company Mess, and nobody can stop him doing all the talking, whereas the Intelligence Officer at the H.Q. Mess must let the Colonel get in a remark at times. But it must be remembered that the Intelligence Officer's duties will take him to every part of the line, and consequently into all four Company Messes, and that if one mess is temporarily alert, another may be in that peaceful state when the uninterrupted soliloquy of a soul contemplating itself is inexpressibly soothing.

But it was not all soliloquy, of course. He had his arguments with the unbelievers. The unbelievers were of two kinds; the materialists who held that there was no life beyond the grave, and the religious who held that there was such a life, and that we should know all about it one day, but certainly not to-day. All alike scouted his pretence that the spirits of the dead could and did communicate with the living. Mullins argued earnestly with them, but did not resent their attitude. They were just blind; they were waiting until he could open their eyes with the proof; possibly in this world, but more probably from that next world, when, as a spirit of the dead, he would have something to say to them.

It was after Mullins had been out a year, had won the Military Cross, and had shown himself as good an Intelligence Officer as he was a bad Company Commander, that he came into possession of the famous stick. A great friend of his had been killed, and Mullins, home on leave, had called on that friend's people. He had been asked to choose a memento of the dead man, and had chosen his stick—a short, heavy one, with plenty of weight in the head. During that night the dead man talked with Mullins, and told him how glad he was that Mullins had his stick. "That stick will do great things for you," he said; "it will save the lives of many of your battalion."

Mullins still had four days of leave; four days in which to tell everybody in London of this wonderful communication with the dead. Some, perhaps, believed; some smiled. Mullins himself was happy and excited. To the friends who

saw him off, his last remark was: "Look out for news of the old stick," and he waved it gleefully at them. Two days later everybody in the battalion had heard that Mullins' new stick was going to save their lives, and had indicated that he was a silly ass. . . . They also told him that he was just in time for the new push.

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The battalion was held up, and resented it. The leading company on the left licked its wounds in a disused trench—God knows what trench or whose, for this bit of country had been fought over, backwards and forwards, for two years—and wondered what to do about it. A hundred and fifty yards away, a Boche machine-gun was engaged in keeping their heads down for them. The Company Commander squinted up at it, and squinted again at his watch, and cursed all machine-guns. Suppose they charged it? But a hundred and fifty yards was the devil of a way, and that damned machine-gun had killed enough of them already. Suppose he sent a couple of men out to stalk it? Slow work, but—he looked at his watch again. Why the devil had this happened, when everything had been going so well before? And here they were—stuck—and seemed to have lost the swing of it. Momentum—that was the word—momentum all gone. Well, something would have to be done.

He looked along the trench, considering. . . .

And on the extreme right of it a tall, thin figure emerged from the ruck, and hoisted itself leisurely over the top. Mullins. He carried no revolver. His tin hat was on the back of his head, his coat collar, for some reason, turned up. Both his hands were in his pockets, and in the crook of his left arm lay the famous stick.

With an air of pleasant briskness he walked towards the Boche machine-gunner. He did not hurry, for this was not so much an operation against the enemy as a demonstration to unbelievers on the home front. Neither did he dawdle. He just went to the machine-gun as in peace days he would have gone to the post on a fresh spring morning.

He had a hundred and fifty yards to go. From time to time his right hand came out of his pocket, fixed his glasses more firmly on his nose, and returned to his pocket again. Just in this way he must have walked out of the Great Court at Trinity to a lecture many, many times, hands in pockets, hunched shoulders, coat collar up, and gown or books tucked under the left arm. So he walked now . . . and still he was not hit.

I have tried to explain Mullins to you; I shall not try to explain that Boche machine-gunner. He may have thought Mullins was coming to surrender. The astonishing spectacle of Mullins may have disturbed his aim. The numerous heads popping up to gape at the back view of Mullins may have kept him too busy to attend to Mullins, . . . or there may have been other reasons. I do not know. At any rate, Mullins was not hit.

So Mullins walked up to the machine-gunner. A yard away from him he took his right hand from his pocket, withdrew the stick from the crook of his left arm, and in a friendly way hit the machine-gunner over the head with it. The man collapsed. Mullins picked him up by the collar, shook him to see if he was shamming, dropped him, replaced the stick in the crook of his left arm, fixed his glasses on his nose, took the man by the collar again, and started to drag him back to the British trench. Once or twice he got a little entangled between the stick, the prisoner and the attention necessary for his glasses, hesitating between dropping the stick and fixing the glasses with his left hand, and dropping the prisoner and fixing them with his right. But in the end he arrived safely at the trench with all three possessions. Once there, he handed the prisoner over, and then stood beaming down at the Company Commander.

"Well," he said, pushing his glasses firmly on to his nose, "and what about the jolly old stick, now?"

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If this were not a true story, I should say that Mullins got the Victoria Cross. Actually they gave him a bar to his Military Cross. The real "Mullins," if he reads this, will recognise the incident, though he will protest that I have quite misunderstood his personality and have failed altogether to appreciate his spiritual attitude. Perhaps I have. A writer must be allowed his own way in these matters. We start with a fact or two, the impression of a face, and in a little while we do not know how much is reality and how much is our day dream.

Yet, at least, he will admit that I have helped to open the eyes of the blind. I have put on record the "proof" for which the unbelievers have been waiting.

But, for myself, I neither believe nor disbelieve. All I say is that if to believe is to be as fearless as Mullins, I could wish that I believed.



# Life and Letters by J.C. Squire

## The Intimate Essayist

THE English essay, though nobody takes much public notice of it, thrives in this age. And the essay of this age is not quite the same as the essay of any other age. Men who write theses in order to get doctorates of literature might find a subject to suit them in what may be called the economic basis of the English essay in the various stages of its development. The customary length—and the amount of space available for a man largely conditions his method and even affects his choice of themes—of our essays has been determined by factors beyond the essayists' control. The first great English essayists, Bacon and Cowley, were free; they wrote for themselves, and not for the papers; and Bacon was able to be as short and Cowley as long as they cared to be. But the essayists of the Queen Anne and Georgian periods had papers of the *Spectator* type in view; the early and mid-Victorian essayists found their market in monthlies and quarterlies which allowed them, if they chose, to run to a good many thousands of words; and the essayists of our own day find themselves guided by "economic forces" to the literary weeklies and the dailies. If a man writes for a weekly his essays will be about two thousand words in length; if for a daily, eighteen hundred or less; when some of the newspapers brought the content of their column down to twelve hundred words the essay and the essayists still proved adaptable; and the excellent work done under these severe limitations proves that, although it is better that a man should choose "canvases" of precisely the size that suits him, and not be asked to "pad to fill," or to consent to confinement in a bed of Procrustes, these restrictions imposed from without do not mean the death of art or of spontaneity. As a matter of fact, the influence of habit is so strong that when a man has been for some time writing to "fill" a certain space he finds that his mind grows accustomed to working to that length, and that time after time, without conscious effort, he will find that he says just what he wants to say, and comes to a natural close after having written exactly the accustomed amount.

A period which has enjoyed Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Belloc, Mr. Lucas, Mr. Street, Mr. Lynd, in papers and in collected papers has no reason to complain that the essay died with Stevenson. Their latest serious rival is the well-known political journalist who prefers, as essayist, to half-conceal his identity under the elaborate pseudonym "Alpha of the Plough." I have just been reading his last (very well illustrated) collection, *Leaves in the Wind* (Dent, 5s. 6d. net), and enjoyed it. All human labours are imperfect, and there are obvious faults in these essays. Like so many modern essays, they were originally written to fill a newspaper column, and one feels that Alpha's usual column does not quite suit his genius; it is rather too short to allow him to say as much as he might and as, in exceptional cases, he does. They are produced at frequent intervals; sometimes I suspect, and (as a journalist) am entitled to presume, in a hurry; and their author has not given his phraseology all the revision that it would have stood. His minor weaknesses include a lack of care in the concoction of spoof names with flavour in them; his imaginary characters usually bear names of the "Spiffkins" order, or tamely suffer the by-this-time tiresome series of Brown, Jones, and Robinson. But I think that as soon as one has forgotten his essays one will be able to read them a second time with undiminished ease; and then a third, and then a fourth time; and when one finds things as attractive as that, one need not bother to complain that they are not quite among the masterpieces of the art. In other words, "Alpha" has some of the essayists' most important qualities in a very high degree.

He has a very wide field of literary and historical reference: one never knows whether the next illustration will be drawn from the career of Alexander the Great or from that of Mr. Bottomley. Both his knowledge of books and his memory are unusually great; his powers of quotation alone are sufficient to carry his essays through. He always seems to know the funniest story about anything. When he writes about early rising, he caps his series of historical instances

with the case of Bishop Selwyn who put the duty of lying in bed on a moral plane. "I did once rise so early," he said, "but I felt so vain all the morning and so sleepy all the afternoon that I determined not to do it again." He stayed in bed after that to keep himself from getting conceited. And another of his stories illustrates, though not deliberately, his own prime merit. Foote, the actor, told it. "I went into a public-house," he said, "and heard one man call for some rum because he was hot, and another call for some rum because he was cold. Then I called for some rum because I liked it."

The salient quality of Foote's remark is a surprising kind of honesty; it illustrates the great truths that you have only to be candid to be interesting, and that real exactitude of statement is one of the rarest things in life. Most men, even when they least know it, play a part to the world and to themselves. They must buttress their most capricious actions with an entirely supposititious moral justification; they cannot bear reality unclothed. How prevalent is the habit of hypocritical speech may be illustrated by a modern analog of the remarks made by Foote's two humbugs, i.e., "Another little drink wouldn't do us any harm." As sung on the stage it is ironical; but it amuses chiefly by the way in which it gets home to our weakness. Only the bravest or the most abandoned of men would ever think of saying "I don't care whether another drink would do me any harm or not. I put that disagreeable consideration out of mind. But I am weak (or greedy, or too lazy to stop, or willing mechanically to accompany fellow-drinkers), and so I shall have one." But it is often that state of mind which is conventionally veiled by statements about the needs of the stomach or the rigours of the climate; and it is by dispensing with that conventional veil that the typical essayist gets his peculiar effect and insinuates himself into our affections. Montaigne was the great exemplar of the intimate essayist. He was as frank as Pepys. If a true thing occurred to him he set it down: he was content to run the risk of exposing his weaknesses to the reprobation or the derision of mankind: of appearing vain, or old-maidish, or timid, or greedy, or sensual, or cold-blooded, or silly. Lamb played whimsically with his own weaknesses, and "Alpha of the Plough" is in this regard in the tradition. His little conceits and timidities, his day-dreams and indolences, his pretensions, prides, and humiliations are a large part of the raw material with which he works—though neither he nor anyone else has reached the extreme of remorseless candour that was the glory of Montaigne. Still, he does not spare himself; and the result is that he goes up and not down in our esteem.

There is an old play—I forget which—wherein it is remarked that a man, led on to talk of himself, will always give himself away; and that he will only be saved from abysses of shame by the knowledge that his hearers are recognising their own frailties in his confessions. That is profoundly true. Men may differ in their hold upon principles, in their creeds, in their temperaments, in the strength of their wills. But their impulses and their instincts are the same. One of the truest sentences ever uttered was: "There, but for the grace of God, go I"; but, though we may, most of us, escape the worst deeds and the lowest degradations, there is an immense amount of human experience which we all have in common, and with respect to which the phrase might be pruned down to "There go I," without any qualification. To test the truth of this, a man has only to make the effort, overcome the fear, and confess in any company to his castles in Spain, his estimate of his own powers and importance, his fears, his prudences, his humbugs, his compromises, his resolutions, and his failure to live up to them. If it be an honest company he will encounter the admission that his weaknesses are universally shared; if it be not, he will create the sort of awkward silence in which tacit and reluctant and shocked admission hangs like thunder. The essayist makes his confessions in print; we can recognise ourselves in him when we are reading alone; nobody sees us; and probably some of the proudest and most reserved of men find consolation and relief in their chambers by silently unbosoming themselves to these public confessors for the race.





# THE THEATRE

By W. J. Turner



**H**ANKERING after something sensational this week, I went to *The Purple Mask*. *The Purple Mask* is the kind of play which offers merely a bare framework for the actor. The author invents or "cribs" a plot, he provides sufficient dialogue to last three hours—stealing about twenty minutes by intervals—divides the whole into three or four approximately equal parts, arranging, if possible, that each part shall end with a bang, and contrives that a man and a girl shall fall in love in the first act and embrace in the last. It is altogether a matter for nice mathematical calculation, and is by no means easy, except for those people born with the right sort of head. It is a campaign, a plan of action during the space of a few hours and, as in all such plans, the effect depends mainly on the persons playing the parts in it.

The hero of *The Purple Mask* is a gentleman whose family motto is "I take what I will." This considerate sentiment, with the ferocious aspect of its proprietor, is lithographed upon the hoardings about the city, and is what drew me to the Scala Theatre; for I have a strong desire to take what I will, but have not been blessed with sufficient frightfulness of countenance to accomplish it. There is, however, nothing terrifying about *The Purple Mask*, otherwise known as the Comte de Trevières, as played by Mr. Matheson Lang, who is, throughout the play, singularly handsome and urbane. Mr. Lang convinces us by a quiet, easy self-assurance; he looks large and conceivably dangerous, and though his confidence is rather the confidence of a prosperous American merchant selling his well-known patent medicine than that of a clever intrepid French aristocrat, still it is confidence, and enables him every time he pays a call to leave his card "I take what I will," without any devastating snigger from the audience. On the other hand, though the acting is good enough to make the fellow credible, it is without distinction, and one can take no pleasure in it for its own sake. Mr. Lang does not take enough pains; there is an absence of all those finishing touches so small in themselves, so mighty in their cumulative effect, which can make a play of this description extremely attractive, although there is nothing in it. The Chevalier of the Purple Mask ought to enchant us; the way he walks, his manners, his voice, his dress, his every gesture should be a revelation. Schoolgirls ought to send locks of their hair to him, schoolmistresses ought to keep his photograph in their most especially private albums, old ladies ought to sigh over him, and men should gnash their teeth and scowl at him. They may, indeed, do all these things; but it will be *faute de mieux*, for the Chevalier of Mr. Matheson Lang does not deserve them.

The plot, if I can recollect it, is a series of dare-devil episodes, in each of which *The Purple Mask* turns the tables on his opponent Brisquet, the agent of the celebrated prefect of police, Fouché. The Chevalier, known as *The Purple Mask*, is the man who is entrusted with executing the plans of the Royalists who are attempting to rescue the Duc de Chateaubriand from Bonaparte. Why they want to recover this ancient duke is a mystery, as, when ultimately we see him, he looks as if he would be the ruin of any party. The conspirators have their headquarters in a haberdasher's shop in Paris, and keep an old Abbé and a few sandwiches beneath the counter in a cellar. The Abbé has nothing to do in the play except get in and out of the cellar, and lift his hands expressively, and now and then shrug his shoulders. The niece of the haberdasher, who is really a *marquise*, also lives in the cellar; and there is another lady there of high rank, whose mission is to drop a couple of letters so that the niece can pick them up. They are addressed to Fouché and a gentleman whose name I have forgotten, warning them that *The Purple Mask* will abduct at a given hour the Prefect of Evreux. Why they choose to abduct the Prefect of Evreux, an apparently perfectly harmless fellow, is a puzzle only to those not acquainted with the absurd actions of Royalist conspirators; but their object in informing Fouché is to get a sham "*Purple Mask*" captured so as to make the police feel safe and relax their vigilance. The sham "*Purple Mask*," however, turns out to be the real one, and actually abducts the Prefect, in spite of his being surrounded by gendarmes and half a company of soldiers. This is quite an exciting scene—the best in the play, in fact,

which thereafter suffers from our seeing every step coming long before it comes.


The acting, on the whole, was fair, but suffered from the Lyceum habit of winking with one eye at the audience. The actor may be conscious of the audience, but he should not draw its attention to his consciousness of the fact that it is there. I don't know whether, when *The Purple Mask* was first played, the farcical side was equally strong as now; but I should think it had developed. As Brisquet, Mr. C. H. Croker-King was at times (in the cellar scene) good, but at other times bad, as when lighting his pipe in the prefecture when "business," which might have been very funny, became ridiculously silly through sheer exaggeration. A Sergeant of Gendarmes was well done by Mr. Chas. R. Stone.

I have been reading again Gilbert Murray's translation of *The Trojan Women*, which, although it is not considered by most people as one of the most effective of Euripides' plays on the stage, is a great favourite of mine. Nothing makes one feel more keenly the lack of a National Theatre than to read a great masterpiece like this and never have the opportunity of seeing it, and dozens like it, acted. It is to be hoped that the project of the National Memorial Shakespeare Theatre, which was fairly launched before the war, will not be left in abeyance any longer now. I am sure that a vigorous campaign all over the country would raise the balance of the money necessary—I believe that there is at least £100,000 in hand already. The National Theatre, playing a repertoire of the best plays of the world at reasonable prices, would, I am convinced, be an enormous success; and it will be a national disgrace if, after the war, London remains in its present condition of inferiority to minor German towns like Stuttgart, where there is a magnificent Municipal Opera House and Theatre far finer than anything in the whole of the British Empire. Surely there is some public spirit in Londoners; I feel confident it only wants appealing to in the right way. The amount of money required is insignificant, and it would be worth all the cost merely as propaganda. It used to make me feel crestfallen and ashamed, before the war, to walk about in Stuttgart, Frankfurt-on-Main, Munich, Wiesbaden, and other German cities I visited, to see their enormous superiority in dignity, architectural beauty, and public spirit to our own. Coming from London, accustomed to our drab little commercial theatres stuck up back streets or between hairdressers and restaurants, to see these beautiful theatres that looked like—and, in fact, were—public buildings situated in fine squares, many of them far superior to the best of our Government offices, made me feel like a slum-dweller brought into a palace. It is inconceivable that London's present inferiority in this matter should continue. Londoners, I hope, will not be content, after the war, to live in a city which is the largest and wealthiest in the world, but which is too mean-spirited and shabby to afford to erect one decent building as a national memorial to Shakespeare where they can see throughout the greater part of the year all Shakespeare's plays, as well as all the works of other great ancient and modern dramatists, adequately performed and staged.


It is useless to expect the ordinary commercial speculator to put up a building which is not an eyesore; for one thing, he cannot obtain the requisite space except at such a cost as to put his venture out of court as a purely commercial transaction. The business man, looking for a financial and not a social return on his money, will naturally squeeze his theatre in any odd corner, and partition back, sides, front, and all except the narrowest possible entrance off in shops. The only thing he can safely be trusted to do is to make the inside fairly comfortable, as that will obviously affect his audience; but the capital city of England, to say nothing of the empire, should not depend on private speculators for its principal theatre, any more than it should depend on renting some haphazard structure run up by a contractor for its Houses of Parliament.

The enterprise of individual citizens is what we look to for catering for a changing popular taste—whether it be the taste of millions for melodrama or the taste of thousands for an "art" theatre like that of Moscow—but for great, permanent social amenities such as a national museum, a national art gallery, and a national theatre, we have a right to expect the civic and national authorities to recognise their plain social duty.





# The Reader's Diary



## Recent Novels

I DO not know how far my weakness for novels about the future is responsible for my pleasure in *The Apostle of the Cylinder*, by Mr. Victor Rousseau (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s. net); but I feel obliged to mention my weakness in order that the reader may make any discount he thinks necessary. However that may be, I find this book a very fascinating fantasia on the subject of the scientific state. It would take too long to explain how Lazaroff contrives to project himself, Arnold, and Esther forward in a state of suspended animation into the future and how, by a miscalculation, they all awake at different times. The world which Arnold finds is one built on severely scientific lines, in which the population is graded according to its correspondence to the requirements of the eugenists, where Nietzsche, Haeckel, and Wells are revered as prophets of the new order, and where government is in the hands of a scientific oligarchy of eugenically fit persons. Arnold arrives in time to see this order overthrown by the reawakening spiritual faculties of man. The story is full of ingenious detail and makes an admirable satire on modern scientific materialism. I like particularly the touches by which Mr. Rousseau shows how science develops into a particularly bigoted religion—the quarrel whether Force is of the same substance as Matter or a like substance, in which “the Sames conquered the Similars by virtue of a proclamation from Boss Rose,” and the “Vienna Creed.”

*The Orchard of Tears*, by Mr. Sax Rohmer (Methuen, 6s. net), is another fantastic book—equally fantastic and equally charming in a different manner, which suggests to me very forcibly what might be the result of a collaboration between Miss Marie Corelli and Mr. R. W. Chambers. Paul Mario, the hero, is a great poet who sets out to redeem the world by revealing the ancient mysteries and preaching the doctrine of reincarnation. He was certainly well qualified for the job. His intellect was “almost deiform,” and, “listening for the Pythagorean music of the spheres, he sometimes became deaf to the voices of those puny lives about him.” His reputation “was greater than that of Gabrielle d’Annunzio or Charlie Chaplin.” (Gabrielle, I take it, is a celebrated movie-actress of whom I have not heard; the spelling of her name is Mr. Rohmer’s own.) He is prompted, though he does not know it, by Satan himself, who assumes the somewhat conspicuous *nom de guerre* of Jules Thessaly, and gives himself away by being impossible to photograph. Eventually Paul is killed in an air-raid—or, rather, as Mr. Rohmer puts it, “His body was scattered like flock by the wind; his spirit was drawn into the ceaseless loom.” I like this book. I can put my hand on my heart and declare that I shall read it again. Nevertheless, Mr. Rohmer used to be our Prince of Shockers; and I am sorry he should have deserted that *genre* for what is known colloquially as “the weep-book.” For, though I have enjoyed *The Orchard of Tears*, I feel inclined to say to him, in the words that Burbage used to Shakespeare on the first night of *King Lear*: “Too much of the sob-stuff, William; too much of the sob-stuff.”

But we should be slow to quarrel with any of our pleasures; and for this reason I hesitate a little before saying that some of Mr. Pett Ridge’s skill seems to have deserted him in *Special Performances* (Methuen, 6s. net). He still displays enough skill to hold our attention; and his situations are well-devised. The titled lady, whose Kentish Town ancestry, of which she was ignorant, came out suddenly on Hampstead Heath on Bank Holiday, and led her into complications with a skipping-rope, is a promising subject; and so is the trawler captain, exalted by Admiralty employment. But Mr. Pett Ridge does not, if I may use the expression, get the last drop of juice out of his subjects, as he used to; and, since his themes are usually slender, this sometimes means that there is very little juice indeed.

Mr. Frederick Sleath, in *Sniper Jackson* (Jenkins, 6s. net), is fortunate in having for subject an aspect of trench-life which has not yet been written to death. His account of the adventures of a sniping section in the salient is well and vividly done, apparently from personal experience. Many of the incidents seem to come straight from life; and there is an almost Defoe-like reality about the whole of the narrative.

## Mr. Street and the War

We have had, to be frank, more books about the war than anyone could want. Every fool who has put his nose inside a training-camp or a military hospital, or who remembers having seen Enver Pasha on the railway-station at Budapest has rushed away and written it all down. We have had books about the lives of flying men, submarine men, hospital orderlies, and temporary women clerks, and every class of war-book has included a good many that were merely bad. What we have not had, until Mr. G. S. Street filled up the gap with *At Home in the War* (Heinemann, 3s. 6d. net), was a book about the experiences of the reflective civilian pursuing his ordinary occupations as best he could.

Mr. Street, who is precisely the man one would have selected for the job, has done the job very well indeed. He is uniformly sensible, observant, and acute; and in the matter of expression he is—than which no more can be said—uniformly Mr. Street, uniformly the graceful and original essayist. This book only looks like an historical document because all books written in times when history cannot be kept out of the private lives of even authors tend to have that appearance. It is really only the same Mr. Street strolling through life with widely opened eyes and a very elegant pen; but that is the kind of man who often composes an historical document without knowing it. His *First Emotions* and *The Great Response* are both extraordinarily good and exact, though they were written nearly three years after the moment; and his reflections on all the civilian aspects of the war, how it affected age, how it affected youth, how it changed our notions of proportion, how much it did and how much it did not mix classes—his reflections on all these topics skilfully disentangles the truth from the nonsense that has been talked about each one of them. I feel inclined to recommend the book to soldiers who want to understand what their civilian friends have been thinking before picking up life with them again, just as civilians have done their best to keep pace with the experiences of their soldier friends by reading this book and that about the trenches.

## Various Volumes

Five escapes from prison in one volume is good measure; and the five escapes recorded by Mr. Wallace Ellison in *Escaped!* (Blackwood, 6s. net) ought to satisfy him for a lifetime. Unfortunately, all the escapes but the last broke down short of the frontier—on one occasion with tragical ludicrousness because Mr. Ellison disabled himself by eating a piece of shaving-soap under the impression that it was chocolate. At least he was successful turning the hardest corner by the help of a kind-hearted Berlin street-walker, whom he very suitably compares with De Quincey’s benefactress. The result was freedom for him and for us another thrilling narrative, which will bear comparison with those which have preceded it. Owing to Mr. Ellison’s passion for liberty, he spent most of his time in prison, and therefore gives few pictures of Rühleben life; but correspondingly more pictures of German prison life; and in this connection, in the light of recent events, it is interesting to note an opinion he quotes that the authorities sought to irrepair Dr. Liebknecht’s reason by their treatment of him, in gaol. Mr. A. G. Hales, if one is to take his word in *My Life of Adventure* (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s. net), has spent even more time than Mr. Ellison in escaping—chiefly from predicaments into which his own enterprising nature landed him. But his word must be taken. A man who has been, among a great many other things, an actor, a silver-miner, an opal-pro prospector, and member of a Macedonian guerrilla-band, has no need to invent adventures even to write so breezy a rough-and-tumble book as this.

In *The White Eagle of Poland* (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s. net), Mr. E. F. Benson suggests, perhaps a little too emphatically for tact, that the Allies are less concerned with Poland’s beautiful eyes than with the necessity of barring Germany’s easterly ambitions. But he analyses the factors of the Polish problem with care, and gives his reader a good basis on which to arrive at his own conclusions. PETER BELL.



# "Service" for British Motorists:

By H. Massac Buist

**A**T a time when the motor movement is astir and pulsating with effort to return to its normal line of development, and while it is being discovered on all hands that that process cannot be done on a sudden, but must be gradual and fraught with handicap in a hundred and one ways, many of them unexpected, it is as well to take stock of the situation from the private motorist's point of view. There is too general a tendency to assume that, if we could get back to the motoring conditions that obtained before August, 1914, everybody would be satisfied. Any such argument ignores the fact that, though the number of motorists will be greater in the post-war than in the pre-war period, the individual composing their ranks will have been as completely re-assorted as will the members who will compose the Parliament about to be elected. Death has removed a large number of motorists; changes of financial circumstances will prevent many who motored formerly from doing so now, and will enable large numbers of those who could not motor before the war to indulge in the most costly forms of it henceforth.

In the main, however, what the motorist will want in the post-war period as soon as the first frenzied rush for cars shall have been satisfied, will be better motoring for less money. Of course, he knows that labour charges, among other factors, will prevent costs receding appreciably for certainly a period of years; but he may reasonably hope that better methods of production will largely offset this, particularly if it is exploited on the principle of each British firm making one type of car only, towards which end we were working when the war broke out. Therefore, it is extraordinary to discover that at the moment few manufacturers' plans for the immediate future would indicate that we were near attaining it. By November, 1919, however, the situation in this regard will be found to have altered entirely in the direction of the one maker one chassis policy.

## How to have Better Motoring for Less Money

Even so, our cars will cost us more. How, therefore, can we reasonably expect to enjoy better motoring for less money? Evidently we may look presently for each car to be better of its kind more than in measure as we pay extra money for it. Progress in design will be revealed; therefore, we shall be satisfied to pay more. We shall, besides, find cars so marketed that, as far as concerns at least 90 per cent. of those sold, it will be possible for the owners to economise more than the extra initial cost of them by way of reduced maintenance. It has been said that, before the war, a man's service was the cheapest thing money could buy. Be that as may be, certainly service is almost the dearest thing to-day. It will long remain so.

Many car owners who kept a motorman before the war will prefer henceforth to keep a better car and no motorman.

What, then, is to become of the motorman? How is the car to give better service? Firstly, by our recognising that, whereas before the war we held a man able to drive a car to be qualified for a special calling, to-day we expect a man, or even a girl who delivers groceries, or bread, to be able, as a matter of course, to drive the motor van in which such food-stuff is brought to the door.

## Centralised Use of Specialist-Motor-Mechanics

But if the individual owner were wholly to keep a man at home at higher wages, he would be no better off. One man so employed, however, can maintain a couple of dozen, or even more, cars. There is no reason why he should not be able to keep one hundred running, because we do not propose he should undertake the work of major repairs. Those have been done always most satisfactorily and cheaply by the manufacturers.

It stands to sense, however, that when the proposition of car up-keep becomes divisible as to any individual man's services between a couple of dozen owners instead of one, that the given man can earn appreciably more money, yet the individual owner can save a very large proportion of car-maintenance costs. Even at pre-war wages, provided it was decently handled and assuming that you were not robbed by a dishonest chauffeur in the matter of purchasing fuel, lubricant, and tyres, you could run the largest sort of six-cylinder car for from £160 to £200 a year; whereas for a

good man you had to pay anything from £125 to £175 a year, including the charges of housing hire. By requiring only £25 worth a year of a man's time, however, the post-war cost of maintaining cars can be brought down very considerably. The owner of a middle-size car would not want even that proportion of a man's labour. We must have in mind that, while one or two firms are so utterly out of touch with the progress that has been made in the world as to think of marketing cars with, or without, mechanical engine-starters at option, the public, as well as the majority of manufacturers, realise that it ought not to be necessary to ask if the price of a car includes a mechanical engine-starter. It would be nearly as absurd as to ask if a car sold at a round sum had an engine under the bonnet! Now that the owner has merely to turn on the fuel-tap, touch a switch, press a pedal, and the engine starts, he has really dispensed of the main need for employing a motorman exclusively, for this is, besides, the age of the detachable wheel.

## The Way New Style Service Will Become Available

In this country the big centres of population are much closer set than in the United States of America. There labour has been always so dear that only in big centres do the rich have motormen. The vast majority has used its cars always without employing motormen. The movement would never have developed to such amazing proportions as obtain in the Western Hemisphere if the trans-Atlantic industry had not had the enterprise to recognise this fact, and scheme accordingly. That the lines evolved are sound is abundantly plain from the fact that America's main hold on the export market is due to her employing precisely the same methods she uses at home, whereas we have never attempted to imitate them. Those methods are described in the one word: service.

If you buy a car, you must do so from the recognised and responsible agent. His sole business is to see that your car always functions properly. If it does not, he knows you will not go to him for another one; also that you will give that make of car a bad name wherever you go. In short, his business is founded on results, as any enduring business must be.

## The New Era for Garage-Agency Businesses

There is, perhaps, no trade in the country that has suffered more as a result of the war than that of the local agent and garage-keeper. Numbers of such businesses, having become bankrupt, have been wound up. Yet the conveniences of motoring before the war was due mainly to the abundance of such organisations. Inasmuch as we are on the eve of restarting such of these businesses as have been diverted, or of creating fresh agencies and garage businesses where others have ceased to be, it is well that the permanently changed condition should be recognised at the outset. If success is to be achieved the line of procedure must be wholly different from the pre-war method.

Instead, it must be modelled on the American system of rendering service. Skilled motormen must be employed for the most part, not by individual car owners, but by local garages or motor agents. Incidentally by this means each man becomes gradually a specialist in one branch of the work. Thus, each garage could have a man for electricity. One uses the broad term because electricity is now employed on a car for three main functions: to fire the gas in the cylinder, which is its original sole function in motoring; to light the vehicle, which has long been standard practice; and to start the engine, which is the main post-war standard development in motoring as far as this country is concerned. At the given establishment another man would specialise on engines; another on gears, back axles, and chassis in general; another on coach-work and fittings. Thus, with relatively a small staff, nevertheless, each local organisation could render the car-owner really adequate service. Of course, in big centres, such as London, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and so on, individual motor enterprises could, and assuredly would, exploit even more ambitious schemes, as, for example, by reproducing the Willys garage and repair organisation established in New York.



# Pelmanising the Nation!

FAMOUS BUSINESS FIRMS ENROL THEIR STAFFS IN HUNDREDS.

10,000 ENROLMENTS A MONTH!

"Peace, Pelmanism, and Prosperity" the watchword for all classes of men and women in 1919.

The coming of Peace has given a tremendous impetus to the Pelman movement.

*Within a single month ten thousand men and women have enrolled for a Pelman Course!*

"Peace, Pelmanism, and Prosperity" is, in effect, the national watchword of the day. Thousands who have hitherto been prevented from taking it up are now hastening to begin their study of Pelmanism, which, during the strenuous war years, has proved of such enormous help to business and professional success:

Many big firms are enrolling their employees *en masse*: one famous business house has just enrolled 165 members of its staff.

Every enrolment is made with a definite aim. To gain a bigger salary or a better position: to increase efficiency, to economise time and work: to develop more ability: to broaden experience and to make learning easy—whatever the object may be, Pelmanism never fails to prove its value. There is no man or woman, in fact, who has conscientiously studied "the little grey books" without deriving benefit: the most popular phase being exemplified by the hundreds who have reported 100 per cent., 200 per cent., and even 300 per cent. increases of salary as a direct consequence of Pelmanising.

The evidence for Pelmanism is freely open to every one to examine, and will be sent to any reader who applies to-day to the address given below.

## REMARKABLE LETTERS.

There is only one way of judging Pelmanism, and that is by results. In the records of the Institute there are many thousands of letters reporting the most remarkable "benefits" ever recorded; benefits so substantial and so direct that they speak more plainly than volumes of argument could do. A few extracts are given hereunder from some of these letters.

From Bristol a Pelmanist writes:

"After taking up Pelmanism for about three months I was offered a very high post in the firm in which I am employed. This advancement, *which doubled my salary* (which was not inconsiderable before), I attribute entirely to Pelmanism."

The foregoing is typical of, literally, hundreds of letters, some of which tell of incomes *trebled* and even *quadrupled* as a result of Pelmanism. These letters are not asked for: they are sent of the writer's free will. Pelmanists are only too ready to acknowledge the vast good they have derived from the Course.

Here is another letter, from a journalist, who had only got as far as Lesson 4 when he wrote:

"Already I feel a definite change in my mentality, a stirring and stretching in the mind. I cannot praise too highly the *perfectly natural method of progression*. There is no trick or quackery about it, and for the return your System gives it seems to be nonsensically cheap at the fees you charge."

## WORTH A HUNDRED TIMES THE PRICE.

Many business men have remarked that the Course, to them, would be cheap at ten, twenty, or one hundred times the price. One man, a solicitor, said that a single lesson of the Course was worth £100. The cost, in short, is infinitesimal as compared with results, and small though the fee is, it may be paid by instalments if desired. Cost is no obstacle to anyone becoming a Pelmanist.

Here is another letter—short and sweet—from a busy accountant:

"Since becoming a Pelmanist I have benefited materially, having been promoted twice in twelve months, with 50 per cent. financial increase."

Large numbers of medical men have taken the Pelman Course, and many of them recommend their patients and friends to do the same. Higher praise from such a cautious and conscientious body of professional men it would be impossible to gain. Here is a letter from one:

"I cannot be sufficiently thankful that I took a Pelman

Course. . . . I attribute my success in a large measure to the application of Pelman principles. The study was done in the spare time left to me by a large industrial practice."

Another letter, also from a medical man:

"I took the Pelman Course because my practice was not in a satisfactory condition, and I could not discover the cause. Your lessons enabled me to discover the weak points and correct them, with most satisfactory results. Your Course has proved to be a splendid investment for me. My chief regret is that I did not take it at the beginning."

## "RESULTS ARE WONDERFUL."

Another Pelmanist expresses himself thus:

"The results are wonderful. I used to wonder (before taking up the Pelman Course) if there was any possible exaggeration; but, honestly, *no pen can express one tittle of the value the Course really is*. What I have gained up to the present could never be called costly even if it had cost me £50."

It may be remarked that this gentleman had only worked through *two lessons* when he wrote the foregoing. Comment would be superfluous.

One of the most interesting letters received by the Pelman Institute during recent months contains the following very frank admissions:

"I admit having read your announcements for some ten years, and yet I was not (to my eternal regret be it admitted) persuaded to commence your Course until I noticed your consistent advertising in the *Times*. . . . I do not see how anyone can study the Pelman lessons seriously and not gain thereby—reaping a reward which, besides its definite and tangible advantage, also brings with it developments which have no parallel in money values.

"To those of my acquaintance who ask my opinion of the Pelman training, I have said, and shall continue to say: Take it—follow instructions carefully—and if at the end of the Course you do not admit having gained something good—right out of proportion to its cost—I will personally refund your outlay."

Such a letter from a business man surely shows that Pelmanism is at least as good as—if not better than—its claims. And that is the opinion of many students. The following extract from a Pelmanist's letter has previously been published, but will bear repetition. In the course of a very warm tribute to the system, he said:

"I used to think the claims made for Pelmanism were fantastic and impossible; now I consider them to be understatements of the truth."

## CONSIDER THESE POINTS.

There is no parallel to the amazing success of Pelmanism amongst all classes; and every month, every week, its success and popularity increase.

It is perfectly simple and easy to master, takes but very little time, and can be studied anywhere. Being taught entirely by correspondence, it does not matter where you live. Many successful Pelmanists took up the Course when living overseas in remote corners of the Empire.

It has now been adopted by over 400,000 men and women, and no thorough student of the Course has ever yet failed to secure "results."

Full particulars of the Pelman Course are given in "Mind and Memory," which also contains a complete descriptive Synopsis of the 12 lessons. A copy of this interesting booklet, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report on the work of the Pelman Institute, and particulars showing how you can secure the complete Course for one-third less than the usual fee, may be obtained gratis and post free by any reader of LAND & WATER who applies to the Pelman Institute, 39 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

Overseas Addresses: 46-48 Market Street, Melbourne; 15 Toronto Street, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.



# An Oriental Britain: By Francis Stopford

THE Englishman in England knows to-day as little about the problems that confront the Englishman in India as he has done at any time since this nation became an Oriental Power. One may regret the fact, but it is hardly reasonable to expect it to be otherwise, seeing that the Englishman at home has more than sufficient domestic questions to occupy his mind for the term of his natural life. He would probably be surprised to hear that in two such totally different aspects of modern civilisation as postal facilities, and the delivery of women in childbirth, India for many years has been ahead of England. Yet it is so.

Now that our rulers are to endeavour to convert Hindustan into an Oriental Britain, and to superimpose yet another civilisation upon the many civilisations that lie scattered about that marvellous peninsula, it may be well, without going into political puzzles, to try to lightly disturb this stagnancy of nescience. Remember, we have yet to know how it was that India remained loyal to British rule during that supreme opportunity for revolt—the outbreak of a European war. It was the occasion dreaded by Englishmen in the East for more than a generation, so equally longed for by enthusiastic India-for-the-Indians; yet, though widely organised attempts were made to effect a rebellion, they failed. Why was it?

No writer, so far as I am aware, has dared to assign the cause to love of British rule and hatred of Germany. Before German barbarities in Belgium were generally known, the reverse was the case, for such Germans as were recognised in India as belonging to a people alien from the British, had been able to cultivate a popularity, which was not possible for members of the ruling race.

In 1857 the cry that the English were pariahs, outcasts, and infidels had carried; in 1915 it failed. It had previously failed in 1897, and even twenty years earlier, if Kipling's story "On the City Wall" is, as I believe it to be, founded on fact, every tourist to the famous Hindu temple at Tanjore, in Southern India, has had pointed out to him the strange figure of a European, in trousers and top hat, looking like a Quaker, that stands amid the deities, who, tier upon tier, adorn that lofty pagoda. The unknown sculptor was seemingly inspired, for when all is said and done, no truer memorial of the Englishman in the East will ever be designed. He clings in every latitude to top-hat, trousers, and all that goes with this highly respectable and ridiculously conventional style of dress, and, wearing it, no matter in what company he finds himself, he feels at home. But, being strongly conservative himself, he has the good sense to appreciate the same quality in others, and he does not expect them to adopt his raiment nor is he altogether flattered when they do so. To rebuke the Englishman in India for going his own way, wearing his own clothes, drinking his own drinks, dancing his own dances, and pursuing other Western idiosyncrasies in an Eastern atmosphere, is to find fault with the special peculiarity which has made England, alone among Western nations, a success as an Oriental ruler. It is this autocratic spirit, this conservatism, which is the bridge that overleaps the chasm between East and West, and within twenty years of the Indian Mutiny the cry of pariah and infidel as directed against the British failed (and ever will fail) because the English by then had been accepted as a caste by themselves with caste rules almost, but not quite, as strict as the Brahminical. The British is nearly as exclusive in his own way, in his own house, and in his family circle as the Brahmin; but, not being a Brahmin, when he takes his walks abroad, he does not expect any human being, not even a predial slave, to remove himself forty yards from his path at the sound of "Hi!" or any loud cry. The Briton brought with him to the East his religion, and erected his own temples; but because bovine beasts are to him merely economic assets, providers of milk and of steaks, he does not make a jibe of those who treat them as religious institutions. Not practising circumcision, he does not make that rite a common occasion for ribald jesting. No Eastern farmer is rebuked because the scarecrow in his fields fails to conform to an English sense of decorum, but an Eastern prince is not asked twice to an Englishman's home who fails to conform to it. These things are small in themselves, of only momentary irritation, but so is the mosquito's sting, whereby the body is infected with deadly malaria; and it is through trifling pricks and irritations that the body politic is infected with dangerous germs. Britons have done their best to avoid them, and because they hate interference with their

own social ideas and customs, they have been tactful towards others.

Perhaps the most important concession granted in native self-government before the war was a seat for an Indian on the Executive Council of the Governor-General. It will probably be news to many that the second native to be raised to his office, Sir Sankaran Nair, came of a community which does not recognise marriage civilly, religiously, or legally; a community in which both polygamy and polyandry are lawful, and where a man may have as many children by as many women as please him, and yet be legally responsible for not one. The *tarawad* system sounds, in cold print, terrible licence; in actual fact, this liberty makes for chastity, tends to monogamy, and it is only permissive, nor would anyone knowing the full circumstances wish it otherwise.

## Civilisation's Cradle

In India we are dealing with something infinitely more complex and difficult than diversity of peoples, races, creeds, and tongues; we are dealing with different civilisations, some in certain aspects superior to our own. In the past we have talked of European civilisation as though it were a single concrete fact, and it has been an unpleasant awakening to discover that European civilisation, when translated into conduct, is totally different, say, in Germany or in Russia, from what it is in this country. Each civilisation has not only its idioms of ideals, but its idioms of behaviour. In India it is the same, only there different civilisations are more closely packed, more intertwined and interlaced one with another. At the present time we hear much of the two or three hundred million of uneducated peoples as against the less than half a million educated. The two are set one against another as though there was a cleavage and each section compact in itself. Of course, there is nothing of the sort. The half-million educated, though the majority speak together the English language and have the common veneer of an English education, are as diverse in their ideas and moves of life as the many millions.

We are building a new Delhi. The war has checked its construction, but with peace it is to proceed. How many Delhis are there behind this European-built one? If you are competent to answer that question correctly, then you may consider yourself qualified to begin the study of this problem of converting India into a ballot-box-governed Britain. It has been said truly that when we introduced a Western system of education into India, close on three generations ago, we inaugurated the policy of which the present reforms are a logical sequence. But while this is the case, it is no argument against Britain clearing her mind and making herself sure as to the nature of the gift she desires to bestow upon these Oriental peoples. Here at home we know that when peace returns it is the declared desire and intention of every honest man and woman from palace to cottage that, no matter into what station of life a person may be born, he or she shall have the right to lead a fuller, healthier, and happier life than has often been possible hitherto. But this greater health and happiness is to be not only for the benefit of the individual, but of the nation as a whole. Now, the question we have to ask ourselves is whether, all things considered, the reforms proposed in India will have the same object. The advance of self-government must be permitted to continue; but are we quite certain we are not trying to squeeze into a lustrum or a decade changes which might more profitably occupy the period of a generation. We are a slow-witted people. Look how, even, the Teuton has got the better of us in this respect. In India we are up against some of the quickest wits, the most subtle brains that the human family has produced. It has become an axiom here that "you cannot hustle the East," but we entirely overlook the implication this axiom carries with it that "you can hustle the West." But this has not been overlooked in India. Let us be true to ourselves. We do love liberty and freedom, we are honest believers in justice and humanity, and at heart, though our past actions have at times belied us, we have a hatred of privilege and prerogative. Now, are we prepared to live up to these ideals in India? Let us not deceive ourselves. At root the question is not one of votes, constituencies, or representations; it is a question of how best we can enlarge the opportunities of all persons in India to live fuller and happier lives, no matter to what form of civilisation they belong.

(To be continued.)



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# The Railway Shareholder: By Hartley Withers

**I**N comparison with all that the flower of our manhood has suffered at the front during the war, the minor exasperations of those left at home are a small matter. But there they are, and they cannot, and should not, be ignored. Among them the experience of the railway shareholder has been particularly uncomfortable. He has seen his property taken over by the Government, worked in a hopelessly uneconomical and unscientific manner, and reduced to a condition of scandalous physical neglect and a financial position which only a magician could put right; and in the meantime, although his property has rendered a service to the community without which it could not possibly have won the war, he has been getting (if lucky) the same dividend as before the war, paid in money which has steadily depreciated in buying power. All this, being, we may hope, a patriotic fellow, he would have borne with reasonable cheerfulness if the same treatment had been applied all round. But, as everybody knows this was not so. When the railway shareholder contemplates the enormous profits gained at the expense of the country in this crisis by the shipowner, shipbuilder, munition maker, brewer, draper, farmer, and even by the maker of flags for flag-days, he is fully justified in expressing blasphemous astonishment at his own lot, and wondering what worse treatment he could expect from the most flamboyant form of Bolshevism.

It was a great bargain that the Government drove with the railway companies when it took them over for the war, guaranteeing them their pre-war revenue; but when we sympathise with the railway shareholder in the light of all that that bargain has subsequently been shown to involve, we must remember that at the time when it was made, he was entirely satisfied with it. It enabled the Government by unification of the various railway systems to carry more passenger and goods traffic than ever before, apart from the enormous amount of work done by the railways for the Army and Navy, and to do this, by dint of packing the passengers like sardines in a tin and otherwise making travel a quite disgusting process, with depleted staffs and rolling stock.

Prices of most of the goods and services that we buy have been, roughly, doubled since the war. The price of transport has been raised to the passenger by 50 per cent., and to goods, it is said, not at all; just because transport is an essential service, the Government has not had the courage to face the facts with regard to it, but has introduced a system under which the railways are run at a loss, which the taxpayer has had to make good. What is to happen to the shareholder when he gets his property, out of which he once used to get a fair return, back into his own hands, with no taxpayer to draw on, with travellers clamouring for a return to the old level of fares and with the railway workers urging claims to an improvement in working conditions and, at least, the maintenance of their present scale of wages, unless a considerable fall in prices can meantime be brought about? Clearly, if the property is given back to him something will have to be done to put him back into something like the position he was in in 1914. It is also probable that the present miserably inadequate service (which we all put up with as a necessary war nuisance) will be more or less perpetuated, and that the injustices inflicted by official stupidity on hard-working folk who had season tickets will continue to adorn the bureaucratic programme.

This is rather a dismal prospect both for the taxpayer and the traveller, but it is very difficult to see any other way out of the hopeless position created by the Government's action with regard to the railways complicated by its performances with regard to the currency. If you force prices up against yourself and, at the same time, have not the face to charge more for certain work that you sell, your only possible destination is Queer Street. If you are a private producer, you just go bankrupt; if you are a Government, you just make the taxpayer pay, though sometimes you arrange the figures in such a way that he thinks he is paying for something else. And, in any case, it is generally agreed that a complete return to the old régime of the railway companies is neither possible nor desirable. Unification has been shown to make traffic management so much easier that its abandonment would be a retrograde step. Besides, as Mr. Pierpoint Morgan once said, when it was proposed that he should be ordered to resolve one of his "combines" into its component parts: "You cannot unscramble scrambled eggs." The second report of the Select Committee on Transport advises, from a purely technical point of view, that unification is desirable in the case of the railways not merely of manage-

ment, but also of ownership. "War conditions of working," it says, "and the complete elimination of competition in the public interest have, in many cases, revolutionised old-established practices and habits. Traffic has been encouraged to follow unaccustomed routes, the clientèles of individual companies have been disturbed, their ideas have been changed, and the respective goodwills of the various companies have consequently been altered. Difficulties such as these seem to require solution by some process of continued unification." So the committee proceeds to the conclusion that the main railway systems of the United Kingdom should be brought under a unified ownership and managed as one system "if the question of the improvement and development of the internal transport facilities is to be considered from the standpoint of efficiency and economy, and with due regard to the interests of the proprietor, the railway staffs, and the general community."

## Competition and Courtesy

Very well, then. We need not waste many tears over the old system. It had certain virtues and certain very obvious faults. Competition was carried to an absurdity in some places and at certain seasons—as, for instance when the companies were racing one another to Scotland to catch holiday traffic—and in places where there was no competition the service even on the best lines was often astonishingly bad. In one apparently minor detail, which is really one of the things that really count in life, the railways were excellent under the old competitive system—namely, in the courtesy and helpfulness of all their officials from the stationmaster at a great terminus to the porter at a wayside station on a branch. Even in war time the railway workers have not wholly lost the old tradition of kindly and decent treatment of the travelling public. It will be interesting to see how soon, if they blossom into real bureaucrats, they will acquire the Post Office manner, and make getting one's luggage as pleasant a business as (for example) getting through on the telephone.

The Transport Committee, which throughout its report is very tentative and discreet, points out that unification of management and of ownership does not necessarily involve nationalisation. But it is very doubtful whether the public would tolerate the handing over of this great monopoly that would be involved by unification into the hands of private enterprise, and still more doubtful whether it would be fair to the railways to ask them to take back a business which has been reduced, by Government action, to so hopelessly unbusinesslike a position. And so a burning question is likely to arise as to the terms on which, if naturalisation is carried out, the shareholders are to be asked to surrender their property to the State. The Railway Clerks' Association has taken time by the forelock and produced a draft Bill to carry out the whole operation. Its first seven clauses provide for the establishment of a Ministry of Transport and Communications; clause 8 for the transfer to the Ministry of all the railway companies, the Railway Clearing Houses and such canals as can most conveniently be utilised "without any formal conveyance being necessary"; then clause 9 tackles the question of purchase price. Under this scheme the purchase is to be carried out by the issue to the shareholders direct (and not through the companies) of a specially created Government Railway and Canal Stock, which shall bear such a rate of interest as would enable it at the time of issue to be realised at par. The amount of this stock which each shareholder would receive would be based on the mean price of the railway or canal stock that he owns during the year 1913, subject to a reduction proportionate to the amount by which at the date of transfer securities generally will have depreciated in value. The measure of this depreciation is, apparently, to be the price of consols which at present show a fall of 22 per cent. on the pre-war price. So that the railway shareholder is to be asked, according to the framers of this scheme, to give up his stock in return for about three-quarters of its price in 1913, to be paid in a 5½ per cent. Government security. He will naturally ask why consols—a security with a fixed rate of interest—should be taken as the gauge of depreciation, and not some of the industrial and shipping companies that have benefited by the war, as the railway companies would have benefited if they had been allowed to charge higher prices for their services. If the process of nationalisation is to begin, let its start at least be on an equitable basis.



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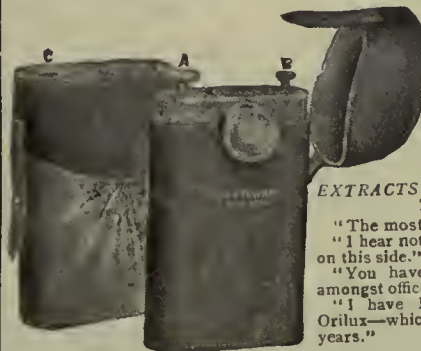


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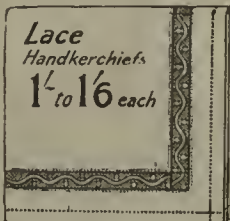
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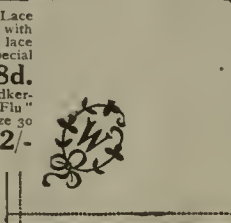


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## The Peace Negotiations

IT is reported that a consultation between the Allied Governments will begin at Versailles next Monday; that the discussion of peace preliminaries will open at the beginning of January; and that the Peace Congress proper will probably meet in February and sit until May—after which, no doubt, various commissions will go on sitting for many months, threshing out questions of detail. We shall be glad when these official discussions have begun; for every week that passes offers more and more temptation to irresponsible people to start controversies, not with the Germans, but amongst the Allies themselves. Our terms *vis-a-vis* the Central Empires are, happily, already settled in their broad outlines, and to a large extent in detail. There is no longer a question as to the subject nations of Austria and Turkey being liberated. We know that Poland will be reconstituted and that Alsace-Lorraine will become French; and as for the indemnity from Germany, in reparation for her crimes against life and property, the only question at issue is not whether she should pay one, but how large a one she will be able to pay—a question concerning which few private persons are at present in a position to form a judgment. The outstanding issues are largely issues between the Allies or between one ally and the world in general: what shall be done with the German colonies, where shall be the frontier between Italy and Jugo-Slavia, what interpretation will President Wilson put, and what line can we take upon the “freedom of the seas.” The dominant need being that the Allies should be united at the Congress, and that whatever differences still exist between them should not be intensified by misunderstanding, suspicion, and over-statement, it is especially necessary that we should all exercise the greatest caution in discussing these knotty points.

## Immigration

There is a good deal of talk about the necessity of stricter immigration laws after the war. The need has been brought home to journalists by the presence in our midst of undesirable Germans; but it existed before the war. Anybody who has read the old reports of the Royal Commission on Alien Immigration knows that; or, for that matter, anyone who has ever taken a walk down the Whitechapel High Road. But the difficulty about alien immigration has always been that it has been fought over by two parties of extremists—one party talking as though it desired to prevent any foreigner from ever landing on our shores, and the other party taking the view that absolute Free Trade in these

matters is the only proper thing, and that any human being has, and should be allowed to exercise, the right to settle anywhere he likes. The truth lies between the two. We—and every other civilised nation—always have taken foreigners in. We have benefited by foreigners who have settled here, and the progress of the world has been assisted by our contact with foreigners who have stayed here only temporarily. A certain interchange of citizens between nations must be expected and need do not harm; and the more international contact the better. But what we *must* insist on is that foreigners who come to settle here should not come faster than they can be digested: that they should come singly and be absorbed into our system, their sons living in the light of English traditions and manners. We do not want them coming in thousands, knowing nothing of England save that she offers them a living, and settling down in alien quarters as foreigners who will remain foreigners. It is a commonplace that contact between the working classes of two civilisations degrades both; it is also a commonplace that our own alien East End is a breeding ground of every sort of vice and corruption, and that the foreigners there, with their low material standards, have a deplorable effect economically. We must, somehow, regulate the flow of immigration so that these aggregations of unabsorbed aliens shall no longer be possible; aggregations, we may add, largely composed of people who do not even get naturalised, being anxious to obtain the advantages of English residence without the responsibilities of British citizenship. A mere money test is not enough (the man who has “come back with a first-class ticket” is almost proverbial), and a mere literary test is not enough; but the latter is better than the former. Our rulers will have to devise measures which will secure the results we desire; and so, we may add, will the rulers of America, where it is the universal opinion that the flow of immigration, stemmed by the war, must not be allowed to resume in the old unregulated way which seemed to threaten the swamping of American civilisation and to postpone indefinitely American efforts to raise the working-class standard of living.

## The Drink Regulations

Is it not time that we heard something as to the Government's intentions with regard to the drink regulations? Those regulations may be grouped into three main classes: those which affect the hours at which public-houses are open, those which affect the quality of the drink sold, and those which affect the citizens' liberty of action when he is drinking or about to drink. We are quite prepared to consider any of these regulations afresh now that peace has come. There is certainly something to be said for closing public-houses reasonably early (though not at 9.30) in the evening, if only in the interests of the staff. It used to be said that a publican's breakfast consisted of a beefsteak and a bulldog; the bulldog's job being to eat the beefsteak, the publican, whose head was fuddled by late hours and fumes, being unable to eat anything at all. That is no longer true; and publicans and their employees welcome the change. But it would be grossly undemocratic were the Government to perpetuate any of these regulations without further discussion; for they were framed, and accepted, purely as war measures. Many people are urging their continuance; but these people are almost invariably found, on investigation, to be people who desire to stop drinking altogether, and consequently favour any and every step which may approach the goal of their desire. We fancy that now the war is over we shall hear more of the view of the common man who, whilst not desiring prohibition, has not shared either the view of the chief opponents of prohibition that everything should be left, as it should be. Whatever the ordinary citizen wants it is not the public-houses as they are, and certainly not the abolition of the public-house; he wants that improved, ventilated, cheerful, civilised public-house which the prohibitionist fears because it may mean the perpetuation of what he calls “the consumption of alcohol,” and the brewer because it will reduce his profits. Yet, has any party got real public-house reform in its programme?



# The Bridge-heads of the Rhine: By Hilaire Belloc

In this article Mr. Belloc discusses the meaning of the term "bridge-head" in strategy, and analyses the particular character of the three bridge-heads to be occupied by the Allies under the terms of the armistice. The meaning of the Rhine crossings at Cologne, Coblenz, and Mayence (the three bridge-heads which are to be held by the British, American, and French respectively) is explained, and the geographical origin and present functions of each is touched upon and illustrated.

**T**HE terms of armistice have for their chief geographical demand the occupation of all the country on the left of the Rhine, the evacuation by all German armed units of a belt twelve miles broad on the right bank of the Rhine and, further, the occupation by the Allies of three *bridge-heads*, to wit—Cologne, Coblenz, and Mayence.

What is the significance of this last clause?

Why does Marshal Foch insist upon the occupation of these *bridge-heads*?

What is the meaning of a *bridge-head*? What is the military effect of holding one, and why are these three *bridge-heads* of such peculiar importance?

Nature and the works of man present to the advance of armies a number of obstacles—that is, types of ground across which it is difficult for an army to advance: or, to make the definition more accurate, "types of ground" the advance of an army over which must necessarily be slower than it is over the average of ground.

Ground of this sort, called an "obstacle" in military history, has the following effect in the conduct of armies:—

(1) It provides a shelter or screen behind which a defeated force may have time to rally, or an advancing force have time to concentrate.

(2) It normally confines an advance across it to what are called *defiles*—that is, narrow passages during the course of which an armed body is difficult to use, it being drawn up in column and unable to fight save with its most advanced units, which are, of course, a very small proportion of the whole.

(3) The converse of this last: an obstacle being present *behind* a large force which has suffered defeat, that obstacle will interfere with rapidity of retreat, and therefore assist to turn retirement into disaster.

It is with the second of these three characters that we are here concerned.

The three great types of obstacle generally present in military history are a marsh, a river, and a chain of mountains. One has also to consider on particular occasions the desert and the sea, but it is rarely that these are on such a scale that they can be truly called "obstacles." They are not usually present save in the case of very narrow patches of desert or narrow arms of the sea.

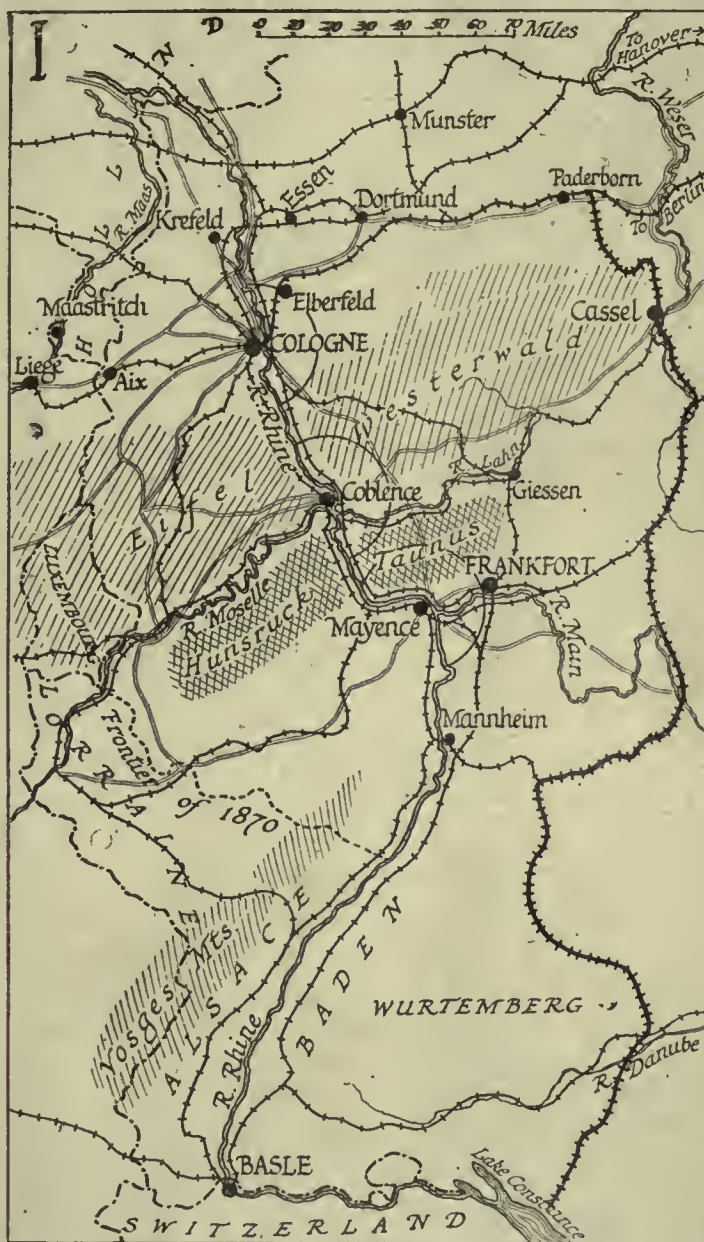
## MARSH, RIVER, AND MOUNTAIN

Of the three common types of obstacle—marsh, river, and mountain—marsh is by far the most serious. On the other hand, the presence of marsh extended over a wide space of country and in a lengthy belt is very rare. Further, it is not usual to find marsh wherever it exists on a large scale separating the regions in which armies are likely to operate. There are, indeed, exceptional cases, one of the most interesting of which is the case of the Mersey Valley between the Pennine Hills of North England and the Irish Sea. It was the marshy ground between Stockport and the Wirral peninsula which cut off Lancashire from the rest of England, and which determined the Roman military plan of that region. The main Roman road to the north was forced to creep between the hills and the marshes near Stockport, and this gap was defended by the fort which was the origin of Manchester. The main belt of marsh was crossed by two roads. One struck right across the centre to Warrington, so that a post established there could be at one long day's march from the shipping at the mouth of the Mersey on the one hand, and the fort of Manchester on the other. The second road struck north-eastwards towards Manchester across the marsh, and these two causeways have left their record on the place-names of the district under the titles of Stretford and Stretton.

Only by the defile of Stockport could armies from the south come up to Lancashire north of the Mersey, and all through English history, right down to the Civil Wars, you will find those three roads—the three crossing-places of the marshes—playing their part, and Manchester and Warrington acting as the hinges of the local campaign.

But marsh, I say, is a rare kind of obstacle, at any rate as separating two regions where armies are likely to manoeuvre. Much the commonest sorts are the river and the mountain chain.

Both these two kinds of obstacles have it in common that an army to march with ease across them must in practice take advantage of comparatively few avenues. In mountains these avenues are the passes, especially those provided with roads, and their importance increases with the ruggedness and impassable character of the hills upon either side of each pass. Thus, one may say that in the Alps the movement of armies is entirely confined to a few passes. To a lesser extent this is also true of the Pyrenees, but it is generally



true of all hills, even of those which have not the impassable character of high mountains. For even where you are dealing with open rolling hills of no great height—the Pennines, for example—any force which you try to advance off the main roads in the passes would move so slowly compared with those using the main roads and passes that either the whole army would be compelled to an extremely slow advance, giving every advantage to its opponent (for one of the chief factors of advantage in war is speed), or you would have portions of your army moving far more rapidly than the rest and therefore a disintegration of forces. In practice, then, armies, in dealing with the obstacle of ranges of mountains or of great hills, must use the main passes and the roads accompanying them. The problem has been slightly modified in modern



ness by the railway and the tunnelling of the hills, but the principle remains the same, to wit—that only a *few defiles*, whether they be roads or railway tunnels, may be used by an army overcoming an obstacle in its advance. In the case of mountains and hill ranges, much the greater part of these *defiles* are arranged for one by nature. Roads nearly always follow the passes, and even the railway tunnels have to be chosen in spots where there is a special importance through the near approach of two valleys one to the other upon either side of the range.

But in the case of a river the defiles to which an army is constrained is the result less of natural circumstance and more of the work of man. An army with its wheeled traffic must, as a rule, use bridges to overcome the obstacle of a river. It is true that it can make bridges of its own, whereas it cannot make mountain passes of its own, and in this respect it has a much greater choice of crossing. But a good established bridge gives far more rapid movement than a bridge temporarily thrown over on boats by the army itself, and as it gives greater rapidity of movement masters and, if it is sufficiently close, can prevent the formation of the artificial bridge. An established bridge, especially in the case of a broad, deep, navigable stream, nearly always means a town and—since the making of the bridge is a costly affair, especially in early times—each such bridge and town on a broad, navigable river nearly always means a concentration of roads upon it. If you take any broad, navigable river—the middle and lower Rhine, the lower Seine, the middle and lower Danube—any such obstacle, large or small, you will almost invariably find that the principal bridges come where there are towns on one bank or both, and that from these towns diverge in each case a fan of roads and often a fan of railways as well. In other words, the great advantage of such bridges is that you can concentrate upon them and diverge from them by many avenues, and the vital importance of their possession is that you command those avenues on both sides. The disadvantage, to an advancing army, of their destruction is not only a check but also loss of control over the avenues of advance beyond, until you have artificially thrown a new bridge across.

These factors in the value of permanent bridge-points over a broad stream are enormously increased to-day by the use of railways. There cannot be active railway traffic on a large scale over a bridge rapidly thrown haphazard by an army across a river. Across most types of such bridges you cannot put railway traffic at all. You cannot put heavy permanent traffic such as is necessary to supply a modern great army save over thoroughly established strong railway bridges spanning the stream.

Since any obstacle condemns an army crossing it to the use of *defiles*, and since while it is in those defiles an army is incapable of action (save with the tiny fraction of its head units), there follows the necessity of establishing what are called *bridge-heads*, and these *bridge-heads*, though they take their name from the obstacle of a river, are the same in character no matter what the obstacle may be, whether mountains, river, or marsh.

#### WHAT BRIDGEHEADS ARE

The essential definition of a bridge-head is this: *a space occupied beyond the issue of a defile, such that it permits an army which has crossed the obstacle to deploy at such a distance from the enemy as shall make it secure from attack during the act of deployment.* Your army, while it is marching in column through the defile—that is, across the bridge or through the pass in the mountains—cannot fight. Indeed, if it were caught in this column formation unexpectedly it would be destroyed. As its advanced units come out on the further side of the defile into open country they can spread out to the left and right, turning from a column into a line. As a matter of fact, of course, they do not turn into a mere line, but into a great agglomeration of men with a front line and reserves behind and the rest of it; but in principle, the manoeuvre is a conversion from column into line. They could not effect this manoeuvre if they were being harassed by an enemy severely during the process. For instance, supposing we are in an epoch such as the 13th century, where a heavy cavalry charge could be launched from a distance of a mile or so and where portable missile weapons in the field had a range of 100 yards. An army under such circumstances debouching from an Alpine pass must be certain before it attempts to deploy upon the plain beyond that there is here no enemy force so close and of such a size that it could either by a charge of cavalry or by the use of missile weapons throw the first units into confusion as they came out from the mountains. For if that were to happen the whole column would be checked, pressure would continue upon

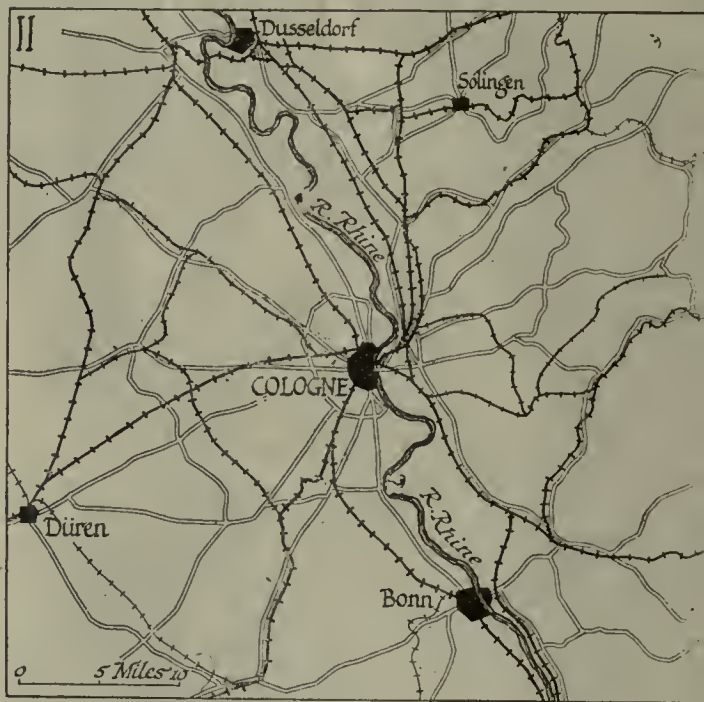
the head of it before its advance could be completely stayed, and disaster would certainly follow. Therefore, every army condemned to pass through a defile must in some form or other establish a *bridge-head*. That is, it sends a force ahead of it, or secures by negotiation with powers upon the further side, or by the holding of a fortress upon the further side or in some other fashion, *the certitude of being able to deploy during the delicate moment when it is debouching from the defile.*

Such *bridge-heads* are an essential part in the organisation of any advance across any obstacle. Normally, in modern war, they have to be fought for.

Take the example of the slight obstacle of the Lys last April. The enemy arrived at three bridges, two of which at least had been left undestroyed. His first care was to establish *bridge-heads*. Unless he had established *bridge-heads* beyond the Lys he would have been held by the obstacle until an Allied reinforcement had come up. You had the same thing in the crossing of the broad canal south of Cambrai during the British advance in the summer. That perilous and heroic undertaking had for its object essentially the establishment of a *bridge-head*. Until the first troops had got this firm on the further side and got elbow room there, the main body could not follow.

#### MAYENCE, COBLENZ, AND COLOGNE

Under the conditions of an armistice—that is, under conditions where you are dictating to your enemy how he shall give you the military fruits of your victory without further fighting—you establish your own *bridge-heads* not by combat but by peaceful occupation, which the vanquished accept at the hands of the victors, and in this case the Allies have demanded the three *bridge-heads* Mayence, Coblenz, and Cologne, with a half-circle on the far bank upon a radius of 30,000 yards—a distance corresponding to an effective zone of security under the conditions of a modern armistice.



Let us see why these three points have been chosen.

If you look at a map of the modern German Empire you discover that its central and western part is in the shape of an L. There is the main northern body comprising all the lower course of the great rivers—the Oder, the Elbe, the Weser, and the Rhine. This northern part is, in the main, flat. It has become industrially the core of the modern German effort. In religion it is for the most part Protestant; its speech what is called Low German. Much the greater part of it consists in what geographers call the great Baltic Plain: Stretches of heaths, poor soil, and better soil in the river valleys, very flat, communications easy whether by road or by water, but production until modern times difficult from lack of fertility. Its northern littoral holds the great ports which were the basis of the Hanseatic League in the Middle Ages, and you have Bremen, Hamburg, Lübeck, Stettin, and the rest. The south-western part of this region contains that hill country separating the lower from the middle Rhine. So much for the main branch, the great body, geographically speaking, of that ephemeral modern experiment called the "German Empire," now happily dissolved and signifying in reality "that which was not only allied to but ruled by Prussia."



The foot of the L was a portion of the southern Germanies. You see it lying west of Bohemia. It is in the main Bavaria, but it includes Baden and Wurtemberg and portions of other States. Had the fluctuating and chaotic German-speaking communities ever been able to form a State—a task of which they have proved themselves incapable after two thousand years of effort—we should have had to include in this southern portion the Germans of the Upper Danube to a little beyond Vienna and the German-speaking peoples of the Alps, both what were once called Austrian and what are still called Swiss. For the purpose of our modern political moment we have only to consider the half isolated limb south of the latitude of Frankfort and down to the frontiers of the Tyrol and of Switzerland most of which is Bavarian.

Now it is clear, merely from looking at this map, apart from our knowledge, that most of the wealth, nearly all of the industrial effort, and certainly all the political direction, came from the main northern limb. It is clear, I say, that even if the hill territory of this ephemeral modern German Empire had been equal in political value the essential thing for a victorious enemy desiring to control it would be the gates of the northern portion. Hold everything north of the great bend of the Rhine at Mayence, and you hold everything that is important. Any attack from the south against such a victorious enemy would be strategically impossible. By the mere holding of the Rhine from Mayence northwards you hold the Germanies. This was true even when Bohemia was a subject State. It is doubly true now that Bohemia is independent. Further, it is north of Mayence—or, at any rate, north of Mannheim—that the Rhine becomes a formidable obstacle. As you go up the river from Mannheim navigation becomes more difficult, the width—and, still more, the depth—less formidable; but in saying this I am saying a thing subject to a great deal of qualification, for it is clear that the Rhine is still a very formidable obstacle in its upper reaches right to Basle and beyond, although it is not what it is in the central and lower reaches. The real strategical point of the arrangements is not that the Rhine above Mayence or Mannheim is negligible, but that an attack under modern circumstances along that sector is negligible.

To the obvious geographical importance of the Lower Rhine at Mayence, Coblenz, and Cologne there is added, under modern circumstances, an industrial importance.

#### CENTRES OF INDUSTRY

There were during this great war three great centres of industrial effort, three great centres from which munitions and the supply of the German Armies proceeded. Chief of these was, of course, the Black Country of the now defunct German Empire, the coal-field of the Ruhr Valley and its neighbourhood, the centre of which was Essen. It was pointed out long ago in these columns—as long ago, I think, as 1914—that one of the great weaknesses of the Prussian combination, which was called during the forty odd years of its existence the German Empire, was the fact that its vitals lay on its frontiers.

The district essential to the industrial life of that political combination, more essential than any other district by far, was this great field of industry and misery, between Dortmund and Crefeld, between Essen and Solingen. There were also the Skodra works near Bohemia and there was the industrial field of Silesia, far away to the east.

Now, the possession of Cologne and the bridge-head beyond paralyses, for purposes of war, the main industrial district upon which the Prussianised German Empire depended.

Silesia is very far away, and is even now a battle-field between the remnants of the German garrisons and the Poles. Skodra, in Bohemia, is eliminated from the problem. The possession of the Lower Rhine, therefore, and of its crossings, quite apart from the obvious advantage geographically of the north of Germany over the south, has this special industrial advantage at the present moment.

But there is more than this. The three Rhine crossings command all the avenues of approach to Northern Germany—that is, to the only Germany which counts in the careful plot of yesterday and in the attempted recovery of to-morrow.

To show why this is so, let us consider the geographical and historical conditions of these three points.

#### STRATEGICAL IMPORTANCE OF COLOGNE

Cologne came into existence through no geographical necessity. It was an outpost of the Roman Empire upon the Rhine, which was founded simply because it was the nearest point upon the Rhine to communities already flourishing in the Roman Empire to the west of it. The main crossing of the Meuse established by the Romans was at Maastricht,

the name of which town is but a peasant provincial corruption of the Roman term for the "*Meuse crossing*" or *l. c. jectur.* Close by was Aix—that is, Aquæ, the waters: One of those medicinal springs which so often formed civil centres in the Roman Empire. It was a great Roman establishment, and became in due course the chief palace of Charlemagne. Cologne rose under the Romans because a small settlement may have been established there from the confluence of local streams with the Rhine, and through the presence of an open plain which they found was the nearest point upon the great river to the Roman crossings of the Meuse and of the Roman watering-place of Aix.

Again, if you are going into the Northern Germanies your road must avoid the Ardennes with their profound valleys, uninhabited territories, and dense woods, and naturally proceed along the Meuse Valley. When you get to the great bend of the Meuse at Liège your shortest road to the Rhine is directly eastward, with a little north in it, through Aix to Cologne. That is how Cologne came into being and became the centre, which it has remained for two thousand years.

But Cologne has not only this meaning from the west. It has also a meaning towards the east. It was from Cologne that the great road went up eastward through Paderborn to the main crossing of the Elbe at Magdeburg, and the roads over the northern heaths to the Baltic and North Sea ports, to Hamburg, and to Bremen, the roads to the chief cities which arose in the northern flats, the roads to Münster, to Hanover, to Brunswick, all ultimately converged upon Cologne. When the modern system of roads and, what is more important to our purpose, of railways arose, Cologne acquired a capital importance. It was the great bridge of the Lower Rhine. There it is that you will find the modern railway crossing in its fullest development. There goes the international trunk line of Northern Europe across the Rhine, and from that junction branch out all the various railroads that take a man, once he is across the river, not only to Berlin, but to Liège, to Hanover, to Hamburg, to Bremen, and the rest.



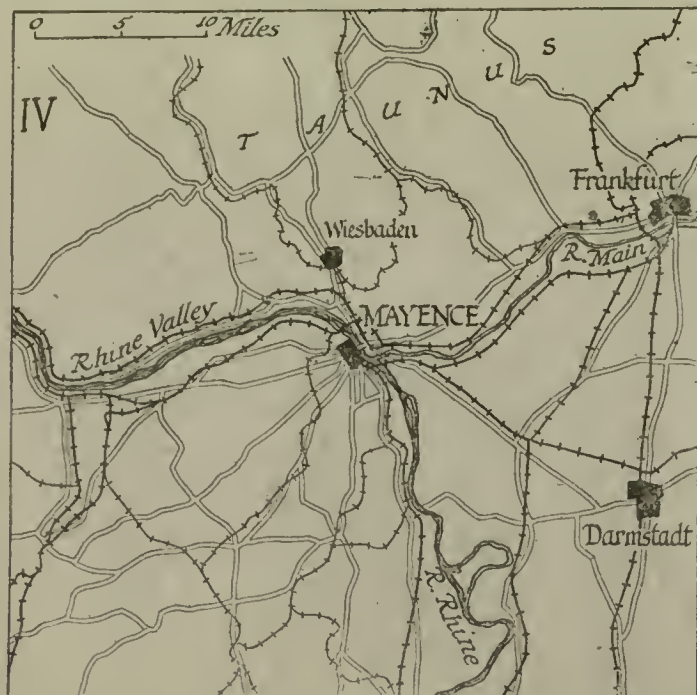
Coblenz came into existence in a fashion less political and more directly geographical than Cologne. Coblenz is a peasant or barbaric corruption of the Latin *confluentia*, a term you find in every form through Western Europe, especially in the French form of *Conflans*, wherever considerable navigable streams meet, and Coblenz is the place where the Moselle and all its traffic comes into the valley of the Rhine.

It is not only the place where the Moselle comes in, forming a nodal point of the highest importance and commanding the main avenue of advance south-westward into Gaul, it is also the point where the Lahn comes in from the east: a German stream which represents no very considerable wealth, nor any very great countryside, but, at any rate, stands for a whole country which has to make Coblenz its market and its meeting-place. A force holding Cologne, but not Coblenz, would still command the entrance into the Northern Germanies, not separate from, but complementary to, and different from the holding of Cologne and of Coblenz: for Cologne and Coblenz are places from whence attack may be checked.



## MAYENCE AND THE UPPER RHINE

Mayence is a place from which an advance may be set out. This sentence is written without any relation to the present circumstances, in which there is no question of an enemy attack, for the enemy is beaten to pieces; but it is written to show what the political meaning of occupation of Mayence may be.



If we look at the map we see that Mayence stands upon a point of the Rhine thrust far forward eastward. That in itself is important. But there is more than this by far. Mayence stands at the end of that long span of the Middle Rhine, open, full of wealth and communication, which runs up right past the fertile belt of Alsace to the south-eastward of Basle. Below Mayence you have that gorge of the Rhine which separates the valley of the river into two strategically different halves. On the west you have the mass of high land which is first the Hochwald and then the Hunsrück on the east of the Taunus. *To hold Mayence is to hold the plain of the Upper Rhine.* You hold and close the obstacle above the gorge when you have Mayence and its bridge-head. Also, just as Coblenz was formed by the meeting of the Moselle and the Rhine—that is, by the convergence of the trade routes upon Gaul towards the Germanies—so Mayence was formed by the meeting of the Main, and its historically very important valley, with the Rhine from the eastward. In other words, Mayence is the nodal point of the traffic from the Southern and Central Germanies westward towards Gaul. Just as Cologne and Coblenz by their historical importance have become the meeting-points of a fan of roads and railways from the east, and therefore when they are held with their bridge-heads control the chief crossings of the Lower Rhine, so Mayence has become the last nodal point of the Upper Rhine and drains upon itself the railway communications and the road communications of the Central and Southern Germanies towards France.

## THE GATES OF GERMANY

The possession of these bridge-heads, although they lie within a hundred miles as the crow flies from point to point—a straight line of 100 miles will include both Mayence and Cologne—means the holding of the gates into the vanquished German Empire. In the days when Vienna controlled a more civilised German system and when the Southern Germanies had not the mastery but the leadership of a better society in Central Europe, the gates of approach against that power were upon the Upper Rhine, the Black Forest, the valley of the Danube. The crossings south of Mayence concerned the political and military science of those days. But ever since Prussia, to the misfortune of Europe, attempted that art of government which she does not understand, and ruined the culture and even the decency of her subjects, her containment and management must be through the Lower Rhine with Mayence as the guarantee that everything above the Lower Rhine is securely held.

Apart from the transversal value of these bridge-heads—that is, their value for preventing offensive action against the Allies and for giving the Allies offensive power against any attempt, however belated and futile, of the beaten enemy to resist the terms which shall be imposed upon him—

there is the very important question of *lateral* communication.

Readers of this paper are familiar with the nature of such communications and of its especially high value when one is dealing with great masses of men and their supply. Direct or transverse communications are the communications which lead from bases up to a front; the railways, roads, and waterways by which food and munitions and the rest are brought up to an agglomeration of armed men and by which the sick and the demobilised and, in time of action, the wounded, and the empty wagons and cases are returned to the bases. But lateral communications are, as we know, equally important. By them troops can be moved along the front from left to right or *vice versa* to meet any concentration of an enemy. By them stores are distributed from central points along the front; by them is communication kept up between the whole of the front line; and he of two opponents who possesses the best lateral communications is, other things being equal, the master. Now, it is extremely important to note that along the whole course of the Rhine and of the Western Germanies beyond the Rhine (Westphalia, Thuringia with its old historical foundations and Swabia and Bavaria) the great lateral communications upon which everything depended in primitive times and upon which in the main movement still depends, is the valley of the Rhine itself. Thuringia communicated with that valley by the only large space of open land connected with it from the east, the valley of the Main and everything within a hundred miles of the great river of course lived by and depended upon the stream and the roads bordering that stream.

In modern times the lateral communications of the Western Germanies, civil and military, consist essentially in the two railways which run down either bank of the Rhine. Those uniting Cologne, Coblenz, and Mayence on the left bank and their opposite suburbs upon the right bank, the right bank railway running from Kastel opposite Mayence to Mulheim opposite Cologne upon the further side of the river. If you seek for a lateral communication further eastward you find it only in the most tortuous form. You must go through Frankfurt and round by Geissen and then a further junction up through the Sauerland to the big industrial district north of Cologne, but the roads and the bridge-head of Mayence include Frankfurt and cut off movement by this lateral communication, just as the vacated belt east of the Rhine paralyses for military purposes of the enemy any use of the railway along that right bank.

With Frankfurt in allied occupation from Mayence and with the southern part of the industrial district under occupation from Cologne there is no lateral communication worth having. You have to get right back to the main line through Cassel, 100 miles east of the Rhine in its northern part and 60 miles east of it in its southern part, before you get true lateral communications again. When you read that the remnants of the German armies have had their headquarters fixed at Cassel you may know that the reason is that Cassel is the nearest point to the east from which there is uninterrupted radiating railway communication. But lateral communication so far back from the line of the river means that nothing could be done even if the German armies were in a different state from what they are, in the way of resistance, let alone of aggression.

It is in studying the details of these terms that we understand their wisdom, and that we see what a misjudgment it is to regard the terms of armistice as insufficient because they are not theatrical and because they do not satisfy the craving for sensation.

## OBJECTS OF THE ARMISTICE

The object of an armistice granted by a victorious army to a vanquished army is to render the vanquished impotent during the period of determining peace terms. Its object is not to impose peace but to make the imposition possible, or rather certain; and that object the terms of armistice and notably the acquisition of the three bridge-heads has amply fulfilled.

How the opportunity will be used only the future can show, but that there is a complete power now to impose any terms the Allies think necessary or just or wise, that we can do precisely what we choose in the arrangements for a future peace, that we are no longer constrained by military considerations, should be clear to all. That we have strategically the whole matter in our hands should be obvious to anyone who will study the mere geographical details of our position. These three bridge-heads put the enemy as much into our power as if we had insisted (and there would have been no point in it) upon the personal surrender of every individual among the German troops and of every rifle.



# The Freedom of the Seas—II : By Arthur Pollen

**L**AST week we saw that the case for the seas being free to neutral trade in war is chiefly based upon the argument that, as private property when in an enemy's power on land is by international agreement safe from seizure and confiscation, it should enjoy a like immunity when, being in a neutral ship, it comes into an enemy's power at sea. And it was pointed out that this argument breaks down for the following four reasons:

(1) Private property on land, so far from being immune from confiscation, can legally be, and in practice constantly is, seized on the plea of military necessity, when the owner may get no more satisfaction than a receipt, on which he *may* recover from his own Government when the war is over. The statement, then, that private property is—even in theory—immune from seizure on land, is altogether misleading.

(2) Were such property really and in practice immune, there would still be no parity of reasoning from land to sea, because property on land is, *ex hypothesi*, already in an invader's possession, and therefore useless to the national cause; whereas similar property on board ship is in course of transit to those who can turn it to direct account in the war.

(3) As Mahan has so brilliantly demonstrated, property not of direct use in military operations on land—even if in national possession—is at a standstill, immobile, cut off from adding to national credit, whereas to property at sea there attaches a trade function, which makes it an instrument of exchange, and the operation of this exchange automatically adds to national credit. Its seizure, then, is part of the attack on national credit, which is as legitimate a military target as the national army.

(4) Finally, the operation of insurance in effect brings about a state of things in which, during war, there is no private property at sea at all—a proposition proved by the fact that the £600,000,000 loss of British hulls and cargoes in the last two years has resulted in shipowners and merchants being actually richer to-day than they were before the loss was incurred. The higher prices paid by the consumer show where the loss has actually fallen.

We also saw that, when the private property argument was reduced to its true proportions, the real character of a neutral who supplies a belligerent stands out clearly. He is seen to be in truth a volunteer belligerent. It is the status of this volunteer belligerent that we must next discuss.

## The Neutral Trader's Rights

From all times, all countries have recognised that a private trader in a neutral country is absolutely within his rights when he engages in trade with either of two belligerents. His doing so cannot be regarded by the other belligerent as an immoral act, or as one that makes him liable to chastisement or punishment of any kind. It is the fact that there is no ownership of the sea in peace or war that is held to give this personal immunity to a neutral trader, an immunity that he would not, of course, enjoy if he were within the territorial jurisdiction of either belligerent on land. And those writers who speak with animosity about neutrals who engage in such trade not only misread the whole theory of international law, but are taking up a line which is surely the very last that any advocate of Great Britain's stake in sea power could wish to support. If there were anything either illegitimate or ethically indefensible in neutrals trading with either belligerent, then those who engage the neutrals so to trade would surely share the guilt. Since the world began, never has any belligerent done such a roaring trade with neutrals as did Great Britain in the war that is just over. We should be exceedingly ungrateful if we forget the inestimable advantages which we have gained by this moral liberty of neutrals to come in and practically to take sides. But for the nitrates, which the Allies were able to get from South America, we should have been even more handicapped in the production of propellants than would Germany have been, had we resolutely cut off her supply of cotton from the moment that war was declared. I have not by me any complete statistics of what the Allies owed to all the neutral countries for things indispensable to them—things without which they could not possibly have won the victory. We were perhaps a little slow to realise how much we had to do in the way of producing new arms, how vast the production of shells of all kinds that we should need. It was some time, therefore, before our demands upon the neutral world

reached large dimensions. But if we take the case of the United States alone, a few figures throw a very instructive light on our ultimate reliance on non-belligerent support.

It was practically from about midsummer, 1915, that it first became clear that, unless we drew on the United States for engineering machinery of all kinds, sheet and bar steel, copper of all forms and many other metals, neither England nor France could ever reach the level of munition production necessary for the kind of war we had to fight. By the beginning of 1916 we realised that, even with all our importations of machinery and raw material, we still could not keep pace with our necessities, and should further have to enlist American manufacturers to produce finished guns and finished shells for us. The extent of the help that we received may be gathered from the following facts. The exports of domestic raw materials and manufactured products from the United States to Great Britain were on average up to 1914 about five or six hundred million dollars a year. In 1915 they had risen to nine hundred millions, in 1916 to over fifteen hundred millions, and in 1917 to over two thousand millions. American exports to Europe were in 1916 double what they were in 1914 and in 1917 more than fifty per cent. greater than in 1916. And it should be borne in mind that the bulk of the 1917 exports were all goods ordered in the previous year, and would have been due for delivery in Europe whether American had become belligerent or not.

Now, when we look at these figures, we must bear in mind that these vast importations were by no means confined to the kinds of private property that would not be liable to capture in the neutral ship. Enormous quantities represented finished weapons, cordite, TNT and other explosives, saddlery, military lorries, tanks, aeroplane engines, and manufactured parts and partly finished material of all kinds, guns, shells, bombs, etc. Certainly for eighteen months before America ceased to be neutral, the American miners and metal dealers, farmers and the grain brokers, engineering shops and the ordnance works, were as unneutral as individuals and organisations could conceivably be. But had the war ended in a draw, Germany would have had no possible just cause of quarrel with the American producers and exporters. They were all doing a thing admittedly within their rights. Yet they were doing an unneutral thing, a belligerent thing, a thing which, as a simple matter of fact, implied a service such that, had we lacked it, we simply could not have gained that ascendancy over the German army in 1916 and 1917 that we actually established. On what theory of international law then can such action be defended? The country as a country is neutral, the government is neutral, yet an enormous part of national activities are enlisted in the interests of one belligerent. How is it that the other belligerent is entirely without any moral right to resent so terrific, so decisive, an intervention?

## Conditioned by the Law of Force

We find the answer in a right understanding of the theory of war. Let us go back to the familiar definitions. War is a conflict of armed forces. It is decided in the favour of one side, when the armed forces of the other have prevailed and left the country of the defeated side open to invasion and consequent paralysis. In a conflict of armed forces, clearly it is the rules of dynamics that hold the field. But, as the forces are human, it is dynamics qualified by the elementary and common instincts of right and wrong to which all civilised nations instinctively defer. Hence the mere laws of force are qualified, for example, by such a regulation as we have referred to already. The private property of the subject of an enemy country which comes into the power of an invader cannot be plundered or destroyed recklessly. It can only be requisitioned for recognised purposes and in a formal manner, when it must be paid for, or an account of the seizure given, on which the deprived owner may ultimately be able to recover. This limitation follows from the admitted rule that war is made against the enemy's State and the armed force which it organises, and not against the unarmed individuals, subjects of that State, who are not component parts of the armed forces. Another rule which derives from this is that unfortified places may not be bombarded. The idea here is that if an inhabited place is turned into a fortified position which is part of a military line of defence, then the army that defends it is responsible for the safety of the civilians within the place. It can either send them out beyond the reach of fire or the army itself can come out and



relieve the pressure on the town. If the army is defeated, the town, with its civilian population, will be surrendered to the attackers, but the lives, limbs, and property of the civilians will be safe. But unless the inhabited place comes thus into the military scheme it may not be attacked. It is because the air-raids on London and the sea bombardments of Whitby, Scarborough, and Yarmouth were not part of the military operation of seizing these points of advantage—were, in fact, nothing but random attempts to terrify and murder the civilian population—that they were rightly resented as breaches of the civilised rules of war.

Force, then, may not be applied directly to attacking non-combatants. But it can be applied to begin that paralysis which defeat and invasion would make complete. It can be used to prevent non-combatants holding communication with the outside world and drawing supplies from without by the operation known as siege. If this straitens the condition of the non-combatants, if it causes them to starve and perish by starving, it is not held to be a breach of the humane rules of war, for two reasons. In the first place, the constraint is inflicted on all civilians equally. It is not torture, death, misery inflicted upon a small number, whom chance has put within reach of the attackers' guns or other weapons. It is a measure taken against the whole community, and as it is in the community as a whole that the national will resides, it is a direct attack on the highest command—the source of the courage and fighting spirit of the nation. The constraint of siege, then, is impartial and attacks the nation universally.

But when we go back to our definition of war—the conflict of armed forces decided by the victory of one over the other—we realise a second justification for siege. Siege is only possible to the attacking side when the armed force, subjected to attack, refuses to come out to fight and conceals itself behind defences. If siege results in the national surrender, the attacking force has gained the same end as it would have gained by battle. By the renunciation of battle, the defenders have compelled the attackers to proceed to the legitimate purpose of war by the only alternative method. If the siege threatens to become intolerable and the besieged nation does not wish to surrender from mere exhaustion, then it may compel the armed forces to leave its defences, and decide the issue by battle. Siege has then justified itself by forcing the enemy and its battle he was trying to evade. The true justification of siege is, then, that it is first the sole alternative to battle, and, secondly, the only way of compelling battle, when battle is refused. And it is justifiable because, if it achieves the last result, it hastens the end of the war.

If it is granted that siege is legitimate, is it not implied that for a nation at war to get help from nations not at war is legitimate also? For the one arises out of the other. Hence, the non-belligerents, who before the siege were bringing aid and comfort, were within their rights and committing no offence against—though doing a disservice to—the party that, by siege, terminates their operations. The matter is wholly outside the field of right and wrong, of tort and injury. It is a matter which is either possible and therefore permissible, or prevented and therefore impossible. It is force in operation that decides it. If a nation can keep its communications open it is entitled to receive, and the neutral is entitled to give, all the help that the purse of one and the resources of the other permit. But it follows from that that where the attacking force can prevent this traffic, the neutral who was cut off from it suffers as little moral injury as he was inflicting.

### Siege by Blockade

Now, in theory, what distinction can be made between the operation of force on land and at sea that should in any way limit the full pressure of siege on one element, when it is permitted on the other? Clearly no humanitarian argument based upon the sufferings of those who are the victims of the privation which siege inflicts. Clearly again none upon the deprivation of profit to which the neutral, who was profiting by this traffic, must now resign herself. The argument can only be that the seas being no man's land, there is an *inherent* right of way across them which cannot be impeached or stopped with justice.

But a very cursory examination of the practice of all nations in war shows that this argument is no more valid than that based upon the sanctity of private property. For if there is one universally accepted principle it is that an enemy's ports *may* be blockaded. Blockade, to be acknowledged as such, must comply with strict conditions. It must be effective, impartial, constant. It must be such that it cannot be evaded or ignored. The stoppage it imposes on shipping must

be complete. If blockade rights are to be accorded to the belligerent there must be no intermission in the maintenance of the requisite force. So far as I know, no country has ever maintained that there was a common human right to use the sea wrongly violated by the operation of blockade. And the admission of blockade is nothing more or less than an acknowledgment that where strength is absolute, viz., constant, effective, and impartial, there must at sea be accorded to it the reward always allowed to it on land, viz., the complete stoppage of communications.

Now, why, if the principle is admitted in the case of blockade, should it be disputed in the case of an isolated warship encountering an isolated neutral merchantman? At the point of contact, the absolute and effective strength of the warship presents to the merchantman an obstacle to his progress, of exactly the same character and nature as the same warship when a unit of the blockading force. The only point of difference is that the ship attempting to run the blockade inwards or outwards, is, for practical purposes, *certain* to encounter the warship, whereas in the open sea the watch maintained by cruisers *may* be ineffective, both in certain areas and at certain times, so that cruiser interference with neutral trade *may* here largely be a matter of chance and accident. The neutral, in other words, if he embarks upon the adventure of trying to run the blockade, starts with the knowledge that the chances are twenty to one against him. But at the time when the rules of sea war were first made—and first disputed—when he started across the ocean, with a view to entering a non-blockaded port, his chances of evading the enemy's cruisers might well be still longer in his favour. At the very foundation, then, of the objection which the neutral sets up against cruiser interference is impatience with a method of war which, being uncertain and fortuitous, was therefore exasperating. And if it irritated the neutral to feel that when he was captured he was the victim of sheer ill-luck, so, too, it irritated those, whose national well-being suffered by his escape, to find that the national force was not adequate for the neutral's interception to become almost as much a matter of course as his impeachment by blockade. It was these considerations that led to that highly unsatisfactory method of war known as privateering—when the right of prize was, so to speak, farmed out to speculators, whose military moral was very far from ensuring that the humane rules of war would always be observed.

### Siege by Cruiser

If the world comes now to a reconsideration of the rules of sea war, it is as well that people should realise how completely the entire problem has changed by the development of steam navigation. It was a matter of surprise to many at the opening of hostilities, not only that the sea service of German merchant ships terminated instantly and automatically at the outbreak of war, but that not a single German warship outside of the North Sea ever entered a German port and that only one German warship returned to the North Sea ports from outside.

Never in previous history had the command of the sea—so far as it is determined and exercised by surface craft—been so absolutely asserted and so completely yielded in war.

It was the *pace* of ships, combined with the *reach* of telegraphic information, that effected this enormous revolution. But the application of these changed conditions to the exercise of the right of visit and search has been even more striking. A week ago the First Lord of the Admiralty, speaking of the achievements of the 10th Cruiser Squadron, pointed out the extraordinary scope of its operations, and the trivial percentage of the ships that, having to pass through its cruising line, escaped its vigilance. What, in effect, does this show? Nothing less than that the old distinction between blockade, and the less certain and regular cruiser method of checking the operations of neutral traffic has now practically ceased to exist. Indeed, it will probably be found that the percentage of ships that could evade even a widely scattered service of modern fast cruisers would be very much smaller than the percentage that slipped through the blockade, for example, maintained by the Federal Government over the ports and seaboard of the Confederate States. If the substantial fact emerges from the war, that commercial traffic at sea can nowadays be kept over the widest areas under complete observation, all analogies drawn from the old blockades become misleading.

To sum up my argument. Analysis shows that no case can be made out for neutrals having an *inherent* right to trade with belligerents, on the ground that private property at sea should be sacred. If neutral traffic may legitimately be



stopped, when its stoppage is certain and local by blockade, then the changes in the conditions of sea traffic have made it possible for an equally effective stoppage to be pelagic and universal—so that the distinction between blockade and non-blockade conditions has disappeared. And a comparison between admittedly legitimate operations of force on land, and the disputed operations at sea, shows that no ethical distinction can be made. If, then, any revision of belligerents' rights is to be made, reason points towards the re-establishment of the doctrine maintained by Great Britain before 1856, viz., That *all* enemy property may always be stopped and seized at sea.

This, of course, is not to say that modern conditions have not produced a great many new problems which call for solution, nor that there are not old claims the enforcement of which jars upon the modern mind. An example of the first arises from the development of the submarine. An example of the second is the strict enforcement of the right of prize. There certainly is something mediæval in the cargoes intercepted and captured by a national force becoming the property, not of the nation but of the individuals fortunate enough to be employed in the operations which have resulted in capture. Nor is the objection to the practice entirely removed by the division of the proceeds amongst the whole personnel of the Fleet. It is a practice which undoubtedly originated in times when the pay of officers and men was infamously inadequate. The pay of both classes is better now than it was, but is still in many instances scandalously small. It should not be left to the chances of war to mitigate the hardships which national meanness inflicts on the national defenders.

### The Future of Sea Power

No such revision as this, however, would meet the programme which President Wilson is reported to have in contemplation. We are told that he proposes a general naval disarmament and that his recommendation to Congress to continue the vast increases of the American navy have been made to meet the contingency that Great Britain will refuse to comply. We can probably discount the idea that Mr. Wilson intends to adopt any threatening or ungracious tone towards this country. We know that many Americans would certainly resent the suggestion that the people of the United States were not fully alive to the service the British Fleet has rendered to the cause of liberty—to the plain truth that without the British Fleet Europe must have fallen. And it is generally accepted in America as self-evident that, but for the British Fleet, Europe must have succumbed to Germany and the United States been compelled to fight, almost single-handed, the battle which they have now assisted us to win. So strongly do some Americans feel this, that statesmen like Mr. Roosevelt say plainly that the sea power of Great Britain should not be questioned at all, and writers like Mr. Frank Simmons say that it is for Great Britain to re-write the law of the sea as she pleases. Still, we must recognise that there are large bodies in America, some sentimentally humanitarian, some by conviction and association wholly pacifist, some by tradition inflexibly hostile to Great Britain—owing to our failure "to satisfy aspiration in Ireland—which seem to the great majority of Americans to be justified by the most elementary of human rights, and that all of these are ready to support any attack, open or covert, on this country. If, then, Mr. Wilson should feel compelled to challenge our traditional sea policy and to challenge it in an uncompromising spirit, he would be sure of a great deal, though not of unanimous, support from his countrymen. But apart altogether of any pro- or anti-British leanings, all parties in America are expecting great and far-reaching changes to follow from the defeat of autocratic militarism, and, if we demur to some of the proposals that seem plausibly justified by the world's disgust with war and the threats thereof, all have a right to know plainly our reasons for standing apart. Not otherwise can our case be sanely and impartially judged. And, when our reasons are stated, we can be sure that the judgment will be generous, as well as just.

This is the more reason for frankness because the President's own explanation of our traditional naval policy is not in consonance with the facts at all. Our reason for maintaining a supreme navy for all these years has nothing whatever directly to do with the size of armies maintained either in Europe or elsewhere. When, for instance, the United States was distracted by a civil war and a larger proportion of the male population was put under arms than any community had ever armed and drilled before in history, the size of the American armies made no difference to the requirements of our naval strength. A supreme navy is vital to us because

the safety of our sea communications is a vital interest. It is not merely our trade and prosperity—it is the very day by day existence of the people of Great Britain and Ireland that depends wholly upon the continuity of our supplies from overseas. The islands which are the core of the British Empire then, being islands, exist in virtue of sea power only.

Next, because our sea power has been adequate to our secure national home life, it has also been adequate to ensure the maintainance of national contact with the outlying elements of the Empire of which Great Britain is the centre. Many countries possess colonies and dependencies besides Great Britain. But the British Empire is the only political unit composed entirely of communities whose sole physical communication is by sea. The United States owns such possessions as Porto Rico, Guan and the Philippine Islands. Their total population is but a fraction of the home population.

Their loss would not destroy a national community. But the population of India, Australia, South Africa, and Canada, exceeds the population of the British Isles nearly ten times over. The cohesion of these commonwealths and peoples constitute our national life.

### British Domestic Safety

It is one of Mr. Wilson's fourteen points that all countries should reduce their armaments to what is necessary for their domestic requirements. The point is numbered four, and the actual wording is as follows:—

"Adequate guarantees given and taken that national armaments will be reduced to the last point consistent with domestic safety."

No one would probably dispute that our pre-war military forces hardly exceeded this minimum. Who will dispute that a fleet capable of maintaining the domestic wholeness of the British Empire is the last point to which the British Navy should be reduced consistent with domestic safety? Unless this point is grasped, the whole English case is necessarily misunderstood.

It follows from the premiss that the defeat of the German army and the elimination of military autocracy of the Hohenzollerns do not by themselves afford any relief from the burden of naval armaments to this country. The elimination of the Germany navy, however, makes a profound difference. If you add to this that Russia for some years will probably be either non-existent politically, or if existent certainly pacifist, and add to that again that what used to be Austria will in future be a number of independent republics with those that were maritime wholly friendly to Great Britain—then the difference in the naval position will be recognised as still more pronounced. But considerable navies will still survive, and unless all the nations agree to merge the obligations of self-defence in a common undertaking, then Great Britain will have to maintain its traditional policy, which is to possess a navy superior to any combination that can be brought against it.

Now the reason alleged for urging naval disarmament, if we are to judge by Mr. Wilson's speech to the Senate of January 22nd, is that the maintenance "here and there of preponderant naval armaments is incompatible with a sense of safety and equality." Does this statement bear examination? For 100 years before war broke out the British Navy has generally been superior to all the navies of the world combined. Did this superiority in fact result in any widespread sense among other nations that they were neither safe nor on an equality with us? Has any commercial or political interest of other nations suffered thereby? Omit from consideration altogether whatever debt the world may owe us for our services in the last four years and ask, is there any contra account? The Germans, it is true, did maintain that it was British navalism that stood between the Fatherland and its rightful place in the sun. But it is surely sufficient answer to this complaint to say, first, that, despite the British Navy, Germany's merchant shipping rose in a generation from a few score of tons to over 5,000,000, her sea-borne trade from a negligible sum to an equality in value with our own; her military navy from non-existence to the second place. By British navalism Germany meant such a use of British naval force as she herself would undoubtedly have adopted had circumstances put such force at her disposal. Is not the essence of the matter not the *existence* of a superior navy—which elementary considerations of defence justify the British Empire in possessing—but the *spirit behind its use* that alone could make naval preponderance a menace to other peoples? And on this, does not a hundred years' experience supply a respectable prescription?



# The Art of Dazzle-Painting

By Jan Gordon, Lieut. R.N.V.R.



"THE INDUSTRY"

The first dazzle ship—contrast this pattern with the "Olympic," one of the latest developments

*"Say! You should see our Fleet! It's camouflaged so, it looks like a flock of sea-going Easter eggs. If you shut your eyes good and tight, and stand behind a wall, you can't see a ship a cable's length away. It was an English guy thought of it first, and his name's the first toast now at all the paint-makers' social reunions."—Extract from an American paper.*

CAMOUFLAGE is the oldest of the human arts. The first record of it is to be found in the early chapters of the Book of Genesis, and so salutary a lesson did humanity receive on that occasion that it has never ceased from practising since. The first military use of it appears to be the famous horse of Troy, at which time also the ships were painted with eyes forward and reddened cheeks, so that naval camouflage has also a respectable antiquity. The true art of camouflage is to make an object appear to be what it is not, by means of green and brown patches, cut up by white or black lines. The military camouflager endeavours to turn guns, tanks, motor cars, and such-like objects into bits of scenery more or less appropriate to their locality; but this is not the art of the naval painter; and so the word camouflage, with its associations, has been dropped in favour of the more appropriate word "dazzle-painting."

The unrestricted submarine warfare instituted by the Germans naturally brought about enormous efforts to counteract the danger, and all the earliest efforts at a camouflage scheme had in view the object of making a ship an invisible object, or, at least, one very difficult to see. Unfortunately, most of the men who experimented in these directions were not sailors. A week of careful observation at sea would have shown them their error. The average sky value of the Atlantic, for instance, does not mean that the Atlantic is ever of that value. It varies from almost the blackest of clouds, upon which even a black ship in sunlight may shine as a light spot, to the glowing radiance of after sunset, upon which background a white ship becomes a black silhouette. The problem of producing an invisible ship upon this variant background is insuperable, especially when it must be remembered that the illumination of the ship is received from the sky itself, and therefore, except in direct sunlight, can never be as strong. Another drawback to the attempt to produce invisibility is the presence of coal-smoke and of masts and shrouds, and as long as none of them could be got rid of there was little value in seeking a mere invisibility for the hull; though some joker did suggest that a well-known American

inventor had made a ship so invisible that nobody had seen it come or go.

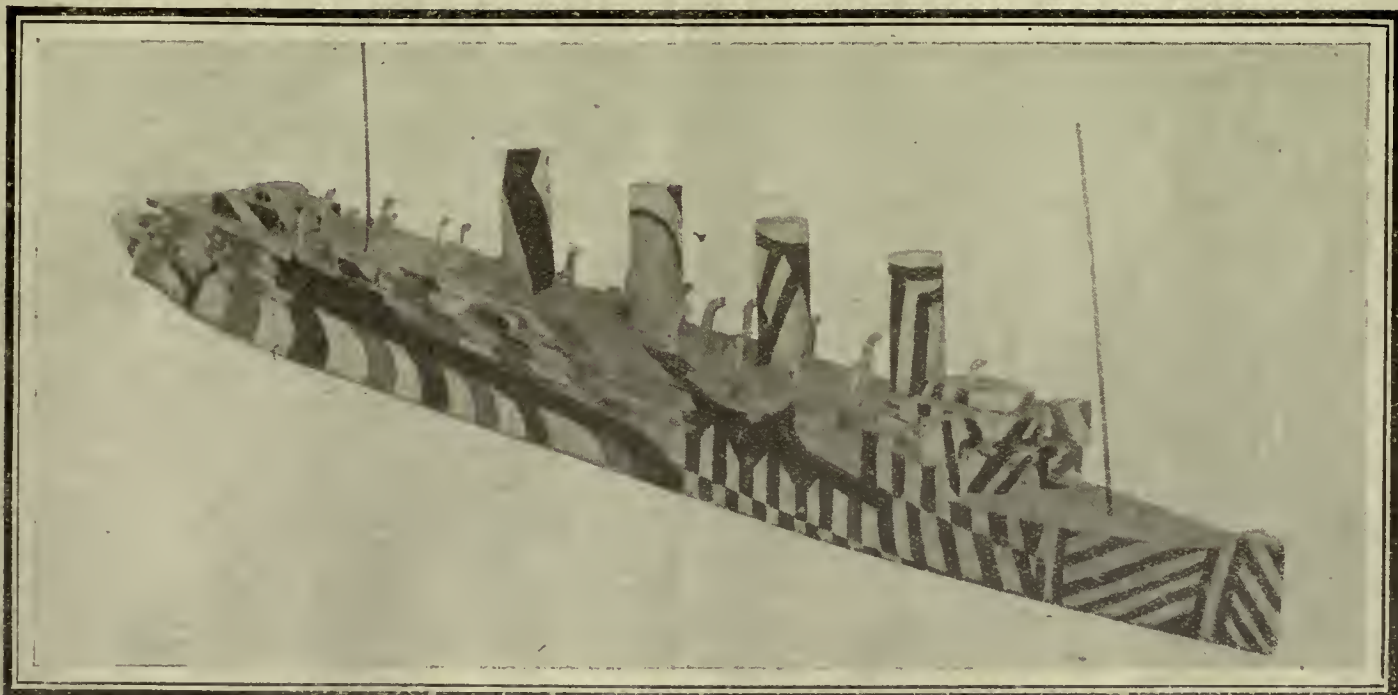
The solution of the naval problem was happily found in dazzle-painting. The idea of the work is to produce an effect which shall confuse the observer at the periscope to disguise from him, firstly, the type of ship he is dealing with; secondly, its size and speed; thirdly, its course; and as the art of submarine attack depends upon a knowledge of these various constituents, dazzle-painting, if it did nothing else, would tend to make periscope observations enormously prolonged, with the chance of the ship spotting the menace, and either attacking it or of escaping.

The scheme was invented by Lieutenant-Commander Norman Wilkinson, R.N.V.R., O.B.E., R.I., when in command of a coastal motor launch. He had had the advantage of being a practical seaman and of having seen a goodly mass of our transports at sea, for he was at Gallipoli. He saw, firstly, that our huge black-painted ships, with white upper works, or even the naval grey ones, presented the easiest of targets to the enemy's torpedo. It were as though the painting were designed to help the enemy, the dark hull severely outlined against the white, giving the exact angle of the ship's course, the white upper works marking clearly out the shadows beneath the boat and bridge decks, the yellow funnels and masts, which gleamed for miles; and it suddenly occurred to him upon a train journey how if all this were broken up into large masses of divergent colour form and value what a great difference would be effected.

The seekers after invisibility had, to a great extent, ignored the fact that a ship is not a plain silhouette; they had missed the accumulation of small matter along the deck—winches, capstans, bollards, donkey-engines, etc.—which make a sort of deep-tinted fuzz, outlining the whole of the forward and after parts of the ship as clearly in most weathers as though it were drawn with a black chalk pencil. They ignored the shadows beneath the flying bridge, beneath the boat decks, beneath the bilges of the boats, and even in the cowls of the ventilators. All these things are of immense importance in estimating the exact course of a ship for submarine attack, and Commander Wilkinson realised that with paint these things could to some extent be distorted; their positions could not be altered, but they could be added to, made definitely misleading. He saw how by strong contrasts the fore side of the bridge could be displaced, and how, in general, by means of strongly contrasted blacks with lighter colours, the whole tendency of the ship could be twisted and altered.

Upon these points there has, I believe, been a general





#### MODEL OF THE "OLYMPIC"

The false bow may be noted, also distortion and confusion of the bridge and general long lines of the hull, while the curves on the stern counteract normal curves of the ship.

misapprehension about the aims and objects of camouflage at sea. Young ladies who have been spending a vacation—well earned, no doubt, in some Whitehall office—upon the south coast have told me of marvellous camouflage they have seen. They said it had succeeded perfectly; it looked just like a pile of rocks, or like a ship cut in two; but it is scarcely necessary to point out that if a submarine saw a pile of rocks standing in the sea at some point where no rocks were charted, and no recent earthquake to account for so mysterious an appearance, he would promptly go and investigate; and if, upon further inquiries, he discovered that this pile of rocks possessed two masts and a funnel, and made queer propeller-like noises in his hydrophone, I do not think that the camouflage had been successful if, upon closer inspection, it did not keep him deceived with regard to the actual course of the ship. Nor do I think a submarine would ignore the phenomenon of a ship cut in two and still proceeding gaily at the speed, let us say, of ten knots without further submergence. Thus, to some extent, the romance goes out of the thing; there is no attempt to produce a sort of sneaking wraith-like ship, nor yet uncharted rocks; the simple thing is to disguise, to confuse—in fact, to dazzle.

It is curious how little the scheme has altered from its earliest conception. In Commander Wilkinson's first submission to the Admiralty he seems to have grasped the whole scope of his idea. Subsequent work and experiments have only combined to prove him more right, and the sole result of the experimentation of the last eighteen months has been towards the evolving of patterns more and more effective. His letter, written upon April 27th, 1917, enumerates all the objects which dazzle-painting still aims for. The scheme was approved by the Admiralty on May 23rd, and shortly after he began his first experimental ship, *The Industry*.

*The Industry* was painted at Devonport in under forty-eight hours. At the same time there were two other experimentalists working on the invisibility theory; and, curiously enough, just as the final trials of their efforts, which had covered weeks of labour, were pronounced failures, the newly painted *Industry* steamed above the horizon. The contrast was too great. The scheme of dazzle-painting was approved, and first with a few transports, then with more, until finally the whole of the mercantile marine, all the ships engaged in convoy work, and a good many of the scouting cruisers and aeroplane carriers; in fact, all the ships especially susceptible to submarine attack were painted. It is interesting to know that the pattern on *The Industry* was never changed, and right up to the end of the war, and running through quite dangerous seas, she escaped all torpedo attack.

The chief drawback to dazzle-painting lay in its advantage. It became obvious to the German submarine commanders that a ship which was worth dazzle-painting was worth attacking, and so a tendency would be created to estimate dazzle-painted ships as of superior value to those which yet remained grey, and so make them more liable to concentrated attack from those more ambitious German captains who

risked the difficulties of the task to gain a superior quarry. Thus at the earlier stages of the scheme it was exceedingly difficult to gain any real data about the actual sea value of the work, though constant reports from naval and merchant captains showed that in many cases great deception was caused by the painting—and, of course, German submarines captured would be exceedingly reluctant to admit its value in the almost inverse ratio of its real usefulness. The ramming of a submarine by the *Olympic* recently recounted in the papers, however, tends to prove the real value of dazzle, as also the growing unanimity of favour which it has found with merchant captains who are notoriously conservative in sea matters. In the case of the *Olympic*, it will be remembered that the submarine was discovered just under the bows of the ship. It may be judged from this that the commander had estimated that the ship was steering on a much wider course. The dazzle-painting of the *Olympic* was designed to produce this effect. The design on the model of the *Olympic* here reproduced is a modern variant of the one she then carried.

Now as to the method by which these weird schemes are evolved. It would obviously be impossible to make a separate design for every one of the ships trading in the English mercantile marine, so they have been divided into a number of types—the type dependent upon certain marked differences in construction and length. These types covered more or less any variation of ship which could be found, and the dazzle officers at the various centres fitted these plans to the ships which came beneath their control. These types were modelled in wood about nine to twelve inches in length by three expert model makers. The models were then dazzled by the designers and tested in the theatre. This theatre consisted of a long sea-tinted platform in which were let turntables at various ranges, and at the back a canvas screen painted to approximate a normal sky value. At the observing end of the table a periscope permitted observations to be made as if from an actual submarine, and from the length of model and the distance of the turntable ranges were calculated. The model was tested, altered, tested again upon various bearings, till it was judged that a maximum amount of distortion and disguise had been produced, and then from the model transferred to a type plan by a large staff of lady artists. From the type plan the painting was carried out on the actual ship. In the case of special ships, special models had to be made.

The success of dazzle-painting was such that it was adopted by the French and Italian Governments, and after a visit of Lieutenant-Commander Wilkinson to the United States, by the American Shipping Board.

Of course, as time went on, and the practical results of the experimental work went on, design improved until, from the blobby effect of *The Industry*, Commander Wilkinson brought it to the tigerish effect of the *Olympic*, which is one of the latest developments. This does, to a certain extent, combine with the distortion an amount of low visibility; but it must be insisted that the chase of actual invisibility is a myth which will never be solved.



# The Most Miserable of Men:

A Story by Desmond MacCarthy

"Of all men," said the youth who was sitting in the far corner of the railway carriage, gazing into the setting sun, "of all men I am the most miserable."

We were alone in the compartment, and he was talking to himself. I rustled my paper, but he took no notice and his lips continued to move inaudibly. His worried young face looked intelligent and amiable. I liked him.

"I hope you won't think me intrusive," I said (at the sound of my voice he came to himself), "but, if you feel inclined, will you tell me what prompted that tragic exclamation?"

"What! What did I say?"

"You said you were the most miserable of men. It is not likely that I can help, but it might be a relief to talk about what is on your mind to some one you will never see again."

After a pause he said shyly, "I am ashamed."

"Then you will get relief from telling me," I replied. "Confession makes us feel we are after all superior to ourselves. There is nothing like it for reviving self-respect."

"I am too ashamed," he repeated, smiling a little.

I leaned across and touched his knee. "You will forgive me: then?" We were silent for some minutes and ceased to look at each other.

The rhythmic trantle-trantle of the unhurrying train was soothing to us both. Outside in the landscape the sun had gone down, and my tortured companion having now no dazzling disc to gaze into, fell to prodding the seat opposite with his stick. He was still considering himself, I surmised, in a painfully searching though, perhaps, no longer in a tragic light. I liked him very much.

"You see . . . The fact is . . ." (I turned to him at once). "Oh! I can't," he exclaimed desperately, bringing his heel down on the floor of the carriage with a bang.

"How long ago did it happen?"

He seemed relieved at my question. "Three years about."

"Three years! And you are still the most miserable of men?"

"Oh, no! That's only what I felt like just now. I don't often think of it; but when I do—it's absurd—I always say that to myself. It has become a habit. I don't always say it aloud though," he added smiling.

"I am very glad you did," I answered, "for now you can get it off your mind, whatever it is, and it will never come back again—at any rate, so excruciatingly."

He laughed, this time quite naturally. "The truth is, now that I evidently mean to tell you, what embarrasses me most is that it is such a *little* thing."

"There!" I exclaimed. "There you are! You're half cured already. Go on. Go on."

"Well, will you believe something first? Really believe it? I'm *not* a snob. I mean I am not, and never was such a snob as many other people. I don't boast about my fine acquaintances. I'm not such a fool—now, at any rate. And I swear I never really did, or very seldom ever; and even then only in a way, don't you know, that left me the benefit of the doubt. But hotels have, or rather *had* (Heaven knows I'm cured for ever) a simply beastly effect on me. And," he went on, stooping forward with a frown of agitated eagerness, "I'm not a liar. I mean, of course, what anyone would call a liar. I lie very little. But these hotels! I've thought a lot about them, as you will soon be able to imagine, and I've made out a sort of psychology of the hotel crowd. You see, in an hotel, each person loses everything that distinguishes and explains him; everybody is anonymous. There people are cooped up together, eyeing each other, wondering about each other, sneering at each other, or approaching each other with the stiff comic caution of mistrustful dogs. Everybody who hasn't an obvious badge is an unknown quantity. Everybody gossips and guesses about everybody else, and the result is everybody wants to flourish his or her credentials. That is the prevailing social atmosphere, and it is odious—I speak with the bitterness of one who has been infected by it. In an hotel a sensitive person invariably becomes contemptuous and misanthropic. One's fellow human beings are simply awful in hotels. When they come down day after day, to breakfast, lunch and dinner; when you see them between whiles over the paraphernalia of tea in the marble hall, munching to music, you think to yourself, 'This is too much! Here are these pigs with their noses in the trough

again!' Of course, your own mouth is full, but they all look disgustingly idle and useless—so you do, no doubt. They don't know how to spend half their time—nor do you. And with these *tu-quoques* whispering in your ears, the impulse to distinguish yourself from them in the eyes of any one who seems a little nicer than the rest, becomes irresistible. In short you are pushed into becoming a snob of one kind or another. And now for my adventure, which has made me," and he laughed quite heartily, "the most miserable of men."

"I shan't laugh again," he added gloomily. "It really is a painful story."

"I was preceding a friend of mine to a much frequented spot in Switzerland, a place for winter sports, where he was to meet me two days later. During the last stages of the journey I fell in with an English family, and we travelled in the same carriage. We soon made out that we were going to the same place and to the same hotel. The family consisted of a father, a kindly, modest, straightforward man, a mamma with a manner, a girl whose looks pleased me extremely, and a perky censorious, public-school boy. I had better tell you I myself was in my twentieth year."

"Father and daughter both liked me at once, but Mamma was proof against all my attempts to interest her; and when she did respond, it was all with a non-committal smile, all the easier to read for being so gracious. The father, the daughter and I were in those delightful spirits peculiar to the first morning abroad—you know how soon people make friends when they are childishly happy? The boy was at the age when he hates to show elation, and when the sight of a sister making a visible impression on a young man (for some unknown reason with which, nevertheless, I believe I sympathise) is particularly irritating. But even he thawed over our second breakfast in the train. His mother, however, mostly kept her face to the window, smiling on us in pre-occupied way from time to time, and rubbing away the frosted breath from the pane to get a clearer view of the steep snowy hills and pine woods as they passed. Sometimes with a little ejaculation she would single out something for admiration, but with all my alacrity I was always too late to share her pleasure."

"I think I divined at the time that she was capable of reading her husband a lecture on the folly of making friends in the train with young men one knows nothing about, and that she wished me to feel that she regarded our further acquaintance as strictly conditional. Indeed, I must have felt that challenge in her from the first, and inwardly resolved to overwhelm her with my credentials, for only from having taken some such unconscious resolution can I account for my subsequent impulse and behaviour."

"Well, towards evening we arrived at our destination. It was a long lake in a barren Alpine valley, with a large straggling timber village beside it. Black figures were still pushing about like water spiders over the surface of the lake, and still more people were plodding their way in file or in knots towards the barrack-like hotels on the slopes. The stars had begun to point above the mountains; and to draw such air into the lungs was like swallowing a draught of glittering icy water."

"My new friends wanted me to get into their conveyance, for we had engaged rooms at the same hotel; and she whose presence had already begun to infuse a subtle exhilaration into the scene, called out to me there was 'plenty, plenty of room.' Her voice in the dusk sounded magically kind and clear. But even if her mother had not proceeded to fluff herself out over the seat, they would have been cramped; so I waved my hat and drove alone, through the wooden snow-thatched village up to the hotel."

"The circular door of the Imperial admitted me to a hall of which not only the atmosphere but the vegetation was apparently tropical. On my way across the marble floor towards the gilded lift, I noticed couples swinging nonchalantly in rocking-chairs side by side among palms and flowers. There was a big group, laughing, talking round a flaring fire: girls in knitted jerseys, holding skates, girls in evening frocks, men in dinner jackets, and men still in their stockings and boots. The sting of frost was on all their faces, and their voices had that pleasant resonance which comes from having spent the day in the open air. At these sights the sense of the adventure of gregarious life got hold of me, and while I was unpacking I was filled with that delicious excitement (remember I was twenty) which gets



so much weaker as one gets older—'O! What delightful things may not be going to happen to me next!' Then I opened the window and stepped out on to a balcony. The air was cold, the sky a limpid sable blue, and there, sure enough, were the mountains! If you had asked me, while I was arranging my things, what was the most exciting thing in the world, I should have said: 'Oh, meeting people and expecting one doesn't know what!' But at that moment such adventures seemed superficial, or, at any rate, mere garnishing to life. Dinner or no dinner, I felt I must go out. It was near *table d'hôte* time, and the assembled crowd in the hall made me feel self-conscious. I made for the door like a man catching a train. Somebody laughed. But the next moment I was running down over the snow, gloriously happy.

'The lake was as dark as agate, and so smooth it seemed a shame to scratch smoothness so exquisite. Tiny crystal splinters ran before me on the ice, and sparkled in the moonlight. And the undulating ringing of skates—how pleasing that eerie sound is to the ear! Every now and then I would stop to listen to it, chirping and shivering away across the silence, till it touched the frozen banks and stopped. Out I flew through capes of darkness into bays of moonlight, curving this way and that, and that with that effortless steadiness in motion which makes a skater feel more like a gull than a man; till suddenly I felt as though I had been alone a very long time. I thought of the hotel, and turned to shore; and as I turned, far away on the dazzling white moonlight bank from which I had started, I saw a small dusky figure. It was a girl in a tam o' shanter putting on skates. Even before I recognised her I knew it was my friend of the journey, whose voice had sounded so friendly all day, who smiled more than most people do, and yet seemed graver than most. I struck out swiftly. We met, and hailed each other. Of all the words in the English language, I believe 'Hullo' is the most useful. 'Hullo! Isn't it glorious!' we exclaimed, and off we shot on separate ways to curve and recurve across each other's paths, saying, as we passed, things like: 'My left ankle's weak,' or 'Just look at the mountains,' or 'I couldn't resist coming; could you?' Then away again we went. It excited me almost to laughter to think that she had felt the same impulse as I. Suddenly she called to me that she must go in; it was an intolerable shame, but they would be anxious about her, and she would be scolded as it was. I cannot remember what we said on the way back. It could not have been much, for we ran. But I have not forgotten the laughing face she turned to me from behind the gilt cage of the lift before she suddenly levitated and vanished upwards to get ready for *table d'hôte*. That lengthy meal was so near completion and I was so hungry that I decided to go straight in. The newest arrivals were placed at the end of one of the long tables which was not yet full; and as I came in, trying to make my boots sound as little as possible on the parquet floor, I noticed that my seat would be beside my travelling companions. The father was nearest the end, the mother next above him, and the boy beyond her. So if I took the obvious chair she must sit on my other hand. I saw at once, from the look Mamma gave me, that my not having changed for dinner confirmed her suspicions; and I thought that even her husband looked forward to our conversation soon showing the people opposite that I was not of his party. By way of explaining why I was not properly dressed, I said that I had not been able to resist going down to try the ice, and had stayed too late. This statement produced something like consternation. Papa put his pudding-spoon down suddenly instead of into his mouth, and I heard the mother say to her son: 'George, run up at once. I must know what on earth Agatha's doing. Tell her to come down immediately. It's disgraceful; dinner is nearly over.' But George did not budge. Then, turning to her husband, she said: 'Do you mean to say you let that child go out at this time of night by herself after I told her not to?'

'Did you see my daughter on the ice?' said her father to me, using his napkin, and looking guilty.

'I was in the middle of telling them how she had come down after I had been there some time and how we had returned together, when in she came, rosy and smiling, and settled down—with perhaps just a little too much the air of nothing whatever having occurred.

'I'm very late. Oh, Dad, it was too lovely. Mr. — was there. He'll tell it was worth missing all the courses for, though I *am* hungry.'

'The effect of her voice on me was to make me think I must be looking as though a great deal had happened. I made matters worse by turning at once to speak to her and, when our eyes met, forgetting what I had to say. After that I felt I must forthwith make the running with Mamma or she would see to it that their places were changed next

day. From conversation in the train I knew the name of the county town where they lived, and by good luck I had stayed twice at a house in its neighbourhood for balls. My memory for people now served me in good stead.

'I was not able to say 'yes' repeatedly to the question, 'Did I know the so and so's?' The effect of all this on Mamma was—well, she became not only gracious but positively competitive, mentioning people and country houses herself with an ostentatious unostentation which made her children uncomfortable. 'Oh, Mamma,' I heard Agatha once murmur, 'you know we only met them over the hospital bazaar.'

'I liked Agatha for that; I sympathised with her deeply. But I was too intent upon my object, too flushed with my progress—possibly also with the Burgundy I was drinking—not to push on. I became confident, gay and satirical. I made the old man laugh by saying of a certain busy-body cadet that if not the rose himself he was at any rate the thorn. I asked if the county beauty, Lady Georgina, was still as good as new. This led to Mamma asking me—and as she spoke she swept the strangers opposite into the conversation with a comprehensive glance—if I knew Lady Georgina's father, Lord X. 'Yes,' I said, 'I was driven over one afternoon to Thornton Abbey.' That was true, but its enviable possessor happened to be, as a matter of fact, absent. I was proceeding to give my impressions when my attention was distracted by the behaviour of an elderly gentleman in a dark tweed suit immediately opposite. He had risen and he had pushed his chair rather noisily into the table. I looked up and caught his eye. He was staring at me, I thought, with an odd, hostile intensity. Conversation had stopped for some yards along each side of the table. Yes, he was going to speak—and to me!

'May I ask, sir,' he was saying loudly and slowly, 'if I have the honour to be numbered among your numerous acquaintances?'

'No,' I replied rather jauntily, 'I am certain I never saw you before.'

'He paused.

'Well, I am Lord X,' he said. And dropping his napkin on the table and pushing his hands into his pockets, he turned his back and left the room.

'I have often blushed with anguish at the recollection of that moment. I suppose people would describe it as 'an awkward pause.' To me, it was an explosion of silence. Then I heard Mamma, who had turned crimson, go off into an artificial trill of laughter. Murmuring something about 'imposters,' she shook the crumbs off her lap and, summoning the family, swept towards the door. Everybody was getting up, too. *Table d'hôte* was over; just a few people were cracking nuts at the far end of the table. But the girl on my right had not got up. She was pretending to finish her dinner. I felt she looked at me twice; but I could not look back—please, please remember I was barely twenty, and very self-conscious at that—and not a word could I say. Presently she too (I heard her chair and her footsteps) went away, while I went on eating and drinking like a pompous automaton. In the hall I had to wait for the lift. There was a great deal of laughter; the story was travelling from group to group. I think I bore the titters and being looked at very well. Upstairs in my room, I went at once to the window; but now the mountains were as dull to me as sugar loaves. I went to bed and, contrary to expectation, slept like a top. Soon after my eyes opened the next morning I felt that something incredibly unpleasant had happened. Then I remembered what it was. I saw my self-respect depended on two resolutions: one, to wait for my friend; two, not to change my hotel meanwhile. But I came down purposely late for breakfast and avoided the family, who, as the next meal showed, had moved their places; and I bore with apparent equanimity that wretched boy who would read out the society paragraphs from the papers whenever I was within earshot, adding 'friends of mine,' or 'the dear duchess' as the case might be. Nobody asked me to join in any sports except one young woman who evidently did so out of curiosity to see how I would behave, and I practised figures most of the day on the more secluded parts of the ice. When my friend did turn up he noticed that I was rather depressed. I left him in the smoking room the night he arrived. Next morning at breakfast he told me he had promised to make up one of a skating four. I saw he had heard the story, which was having a great success. We did not meet all day. He lunched with his partners; a jolly noisy party they were. Before dinner he came into my room and, after watching me dress in silence, he said, 'I had no idea you were such a first-water snob?' I told him I had only waited for him and that I concluded there was not much point in our spending the vac. together. We had a glum dinner. I went off the next morning to the South of France,



which I could not afford—but I wanted to get away from snow mountains.

"There!" he said. "Now I've told you why I am 'the most miserable of men.'"

We both laughed.

"Pon my word," he added, "I feel as though I should never think of it again."

The train was slowing up in front of a station. "I've got to change here," he exclaimed, opening the door. We shook hands and I handed out his bag. Presently he came up to the window again. His young face wore once more a look of concern. "I say," he said, "I hope you don't think I was an awful mulf to mind so much. Really, I believe what has bothered me most ever since was my having taken no notice of that girl when she stayed to sit beside me alone in the dining-room. You've listened so nicely. You do understand, don't you?"

"Perfectly," I assured him.

"That was the only moment I was really a coward," he added.

The train began to move. He waved his hand gaily. "Ain't I lucky to have had such a lesson so young?" he said grinning.

"Stop!" I cried. "What was the name of the people?"

"The people?"

"Yes, the family."

"Dyce."

"Blue eyes—quite blue?"

He nodded.

"Then she's my niece!" I cried out. "Mrs. Dyce is my sister. You must see them. She's a perfect dear." The train was drawing away fast. "Not my sister, of course," I shouted, "I don't mean her. Haven't kissed her for nine years. You will meet, you will . . ."

He had trotted right to the end of the platform. A cloud of steam suddenly hid him from my sight.

I threw myself back in the corner. "That will be very satisfactory, very," I thought, ". . . I do like him." But the next moment I had sprung up again. I had forgotten to ask him his name and address.

## Mons, 1914 to 1918

**T**HERE are few left in any battalion who remember the retreat from Mons—the graves of many are milestones on the way; but I think those few who have survived to complete the advance on Mons will never regret a step of that long road.

And now they are returned to where they lined up with all their comrades for the beginning of the struggle, I think they will feel the missing numbers are avenged and the price they paid is vindicated.

On the night of August 23rd, 1914, my battalion lay at Grand Reng, a small town five miles south-east of Mons. At two o'clock next morning they were hurried out into the fields to dig themselves in for the battle of Mons. That night commenced the immortal retreat to the Marne. There the British Army turned about, and for four weary years were retracing their steps.

On November 18th, 1918, my battalion again came to Grand Reng, and the troops on our flank had previously retaken Mons itself. The retreat had been wiped out: the German Army had been smashed: the war was ended—on the same ground where for the British Army it had begun.

In "'fourteen," the British going to Mons were enthusiastically welcomed as defenders. In "'eighteen," arriving once more at Mons, they were rapturously greeted as deliverers. No words can adequately paint that difference. The people saw us retreat and leave them to their fate—the Boche; but their courageous bearing under that cruel and ruthless régime showed their faith in us—that we would advance again. Their joy in the justification of that faith is our greatest reward to-day.

My battalion was at Maubeuge when hostilities ceased, so that the last few miles of the advance has, for us, been a triumphful march. The last retreating German has everywhere been a few days ahead of us, and the villages and towns have had time to prepare a welcome. Every inhabited house or cottage has its flag; the vast majority, of course, being the French or Belgian colours. A few of these are fine embroidered and tasselled banners; the majority plain bunting or cotton. All these have lain securely hidden for "the four years"—sign of unyielding pride and faith. But where bunting was wanting necessity has found the means. One tricolour I saw made with a strip of blue cloth, part of a cotton sheet, and a piece from a red flannel petticoat. British flags are few; but all the more touching because almost everywhere contrived. The favourite is the Red Ensign, made from red flannel or cotton, with a blue square stitched into the corner, and the crosses strips of red and white ribbon or paper.

The welcome these people give us is not confined to flags and cheers. Their best is not too good for us. Where we billet we are given the best room; clean sheets and coverlets are brought out; coffee and soup—or, where it exists, a bottle of wine—are offered with great ceremony and many toasts.

The women smile and wish you good-day as they pass you in the streets; the men—be they labourers, bourgeois, or civic dignitaries with the Legion of Honour in their button-holes, raise their hats to an officer. In "the four years" they did this grudgingly and perfunctorily in obedience to Boche orders; now there is a world of thanks and justified

faith in the act. But the greatest welcome of all comes from the children. Grimy little urchins, too young four years ago to have realised what a British soldier looked like, and who would have been snarled at and probably kicked out of the way had they approached a German officer, run alongside us, and clutch at the hands of officers and men alike. They stand at the men's feet and gaze with delight while they are drilling, and crowd round with bowls and tins, confident of generosity, while dinners are being made out. A week ago the Germans were robbing them of what little food they had.

On the retreat everybody was moving in the same direction—westward. There were two columns. One was the Army, marching till it could march no further, stopping to fight, and then marching on again; the other was the most tragic sight of war—the refugees, with all of their worldly possessions that they could get into barrow or cart, struggling on and on until overtaken by the enemy. On the advance there are still those same two columns. The refugee is still going westward; but he is leaving the enemy ever further and further behind him, and is returning home—hoping to find it intact! And the Army is now a finally victorious army, marching eastward this time, to enforce the just price that Germany must pay.

There is also a third column on the advance, ever growing in volume. It is the returning prisoners of war. Of all the strange and most significant spectacles, this is the most remarkable. They are French, Belgian, Russian, Italian, and British; but it is hard to recognise their nationality, for their scanty clothing is a motley of their original uniforms, German prison-camp dress and civilian attire. One thing they all have in common—a look of dawning relief in their weary eyes.

The majority do not look starved or very ill; but these are the strong ones, capable of marching, who, in most cases, were taken prisoner this year. Many have been taken in by kindly Belgians and fed and rested for a day or two on their way. They found themselves free when the German tide receded, and have drifted down to meet their deliverers. The condition of those who cannot walk one can guess at from the few we have found abandoned by the Boche in so-called hospitals.

There is a false appearance of prosperity and peace about the country here. After the devastated areas of the Somme and Flanders, this part of the world seems almost untouched by war. But large tracts of country, though unmarked by shell-hole, are also untilled. Coal-mines are working; but the Boches have the coal. The shops are often full; but prices are unbelievable. The houses are whole, outside; but inside every metal door-handle has been taken, and every bureau and cupboard lacks its fittings.

Belgium is free once more; and in holiday mood. A crowd will collect at sound of a drum or sight of a strange uniform, and cheer at the slightest provocation. I think that Belgium, with her happy nature, may in time forget her misery; but I do not believe she will ever forget who caused it. The German, by his studied cruelty and callousness, has made a bitter enemy not only of Belgium as a nation, but also of every Belgian as an individual.

O. C.



# Life and Letters by J. C. Squire

## An Anthropologist

SIR JAMES FRAZER'S *Golden Bough* has been, perhaps, the only anthropological work which is both a scientific and a literary classic; his *Folk-lore in the Old Testament* (Macmillan, 3 vols., 37s. 6d. net) is a second. It has even the added charm of a miscellany of curiosities; if a man be not interested in the theme, and care not at all as to how prevalent are stories of the Fall or the ceremonies of the Jewish priesthood, he can open it anywhere and find strange stories and odd facts about men in all climes and centuries. Open it at random, and you will strike sentences like "Among the pastoral Suk of British East Africa it is forbidden to partake of milk and meat on the same day," or "Mandrakes imported from the Orient are still in demand here among Orthodox Jews. They are rarely sold for less than four dollars, and one young man whose wife is barren recently paid ten dollars for a specimen. They are still thought to be male and female; they are used remedially, a bit being scraped into water and taken internally; they are valued talismans, and they ensure fertility to barren women"; or "The Waralis, a tribe who inhabit the jungles of Northern Konkan, in the Bombay Presidency, worship Waglua, the lord of tigers, in the form of a shapeless stone smeared with red lead and clarified butter. They give him chicken and goats, break coco-nuts on his head, and pour oil on him. In return for these attentions he preserves them from tigers, gives them good crops, and keeps disease from them." Any fact like this, if one reads lightly, is amusing; or, if one reads more seriously, is instructive; or, if one is imaginative, will do as the starting-point of a dream. Only the man with scaled eyes who lives in one place and at one point in time can escape the fascination of such records.

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But Sir James Frazer is not collecting them for their value in isolation; each one to him is a link in a chain. He takes in succession a large number of stories and customs recorded in the Old Testament, and groups together all the kindred facts that he can find in the works of ancient and modern writers who have studied the peoples of the world. No reviewer could survey so large a work; one can give a single instance, however. He starts with the fact that the Jewish God "cherished a singular antipathy to the taking of a census which he appears to have regarded as a crime of even deeper dye than boiling milk or jumping on a threshold." He follows this with a list of all the other cases in which counting has been, or is, held to involve fatal results. The Bakongo refused to let the Congo State officials count them; among the Boloki "the native has a very strong superstition and prejudice against counting his children, for he believes that if he does so, or if he states the proper number, the evil spirits will hear it and some of his children will die; hence when you ask him such a simple question as "How many children have you?" you stir up his superstitious fears, and he will answer: "I don't know." If you press him, he will tell you sixty, or one hundred children, or any other number that jumps to his tongue." The Masai will not count themselves or their cattle. If you ask a Kikuyu mother how many children she has, she meets you with "Come and see." A missionary who once counted his Hottentot workmen paid for his rashness with his life. The Cherokees will not count their melons, lest they wither. In the Shetlands it is unlucky to count fish, and in Lincolnshire lambs; in Denmark, eggs under a brooding hen. This is Sir James's method. Thus, with immense pains, he treats the stories of Moses in the Bulrushes, of Jacob's marriage, and dozens of others.

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So here we have this enormous mass of material collected by the most industrious and luminous of all anthropological writers. Sir James's laboriousness and his conscientious accuracy are amazing; and not the least amazing thing about his researches is that all those which relate to outlandish tribes have been conducted in London and Cam-

bridge, and that the Suks, the Wolofs, the Mafulus, and the thousand others have never seen his face. He has eaten his way through libraries as a caterpillar eats his way through cabbages. His eye has never missed the relevant and the significant fact; he has systematised a world of knowledge collected sporadically by generations of travelling men. It is evident that he must work with a system of indexes so elaborate and comprehensive that scarcely any human custom or myth could be put before him as to which he could not quote parallels and resemblances, variations, and developments. A great scholar and a great organiser, he possesses, as so few scientific investigators do, a pellucid English style which is never burdened with technical jargon, which flows in an easy and even rhythm, and which (as in a fine meditative passage on Greek landscape in the first volume), can rise into a sustained and quiet beauty which betokens the man of letters, the lover and the editor of Addison and Cowper. But he has no argument; or, if he has, it is concealed and to be guessed at. His work is the accumulation and arrangement of knowledge, the demonstration of the world-wide prevalence of certain legends and rituals; and he leaves it to others to make controversial use of the facts that he has ascertained. He has no axe to grind, save the axe of scientific truth.

\* \* \* \* \*

And I doubt if, at this stage, other people will make as much controversial use of his book as they would have done had it been published thirty years ago. The dogmas of the Christian religion may be accepted or they may be denied, but the assumption that their truth was finally exploded by the demonstration (or, rather, the not quite proved hypothesis) that man had evolved from the brute creation and that the story in the first chapters of Genesis was an allegory or a fiction, is no longer made. It was realised, after a great deal of passionate debate about apes, in which one party seemed to be as anxious (quite apart from the question of truth) to be related to the apes as the other party were shocked by the Darwinian pedigree, that it did not matter a straw to the Christian Church whether evolution was "true" or not. Since it had always been, very reasonably, held that God must move in a mysterious way, the discovery or suspicion of one more mysterious way made no difference; it was seen to be no more remarkable that a man should be made out of an amoeba than that a woman should be made out of a rib. Anthropology and folk-lore make, and need make, no more impression. Mr. J. M. Robertson produced a book full of Pagan Christs; and the answer is that (if Mr. Robertson's information be accurate) they were Pagan, but they were not Christs. So with Sir James Frazer's investigation of the Old Testament, which book a great many Christians regard with a very serene detachment.

\* \* \* \* \*

A great deal of his information has rather a historical than a religious reference; it throws light on the social customs of that engaging race the Ancient Hebrews. In so far as stories like those of the Deluge are still taken literally, and regarded as important by believers, it might even be argued that his information confirms them. It has often been taken for granted that the Deluge could only be supposed to have happened if nobody but the Jews thought that it happened. But might it not be still more forcibly contended that whilst one nation's evidence was slender basis for the acceptance of such a fact, since everybody, from the Arctic Circle to the Congo, says that there was a deluge, there really may have been one? It is surely ridiculous to credit a witness on the condition that nobody else confirms his story. But this is not the place, and I have not the qualifications, to enter into theological or pseudo-theological argument; I may merely be allowed to express the opinion that the time has passed in which religion had need to dread the investigations of conscientious scientists or scientists felt impelled, in self-protection, or out of premature swelled head, to treat every natural fact that they discovered to be a nail in the coffin of faith. *The Golden Bough* is in every intelligent clergyman's library, and this work will follow it.



# THE THEATRE

By W. J. Turner

THE official description of *Jolly Jack Tar*, the new musical kinematographic melodrama at the Princes Theatre, is set forth thus:

"A Nautical Musical Drama in a prologue and two acts.

By SEYMOUR HICKS

and ARTHUR SHIRLEY. Music by HERMAN DAREWSKI.

Lyrics by Davy Burnaby, James Heard, and John P. Harrington. Staged by Frank Collins.

The entire scenery designed and executed by JOHN BULL.

The naval details have been supervised by two commanders of the Royal Navy."

Most of the blame, if you dislike the play, can therefore be put on the shoulders of Mr. Seymour Hicks, and after that in a gradual *decrecendo* upon the other collaborators, reserving a final sniff of disapproval for the two naval commanders. On the other hand, if you like the play, divide the credit from the bottom up, and justice is likely to be done. I add one note of warning: Do not think that the entire scenery was designed and executed by Mr. Horatio Bottomley!

The prologue begins with a motion picture—"The Sea." Whoever thought of this is to be praised; it is a logical beginning, and for some minutes the audience can gaze in silence at the waves rolling in on the shore and, if they have been able to get enough drink, contemplate all that liquid with entire satisfaction; teetotallers can think of King Canute, and poets of England:

This little world;

This precious stone set in the silver sea.

After the motion picture—or during it—there is a song: "The Voice of the Sea"—extremely touching. Then follow three *tableaux*: "Drake's Famous Game of Bowls," "In Nelson's Day" and "To-day," interlarded with motion pictures of Drake's presentation to Queen Elizabeth and Nelson's embarkation and death. I must confess to a strong distaste for faked motion pictures of past historical persons and events. I may be singular in this, but I cannot imagine how anyone can get pleasure out of what purports to be nothing more than an exact representation of an actual scene, and is not—and cannot be—an exact representation. Such motion pictures could only have merit and interest if they were true; for instance, our descendants will enjoy keenly all such real, topical films of to-day as the King and Admiral Beatty on board the *Queen Elizabeth*. The mania for faking which possesses all film-producers is fatal to any artistic merit in motion pictures, which, to have any virtue, must either be taken direct from real occurrences—when they will have the interest of being true representations of what actually occurred—or be admittedly fictitious, as a novel or a play, and depend entirely on the quality of their acting; which is, at present, for the most part bad.

Motion pictures are, however, ingeniously and effectively used all through *Jolly Jack Tar* to carry on the action, as, for example, when the hero, Ben Bartimus, swims to his ship, when the fleet is going into action, and when Ben escapes from the prisoners' camp into Holland. There are possibilities in this use of the film; and, indeed, one dramatist, Mr. Monckton Hoffs, in *Anthony in Wonderland*, had already experimented successfully with a motion picture as an integral part of a play; yet I am not sure that the removal of some of the stage's ancient limitations is an unmixed advantage. An escape from prison is just the kind of incident, for instance, that cannot be done adequately on the stage, but which can be marvellously done on a film; but we don't want dramatic authors to concentrate on that sort of thing, now they have the means to do it, to the exclusion of the far finer situations proper to the stage. It was a sound practice in Greek drama to have all incidents occur off the stage and be related, where necessary, to the audience; for it confined the dramatist to his vital business, the expression of character and the awakening of the imagination, and prevented him from fooling about with imitations of Ajax killing ten Trojans at a blow or similar nonsense.

In *Jolly Jack Tar*, on the contrary—which is an amusing

spectacle, and not a drama—the best scene is the attack on the Mole at Zeebrugge. This is really excellently done, and well worth seeing. The worst scene is the spy scene in the photographer's top floor in Soho, London, where a couple of Germans, disguised as photographers, receive messages about air-raids, and when the raid commences push open a desk and disclose a searchlight presumably to aid the Gothas; though its only possible effect, if it had any among the multitude of searchlights, would be to draw a bomb on their own heads. These two lunatics also ejaculate each time a bomb drops: "Let's hope that was Westminster Abbey!" It would be no credit to our Navy and Army, and to Foch, that Germany collapsed if all Germans were such fools as this pair. This scene is preceded by a motion picture entitled "Gothas preparing to start for London," and I chuckled on seeing that the so-called Gothas were really our B.E. 2 Ds., taken, obviously, from some aerodrome in England.

One of the best scenes was in the Inn, where the hero, Ben Bartimus (Mr. Ambrose Manning) has gone with some chums to have a jollification prior to going on board ship for the anticipated great "stunt," which, though unknown to them, is to be the attack on Zeebrugge. Here he is drugged, and his papers are taken by a German spy who intends to impersonate him and put a bomb on board the principal ship and blow her up. The attempts of Ben's "girl" (aged forty, and about the same weight) to prevent the spy's escape and to awaken Ben, and Ben's dawning realisation of what is at stake, and his heroic effort to recover control, are done with great verve, and when the spy ultimately escapes and Ben realises that he has missed his boat, and is, technically, a deserter, he thrills all hearts with a dramatic declaration that he will swim to his ship. This is where the film comes in, for we actually see Ben swimming to his ship and arriving like a drowned rat on board. Like the escape from prison scene, it is very effective, and, as I have mentioned above, points the way to motion pictures being largely used in future stage melodrama. On the whole, *Jolly Jack Tar* is a good entertainment, it is exceptionally well stage-managed, and is played by all concerned with great gusto.


Last week I received an interesting letter from a soldier who supports some recent remarks of mine on the inferiority of actual to imaginative experience. I hope he will pardon my giving a short extract here. He writes:—

"I have been in the war zone since the first Somme push—in the siege artillery. I have seen the fights for Thiepval from July 1st onward. I was in the grand scramble after Fritz when he retreated to the Hindenburg line in March, 1917. I saw the Australians marching up to take Bullecourt, assisted to hold up Fritz's big counter-attack there in April, 1915—was in the retreat of last March and the advance from Albert over the old Somme battle-fields this August—and yet I never felt so excited on any of those occasions well calculated to excite as when I saw a comparatively tame film of our people salvaging abandoned Hun war material on a cinema when home on leave. My recollection of "big stunts" and "great events" is that I always felt a sense of helpless disappointment in that my emotions seemed to refuse to rise to the pitch of excitement my dramatic craving demanded. I knew from experience that a very slight dramatic effect in a film picture is enough to arouse my emotions thoroughly, and I was obliged mournfully to tell myself that if I wanted to really enjoy the gloriously dramatic and thrilling in this war I must see it not in reality, but on the screen—in peaceful Blighty."


True, absolutely true; and yet there are men (over military age) who believe that war is more exciting than poetry!

There are very few soldiers who will not confirm this experience; but, of course, it is chiefly the more imaginative men who find war so little exciting. A military pageant, a procession down the Strand, or a brass band playing outside a Mess are far more stirring than the most tremendous battle; and if it were not for the fear of being killed, which at times becomes acute, war would have no excitement whatever. It has become a platitude that the poets have always idealised war, but it would be more exactly true to say that war had stolen its glamour from the poets.





# The Reader's Diary



## Recent Novels

WHEN I open a new novel and find a country squire who, on being disturbed in his library, says "D—mn!" in a loud voice, I hardly know where I am or what is happening. I turn back to the beginning of the book and confirm my first impression that it was published this year. I read on and come to the delicious sentence: "'Athène Ageleîé!' murmured the Major, who had been *proxime* for the Ireland and a Balliol man" (like the immortal Mr. King); and not many pages further the Squire observes: "By Zeus—*εἰ ποτ' ἔσται*—if it weren't for that, I should never keep the whip-hand of her at all!" Where are we then? I will not, gentle reader, keep you in suspense any longer. It is culture, a good large dollop of it, by the last surviving exponent thereof. It is *The War and Elizabeth*, by Mrs. Humphry Ward (Collins, 6s. net). But I must admit that here culture is, if only temporarily, the villain rather than the hero of the story. It describes how the country squire aforesaid, an enthusiastic classical scholar, saw in the war only something to resent because it interfered with his pursuits and with his plans for archaeological research. He refused to make any difference in his habits, objected to his sons becoming soldiers, forbade his daughters to do war-work, and landed himself into a first-rate quarrel with the local War Agricultural Committee. But Nemesis overtook him in the shape of a secretary whom he engaged on the strength of her classical qualifications. She defeated him in several pitched battles, reorganised his affairs and turned him almost into a model of a patriotic country gentleman. When the book closes he is begging her to marry him, and her ambiguous reply does not deceive me. His fascinating younger son, who went straight from Eton into the Artillery and carried the *Greek Anthology* to the front with him, is killed, of course; but I could see that that was inevitable from the first. On the whole, I do not think that this is Mrs. Ward at her best. I miss the strong but delicate clash of high politics which makes some of her books so exciting. I feel that the Greek should have been on the lips of a Prime Minister; and where are all those Dukes? Candidly, Mrs. Ward has strayed a little out of her proper sphere, has chosen much too topical a subject (she brings her story down to the present year) and has treated it very slightly and superficially. Perhaps culture, feeling the injustice of the whole thing, has revenged itself on the ungrateful author.

There is no culture at all about Mr. Keble Howard's *The Adorable Lad* (Melrose, 5s. net); but I have extracted a good deal of harmless amusement from it. One would not think that a book of fifteen stories, illustrating how a young man and a young woman can fall in love with one another in different ways and in different situations, could possibly save itself from monotony. But Mr. Keble Howard is a very ingenious and agile performer. He puts himself to the trouble of thinking out good surprises; and when he has thought them out he unfolds them to his readers with a considerable amount of cunning. He is not by any means a great artist; but he does what he sets out to do nearly every time. I think I like best the story of Jim Hotchkiss, the movie star, who got married in a lift.

Mr. Andreas Latsko, on the other hand, in *Men in Battle* (Cassell, 6s. net), like so many others who have attempted to describe the horrors of war, does not quite do what he sets out to do. The book has been highly praised by certain critics, and it has, I freely own, some powerful passages. There is one notable description of an Austrian officer taking a number of elderly Reservists for the first time into battle during the progress of a furious Italian attack. But it is hardly as good as *Le Feu* or Stephen Crane, hardly as good even as Ambrose Bierce. The author is an honest artist desperately anxious to make these horrors real, and several times he very nearly succeeds. But he is like a man trying to draw a heavy weight up to a window. He gets it to the edge, you think he has managed it, and then it slips again. He gets nearer to success than most; but that is not enough. These horrors are too horrible, unless we are to receive from the author's success in describing them the final thrill and purification of the spirit that comes from great art.

## Submarines

Very much has been written since 1915 about submarines, about our own submarines and their exploits, about U-boats and how to deal with them; but during this time I do not remember to have met with any book which gives so good and full an account of the whole subject as Sir Henry Newbolt's *Submarine and Anti-Submarine* (Longmans, 7s. 6d. net), or one which is so well and excitingly written. Sir Henry begins with the series of inventions and experiments which made the submarine possible; and he proves triumphantly that this long period of development owed nothing at all to German enterprise. Then, one by one, he takes all the different methods which have been used in this war for employing submarines and for countering them. He cannot, of course, tell us how the enemy organised his campaigns; but he does leave a fairly clear impression that in the whole story only the exploits of our own under-water craft are worthy to be compared with the exploits of the miscellaneous surface craft which kept the seas open even at the height of German submarine power. It is certain that the U-boats never at any time or place had the success which we gained in the Baltic and more than once in the Sea of Marmora. The boats that operated in conjunction with the Gallipoli campaign did not by any means confine themselves to warships and transports. They shelled troop trains and columns on the march; and they sent men ashore to blow up bridges and destroy railways. Of the anti-submarine devices, none has so much appealed to the public imagination as that of the decoys or Q-boats; and Sir Henry's account of the adventures of Captain Gordon Campbell, V.C., prove that public imagination is right. It was Captain Campbell's part to plod along pretending to be a tramp steamer, dismayed and helpless at the sight of an enemy; and when the German captains tumbled to this trick he went to the length of allowing himself to be torpedoed in order the better to lull the suspicious U-boat into a feeling of security. It is noticeable that on the first two occasions when this device was tried the same officer was slightly wounded by the explosion; and one cannot help wondering what Engineer Sub-Lieutenant John Smith, R.N.R., thought of the resource and ingenuity of his commander. I have unfortunately no space (I really say this with much more regret than usual) to mention a half or a quarter or even a tenth of the things Sir Henry has to describe. I can only repeat that this is not merely an exhaustive book on its subject, but also one of the most exciting war-books of any kind that I have read for a long time.

## Various Volumes

General Gourko's *Russia, 1914-1917* (Murray, 18s. net) is, I think, unique, as being the impressions during the war of a soldier who was for some time Chief of the General Staff of one of the great armies. General Gourko is naturally well-informed, and is a sincere and honest writer. Unfortunately, he is a little stiff and reticent; and, by not being able to let himself go, has just missed writing a great book. The most significant thing in his story is its pathos, the pathos of the keen soldier, who found himself faced at every turn by impossibilities and eventually saw all his hopes ruined. Captain R. B. Ross writes on a much smaller scale of *The Fifty-first in France* (Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d. net) and does let himself go with a vengeance in the way of language. He writes habitually in the style of "No time for lugubrious observations fell to our lot"; and it is a pity, for he has much that is interesting to tell of the famous Highland Territorial Division. Mr. Eric Keith's *My Escape from Germany* (Nisbet, 6s. net) is an exceedingly good specimen of its kind, which is becoming numerous. Part of the story covers the same ground as part of Mr. Ellison's book which has already been noticed here. Mr. Keith writes rather more vivacity and fluency than Mr. Ellison; the slight suggestion in his style that he is not used to writing gives a certain piquancy. His first escape, in which after being taken near the frontier he got out of the village lock-out and made a second attempt, only to be taken again probably after crossing the frontier, stands, I think, very high in the records of these adventures.

PETER BELL.



## Do Indemnities Hurt? : By Hartley Withers

IT seems curious, at first sight, that many people should be anxious about the purpose of the Allies, to make Germany pay the damage she has done in the course of the war, lest somehow its carrying out should do Germany good and the Allies harm. Such a notion seems to land us in the paradox that it is bad for a State or an individual to be paid its due debts and that it is good to be made to pay what they owe. Can this be so?

That this doctrine is causing our rulers very anxious searchings of heart is shown by their public utterances. Mr. Lloyd George has said that "Germany ought to pay, she must pay, but we are not going to allow her to pay in such a way as to wreck our industries." Sir Eric Geddes has observed that Germany can only pay in gold, goods, or labour; that Germany has no gold or not nearly enough to pay the bill, and that if she pays in goods it would "stagnate our production and labour market." These contentions seem to be an echo of Mr. Norman Angell's argument in his once popular book *The Great Illusion*, in which he set out to prove that war does not pay. In his eagerness to prove his case, he showed that France had made a wonderfully quick financial and industrial recovery from the effects of the war of 1870, having had to pay an indemnity of 200 millions; while Germany, which had received this sum, had suffered from severe crises followed by acute depression. Not only did the indemnity not do Germany any good, but the payment of it seemed to have helped France. If these things are necessarily so, it would appear to be a short cut to economic prosperity to be chronically in debt, and that the road to ruin is a position in which people owe us money and have to pay it. What a day of rejoicing it will be for all the unthrifty members of society if only this doctrine can be made good! We shall all proceed to outrun the constable as far as our creditors will allow us to do so in the happy consciousness that we are thereby best serving our own economic interests. It seems too good to be true, and so it is.

The analogy of a State with an individual is one that can easily be pressed too far, but it is often helpful if we do not allow ourselves to be run away with by it. Let us take the case of an individual who has won a law-suit and finds himself entitled to damages from his opponent to the tune of £20,000. Is this going to be his ruin? In one sense, it might; but it will depend entirely on the use that he makes of it. If he gave up work and plunged into a vortex of dissipation and extravagance he would, at the end of a few months of hectic life, find himself with his windfall spent, his berth lost, his habits of work forgotten, and himself a demoralised wastrel. If he put the money into safe investments at 5 per cent. he could settle down to comfort on £1,000 a year. Thereby, it may be contended, he would be spoilt for all time as a worker and producer; he would live on the sweat of other men's brows, and would toil not, neither would he spin. Quite so; but this is not exactly what is usually meant by ruin. He would be relieved of all care for the future, and might do extremely useful work of a kind that is not paid for in the world's marketplace. His third course might be to put the money into his business, fill his factory with the latest machinery or his farm with scions of the noblest breeding strains, and the most up-to-date appliances, and multiply his production manifold. Or, again, he might use the money to pay off a debt, and so purge his balance-sheet and improve his credit.

With a State in question, very much the same alternatives are open, except that no conceivable indemnity would be large enough to be parallel to £20,000 for an individual, because that sum, as we saw, sufficed, if he chose to use it in that way, to let him live happily ever after without having to do a stroke of work. We, as a nation, were estimated before the war to be consuming about £2,000 millions a year's worth of goods and services, and now our annual consumption must be very much higher in value owing to the depreciation of our currency's buying power (thanks to bad war finance) at the higher level of prices. To give us our pettifogging pre-war income of £2,000 millions, we should have to exact an indemnity of £40,000 millions, which is hardly practical politics in view of the more urgent claims on Germany's power to pay several of our Allies. If it were conceivable or possible it would hardly ruin us, would it? It would mean that everything that we needed for life on a pre-war scale would be provided for us, and we should be able to devote all the energy that this relief would set free to beautifying every city in our country, setting up a real system of education and a real standard of health, and generally advancing and improving ourselves, our surroundings, and our civilisa-

tion, which might then really begin to exist. Of course, some difficult questions would arise because the people who had hitherto earned a living by providing us with the goods and services necessary for subsistence would be thrown out of work; our whole economic system would have to be altered, and wealth would perhaps have to be distributed on quite a different basis. But the problem, even if it arose in this extreme form, would by no means necessarily involve the economic detriment of the nation, and might, if properly handled, tend to its great benefit.

### Means of Payment

But, as need hardly be said, the problem is not going to arise in this extreme form or in anything like it. It would be a most untimely act for anyone who is not in possession of all the facts of the case to attempt to forecast the amount that our Government can claim from Germany on account of the reparation that is due from her. But, whatever it is, it will depend on the use that we make of it whether it hurts us or does us good. There need be no question of wrecking our industries. Sir Eric Geddes' analysis of the modes in which Germany can make payment was not quite complete, and also seems (perhaps because he was not reported very fully) to imply a misapprehension. Gold, goods, or labour, yes; but also, perhaps, securities. We have during the course of the war paid for many millions' worth of munitions and food for ourselves and our Allies by selling our American and other securities to neutral countries who were providing our war needs. Before the war, Germany (or her citizens) had considerable investments in foreign countries. Probably she has parted with most of them; but our economic blockade made it difficult for her to dispose of them freely, and it is possible that she has some left. Again, besides goods actually to be produced in the future, there are factories and plant in Alsace-Lorraine owned by German capitalists, though these, if taken in part payment of the reparation bill, would naturally go to France. And there are merchant ships and many other things which may be called capital assets, and are not usually included in the term goods.

Apart from articles such as these, and any gold and securities that may be available, it is very evident that the only source from which Germany can pay her bill of damages is the surplus of her production of goods and services over and above what is required to keep her population alive and efficient and to maintain her working plant and equipment. But it does not follow (as Sir Eric and the Prime Minister both seem to imply) that any country which demands a payment from Germany will have to receive itself these goods and services in payment. The world-market will be as open to Germany as ever it was unless a general boycott is laid upon her, which certainly would prevent her paying debts to anybody. The actual mode of payment will, no doubt, be a matter of arrangement at the Peace Conference; but the natural way would seem to be for each Power that has a claim against Germany to demand payment in its own currency. If, for example, we claimed so many millions that sum would be payable, by annual instalments or otherwise, in sterling in London. Germany could provide that sterling directly by selling goods and services to England; but if we found that our own goods and services were cheaper and better we should not be compelled to take Germany's. She could sell her goods and services to America, Argentina, Scandinavia, or any other country, and these sales would give her claims, or bills of exchange, on those countries. These claims she could then sell, through the ordinary machinery of the exchange market, in London, and so would create a sterling balance for herself out of which she could meet her debt to us. "That won't do," our Protectionist friends will say, who are always horrified at the idea of goods of any kind coming into this country from abroad; "these claims on America, Argentina, etc., that Germany sells to us will have to be met, by the countries drawn on, in goods or services; they will have to export to us, and their goods will knock our industries into a cocked hat." We need not stop to argue this point, whether getting goods for nothing can really ruin a country, because, unfortunately, it will not arise for a very long time. We owe debts abroad—thanks to the war—to the tune of 1,300 millions, to say nothing of all those securities sold that we should like to get back. And claims on other countries in which Germany paid our bill for damages would be a most useful means of payment of those debts.



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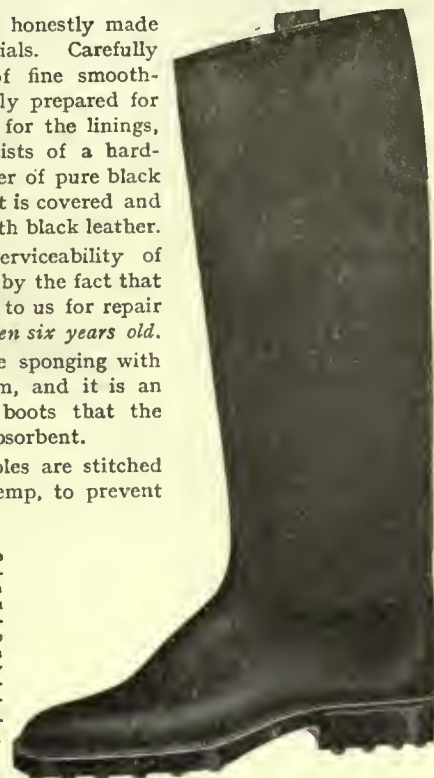
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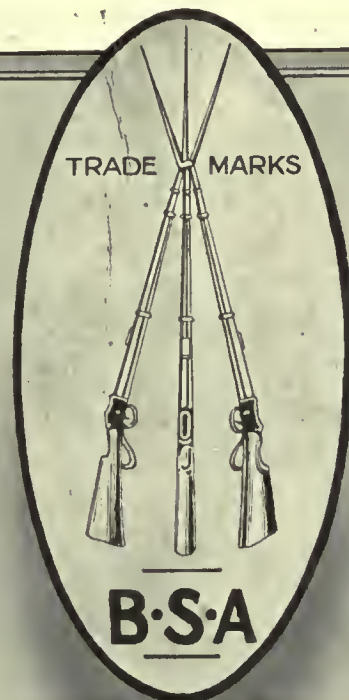
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# VICTORY NUMBER

Dec. 19 · 1918

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The January issues of LAND & WATER will contain many new features, including Mr. Joseph Conrad's wonderful story, "The Rescue," the early chapters of which will be published about the middle of the month. All orders for next year's LAND & WATER should be given at once.

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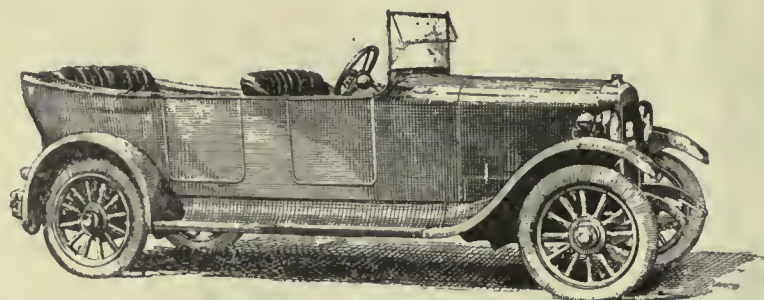
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# LAND & WATER

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[By Louis Raemaekers.]

## A PROMISE FULFILLED

This cartoon was originally published in LAND AND WATER, March 2nd, 1916,  
with the following text

### THE PROMISE

"We shall never sheath the sword until Belgium recovers all, and more  
than all that she has sacrificed."—Mr. Asquith, November 9, 1914.



# LAND & WATER

5 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2. Tel. Holborn 2828

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1918

## VICTORY

**W**E have beaten them. Four and a half years ago, strong in their "shining armour," they challenged the world; to-day, defeated and divided, they lie at our mercy. The bulk of their fleet has been surrendered to us. Belgium has been evacuated. The French have recovered Alsace-Lorraine. Thousands of guns and locomotives have been surrendered. British troops are marching through Cologne; Coblenz and the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein are in Allied hands; our prisoners are streaming back; theirs are still in our hands. The Kaiser is a contemptible refugee in Holland, and a Republic has sprung up behind him; and the chief outstanding question is the amount of the reparation that the Germans can and should pay to the Powers whom they wantonly assailed.

Four years ago the question was "Can we save the world?" So also three years ago, two years ago, one year ago. The answer always was "We must," but we never knew how many years and how much blood it would take to ensure that salvation. To-day the work has been done, and the only question is "How can we most wisely use the victory?" Not for a long time shall we be able to get the events of these crowded years in proper perspective, and it requires a great effort of the imagination to recall the changing scenes and emotions of the conflict. We can tell ourselves, yet we can hardly believe that there was a time when Lord Kitchener advertised in the papers for 500,000 men, and that there was also a time when his reputed prophecy that the war would last three years, sent a chill down the backbones of half those who heard it, and was ridiculed by the other half as the cynicism of a hard man, or the prophecy of a soldier who was insufficiently acquainted with politics. Four years ago the Old Army and the first Territorials were hanging on in Flanders by their teeth. The town and the towers of Ypres still stood, though somewhat damaged. Imperial Russia was slowly developing her strength in the field; Greece, Bulgaria, Roumania and a dozen other States later to be brought in were still neutrals; people who did not know how incompatible an alliance the Triple had been, even speculated as to which side Italy would ultimately join. Bernstorff was still busy in America, with a long run before him; the Tsar was his Army's idol; Francis Joseph and Tisza were great figures; we had never heard of Michaelis or Hertling, of Tanks, "Archies," Spanish influenza; the old Liberal Government was in office; the word "Lansdowneism" had no meaning. We catalogue this hotch-potch of great things and small in an attempt to suggest, rather than to measure, the distance we have travelled. Probably in no previous four years in the world's history have changes so multitudinous, changes political and social, changes in maps and manners, outlook, habit and dream, taken place. And rolling along under this changing surface of things has gone the movement of the war, a movement now seen in retrospect as, with all its local variations, almost as steady and inevitable as the progress of the stars, or of a great tragedy. Germany defied the world; the world slowly closed round her, and she fell. She lies prostrate and the world is discussing her fate.

But the victory is not yet complete. We were fighting Germany; but in fighting her we were fighting certain things

of which she was the great embodiment. As long as she stood armed with her weapons and her convictions, the world was not "safe," either for "democracy" or for anything else. The pace of human progress is largely determined by the actions of the most backward members of the human family. If one nation prepares for attack, other nations must inevitably prepare for defence. Enormous armaments, conscription, national preoccupation with preparations for strife, national subordination of ideas of liberty to the prime necessity of self-preservation, can never be local. One great Power, if allowed to tread the Prussian path, can largely determine the actions of the others. "You cannot," said Carlyle, "throw a stone without shifting the centre of gravity of the earth"; all human affairs are inextricably interwoven. The armaments and the philosophy of Germany in time of peace exercised a direct effect upon our elections, regulated in part the amount of taxation every one of us paid, affected the employment of masses of our citizens, and influenced, through the pressure, if not of fear, at least of the resolve to eliminate just cause for fear, our attitude towards every sort of political and social question. That was in time of peace; in war, Germany has been able actually to dictate to the greater part of the world's population what they should do, what they should eat, and to millions of them when they should die. It was of all this that President Wilson was thinking when he talked of making the world "safe."

Militarism, dynastic ambition, the theory of keeping subject nations under: these things, if allowed to flourish, can largely dictate and regulate the lives of the most pacific of mankind, and actually prevent the full growth, even on the most favourable soils, of the full fruits of liberty, equality and fraternity, because of the danger and the dread. We shall not have completed our victory unless we not merely prevent the revival of militarism in Germany, but also take steps to prevent the future development, whether by accident or design, of such an atmosphere of fears, suspicions, threats and the rattling of arms as we lived in before 1914. The peoples of the world must unite in a compact of peace so close that an aggressive war will henceforth be an undertaking foredoomed to failure; they must deliberately set themselves to develop both a machinery and a spirit which will before long produce the reality and the sense of security which must in the end lead to the progressive reduction of those armaments which have impeded human progress throughout past history. The most important "war-aim," the supreme war-aim, is the League of Nations. The great masses of the people in every country, ignorant though they may be of paper schemes and the language of diplomacy, are at one in their desire to lead their lives peacefully at their own work in their own homes. A plebiscite anywhere on the simple question "Ought war to be abolished or not?" would get an enormous majority in favour; and if the world's statesmen, through indolence or cynicism or jealousy, were to miss this opportunity of making the League of Nations a reality, our victory will have respite the world for a generation or two, but it will not have made it permanently safe. However tired we may be, it is our duty from now until the Congress never for one moment to forget what this war has been and what the next war will be.

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# The Stages of Victory: By Hilaire Belloc

**W**HAT is the story of the war? What is the picture of the war in its largest outlines?

It is exceedingly important for each of us to answer that question to himself as soon as possible rightly; for upon a right answer to it will depend our whole judgment of the innumerable details with which the picture will later be filled in as information is gradually released and co-ordinated.

It is often said that a great historical event cannot be told by its contemporaries. If this is usually true if we speak of the spirit and even of the causes of that event, it is obviously true if we speak of its consequences, for only the future can develop consequence. But it is not true of mere record. Record can be established, and is established in all civilised times by contemporaries for posterity.

Again it is said that a true historical picture of anything, especially of a great thing, cannot be drawn until the mass of detail which necessarily takes a long time to arrive, is available. *That* is not a partially true judgment, but a completely false one. It is just the other way. Unless one has a sound general outline the detail is worthless. The correction and therefore the truth of one's picture entirely depends upon a just estimate of values. Unless we have things in their right order, first the largest main divisions, then their true sub-divisions, and then these sub-divided again into their true compartments, we can never see the thing as a whole; and it is not any new details which will change our judgment in this respect, nor any mass of new details.

We, the contemporaries, are then in a position—in spite of the mass of material still hidden from us, to summarise the great war, and that is the task which I propose to approach this week and next; so that, to the four years and more of analysis which this paper has presented to its readers, there may be added, by way of conclusion to such a series, a catching-up of the whole story into one simple frame.

The great European War of 1914-18 lasted for four years and three and a half months, if we regard the armistice as its conclusion. The first solemn act of war was undertaken in the last days of July, 1914, when an Ultimatum, designed for rejection, was sent by the German Government to the Government of what was then the Russian Empire and what is still the French Republic. The first shots were fired a few days later upon the frontiers of the territory of Belfort in France, where the first man in French uniform was killed by German raiders who had crossed the frontier upon a raid. The last shot was fired, it appears, by an African soldier in the French service immediately upon the stroke of 11 o'clock in the morning of November 11th last.

This great space of time, covered by a struggle which has destroyed more human lives and more accumulated human wealth than any conflict of similar or of much longer duration in the past, is divided into three clear periods, but before

enumerating these, I must postulate a principle in military history which it is easy to forget and which is yet vital to its apprehension.

The divisions into which a campaign logically falls, the parts which make up the whole, do not vary in importance at

all according to their length nor even according to the severity of the fighting undertaken during each, nor according to the losses each involves. Whether one is writing the history of a single action, or of a whole campaign, or of many combined campaigns, such as this great war has been, the logical division, the only division which enables us to understand the affair, is one which separates each successive stage in the event. This is particularly true of Siege Warfare in which the various stages naturally present an extraordinary contrast in their duration, and as this war was essentially a Great Siege we shall discover a similar contrast in the duration of its various stages.

In other words, one cannot write the story of the war as one writes the story of most human events, by dividing it into more or less equal or, at any rate, comparable units of time. It is not the first, the second, or the third year, or a month, or a week, or an hour of military operations which forms a separate chapter therein. The chapters are divided by turning-points in the *nature of the struggle*.

I have said that this war was essentially a Great Siege. Now the steps of a siege are these:—

First, there is the operation whereby the besieged force is thrown by the besiegers behind its defences and compelled to sustain the conditions of a siege. This preliminary stage is commonly a short one compared with what follows.

The second phase in any siege, small or great, is the commonly protracted phase of reducing the entrenched enemy. During this effort infinite variations may appear, expanding in number and complexity with the size of the force and with the length of time the siege may last. There are defalcations, desertions, sometimes from within the besieged body. New allies may appear upon either side. The besieged will attempt to raise the siege by great sorties—that is pushings outward with the object of breaking the siege wall and raising the siege. If none of these chances upon either side, in the way of new allies or in the way of the breakdown of original supports, is sufficient to destroy the fundamental character of siege work, that is if no such accident is sufficient to raise the siege, then there will come at last a third phase, which is commonly rapid, almost as rapid as the preliminary phase. And that third phase is the collapse of the besieged.

I think it is true to say that of all the great sieges in history this

triple division is true. Take Metz, for example, in 1870. You have the French Army going forward confident of victory. It is thrown back through no matter what blunders into the fortress of Metz. There is a long period of containment. There is the sudden conclusion and capitulation.

Take Paris in the same year. There is here a clearly



MARSHAL FOCH



FIELD-MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG



anticipated enemy advance upon the city. There is a short preliminary. The second phase is a siege of many weeks, during which the main operations are, especially towards its close, vigorous efforts by the contained garrison to break the siege ring, and vigorous efforts by friendly armies from within to join hands with these sorties. Then at the end one last great sortie which fails, Buzenval, and then collapse and capitulation.

The tale might be indefinitely extended. Though the three periods differ very much in the various cases, the preliminary phase sometimes lasting for a long period, and the siege proper for a short one. Rarely, but occasionally, the concluding period, the breakdown of the siege is not an immediate climax but a prolonged affair. But as a rule you have in any great siege this proportion between the three divisions—the first one comparatively short, the central one very long, doubtful, tedious (usually provoking in the camp of the ultimate victors recrimination and spasmodic weakness of will) the final one, a rapid collapse.

Now in the great war just concluded those three phases are clearly marked and our first business is to set their boundaries as clearly as may be.

The three main chapters of the great war were:—

I. The driving of the enemy to earth in the West. That was the business of the invasion of France and the Battle of the Marne. It lasted about eleven weeks and its most active part less than a month.

II. In which we have the most varying fortunes. The two attempts to break out on the West which fail, the effort of the besiegers to get round by the East through the Dardanelles which fails; the great sortie on the East which almost succeeds and ultimately politically does succeed; on the other hand the advent of Italy in aid of the Western besiegers, the abortive effort against Egypt, the failure of the first campaign in Mesopotamia, the stopping of the Eastern sortie just before it reaches the *Ægean*, the repeated efforts to achieve a breach on the West, in which the besiegers continually failed, the great sortie of Verdun which in its turn fails, and so forth.

The whole of this complex story, the chaos of which has prompted so many false judgments, is, in its largest aspect, no more than the ups and downs which you get in any great siege. But there comes in the midst of this section a political event of the first importance, which is the elimination of one half of the besieging forces and the raising of the siege upon the East by the disappearance of what was once the Russian Empire. When this revolution was complete the opportunity of the besieged was doubled or trebled. They were not slow to take advantage of it, and you have their last great series of sorties against a besieging foe now far less strong in proportion, for, though recently joined by the United States, that Power had not yet had time to develop its military effort. The central part of the story, therefore, the siege proper, concludes with the tremendous sorties coming within an ace of success which we may call respectively those of Caporetto and Amiens, including the sequels of Amiens, the Lys, the Matz and Rheims.

All this central division comes to an end upon July 15th, 1918, when the main blow east of Rheims broke down. On Thursday, July 18th, 1918, the third and last phase had begun.

III. The last phase of the great war is the collapse of the besieged Prussianised Germanies; the head of the great Central Alliance can no longer support her dependents. The counter-attack, that is the breaching of the wall, begins. The dependents of Prussia upon the East fall away, first Bulgaria, then Turkey, then Austria-Hungary. Blow after blow upon the main Western front decides the issue and just as this last standing portion of the wall is about to collapse an armistice is sought by the vanquished, and is conceded with a delay of three days, extending to the morning of November 11th. The besieged accept the terms of capitulation upon that day and hour, 11 a.m. in the morning of November 11th, and the siege is at an end.



FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT FRENCH

and which was in this case, as it is in nearly all siege cases, rapid.

# I

The first phase, the preliminary, which consisted in the throwing back of the enemy behind siege lines ran, if we begin at the beginning and follow the war from its very inception, as follows:—

Three years before the declaration of war the Prussian General Staff had determined to launch it after the harvest of 1914.

If this statement, which has been repeated over and over again in these columns, seems too bold, it can only be because the arguments supporting it have been forgotten. They are conclusive. Everything converges upon that date.

(a) The Prussian General Staff began in 1911 to re-arm all their forces with that heavy artillery which played so great a part in the campaign: *it took three years*.

(b) Towards that same date converges the widening and deepening of the Kiel Canal.

(c) The financial operations of the principal enemy State covered the same period, notably the great levies on capital towards its close.

(d) The great and unexpected increase of the armed forces of Germany covers the same period. They were first constituted in the beginning of the period and came to maturity in central part and they attained their fruit just before war was

declared. When we remember that this point of departure also corresponds with the critical moment of Agadir the thing becomes plain enough. Nothing can possibly explain all that followed Agadir, the exact period of time required for the completion of the various preparations, the convergence of all these upon this one point of time—save the determination to wage an aggressive war in the late summer—that is, after the harvest, of 1914. Whether the occasion or pretext—the



MARSHAL JOFFRE



murder of the Archduke—was deliberate, wilful or accidental, perhaps a remote posterity will decide, more probably evidence will be lacking. At any rate whether the coincidence was a piece of statecraft or not, the occasion was provided, and the Austrian Government, under the inspiration of Prussia, presented to Serbia an Ultimatum the like of which no civilised nation has ever received. At was equivalent to a semi-annexation if it had been accepted without modification. Every effort was made on the part of Europe as a whole, and Serbia in particular, to avoid the conflict directly aimed at by this Ultimatum. Nearly all the onerous terms of the demand were accepted. Arbitration for the rest was proposed—and refused. The Prussian General Staff was determined upon its war. It had no doubts of an immediate success, though the determination of the British Cabinet after a delay of some days to support France and Russia was not expected by the enemy, nevertheless the brevity and supposed necessary success of his attack were thought by him to outweigh the obvious advantage conveyed to his enemies by the support of British supremacy at sea.

The enemy's situation was as follows: He commanded by far the largest of fully organised, fully equipped military strength in the world. He had a completely conscripted and mobilisable population of 121 million souls, capable of mobilising within the first few months of the conflict some 12 millions of men, or if these were not immediately used, of creating a correspondingly increased reserve. The two central Empires governed by the Hohenzollerns and the house of Habsburg-Lorraine, disposed of all these gigantic forces. Politically they were united, though in the first weeks of the war some independence of command was left to the Austrian half of the partnership. This most formidable military instrument had opposed to it upon the East the numerous but very ill-equipped Power of Russia. This Power, while it boasted numbers could not control a sufficient equipment. It was not industrialised and, when the war became a very long struggle dependent upon a highly industrialised effort, nothing but a vague and rather ill-calculated idea of a sort of swamping of ill-armed and ill-instructed forces could have made men exaggerate its force. There was indeed in the Central Empires a certain dread of such forces, rather sentimental than military, but at any rate such as it was it would take a long time to gather and to strike its blow through territory where even roads were rare and railroads had perhaps a tenth of the efficiency and less than a tenth of numerical value compared with those of Central Europe.

The obvious plan of campaign had been to move against the French Republic which, though fully conscripted and rapidly mobilisable, counted but a third of the power of the Central Empires in the strength immediately available; to destroy the armies of that Power; then to stem, as it easily could, meet, and throw back the mere numerical tide of an ill-equipped and slowly moving Russian foe, and then to complete the campaign in the brief delay of perhaps a few weeks or, at the most, months.

In this calculation the enemy had three assets. The first moral, the next two material, which were of great value to him. The moral asset was a tradition of unbroken victory extending beyond the military knowledge of all men living,

and inspiring every action of the Prussian General Staff. The wars which it had fought had been brief and overwhelmingly successful. Upon their success had been based a rapid and astonishing expansion of wealth and material power, as well as of prestige. Meanwhile they had, if not upon principle abandoned, a declining sense of the great defeat of a generation before. They were in the mood for victory. The French though determined to resist were uncertain of the future.

The two material factors which a wise man would rather consider, apart from their overwhelming superiority in numbers, were first a provision of heavy artillery for the field far superior to that of the French, and secondly, the theory or discovery—at any rate the just judgment—that the ring fortresses upon which the French depended for their defence would not hold against a modern siege train, *informed and corrected in its fire by aircraft.*

This last advantage was the critical point of superiority in the enemy's scheme. The enemy was perfectly right, and the French school in their reliance upon the ring fortress wrong. The change had come with such suddenness that it had not been appreciated save at Berlin. But come it had, and the ring fortress which in former years would have held out for months could now hold out for not more than a few days.

We know what followed. The enemy, in sweeping through the Belgian plain was held but for a few days at Liège, for but a few hours at Namur. On August 21st the Germans along the line of the Sambre overwhelmed the advanced forces of the French, with the British contingent which formed the extreme left wing of the Allies upon that line.

The British Expeditionary Force, though but five per cent. of the total Allied force upon the West at this moment, had certain characters which gave it a peculiar value. The chief of these was that it was composed of regular professional forces and possessed a fire-power and discipline superior to that of the conscript armies with which they worked. The second was that, professional as it was, there fell to it the task of covering the extreme marching wing of the retreat. It had a far heavier task imposed upon it than was imposed upon any other part of the Allied line swinging back, pivoting upon Verdun. The strain upon it was correspondingly severe, but it maintained its organisation and reached the neighbourhood of Paris at the end of ten days' retirement unbroken. Upon the 2nd and 3rd September, 1914, ten days, as I have said, after the defeat of the Allies upon the Sambre (to which the British gave the title of Mons and the French of Charleroi), there opened that great action which determined the form of the war (that is, which made it a siege war), and which will be known to history as the Battle of the Marne.

This battle was the first example (many were to follow) of the error which ultimately ruined Prussia in the field: our superior

upon the whole in tactics, and especially in tactical instruments (until the advent of the tanks); far our superior in preparation—for she had desired, planned, and for a generation envisaged such a war, whereas the Allies had less and less considered that tragedy possible—she was happily the inferior of older and better civilisations in that supreme test of intelligence and culture—strategy. The strategy of the enemy, in its largest aspect, was inferior. What happened



MARSHAL PETAIN



GENERAL SIR EDMUND ALLENBY



at the Marne was this. A great swing down through Belgium and Northern France, pivoting upon the region of Verdun presented, of course, an open flank at its extremity. This open flank—the right flank of the German First Army under Kluck—was not properly scouted—there was no provision for a sufficient flank guard with all its functions. A mixture of over-confidence and of unintelligence was the cause of such an error, and of that error the French Higher Command took immediate advantage. This open flank, protected by no more than two divisions, and these two divisions far too close to the main army, were struck at noon on September 5th by the Sixth French Army, the initiative of this particular stroke being that of Gallieni, the Governor of Paris.

With extreme rapidity, another example of tactical excellence, Kluck brought back his divisions from beyond the Marne and successfully met and resisted the attack upon the flank which he had so foolishly neglected, but though he was able to re-establish local equilibrium the main battle was lost, for the whole line was strained. Fifty miles away in the centre upon the fifth day of the battle there arose an opportunity for a counter-stroke, and Foch, there commanding, struck with the 42nd French Division right into the exposed side of the Prussian Guard, overthrew that body of men, and thereby decided the Battle of the Marne; the line was pierced and an immediate retreat was imposed upon the Germans. That retreat reached prepared positions upon the line of the Aisne, consisting of hilly country north of Soissons. These positions were carried across the plain of Champagne, unhappily within close range of Rheims. They utilised the forest of the Argonne. They were occupied by forces still far superior numerically to those which had defeated them in the great battle. Those positions held against continued Allied assaults, which were soon found vain and abandoned.

But the preliminaries, the throwing of the enemy into his fortress, were not yet accomplished. There still lay after that September 2nd-3rd, when the pursuit to the Aisne was checked, a great open space between the extremity of the German line which had halted, and the sea. Drawing the line roughly, it reached from the neighbourhood of Soissons to the southern Belgian coast. There was here a great open gate of which surely the high numerical superiority of the enemy could have taken advantage. Here might he have redressed the consequences of the Marne by coming round upon his right and restoring a war of movement. He failed to do so. Once again his strategy was at fault.

The Prussian school of strategy, copied from the examples given by Napoleon, could imitate the pattern but could not for a moment discover the soul of that commander. Its plans developed extraordinary detail, and superficially they seemed to comprise the supreme, the absolute, military virtue of rapidity. But only superficially. Rapidity in execution of a plan so carefully mounted Prussian strategy possesses, or rather possessed (for it is now dead), *but rapidity of change it never possessed*—that is the supreme quality of the French. Elasticity of mind, the power to grasp a new situation and to act in a novel way in conformity to it, that no German of to-day seems to possess whether in the military or in any other field. While the Prussian General Staff was making its arrangements for so

complete and unexpected a change in the situation, while it was grouping its men together round the north to use the open gate, that gate was closed by the Allies. With astonishing speed, by a piece of railway work far superior to any which the enemy himself could show even in the latter phases of the campaign, the British force was transferred bodily from the front of the Aisne to that of Ypres, and the French armies

ran up, one superimposed upon the other in a ladder, closing all the country in between from the junction of the Aisne and the Oise to the right flank of the new British positions. The Belgians and certain French forces mixed with them, notably the famous Marine Brigade, closed the last few miles of the front of the Lower Yser and reached the sea at Nieuport. With this operation complete round about October 20th-22nd, the preliminaries of the great siege war ended, and the investment or containment had begun. We have next to follow the far longer story of the siege itself, with its great sorties; the failure over and over again of the besiegers to effect a breach; the triumphant success of the besieged in eliminating one whole sector of the siege ring—Russia; the use they made of this relief for the production of a new tactical instrument; their employment of that instrument in the last great efforts in the West to break out—Caporetto and Amiens; the final breakdown of those efforts upon July 15th of this year. This central, second, phase covers nearly four years.



GENERAL SIR HENRY RAWLINSON

## II

The essential of a siege is the confinement of a force to manœuvre within containing lines imposed upon it by an opponent. This does not mean that these lines are necessarily stable. They may fluctuate. But so long as they are intact, and so long as the besieged are enclosed within them, siege conditions remain. The advantage of the position of the besieged are these: he moves upon what are called "interior lines"—that is he can transfer a force from one part to another of the boundaries containing him more quickly than the besiegers can similarly transfer a force. For they are working on the outside of a circle and he from the inside. Therefore, the besieged ought to be able to deal as an equal with bodies larger than its own. Finally, if there is the hope of ultimate relief from without, the besieged force may play a very useful rôle in occupying the energies of the besiegers and eliminating them from action elsewhere while relief comes up.

The advantage to the besiegers is that they have their enemy under known conditions. A siege is the most calculable of all forms of warfare and, roughly speaking, the history of all great sieges is the defeat of the besieged save from two modifying accidents: 1. The arrival of a large relief force. 2. Lack of tenacity on the part of the besiegers or quarrels among them. Short of these two modifying factors the great sieges

of history have almost invariably ended in the capitulation of the besieged.

To this advantage enjoyed by the besieger in a siege war must be added the auxiliary condition of blockade (the term blockade is strictly used in the language of international law for a particular marine operation. The French word *blocus* being more commonly used in international documents for a blockade by land: but I know of no English



GENERAL MANGIN



word to express the idea save the general term blockade). As the besieged are contained within the lines, while the besiegers have all the outer space at their disposal the besiegers should be able to receive supply up to the limits of the capacity of their demand. While they should equally be able to prevent the besieged from receiving supply, save such supply as can be produced from within the besieged area.

Now in the light of these clear and simple principles, let us examine the conditions of that great siege into which the war was transformed from the middle of October, 1914, to the collapse which began in July, 1918.

We note in the first place that the besieged area is so great that the problem differs in scale from any other or similar problem in the past. Not only is the area vast, but it can produce a great mass of supply. It had more than half the coal of Western Europe and something like half the iron, all the petroleum with the exception of the Caucasus supply which could not be got through the Dardanelles where Turkey had joined the enemy, and it had—supposing a sufficient labour supply—enough cultivated soil to feed its population. That is the first point in which this siege differed from nearly every other siege in history.

Secondly, you had the paradoxical state of affairs that during all the first year of the siege and during the last year as well, the besieged were actually more numerous than the besiegers. They had been contained by superior military skill not by superior numbers; and that is an exceedingly rare condition in the history of siege warfare. It obviously gave the besieged a special advantage.

The weapon of the blockade, which is the great auxiliary of the besieger, could not—supposing a sufficient labour supply, sufficient political discipline—actually starve out the besieged, nor could it seriously interfere with military supply (especially with the vital and fundamental production of steel) save in the matter of tropical or sub-tropical products of which the two most important are india-rubber and cotton, the latter being the essential, or nearly the essential, for the making of propellant explosives. Imperfect, therefore, as the blockade was in this case (in most historical sieges it has been the chief weapon of the besieger) it was rendered still weaker by the curious position in which the Allies found themselves relative to supply. The war was on such a large scale that the resources of the whole world had to be put under contribution, and the largest field of supply, the one containing all forms of supply and by far the greatest mechanical power for producing it, happened to be neutral. It was the United States. Lest the opportunity of supply from this source should fail it was necessary to accede in part to the claim of the United States that neutrals had the right to trade with either belligerent unhampered so long as the goods they delivered were not contraband of war: *e.g.*, the right to trade in foodstuffs for the civilian population, clothing stuffs for them (in which cotton might be included) and so forth. Until the United States entered the war the blockade was necessarily imperfect.

Lastly, we must remember in connection with all siege warfare the following principle. It is the business of the besiegers not only to contain the besieged but, especially when there is no chance of starving them out, to effect a breach, as it is called, in the lines behind which the besieged are defending

themselves. Once such a breach is effected the defensive line ceases to exist as a whole, it is rolled up and the army defending it is defeated and the siege ends in a welter of dissolution within the besieged garrison. Unless such a breach is effected the siege, when the besieged have ample supply, might be so long as to exhaust the besiegers.

Conversely it is the business of the besieged to try to break out. If they can break out successfully they in their turn destroy the opposing line: roll it up. Not only is the siege raised, but the besieged achieve victory and destroy the army which had been besieging them, and these efforts of the contained garrison to break the line containing them are technically known as *sorties*, a French word which, like most French terms adopted into technical military language, is of a simple conversational sort and merely means "a going out." As we shall see in a moment this great war was one long series of such unsuccessful attempts to effect a breach on the one side, to break out on the other, until the long process of exhaustion told at last, more against the besieged than against the besiegers and the collapse of the former ensued.

Bearing these general principles of siege warfare in mind and noting the particular conditions attaching to this individual great siege, we can proceed to enumerate its various phases.

(a) *The first phase was a vigorous attempt of the enemy to break out through the Western line.*

The sector chosen was the extreme northern end of the line against the North Sea, the sector defended by the British in front of Ypres and by the French and Belgians along the Lower Yser inside Nieuport. This attempt will be known in the history of the war to the British as the first Battle of Ypres, to the French and Belgians as the Battle of the Yser. The latter term is perhaps the more accurate, because the whole effort was made upon the line of the Yser from south of Ypres northwards. The sector was ill-chosen. It is true that even if a breach were not effected here and the line merely pushed back, that operation, a failure though it would be in the largest strategical sense, would yet give the Germans command of the Channel ports and thereby heavily impede the communications of the Western allies. It is further true that the sector chosen had the best communications behind it and could be more rapidly supplied with men and munitions by the great railway system which covers the Belgian plain and leads directly to the principal source of enemy supply, the Westphalian coal field. Nevertheless, strategically the sector was, as I say, ill-chosen, because in breaking a line you have more effect in proportion as you are nearer the centre of that line. When you merely turn a line from its extremity your enemy has a much better chance of falling back before you intact. At any rate the sector was so chosen, and the enemy had the great advantage of heavy superior numbers and a far greater superiority in equipment, especially in his supply of shell.

The shock was delivered but did not succeed. The critical day was October 31st, 1914, the last day of very heavy fighting was November 11th. After less than a fortnight it was clear that the effort had failed.

(b) *The first counter attempt to effect a breach.*

This first round, as it were, in the siege was succeeded by a counter-effort delivered by the French and occupying the



GENERAL PERSHING



GENERAL SIR HENRY WILSON



first weeks of the New Year, particularly strong in the month of February, and continued on through the spring. Its field was the Artois, that is the province of which Arras is the capital, and its object was to pierce the German defensive system in this region. It failed. And during its failure were discovered both by the enemy and by the Allies two principles of the highest moment to the future of the war. The first was the unexpected strength of the modern defensive. The second was the still more unexpected scale upon which munitionment would be required. Both these new factors were heavily in favour of the besieged. He had a far greater immediate supply of equipment and munitionment, and, the besieged essentially relying upon the defensive, the strength of the defensive was in his favour. The theory almost universally accepted up to this moment that a defensive line would yield within a calculable time to a modern offensive had to be abandoned, and the prospect of a lengthy war appeared.

Meanwhile upon the eastern side of the siege ring, where Turkey had joined our enemies and so closed the Dardanelles, the forces of the Russian Empire, occupied in their turn with the attempt to effect a breach, were clearly inadequate to that task. They went slowly forward indeed, occupying Galicia, but the line of the Carpathians held them, and there was no sign of a crack in the defensive lines, which gradually retired before them to the north of those mountains until by the end of the spring the offensive here was halted without strategical result. The occupation of Lemberg and the capitulation of the fortress of Przysml were successes which attracted the public eye, but they were not true strategical results, for the siege line remained intact on the defensive side.

(c) *The attempted breach of the Dardanelles.*

During this same period an isolated effort, due to the initiative of the British Government acting independently of its Allies, was begun. This was the attempt to effect a breach upon that sector of the great siege ring which commanded the entry to the Black Sea, that is, the Straits of the Dardanelles. It is clear upon the map that a successful breach effected at this point would have had immediate strategic consequences of the highest value. It would not, indeed, have broken into the besieged area, for the Turkish ally of the Central Empires might rather be regarded as an outwork to the general siege ring, the capture of which would not effect a breach in that ring. Even if all Turkey in Europe had been held the siege lines from the Baltic to the Roumanian border and from the Iron Gates to the Adriatic would have remained intact. But the forcing of the Dardanelles would have given immediate access to Russia. It would have released for the West stores of food and of oil and, much more important, it would have permitted western industry to supply the Russian forces.

Now as the ultimate collapse of Russia was entirely due to lack of equipment—to the fact that Russia was not a highly industrialised country, while the war was turning out to be essentially an industrial war—there was need for equipment on an immensely larger scale than anyone had hitherto dreamed of. The power to furnish Russia from the West rapidly and continuously was essential to the full continuation of the siege. The effort to force the Dardanelles failed; prob-

ably because it was not munitioned with a sufficient supply of shell. The fire power at its disposal was inadequate to the protection of the four miles of trenches which covered the peninsula. Had there been present in face of those trenches heavy artillery and its shell up to the scale of the contemporary artillery work in the Artois, the expedition would probably have succeeded. There were, of course, many other causes

which contributed to the failure. This seems to have been the principal one. It is, however, true, that if the attempt to force the Dardanelles had been made at once in the very earliest days of the war, still more if the Allies had seized Constantinople before Turkey had joined the Central Empires, the objects of the expedition would have been achieved. It is too early yet to say where and how the failure of supply came in, but it seems clear that the original idea that the thing could be done by naval forces alone was largely responsible for the delay. And there are some who maintain (a matter which only future evidence can clear up) that naval power would have been able alone to force the passage had the effort been maintained for a sufficient length of time; but upon this I am incompetent to write.

(d) *The fourth and last of the early efforts consisted of one more attempt on the part of the besieged to break out in the West.*

Once again the field chosen was the field of the Yser, the scene of their former defeat. This attack, which took place in the month of April, 1915, bears the name in the British Service of the Second Battle of Ypres. It will ever be memorable as the first occasion upon which poison was used in war—an innovation due to the Prussian General Staff, and taking the form of poisoned gases which destroyed men with the utmost torment, and at the moment profoundly affected the conscience of Europe, which has since that date become accustomed

to almost every perversion of warfare native to the German mind. It is remarkable that upon this occasion a rupture was actually effected. When poison gas was first used the point chosen was the point of junction between the British and their French allies north-east of the town of Ypres. The extreme French right, here composed of colonial troops, gave way altogether, and the extreme British left, composed of Canadian troops, was therefore left "in the air." This latter force was handled with remarkable skill, and it displayed a discipline and energy which helped to save the situation. But it is none the less true that through the retirement of the French right, or rather its complete breakdown, there was for some hours on that day an open gap of which the enemy might have taken immediate advantage. The reasons he did not seize it have not yet been made clear. At any rate he missed his opportunity, and the Second Battle of Ypres ended like the first in the failure of the besieged to break through.

With these four efforts what may be called the initial stages of

the great siege come to an end, and we approach operations of a larger type; for just when the power of the defensive had seemed to prove, in every sector where it had hitherto been tried, invulnerable, the enemy, calculating on the lack of equipment and munitionment of his opponents upon the eastern side determined upon a great *sortie* over that eastern side, and the breaking through of the Russian line opposed to him.



LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR ARTHUR CURRIE



GENERAL GOURAUD



(e) *The over-running of Poland and Serbia.*

The preparation for this great effort had occupied all the later winter of 1914-15, and by the end of April everything was ready for its inception.

The principle upon which the attack was based was the concentration of an hitherto unknown mass of artillery, to "blast through" the siege lines by such an overwhelming weight of fire as warfare had never seen—something a hundredfold greater than other bombardments. This conception was furthered by the corresponding weakness of the defensive to which it was opposed. Under the unexampled concentration of artillery drawn up between the Carpathians and the Upper Vistula in front of Cracow (the sector which had been chosen for the effort) the Russians had but a few heavy guns and were provided with a stock of ammunition wholly inadequate to the task of defence. As the campaign proceeded this handicap grew more and more severe, until by the end of the summer many of the Russian units lacked even rifles and were captured armed with clubs alone, while for many batteries shell failed altogether.

Behind this immense concentration of artillery the Germans and Austrians had created under the command of Mackensen what they called a "phalanx"—that is a very dense body of men capable of supply only by a main railway (along which they marched), and destined to utilise the breach which artillery would effect. It was upon the last day of April, 1915, that this formidable new instrument of warfare struck its blow, and upon May 1st its success was complete. The lines between the Upper Vistula and the Carpathians, which are known as the Lines of Gorlice, were completely breached, and an extremely rapid advance of the phalanx followed. The Russians fell back with very heavy loss of men and guns, first to the line of the San, then further eastward towards Lemberg, and to the south towards their own frontier, while in the north a corresponding movement to keep the line, necessitated the retirement ever, where upon the Vistula.

It was the singular feature of this continuous Austro-German advance which, during the summer of 1915, completely over-ran Poland, that in spite of Russia's growing weakness and the desperate lack of weapons, the siege was not, in the full strategical sense of the term, raised. In other words, though the Russian Army fell back two hundred miles and though, when, in the accurate words of Lord Kitchener, the enemy had "shot his bolt," by the end of the summer he held a line stretching from near Riga right away to the Roumanian frontier and even occupied posts through the Pripet marshes covering Brest, yet he still had in front of him intact, though deplorably weakened, a *siege line*.

As it later turned out, the effect of the great German and Austrian advance over Poland was political.

Meanwhile in the September of that year, while the last successes of Germany and Austria were being won upon the Polish field, England and France attempted, by two converging attacks, to effect a breach in the Western line. They had studied the lessons of the enemy successes in front of Cracow. They in turn massed artillery upon a scale hitherto undreamed of by them, and upon September 25th, 1915, the French upon one side of the great German salient in Northern France, in Champagne, the British upon the other side above La Bassée delivered the heaviest

blow of which they were then capable. Neither succeeded. The French double effort, though costing the enemy a heavy loss in prisoners and guns, though shaking him for the moment, and until it was better studied and understood, promising further development, actually failed. No breach was effected and the incident in the long run increased the prestige of the modern defensive in general, and of our enemy's in particular. They had held; and while they thus held in the West, they stood though still faced by siege lines, complete masters of Poland.

The losses of these myriads of prisoners, of these thousands of guns, the shame of the retreat and its appalling expense in life and prestige, profoundly shook the structure of the Russian State, and was to produce within eighteen months the disintegration of that society. But at any rate, for the moment the siege lines, though so profoundly modified upon the East, still held. By the end of the summer one could say that as a *sortie* the Eastern effort had not succeeded. But as a modification of siege conditions it had largely succeeded. It raised the moral of the enemy to the highest pitch through a succession of victories. An attempt to renew siege-pressure from the East was hardly to be expected. It subjected to German direction all those Slavonic elements of the Eastern marches which were the hereditary pre-occupation of the Prussian House. It acquired for the besieged new stores of supply and particularly the petroleum of Galicia.

Meanwhile, just at the moment when the breaking of the Allies between the Vistula and the Carpathians was producing its effect, within two months of the original blow being delivered, Italy, hitherto neutral, joined the forces of the Allies. This accession of strength was some compensation for the draining of the forces of Russia. It brought back from the East to the defence of the Alpine frontiers perhaps a third,

perhaps more than a third, of the Austro-Hungarian armies, and the pressure to be maintained here for three years absorbed more and more of the Austro-Hungarian forces as time went on, until towards the close of the war nearly all the remaining strength of the Austro-Hungarians was massed between the Swiss frontier and the Adriatic. The great advance through Poland had for its climax and termination the overrunning of Serbia and Montenegro. Serbia had hitherto met with singular success in the attack of the Austro-Hungarian armies. The first invasion at the outset of the war had been thrown back and no attempt to renew it had been made, but now, with larger and better trained forces, and with a considerable admixture of German divisions, the attempt was renewed, and was the more successful from the fact that the King of Bulgaria, hitherto neutral, seized the opportunity to join the central armies, attack Serbia in flank and completed the temporary ruin of that country. It is clear that so sudden and complete a success in the Serbian field threatened two things, first

the access of the enemy to the Aegean with all that this would have meant in the use of submarines over the Levant, and secondly the persuasion of Greece, the King of which country was closely allied by marriage to Prussia, and was also a convinced admirer of the Prussian system, to join the Central Empires. To prevent either of these disasters the Allies, with such expedition as they could, attempted to check the enemy advance southward through the Balkan. They seized the



GENERAL SIR WILLIAM BIRDWOOD



GENERAL DIAZ



only port of that region, its one outlet, Salonika. They even attempted an advance up the Varna Valley to relieve the Serbian situation. The latter task was too great for them. They failed to accomplish it. They had to fall back before the Bulgarians and the Germans and to leave Serbia for the moment to its fate, but they held Salonika and no less than one-half of the Serbian forces managed, though only at the expense of terrible suffering, to escape across the mountains. They were received by the Allies on the Adriatic, and re-equipped. Two years later, by one of the most dramatic incidents in history, they reappeared and took their revenge.

The year 1915 ends then with the following situation:—

The siege is still a siege, but the besieged have immensely extended their area towards the East, have proved, or have apparently proved, that their defensive is invulnerable, have demonstrated the need for a vast industrial production for which they are specially equipped and of which their Eastern opponents are incapable. Though the besiegers have a great accession of strength in Italy the besieged have a greater one through the occupation of Poland, through the accession of Bulgaria linking them up with their Turkish ally and through the overrunning of the Balkans. It was at this moment the opinion of perhaps all neutrals, and unfortunately of a very large section of opinion among the Western Allies, that the war could now only terminate in favour of the enemy. His organisation, his central position, his numbers, but much more the prestige of his recent successes, were the foundations of this opinion.

The enemy, thus already partially successful, had still the task before him of breaking the Western side of the siege line. The war was not won until the Western armies were defeated. He prepared for this task in the same fashion, though upon a still larger scale than he had prepared for the task of breaking the Russian lines in the preceding spring. He chose for his sector of attack upon the West a far better point than that which he had erroneously chosen previously towards the North Sea. The sector which he selected this time was that of Verdun, the very centre of the Allied line. There did he propose by a massed attack, precisely similar in character but still greater in scale than the attack of the previous year in the East, to break through the lines containing him and in the last week of February, 1916, there opened, a few miles to the north-east of the town of Verdun, the most severe bombardment that the war had hitherto seen followed by a concentrated assault.

The attack on Verdun failed. It not only failed in the sense in which the great Eastern sortie had failed, that is, in the sense that it did not completely break the siege-line, though it severely bruised it, and pushed it back; it failed completely. After the first day's attack, which covered a belt of some four to six thousand yards, numbered several thousand prisoners, and put a very heavy strain upon the defence, it became a thing with which the next few months were to render both parties wearisomely familiar; what Marshal Foch has called "the spending of the wave." That is, these great attacks against the modern defensive proved, even when the utmost energy was put into them, like a wave which breaks upon the shore, loses energy as it proceeds, and is at last checked to immobility,

or even to retrogression. We were to have bitter experience of this our selves later on upon the Somme, at Vimy, upon the heights of the Aisne, at Passchendaele; and in the greatest example of all, the Germans also were to learn the lesson, in the failure of the great attack on the Amiens sector this year.

The significant, the determinant, point in the great assault upon the Verdun front was the conclusion of the Prussian General Staff to continue after the first effort had failed.

Note the great effect of that deliberate judgment upon their part:—

Since the German armies and their Austrian colleagues had proved so successful in the East during the immediate past, any doctrine laid down by them was certain to weigh upon the military mind of Europe. When, therefore, they laid down the doctrine of continuing a desperate adventure against the strength of the modern defensive, with no more than the old tactical appliances (with no more than the guns, and the infantry following them up), they were certain of a hearing, and they were likely to be copied.

If we ask ourselves upon what they based that judgment, we cannot get a complete answer until their own books and documents appear; and even these will be vitiated, as all German military documents have been since Frederick, by conceit.

But I think we can give a rough answer to the question.

The determination to continue after the initial failure in front of Verdun seems to have been based upon some such idea as this: "Though I have not broken through as I did against the Russians, yet if I hammer and hammer I can wear down the local resistance. I can mortify it, as it were. I can bruise it until something will happen. That something may be a breakdown in moral, whether in the armies actually opposed to me, or in the spirit of the civilians behind the lines; or in the economic strength of my opponent, or in the solidity of their allies. It is a gamble, and an expensive gamble; but I will stake upon the chance of its coming off."

It was rather like the action of a man, who, having tried to break down a door by charging against it and having only succeeded in badly hurting his face, should none the less have the tenacity to continue in the hope that it would ultimately give way. This policy deliberately adopted, not without a certain admixture of disappointed vanity, cost the enemy, in major and minor casualties, about seven hundred thousand men; not double, but nearly double, what it cost the defence.

To a certain extent he obtained the moral effect he desired. The newspapers and the politicians, after this hammering of the Verdun sector had gone on some weeks, with the gradual retirement of the French from line to line, began to talk the most amazing nonsense about an impending "fall of Verdun." As though the place were an old-fashioned fortress which had been invested and the capitulation of which would determine the campaign! As a matter of fact, of course, there was nothing doing except the hammering of a particular sector within which Verdun, a geographical point, happened to lie, and Verdun was no more a fortress than Ypres or Rheims. But the enemy did get up a certain excitement about the mere name of Verdun and one heard parliamentarians and others talking of it with bated breath,



GENERAL THE HON. SIR JULIAN BYNG



GENERAL SIR HERBERT PLUMER



and measuring the distance which still separated the enemy trenches from the Cathedral or the Post Office. It was a lamentable example of the inability of your electioneer to understand important things. It was in the middle of March, 1916, that the Battle of Verdun was definitely won, precisely as the Battle of Ypres had been won, by the proved inability of the offensive, with its existing methods, breaking down the defensive of an equal opponent. The struggle, continuing through April and May into June, did no more than further emphasise the strategic blunder of the enemy. I say "it did no more." This is not quite accurate. It *did* put a heavy strain upon the numerical strength of the French, for though their loss was far less than the German loss, their numbers were less than the German numbers.

During this Battle of Verdun, however, two things had happened each of very high consequence. The first was the completion of the spontaneous, rapid, and extraordinary British armament; the second was the development in the French Army of what they call a "roulement," that is a "passing through the mill" of many divisions.

The first and most important of these two novel features must detain us for a moment.

Britain had entered the war a commercial nation, possessing a small, excellent professional army. The task was presented to this country of producing in some fashion, and in time a very large army indeed. This task was performed with a skill at which history will marvel. The idea of conscription would have been intolerable to the country in the first months of the struggle, and it was the part of folly to urge it before its time. Need I add that it was urged by fools most eagerly? A voluntary effort upon a scale hitherto unknown in the case of any great nation sufficed to lay the foundations, and only when men had thus become familiar with the business of arms was conscription imposed after so large a proportion of the people were already in training. The transition in its various steps was feasible and even easy.

More remarkable perhaps than the political skill which governed and controlled such a revolution was the success of the soldiers in finding instructors for the new armies.

From a few thousands, from an expeditionary force, of four and then six divisions, there was produced within two years a body of two million men. Such a thing has never been done before in the history of the world and probably will never be done again. Something of the sort has been done by amateurs against amateurs, but nothing has ever been done of the sort in alliance with great conscript armies and in opposition to a great conscript army.

There is a test point which I have often quoted in these columns, especially in articles written about two years ago, and which I may here profitably recall. Heavy artillery is the most delicate of all arms. It has always been thought to require the longest and most careful training. No one before this war conceived it possible that officers in command of such an arm could be formed without many years of application. Now the heavy artillery of the British was multiplied by some almost incredible number. It was multiplied by eighty or ninety in that short time. How instructors were found, how the thing was done at all, I do not know. I only know that it was done, and that before

the end of the second year the force existed. It could not be, and was not, as yet equal of its continental allies and opponents; but in the practice of the approaching battle it became their equal and it was of a standard sufficient to undertake its task.

The second point, the rapid rotation of divisions in the French Army under the strain of Verdun, set a model for the rest of the war. The Germans at first ridiculed this new development. They joked about the vast number of divisions which the French had successively put into the fighting line, withdrawn, replaced, and for a second time, and a third time, put in. The policy was a novel one and it seemed to the enemy a proof of exhaustion. The enemy was wrong. They were themselves destined to copy that system; it was to become the model of all action under strain throughout the whole remainder of the war. To meet the pressure of the new type of offensive this rapid rotation of divisions was the true reply.

(f) *The Battle of the Somme.*—

The futile German offensive, against Verdun, which had already begun the exhaustion of German numbers, was followed by the development of the great attack composed for the most part of the new British Army, with a French contingent on their right. The attack was delivered upon that sector of the German lines which covered Bapaume and Péronne. It followed, though upon a rather more con-

siderable scale, the story of Verdun. There was an initial strong blow, very successful upon the right, checked upon the left, and after that a continuous hammering and biting into the enemy lines—but no breach of the siege wall.

There was, indeed, one moment, just a fortnight after the opening of the great action, on July 14th, 1916, when the enemy defensive organisation appeared to be shaken; but

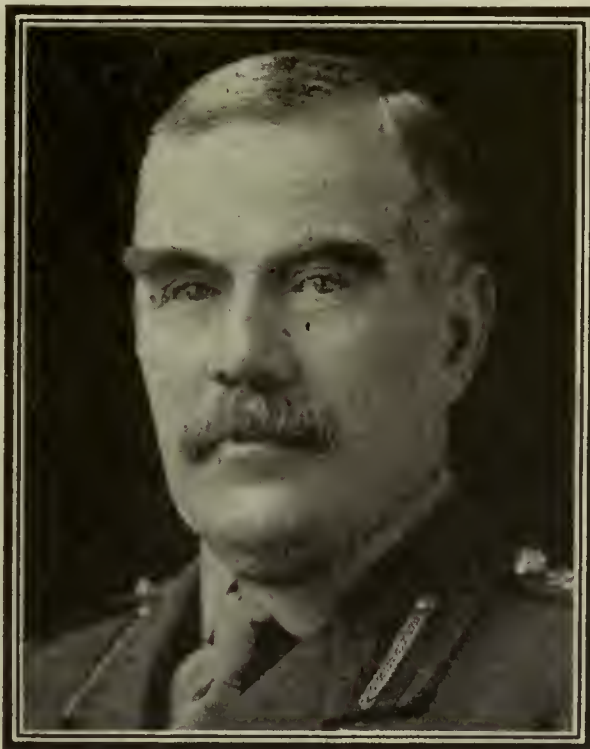
how far it was really shaken we shall never know. At any rate the breach was not effected. The Battle of the Somme ended precisely as the Battle of Verdun had ended, so far as immediate strategic consequence was involved. The one had been an attempted sortie on the part of the besieged, which had failed against the strength of the modern defensive. The other had been an attempted breach on the part of the besiegers, which had also failed against the strength of the modern defensive.

We can, however, to-day affirm that two things had appeared during the Battle of the Somme which were later to have great consequences, although for the moment they seemed abortive. The first was the passing of a certain point in the strain upon the German numbers; the second was the Tank; that is, the mobile armoured gun.

It is probable, or certain, that during the Battle of the Somme, the losses of the defensive were for the first time superior to those of the offensive. And at the conclusion of the struggle the effectiveness of the German Empire,

for the first time since the beginning of the war, were in such a state that their recruitment and maintenance gave anxiety to the General Staff. One might compare the process to the wearing down of a textile fabric; hitherto the German military organisation stood homogeneous and sound. By the end of the summer of 1916 it had begun to get patchy and there were even a few holes.

(To be continued in the next issue.)



GENERAL SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON



LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR HENRY HORNE



# The Victory of the Fleet: By Arthur Pollen

ON last Michaelmas Day the great General Ludendorff went to his wavering Government and told them that the game was up. Germany must choose between an immediate armistice and a not very distant surrender. Now little more than a month has passed since the armistice—which, if it did not end the war, at any rate ended the fighting—was granted, and already it has passed into a generally accepted truth that the Allies could not have won but for the services of the British fleet. Thus the greatest of wars has ended in the greatest of victories, and that victory is attributed to sea power.

What is singular is, that there is no agreement as to how sea power actually won. The strength of England, it used to be said, lay in the fact that the English never knew when they were beaten. For to believe yourself beaten is to be beaten, to be confident you will win goes far to being sure of winning. And once or twice at least to our enemies the war must have seemed settled in their favour; once or twice at least they flattered themselves with the hope this was as obvious to us as to them. For instance, on the 1st September, 1914, the Germans must have been quite sure that France was conquered; in April, 1917, the successes of the submarine seemed to guarantee the utter breakdown of the Allies' communications and, with it, the breakdown of the Allies' power to win. But this nation continued in the obstinate belief that things would somehow come right again—and they did. The enemy thus gained nothing by the loss of *moral* that was reasonably to have been expected, had the British mind been so logical as to draw convincing conclusions from apparent phenomena, and so susceptible to its analytic processes, as to succumb to the cowardice of its convictions. Once more in a crisis our sturdy unreason proved our saving. It is then a useful quality—but it has its defects, for by the same unregulated processes of the mind by which you do not know when you are beaten, you are apt not to know *why* you have won.

Certainly if the plain man asks by what act or action the British Navy has, in fact, prevailed, he will find some difficulty in getting a plain answer. There is, as we have seen, no doubt expressed about the fact at all. The witnesses to it are of all classes and all countries, numerous and authoritative. But while they testify to the fact they suggest explanations that are both vague and various. Mr. Roosevelt, for instance, in a message to a meeting to celebrate Great Britain's day, dwells on our Navy's defensive and transporting function. "I desire," he says, "to express the deep obligation that America owes to the British Empire and above all to the British Navy, which in defending the Empire during the first years of the war, before we had entered it, saved us from the fate of Belgium, and which since then has transported and protected two-thirds of our army which went to Europe."

General Biddle again gratefully proclaims the value of our transport, and attributes its success to vigilance. "The untiring, unabated, watchful waiting of the British Fleet rendered possible the feeding of the fighting forces, protected our armies in transit across the ocean, and contributed its full share to the victory won by the combined armies of the Allies."

Our own Board of Admiralty, when congratulating the Navy on the surrender of the German Fleet—the culminating proof of overwhelming victory—dwells on the silent pressure that is independent of battle as if it were a static and not a dynamic affair.

"The surrender of the German Fleet, *accomplished without shock of battle*, will remain for all time the example of the wonderful silence and sureness with which sea power attains its ends. The world recognises that this consummation is

due to the steadfastness with which the Navy has maintained its pressure on the enemy through more than four years of war, a pressure exerted no less insistently *through the long monotony of waiting* than in the rare opportunities of attack."

And Mr. Churchill, once First Lord of the Admiralty himself, offers the following improvement on the Admiralty message.

"Asked whether he was in favour of Heligoland being returned to this country, Mr. Churchill said that Admiralty experts had come to the conclusion that it was not necessary to demand it. There had always been two views as to whether it would have been of use to us during the war, but the view of the Admiralty was that the silent, but irresistible, Navy in the Forth and at Scapa caused the Germans to surrender, *without placing our ships in danger.*"

Now, here you have, first an impartial, non-British independent man of affairs, a man of the first rank in statesmanship, a soldier who has fought with bravery and distinction. As President of the United States he has been chief of a highly

trained army, and of a fine, well-found navy. As a private onlooker he has watched the forces of war at work, with the eye of experience and responsibility. Yet, in complimenting the fleet, he omits all mention of its achievement in action! Then you have another independent, impartial witness, a scientifically trained military man, for many months concerned in the conduct of the war, largely responsible in high office for the work of one of the armies, whose share in the victory has been decisive. Yet his tribute to the Navy is such as might be offered to the efficient administration of a railway! Next, the Board of Admiralty we have quoted is virtually the Board that made the transition from the naval impotence of the summer of 1917 to the naval dominance of 1918, and this body goes out of its way to eliminate battle as one of the causes of victory! Finally, Mr. Churchill points gleefully to the fact, that sea power has the blessed quality of enabling you to win a victory at sea without recourse to so deplorable a business as risking your ships to do it!



ADMIRAL SIR DAVID BEATTY

Now all this is a little bewildering. For the British Fleet has not defended the British Empire, and by doing so saved the United States from the fate of Belgium, just by *being* the British Fleet. It surely must have done something to bring about so useful and so portentous a result. It could not save Belgium—*how* has it saved America? And we may cordially agree with General Biddle, that to be proof against fatigue, to persevere, to be patient, to be vigilant, is doubtless to attain to a high standard in virtues that have great military value. But a force possessing these virtues *alone* can hardly, by their mere possession, gain a victory. For there is nothing positive or active in the merits this eminent General ascribes to our seamen, and it goes against the grain to suppose that so tremendous a thing as victory can be gained without some kind of action, and that of a furious and irresistible sort. When one thinks of the terrific war apparatus of Germany, it seems somehow absurd that "watchful waiting" should defeat it. And must not sea power be something more than "silent," if it is to be "sure," and do we carry things much further when we hear that the something it does is a "pressure" which is as insistent in the monotony of waiting as in the "rare" opportunities of attack? Would it not be more illuminating to be told exactly what the pressure is and how it operates? And it is difficult to thrill with martial pride when Mr. Churchill gloats on ships not being risked—for to the lay onlooker war seems compounded of almost nothing else but risk, with horrible holocausts of men, a lamentable destruction of houses, churches, ships, railways and all the accumulated treasures of art and labour, and an incalculable pawing of the fruit of future industry. What are we to make of it all?

Picturesquely enough, these diverse, but not too illuminating



compliments, are being lavished on the Navy, just when we are being told that our fighting men afloat have lost roughly 10 per cent. of their numbers *killed* since August, 1914. It seems that the men, at any rate, have been risked, if some of the ships have not. The total in its way is remarkable. The price of victory in gallant lives at sea seems to bear a proportion to the total man power at sea that does not differ greatly from the price of victory in life on land. It is perhaps in this fact that we shall get a clue to the questions we are asking. It seems at any rate to justify the answer which one distinguished Admiral has given. Not for the first time it has fallen to Sir Reginald Custance to recall his countrymen to an appreciation of the basic elements of the sea problem.

"Was there," he asks in a letter to the *Times*, "no shock of battle in the Heligoland Bight, off the Falkland Islands, on the Dogger Bank, in the Jutland battle, and in the innumerable actions between the light surface craft and the submarines? Each of these actions had its effect on the armed strength of the German Navy in *matériel* and *moral*. Any lapse of time between them does not affect the principle that each fight at sea during the war may be looked upon as part of one great battle at sea. Their collective effect, coupled with the firm determination of the British and Allied Navies from admirals to skippers to attack whenever opportunity offered, brought about the mutiny of the German Navy, which saw itself threatened with destruction if it issued to fight.

"The same phenomena have been seen on land. The collective effect of the blows delivered by the Allied armies in the different theatres of action throughout the war and the threat of further attacks made the Germans sue for an armistice. Your readers will see that the collapse of the German armed forces, whether on sea or on land, was brought about by the fight, or the threat of the fight, to which every other form of pressure was secondary."

Here we get back to the root of the matter. The Navy after all has won, because it has done successfully that which it exists to do. It exists, that is to say, to fight—and for nothing else. If this sounds extreme, at least it cannot be disputed that, if it is not good for fighting, it must be good for nothing. For everything else it does is part of the same operation that, when conditions exist that makes fighting possible, results in fighting. So true is this, that I am not sure there will not be some who will not try to find a loophole for their errors even in Sir Reginald's dictum: "The collapse of Germany's armed forces was brought about by the fight or the threat to fight, to which every other form of pressure was secondary." One can imagine this phrase being read as consistent with the theory that there are two kinds of action proper to a fleet, each distinct from the other. The theory might be enunciated in some such way as this: "It is of course the business of our battle fleet to fight—but only if the enemy's battle fleet comes out and threatens to do something detrimental to us, and so challenges us to action. And our obligation to fight is limited to thwarting him in his detrimental plan. When no such action is threatened, we proceed to another form of activity against the enemy, which has no necessary connection with fighting at all. While the main

fleet has nothing to do but to watch and wait till the challenge comes, its cruisers and small craft proceed to exercise that pressure on the enemy on which the Admiralty message so eloquently dwells." This theory pre-supposes first, the existence on our side of a fleet which the main forces of the enemy will probably regard as invincible and will therefore leave intact and undisturbed, and, secondly, that from this intact fleet, by virtue of its integral and invincible existence, there will issue some kind of mysterious power, which results in sure and silent sea pressure.

The flaw in the theory is that sea pressure is not something different from fighting. The naval processes that result in pressure are essentially the same that result in fighting. Whether it is fighting or pressure that actually results depends, not on the character of the operation, but upon what the enemy does. Hence pressure is only *distinct* from fighting when it is derived from it—because the enemy, having been defeated once, fears a second encounter, and is only *alternative* to it, if he avoids the encounter altogether, because, without any previous beating, he is afraid. It is in no sense of the word *secondary*, if that word suggests that fighting is a first function of the fleet in importance and in time, and pressure the second in value and in time; a function which, though it may follow from the first, is really independent of it. The essence of the matter is, that when you go to war—that is when you put

your armed sea forces into movement—either fighting or pressure, or both fighting and pressure, follow inevitably from your doing so. Nor is it difficult further to perceive that while pressure, in its material results, is a result of the same operation that, if opposed by the enemy, would end in fighting, in more important results, viz., its influence on the courage and *moral* of the enemy force, will vary according as the fighting is vigorous and intense, or fitful, irresolute and half-hearted.

First let a simple illustration show how either fighting or pressure or both follow inevitably from the first operation of war, namely, by making armed force active by putting it into movement on the sea.

Suppose a British cruiser at sea on August 3rd, 1914, to meet, first, a German warship, then a German merchant ship, and then a Swedish, Dutch, or Spanish merchant ship. She will salute them all and pass on after offering this conventional courtesy. But at midnight on August 4th war is declared, and on the following day she encounters them again. Now the German ship is an *enemy* warship, the German merchantman an *enemy* merchantman, and the Swedish or Spanish ship a *neutral* merchantman. On viewing the enemy armed ship, the British captain has no choice but to bring her to action without delay, to fight his ship until she is destroyed or until he has destroyed the enemy. When he meets the enemy merchant ship he brings her to, captures her,

and sends her to a British port. When he meets the neutral ship he visits her, examines her papers to find if she is at sea in the enemy's interests. If she is out to help the enemy, she too is captured and sent to port. When he meets the enemy armed ship he performs the first function of naval force, and that is to fight. When he meets the unarmed ships, enemy or neutral, he performs the secondary function of pressure. He has deprived the enemy of the wealth, the



ADMIRAL SIMS



REAR-ADMIRAL SIR REGINALD TYRWHITT

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comfort, the warlike stores which the enemy merchantman or the neutral may have on board. He has begun the process of siege. Now suppose him to be convoying a British ship with a regiment of Field-Marshal French's army on board. If his presence has frightened the enemy off the seas, so that he crosses to an Allied port without interference, he is bringing a further form of pressure to bear. Thus, by the single operation of being at sea in a state of war, he may in succession or simultaneously exercise all the functions of sea power. The point to observe is that, before he could exercise pressure by capturing enemy ships or stopping supplies in neutral bottoms, or landing troops for the enemy's ultimate invasion, he must be ready to fight—or the pressure cannot become operative. Whether he actually fights or not depends not upon himself, but upon the willingness of the enemy to oppose him. Thus in one day's operations, fighting has dictated the whole proceedings.

Now if we assume—what, of course, actually happened in August, 1914—that the enemy allows these processes of pressure to go forward undisputed, what is in effect the challenge of the British cruiser captain? He is saying to the enemy: "If you will not come out and fight our fleets at sea, we cannot compel you to, because you can get into your defended harbours. But we can compel you to fight our armies in France, and unless you stop those armies at sea, you will have to fight them on land. We cannot compel you to defend your merchantmen or to stop our searching and capturing the neutrals, but if you do not, we will ensure that you are deprived of everything that can reach you from the sea, and do our best to bring you to such straits, that you will have to come out to fight, to get relief from the siege that we inflict." The operations of our cruiser are not only conditioned by her willingness to fight to make them effective, they are such as to goad and provoke the enemy to fight, to avoid their oppressive continuance. Fighting then enters into pressure, not only as its immediate operative cause, but as its alternate aim. The enemy may—as in fact he has in this case—surrender rather than fight the thing to a finish. But this is a result disappointing to us, a result that shows that pressure has failed in its true war aim, not because surrender is not a thing we want, but because we want it as the result of defeat, and not simply as the result of exhaustion, because defeat operates more rapidly than exhaustion in bringing surrender about.

If we glance rapidly at some chief phases of the war we shall see these truths illustrated. Take, for instance, the brief but dramatic commerce-destroying career of *Emden*. This cruiser was with von Spee in the Caroline Islands when war was declared and, after keeping her with him for some weeks, the German Admiral detached her to harry our merchant shipping in the Indian Ocean. Captain von Müller's operations, if examined in detail—which I have not space to do—show sea force in movement, with exactly the results suggested above. He meets unarmed ships and captures them. He raids a port in which inferior enemy forces are at anchor, and destroys them; resumes his attack on commerce, and is finally brought to action by a ship of superior strength belonging to the Royal Australian Navy, and then his career is ended. His operations have been conditioned by his fighting ability, they have involved fighting, they are ended by fighting. Take again von Spee's career, after emerging from the obscurity of the Polynesian Islands. He encounters no unarmed shipping, but an inferior British force commanded by Admiral Cradock. This force engages him, and is defeated, and there is no other force superior to him in the theatre of operations. He is, thereupon, in a position to exercise sea pressure, but only because there is nobody to fight him. He does not, as a fact, capture and destroy merchant shipping, for the excellent reason that the merchant shipping keeps in port—just as the German High Seas Fleet and cruisers kept in port, when they should have raided the Channel to stop the transport of French's army. And in port the S. America shipping remains, until a stronger fighting force commanded by Admiral Sturdee comes to the Falkland Islands,

which von Spee—rashly and without proper scouting—approaches. Then his career like von Müller's is terminated by fighting. The story of one is the story of all. *Cap Trafalgar*, a merchantman converted to a cruiser, is, before her commerce-destroying mission is more than begun, encountered and sunk by another convert, *Carmania*. *Koenigsberg*, for fear of being outfought, abandons commerce destruction, and retreats up the Rufigi. *Dresden* and two armed merchantmen hide in the Patagonian fiords; one on emerging is caught and destroyed, the other two escape destruction by voluntary internment in American harbours. In any case, the sea pressure which the enemy strove to inflict on us, was conditioned by fighting, and was terminated either by fighting or by the overwhelming necessity of avoiding it.

Take again the submarine campaign against commerce. The issue is a little complicated here because, until quite recently, the submarine was in no sense of the word a fighting ship, it was only an assassinating ship. But long before war broke out it was realised that her invisibility was not quite complete or constant; that any ship that commanded high speed could, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, make underwater attack impossible, by swift movement and manœuvring; and that a slow ship escorted by fast destroyers would be reasonably safe, because the submarine, before it could attack,

would have to verify its aim by the sacrifice of its invisibility, even if only for a brief time. Thus the formula for protecting merchantmen against the kind of attack that was thought legitimate when made by submarines on a warship, was well known long before the necessity for protecting merchantmen from this kind of attack became imperative. Against anything short of ruthlessness the arming of merchantmen was sufficient, because a submarine on the surface was not often an equal match for a merchantman, even indifferently gunned.

We speak of the arming of merchantmen and their convoy by fast destroyers as defensive measures. And we speak correctly, because the ultimate strategic purpose of these measures is to safeguard ships from the submarine's torpedo. But their efficiency lies in this, that they compel the submarine, if it is to do its job, to abandon mere assassination from a coign of ignoble and secret advantage, and face an offensive—compel it, that is to say, to what we are maintaining is the true and indeed the

sole purpose of naval force—to fight. It has to face the risks of battle, if it is to achieve that which can only legitimately be the fruit of battle. So long as we were blind to the fact that we had gained all our own naval ends by fighting, and fighting only, we remained blind to perceiving that the one way of preventing the enemy from gaining his illegal naval ends was to compel him to a more normal method of war. If we could make him fight for his end, the weakness of the submarine as a fighting unit, would limit the extent to which those ends were gained.

When by convoy we at last made the submarine fight, the result was decisive. The truth of this becomes very apparent if we look upon what actually followed after convoy was adopted in July, 1917. In six months the rate of loss of tonnage fell by exactly a half. In the same period the Germans lost exactly twice as many submarines as in the preceding six months. Why did the rate of loss fall? Why was the destruction of submarines doubled? We have not yet got accurate figures which classify the different agencies by which the U-boats one after another were sent to the bottom never to return, nor any precise measure of the success each of these achieved. But a substantial number certainly were permanently removed by the convoying forces. Mines and the depth charges of hunting squadrons and aeroplanes that search the seas would account for the bulk of the rest. But the German supply of submarines never fell below the requirements of the German submarine campaign. It was seldom that, at any one time, there were more than a dozen at work, and as over 100 commissioned submarines are now lying at Harwich alone, it is clear that it was not deficiencies in material that lessened the intensity of the attack. The decisive element was clearly the greater caution which the presence of des-



ADMIRAL SIR ROSSLYN WEMYSS



troyers in the neighbourhood of the target imposed upon the submarines' captains. It was, in other words, the consciousness that there would be fighting before sea pressure could be brought to bear, and the natural hesitation in facing the risks of fighting, that explains why our shipping was saved.

But—and here you get the best of all vindications of the theory that *all* sea pressure is *fighting* pressure—those U-boat captains who had exceptional skill, judgment, and knowledge, plus the courage necessary for putting these gifts to use in the strain of accumulated menaces, made very light of convoy indeed. They could not, of course, always get through any screen. But they could sometimes, and when they did their reward was proportionate to the risks they faced and overcame.

It seems, then, to be beyond dispute that sea pressure—which has been of such incalculable value to the Alliance, and came near being of decisive value to the enemy—is essentially a fighting pressure. So far then the theory would seem to be proved that all sea action is fighting action. For the other side of sea war, battle itself, is obviously fighting and nothing else. But to bring our theory home we must carry the argument a step further. If the primary operation, and all other operations of a fleet, depend on the constant exhibition of its military qualities, then the value of the fleet in war should be proportionate to the vigour and success with which this military function is displayed. To realise that this must be so, we have to accept a second postulate of the argument, which is that the effect of sea pressure, whether it takes the form of the stoppage of trade or of military aggression against the enemy, is by no means to be measured by the material losses, the disadvantages in land war, the privations of the civil population, etc., that it inflicts. Nor indeed chiefly by these. The real criterion is the moral, intellectual, and spiritual deterioration of the enemy. All military writers have rightly recognised this, not only as the more important and the more permanent return of success, but as that which is also the more immediate in its operation.

The world has just witnessed the strangest phenomenon in naval history, namely, the surrender without a blow of a fleet complete. When we ask how so singular an event has come to pass, Captain Persius tells us that, from the day after the battle of Jutland, no German who knew the facts was in any doubt but that the High Seas Fleet would never see action again. This admission has been seized to prove that Jutland was all, and indeed more than all, the glorious and decisive victory it was claimed to be. Now I demur to accepting Persius as an infallible, or even as a reliable, witness. Nor am I in the least concerned to dispute the fact that the Germans were soundly beaten at the battle of Jutland. But accepting Persius literally, it seems that the only deduction from what he tells us is very different from that which the writers I have alluded to have drawn. And I am quite content to take the most famous of them, Mr. Archibald Hurd, to prove, not his case but mine.

"The surrender of last week," he says, "was the sequel to the overwhelming British victory of Jutland Bank and the gravamen of the charge which the German people may lay against their naval authorities is that, *if defeat had been admitted on June 1st, 1916, they might have been saved two*

*further years of constriction*, exposing them to privations from which an honest declaration might have saved them, for the sea controls the land, and *from the day of the Jutland victory the eventual issue of the war was in no doubt*, since day by day Germany's home front was crumbling, and no more than the German sailors could the German soldiers arrest the process." Observe, this eminent writer gives it as his con-

sidered judgment that the destruction of the German Navy as a fighting force on May 31st, 1916, was so decisive an event in the war that, *had that destruction been communicated to the German people*, they would forthwith have realised the continuance of the war to mean nothing but useless suffering, and futile sacrifice. It was, then, *the concealment of defeat*, and only the concealment, that cost the Allies the million men that have been killed in action since that date, the ten million tons of shipping destroyed, the many many thousand millions of pounds unnecessarily expended. It was this saving that might have been made, had only the moral results of victory been equal to its material results.

Now, why was this amazing material result obtained without its legitimate moral return? The explanation is perfectly simple. It is just that the ships surrendered a month ago at Rosyth *were not sunk two and a half years ago off the Little Fisher Bank*. Had they been sunk, the German people would never have had to charge their authorities with deceit. But, unfortunately, all the German dreadnoughts, save one, returned on June 1st to the German harbours; more astonishingly still, all the pre-dreadnoughts, save one, came home safely too. It was admitted that we had suffered three times the loss in modern capital ships.

Those that have rated Jutland at something less than a complete victory have done so for two reasons. First, it seems to them that, had the Grand Fleet so deployed that the leading division followed directly in Sir David Beatty's track, the German Fleet could hardly have escaped destruction before the light failed towards seven o'clock. And, secondly, it seems to them, the deployment being as it was, that at 6.40 the situation could still have been saved and the enemy brought to decisive action, had the Grand Fleet faced the risks of the destroyer attack and closed resolutely. The day might then have ended in a defeat that could not have been camouflaged or concealed. It is just because they realised the overpowering moral effect of indisputable victory, and therefore the overwhelming tragedy involved in missing it, that they demurred so strongly to the doctrine that it was far better to save "the unprotected bellies of our ships" from torpedoes than to try for that kind of victory which our fathers, no doubt somewhat brutally, exacted from the naval commanders of their day.

The critics may of course be altogether wrong. It is conceivable that Jutland could not have ended otherwise than it did. But even so my argument is not affected. Mr. Hurd is unquestionably right when he tells us that had the fighting, on that day of disappointments, been successful in sinking the whole German Fleet, that the heart of Germany would have been broken and the war ended by national despair. And that, after all, is the point. All naval action is fighting action, and its effect is proportioned to fighting intensity.



ADMIRAL LORD FISHER



SIR ERIC GEDDES



## Victors of the Air: By Boyd Cable

**T**HROUGHOUT the war the Germans and the British have followed two opposite policies with regard to their air victors. The Germans regularly "starred" their men, announcing in the Press their names and the increasing total of their "aerial victories," while we scrupulously kept ours secret from the public. Richthofen, the "Red Baron" (killed in a scrimmaging "dog-fight" with a flight of Camel scouts) was the most famous and be-paraphrased of the German cracks, although Voss, on the evidence of our pilots who met him, and especially the S.E.5 men who finally brought him down, was perhaps a greater flier.

On our side a very limited number of names came to be known to the public, Ball and McCudden being the most famous; but it has been the greater glory of our air service that for one famous victor there were dozens and scores with long and amazing records of fights and victories who were rarely or never heard of outside the Air Force.

Ball's wonderful work has been written of and told so often, both in his letters and by others, that there is little need to recount it, but the story of his last fight is perhaps not so well known. On that day he took out an "offensive patrol" of eleven machines, but the weather was bad and very cloudy, and after a little the formation broke up.

The different little lots had several actions and downed some Huns before they returned. One lot of four found an enemy, engaged and shot him down. Separating again, two of them went on, and seeing a couple of Albatross scouts secured position and dived on one apiece. One was crashed and the other escaped. In the engagement the two separated and shortly after one was attacked by five enemy machines diving on him. He fought them for a time, but running short of ammunition broke off the fight and returned to the lines. Two of our other pilots after the formation separated had a brisk fight with several Huns, and one with his guns jammed stunted and dodged while he tried to clear the stoppage, being hard pressed all the time and having his engine, under-carriage and planes bullet-holed. Despite this damage he managed to chase off his opponents and then, with a leaking radiator, and finally with his engine stopped, got back across the lines. Other pilots of the scattered formation also had some fighting, in the course of which another Hun was sunk, and one of our pilots had his goggles shot off his face.

Ball, after the formation split up, found himself with two others, and continuing the patrol sighted eleven enemies. Ball was never in any way reluctant to take on the longest odds engagement, so the three promptly flew to the attack. A desperately hot fight followed, and what actually happened to Ball is not likely now ever to be known. He was last seen spinning down fighting hard with four close-pressing enemies. Unfortunately his two companions were unable to come to his

assistance because both had been severely wounded. One had his wrist and the top of his control lever shattered by an explosive bullet, just managed to pull out of the fight, cross the lines and make a landing before he fainted; the other hit by a bullet in the foot—a wound which I believe afterwards lost him his leg.

There was a long night of anxiety in the Squadron and gradually-waning but hard-dying hope that Ball would yet turn up. His own Flight-Sergeant and men refused for long to give up hope, and his fellow officers were equally reluctant to believe the worst. The telephone was kept going all night making inquiries all over the country in the hope that he might have escaped and made a forced landing somewhere out of reach of his Squadron, search parties hunted long and in vain for him or for word of him. He had been through so many narrow escapes, had so often been pressed hard and just evaded disaster, had so frequently raised anxiety by being missing for hours only to turn up at last with his happy laugh and boyish-delighted tales of hot fighting and another "close shave," that the others in the Squadron had belief almost to the point of superstition that "no Hun would ever get Ball."

But at least he had a better finish than poor McCudden, such a finish as he himself would probably have wished, going down fighting hotly and dying hard against superior numbers. And Ball's Squadron well avenged his death. They were at that time flying the S.E.5, one of the best single-seater scouts on the front, and they were piling up a record of crashed Huns at tremendous speed and making themselves a terror to the German air service. And although he was at last brought down in fair fight, Ball's name will always stand high in the lists of our air victors. The official records credit him with fifty-one enemy machines destroyed.

It was in May, 1917, that Ball was lost, and it was some months later when McCudden's name began to be noticed frequently and his record of crashed Huns to mount up. Just before his death he had written an account of his own air work, but in this he hardly does justice to himself or to his startling exploits.

He was a great "lone hand" fighter as well as formation leader. He would start off by himself "looking for Huns" and woe to the Hun photographic or artillery observing machines he caught trying to work anywhere near our lines. He would stalk his man or men with the patience of a Red Indian and the cunning of a backwoodsman, taking every advantage of cover of clouds and sun glare to approach near enough to his enemy for the last quick rush.

He was the first pilot in the British service to get four Huns in one day. This was in December, 1917, and he went up in the morning "to look for E.A." (Enemy Aircraft) as his own Combat Report put it. He found three two-seaters and engaged them, but as they were above him he could not secure a good position and had to be satisfied with driving them all off east of the lines. But a little later he spotted an L.V.G.



LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR DAVID HENDERSON.



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HUGH TRENCHARD.



two-seater, secured a firing position and shot him down. Turning north he saw a Rumpler above him at about 17,000 feet, and after a long hard twenty-minute climb attacked him. The Rumpler put up a hard fight and it was only after they had fought down to 8,000 feet that McCudden got in a burst with both guns that shot off the wings of the Hun and sent him down in wreckage. Twenty minutes later he climbed again and attacked a couple of E.A., but they fought well, and as McCudden was running out of ammunition he had to break off. In the afternoon he was out with his formation, and seeing a Rumpler, pursued, caught him, fought him down to 6,000 from 13,000 and crashed him. He reformed his patrol and taking them over the lines met and engaged a number of Albattross scouts, but without securing any to his own gun. Reforming the patrol, however, after the Huns had fled, he saw an L.V.G., went off after and shot him down with the first twenty-round burst. This E.A. went down in rather unusual fashion, stalling, turning upside-down, spinning a short distance, before stalling, etc., again, until he hit the ground in a vertical dive—or rather hit a train on the line. It took the machine five minutes to fall the 12,000 feet.

A few days later he shot down two E.A. in our own lines, and on another day, about a month later, during one flight he fought four enemies and shot three of them down in our lines. One of these he shot the right-hand wings off, the second he put down "with flames issuing" into a flat spin and a crash, and a third, a two-seater, he got after a fashion that was excellently typical of McCudden and his coolly methodical judgment and deliberate tactics in the middle of a hot fight.

He got position and opened fire at rather long range from astern and closing on the enemy with the intention of forcing him to dive away. The Hun did so and McCudden followed "on his tail" and forcing him into a steeper dive and faster and faster pace, and sticking close astern. The E.A. went down from about 16,000 to 9,000 at the terrific speed of over 200 miles per hour, a speed that, as McCudden himself told me, gave the observer no chance to take good aim. Then when the speed was so great that McCudden estimated the enemy machine was on the verge of its breaking strain, and the slightest damage to it would force some part over that verge, he began to pot at it in short bursts. Some of his bullets took effect, the E.A. spurted a lick of flame, and smashed to pieces in air.

A fortnight later he had five fights in the course of a two-hour flight, and crashed three of his opponents. The first

of these again he got after his own clever stalking fashion, circling wide out from his quarry until he got between him and the sun—and then gliding down on him with engine shut off and the sun glare on his back and in his enemy's eyes. This manoeuvre brought him to within fifty yards without being discovered, and at that range one short burst from both guns finished the performance and sent the enemy down in a crash. The quick-following engagements are worth recording. He engaged the first machine and shot it down at 9.50 a.m.; saw two others, pursued and engaged, shot one down, chased the other some distance, returned and saw two more at 10 a.m.; attacked and shot one down at 10.15; at 10.30 met and engaged another which escaped him; and landed again at 11.5.

McCudden was going his strongest about this time (January, 1918), getting Huns on his own and with his patrols almost every day, one such patrol under his leadership destroying six Huns in a single flight.

In February he repeated his performance of getting four Huns to his own guns in a single day, and on another day he engaged and destroyed an enemy at such speed that he only required to fire four rounds from his two guns to send him down in flames.

He was sent home soon after this and put in a period of home service. But he could not rest at this and at last was sent out again as Major to take command of a squadron in the field. He flew over from England, landed in France, and then taking off to proceed to his Squadron, was accidentally killed. He was credited with having officially "crashed" forty-five Huns.

The Air Force has had many great fighters and victors, some of them known to the public, others

hardly ever heard of outside the Force where, however, they were justly famed.

Colonel Bishop, a Canadian, has the amazing record of having downed fifty-two Huns, and still lives to enjoy his fame. Although his name was not given at the time it was Bishop who was paragraphed some time ago as having gone out alone one morning, destroyed five Huns, two of them colliding in mid-air in an attempt to evade his attack, returned, had an early lunch, motored to Boulogne and caught the boat to England. To crash five Huns after breakfast, lunch in France, and dine in London is certainly a record.

During the past year especially there were always cropping up fresh names of pilots of whose victories and daring stories were constantly being told. Major Mannock was one of these, and week by week his record of Huns destroyed mounted rapidly until it totalled thirty-seven enemy machines.



#### THE END OF RICHTHOFEN

By Joseph Simpson, R.E.A.

"The Red Baron" was brought down in a scrimmaging "dog-fight" on the day the German papers announced his 79th and 80th "aerial victories."

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He was killed in action, being shot down from the ground immediately after he and another pilot were returning at 200 feet up after attacking and destroying an enemy machine over Hunland.

Captain Little was another victor whose name was famous throughout the Force. He had some amazing escapes before he too was brought down, one of the most wonderful perhaps, being in a fight where after attacking an enemy formation of twelve and shooting down one, he was set upon by six E.A. and driven down through a formation below. He spun down, but in a hot fire had his controls shot away. His machine went down in a steep dive and then, completely out of control, "flattened out" with such a jerk that the machine broke fairly in halves under the pilot's seat. Little, knowing he must crash, had undone his belt as the machine whirled down, and when it broke and hit the ground he was thrown clear. This, fortunately, was on our side of the lines, but while Little was gathering his wits and still lying on the ground the enemy machines came diving down and firing on him. Little pulled out his revolver, and raising himself on his elbow began firing up at the diving machines until they cleared off and left him.

But of all the fighters who endeared themselves to the Force, Major Dallas, or "The Admiral," as he was affectionately called, was amongst the first. As stark a fighter as ever flew, he was still as full of dare-devil pranks as a schoolboy. I be-

lieve it was the Admiral who flew over on a First of April and dropped a football amongst Hun billets. When the ball hit the ground and bounced tremendously, fell and bounced

again and again, the Huns scattered and fled in terror from this knew, and unknown form of "frightfulness." One can imagine their cautious approach after it had finally come to rest and their feelings on reading the "April Fools" painted on it.

Another similar exploit of the Admiral's sent a chuckle round the whole Force. He flew over one day to a Hun aerodrome, and, as he said, "to stir 'em up, and let 'em know I meant war," he flew round peppering the hangars and huts with bullets. When the Huns were swarming out and shooting up at him, he dropped in the centre of the drome a parcel containing an old pair of boots and a note "You must be wearing out a lot of shoe-leather. Why not come up and fight?" Herewith bcots, pairs one, pilot's, for the use of—" Then he flew up into the clouds, circled round until a nice little crowd had gathered to open the parcel and read the note, dived down, dropped a couple of bombs, and emptied 100 rounds into them, scattering them in panic. Then he flew home, meeting and destroying an enemy machine on the way.

Dallas was over on special low-flying patrol with two of his Squadron one day, and to his great annoyance saw the old drome he had occupied at Ballieul going up in flames (this was during the Hun advance when they captured Ballieul). He



MAJOR-GENERAL F. H. SYKES.



### THE BOMBER'S VICTORY

By Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.

It is not only in the fighting scout class that our airmen have proved themselves victors over the Hun. One of our bombers, cut off from his formation by five enemy fighters, attacked boldly and broke through, destroying and damaging three of the enemy in the process.



and the other two went over to "get a bit of their own back" for this, and did a good deal of damage "ground-strafting" and shooting into enemy troops and transport, setting some motor-lorries on fire and blocking the main road amongst other items. Landing on his drome he got out of his machine and stood for some minutes telling the others there what a good time they had had on the Hun convoys, until someone remarked that the Hun had been shooting pretty close, as evidenced by the numerous holes in the machine and a large one in the front skirt of his long coat.

"Yes," said the Admiral lightly. "And they chipped me a little, too." He turned back his coat to show a gash over the knee (that afterwards took half-a-dozen stitches to repair) and a boot full of blood. He had two wounds, the knee one and another from splinters driven into his ankle. He went to hospital, but by some means known only to himself managed to persuade the doctors to cart him back to his Squadron. I saw him in bed there and remember his telling me (with a wink) the number of days the doctors said it would be before he could put foot to ground. He was over the lines and crashing Huns again in less than half the time.

He also was killed by fire from the ground. He was an Australian, who came over and joined the R.N.A.S. and on formation of the Air Force was given command of an old R.F.C. Squadron. I have not met a stouter-hearted fighter, or one more admired, respected, and loved by his superiors, equals and subordinates alike.

These are only a few of the great ones amongst the many air victors on the Western Front. There are many others and many amazing stories of their victories, but for the moment I must leave them to touch, however lightly, on the work of those air victors whose prowess did more than anything else to relieve England of those nightmares, the Zeppelin raids. There is little need to go back to those actions which were fought over England, because they were fully reported at the time, the victories were watched by thousands of spectators, and the wreckage of the destroyed Zepps was viewed by huge crowds. But of the later victories over the North Sea less is known, and it was these which gave the Germans the final and complete proof, so well begun by Warneford and Robinson, that Zepp raids did not pay and must be abandoned. The great point of these North Sea fights lay in the fact that the Zepps were met and brought to action far out at sea, that some were shot down in roaring flames and the others driven to ignominious flight without ever dropping a bomb on England. It may have paid Germany to bomb England and

lose a few airships in the performance; but plainly it could not pay to lose them without ever raising an alarm there, much less dropping a bomb.

In May, 1918, a warning was given to the Home Defence air stations that a fleet of Zepps was approaching over the North Sea. Immediately the airmen rushed to their machines, took off, and pushed out over the sea into the deepening darkness. The night was not favourable for flying, being cloudy and stormy, with rainstorms and mist sweeping over every now and then. The venture was especially hazardous to those men who were flying Camels, D.H.4 and D.H.9, land machines with wheeled undercarriages and no device for keeping the machine afloat if from any cause it had to come down in the water. But the Zepps were discovered and a D.H.4 secured a favourable position, and

opened fire on one with immediate result. Flames began to spurt from the envelope, grew rapidly, and in a moment had wrapped the monster airship in a sheet of roaring fire.

Meanwhile others of our machines had continued the hunt. The Zepps, warned probably by the fate of the one, knowing our airmen were around them, and imagining the result of continuing the attempt to reach England, turned for home. They were pursued and a second one was brought to action, again by a D.H.4. The two men on this machine were certain this second Zepp was also brought down in flames, although, at the time it was not officially credited as being destroyed. The first reports published only gave one Zepp downed, but this was because our second victor, confused by the darkness and the rain, steered back wide of his mark and eventually landed a long distance away from his station and too late to turn in his report.

The last Zepp brought down in the war was again over the North Sea, but this time in daylight and in full view of the fleet. The story goes that it was during church service on board the battleships that this Zepp was caught up by a Camel (single-seater scout) working with the Navy, and after a brief action shot down blazing from stem to stern, while from the flagship a signal flashed "Hymn No. 244, Verse 7," and the crews in response sung triumphantly:

Oh, happy band of pilgrims,  
Look upward to the skies,  
Where such a slight endeavour  
Shall win so great a prize.

So perished the last of the Zepps and the last serious attempt at a Zeppelin raid on England.



[By Charles Dixon.]

#### THE ZEPPE DESTROYERS

The aeroplane has clearly demonstrated its superiority over the Zeppelin's. The last attempted raids were met far out at sea, by day or dark, and the Zepps destroyed or driven off without dropping a bomb.



# The Surrender of the Submarines :

By Capt. Woodis Rogers

**T**HE surrender of the submarines shows, to my mind, more than any of the other armistice terms, how completely the Hun is beaten. This is partly because I was for ten years in the merchant service and am now in the airship

service : yesterday I saw the surrender of twenty-seven of these craft, the consummation of the efforts of all anti-submarine work.

Putting aside all personal feeling one sees that the only hope of the Hun lay in unrestricted use of submarines : he was powerless on the surface of the sea and was held on land ; I do not mean that our particular work has been more important than any other ; it has been only a link in the chain, helping and being helped by others ; the other links were sound and it was up to us to see that ours held too.

Very little is known to the general public of airships. It is not necessary to go into details of their work but a general idea of it is necessary to understand our point of view. An airship can patrol at slow speeds, slow enough to keep pace with a convoy : the range of vision is wide and more important still is the fact that even if the airship does not see the submarine, the submarine sees the airship and is afraid to show up : for this reason one may go on patrol for weeks or months without seeing a sign of a U-boat, and get to feel that its a useless job.

Yesterday we got permission to fly over Harwich to see the surrender of a batch of U-boats. It was hazy over the land but a little clearer over the sea : on approaching the rendezvous we thought we saw a submarine, but it turned out to be only a sign of their dirty work, a merchant vessel listed over on her side, nearly submerged. Shortly after this we sighted our light cruisers and destroyers. They were in a double row, lying at right angles to the course of the submarines, leaving a long lane down which the Hun boats were steaming ; it reached as far as one could see in either direction. Nearly every type of anti-submarine craft was there, destroyers, trawlers, motor launches, flying boats, and our own craft ;

there was even an old wind-jammer, punching along in just the same way as she had done for the last four years, she might have been a Q-boat for all we knew.

We flew down the line, going dead slow, just a little faster than the Hun. It was very solemn, everything was done

in silence and quite naturally ; when a U-boat reached a certain point a M.L. would come alongside, an Officer and prize crew would board it and the Hun officer would formally surrender. Then the White Ensign would be hoisted, a large ensign, much larger than any flown by our vessels : a clean new ensign, not worn and dingy with hard work like ours. It seemed to be the only clean thing on board. The Huns were sent to the fore deck and the vessel would move off towards Harwich.

This happened literally under our very eyes, but still we could not believe it ; it was all unreal, a play being acted, or were we dreaming ? For years we had searched the seas for the U-boat and few of us had ever seen one, but now it seemed as if a curtain had been rolled back, revealing our hidden enemy, and we could see that our work had not been in vain. There were dozens of them, everywhere, moored to buoys and more and still more coming in. Those at the buoys looked like handfuls of cigars thrown down on a table ; they were dead, unkempt and rusty, with an air of desolation, outcasts from the world of decent things. Those which were coming in were still a live power for evil ; it was not an honourable surrender, they were mistrusted, covered by our guns until in charge of a prize crew. One thought of all the evil they had done, how they had utterly changed our ideas of " things a fellow can't do." In 1914, when a cruiser was torpedoed, her

sister ship went to the rescue, never dreaming that she would be attacked in the act of saving life at sea. The mad joy of London on Armistice day did not make me realise our victory one tenth as much as this drama.

The Huns themselves, the crews I mean, how could they do it ? I cannot explain to the lay mind what I mean, I lack

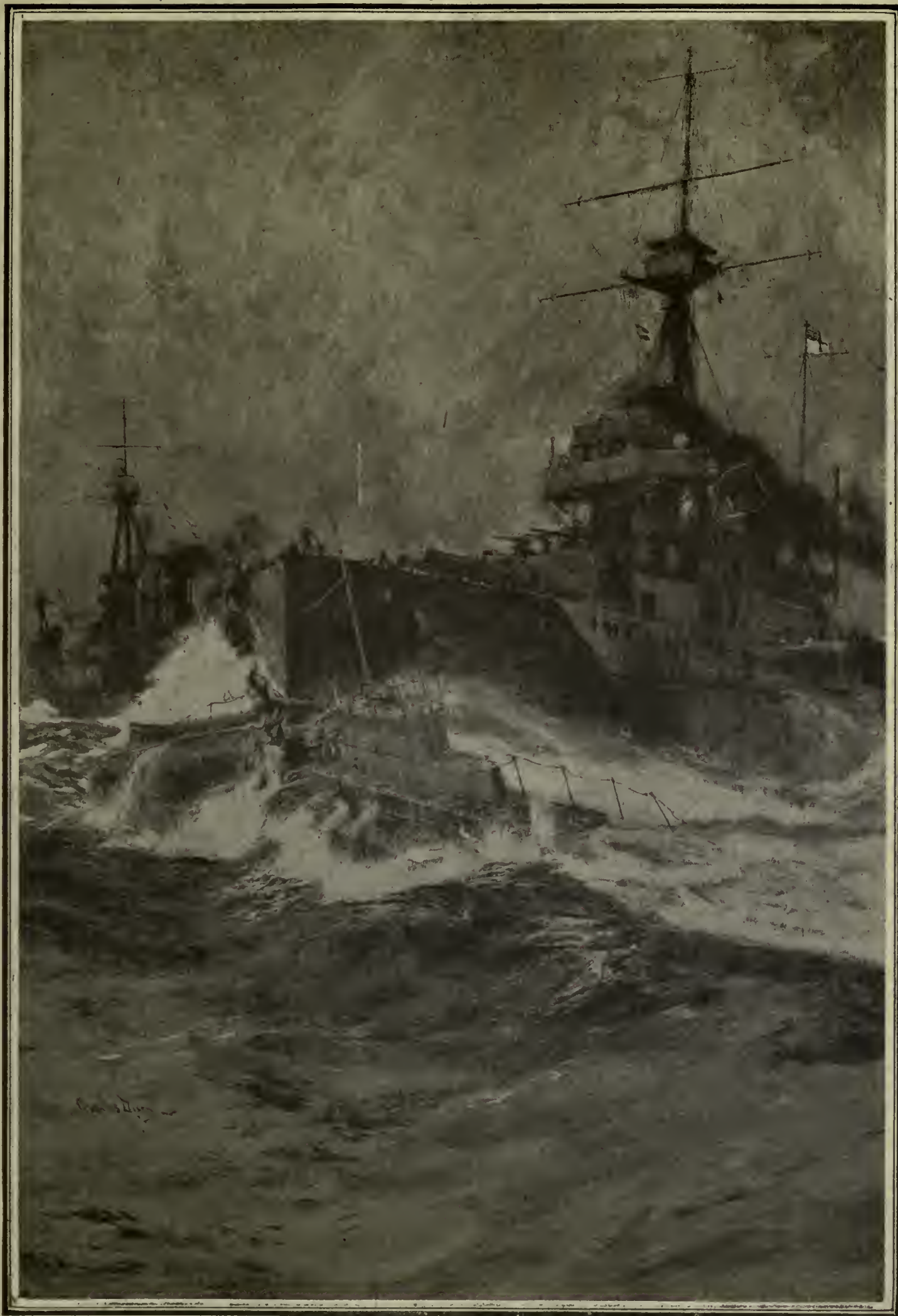


THREE CRUISER SUBMARINES



SUBMARINE BEING BOARDED BY PRIZE CREW





## RAMMED

*By Charles Dixon.*

Rough work in the North Sea. Dreadnought rams U-29.

*A true incident of the early days of the War. Has only just been released for publication.*



the gift of words. The bond between a seaman and his ship is something outside his conscious control: she may be a little hell to him, he may curse her and long for the day when he will leave her. But let her get into difficulties and he will stick up for her in spite of his hate, or does his hate change?

Yet we saw the Hun come in of his own free will, with his bag on deck packed ready for the beach, and quietly hand over his ship to his hated enemy. How did they get him to do it? Did they spin him some yarn that it was only a pretence and that we would be forced to give them back? Or was it that, as a punishment for having violated every law of the chivalry of the sea, the sea had spued him up and would have none of him, refused him the feelings of seamen: that he never had been a seaman and never would be.



LARGE SUBMARINE BEFORE SURRENDER

"Never the feller a man'd choose to be with in a watch together,  
Never the feller you'd like to know was around in the worst of weather,  
Never the chap as you'd want by your side when caught aback in a gale,  
Or laying aloft in your shirt, maybe, off the Plate there shortening sail."\*

They took an extraordinary interest in us and, even in the solemn moment of surrender, gazed up at us as we passed

\* "Small Craft." C. Fox Smith.

over. They must have seen us more often than we had seen them, but it could only have been a glimpse from a distance through a periscope. Now they could see us as clearly as we could see them, enemies meeting face to face in the light of the sun after long years of warfare fought in the dark.

The naval surrender of Germany, as a whole, is the biggest thing in history: so far as the sea and the command thereof is concerned, it is victory, final and complete. Out of it as a whole, the surrender of the submarines marks not only defeat, but the total collapse of a policy in which was attempted a revision of the accepted laws of the world. Not only is the Hun beaten, but the view which he attempted to impose on the world has vanished; those sullen hulls lying in British

harbours mark the disappearance, not only of the German from sea control, but also of Germanism from the laws and customs of the sea.

Thus, out of all the events and spectacles that the collapse of Germany has provided, this surrender of the submarines takes first place among the symbols of Allied victory over the most cruel and most determined enemy of civilisation that has come to being in all the history of the world.



SURRENDERED SUBMARINES



# The Victory of Justice : By L. P. Jacks

**M**ORALLY considered, the British people are at this moment in a dangerous position. I do not mean that we are showing signs of moral decay—far from it. The danger lies in the circumstances in which we are placed. These circumstances are such as to confront us, at one and the same moment, with an easy and attractive wrong, and a difficult and rather repellent right. If we follow the line of least resistance we shall do the wrong thing. In order to do the right thing we shall have to be hard upon ourselves. The position I suppose is not unfamiliar to most of us as a matter of personal experience, and we know well how dangerous it is. At the present moment it confronts the nation as a whole. We are in presence of a strong temptation, yielding to which will inevitably put us in the wrong. If we are to do right we shall have to take courses which are outwardly and superficially not very attractive; indeed, quite the reverse. It is on occasions like this that the stuff of a nation's soul is put to the test.

This, it will be said, is no new thing. All through the war we have had it dinned into us, in season and out of season, that the national soul was being put to the test. And have we not stood the ordeal well? Have we not emerged triumphantly? What better proof could you have that the heart of this people is sound than that afforded by its conduct during the last four years? And is not the time now come when we can afford ourselves a moral holiday? Is the testing process to go on for ever?

As a person who is not by nature a rigorist I should like to think that the long strain was at an end. I should be glad, very glad, of a moral holiday myself; but as a citizen of the British Empire I don't see my way to getting one just yet. The testing process through which we have passed during these years seems to me to have been leading up to a climax which is just beginning. We have not done with this experience, and shall not have done with it for some time to come. We are indeed approaching the critical moment, the chief danger point in the long trial; and one can only hope that what we have already endured in this way has seasoned and hardened us for the last great struggle. It will be mainly a struggle with ourselves, that is with a more formidable opponent than the external foe ever is or can be.

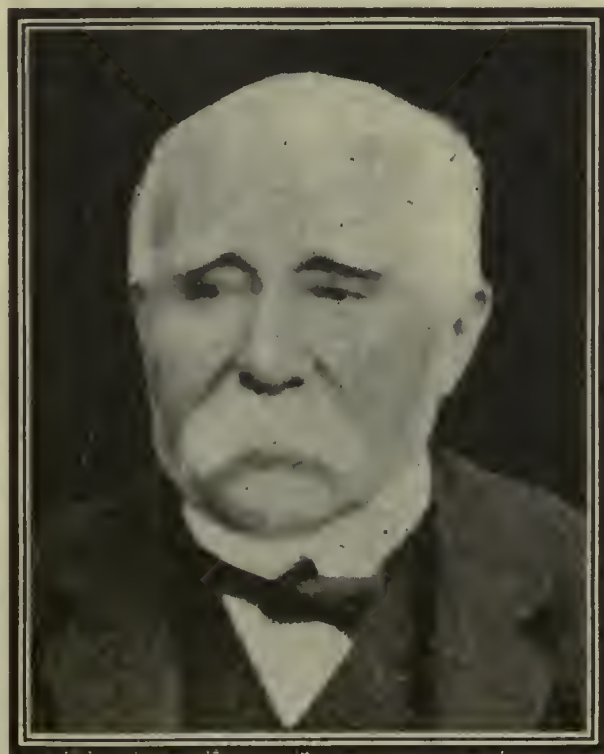
The war has left us possessed of a giant's power, and the question is whether we are going to hold and use this power for ourselves or whether we are going to hold and use it as a trust for humanity. We can do either but we cannot do both. If we choose to do the first, I know of no opposing power in existence at the moment, or likely to arise through any combination of States, that can effectively say us nay. Sea-power is key power, and at the moment it is in our hands. Our Navy has grown into what, taking it all in all, is probably the greatest force the world has ever seen. We have immense

armies of brave and well-disciplined soldiers. The whole of the able-bodied male population is trained to the use of arms. We are replete with every kind of armament. We have built up a great military organisation. We have acquired military experience and military skill to a degree unparalleled in our history. Our martial aptitudes were never in a higher state of efficiency. And above all we are victors; the instinct of conquest which is in the blood of our race has been refreshed by a great draught of victory. If we are so minded we can use all this to our own advantage. We can secure for ourselves the most favourable position in the trade of the world. In spite of the losses of the war we can make the British Empire richer than ever, and we can do so at the expense of others. We have the pick of the world's opportunities. Of course we should provoke opposition if we took them, but our power is such that we could make the opposer beware of us and nip his opposition in the bud. In short we can, if we choose, play the part which Germany intended to play if she were to win the war. Need it be said that our salvation depends on our not playing it? But who will deny that the temptation is great?

I have never attached much importance to the saying that has been so much bandied about—"this war is to end war." The truth is that every war that is waged makes war more difficult to abolish. It does so in many ways: by leaving grievances on the side of the vanquished; by prompting insolence and selfishness on the side of the victors; by creating vast armaments; by teaching the people the use of arms; by filling the atmosphere with martial influence and martial knowledge; by making war more familiar to the public mind. The horrors of war have always been known, but have never been an effectual deterrent, any more than the fear of hell-fire, even where hell is seriously believed in, has prevented men from evil-doing; and the increase in the horrors, due to modern conditions of warfare, makes very little difference. The memory of horrors is evanescent and even when it is fresh makes less appeal to the imagination than is commonly supposed. The memory of war-like achievement is lasting, and acts as an incentive long after the horrors are forgotten. War, in fact, is a habit of States, and every fresh war renders the habit more difficult to shake off. It is with war as with all other habits—its tendency is to repeat itself, not to end itself. "I will have one more throw," says the gambler, "and then I will never touch the accursed dice again. This last gamble shall end my gambling for ever." And yet we know very well that this "last gamble" is precisely what makes it certain that his gambling will be resumed next day. So each war that is waged serves to strengthen the general body of the war-making forces and to deepen the grooves in which they run. A mere resolution "not to do it again" is a feeble thing in comparison, and the fact that most of us are conscious of having made such



MR. LLOYD GEORGE



M. CLEMENCEAU



a resolution should not blind us to the danger that lurks behind. Our habits may prove more powerful than our resolutions; and our habit just now is the habit of conquerors, which is not easily cast off. It would not be very difficult to go to war again. Psychologically it would be quite easy, and psychological causes have more to do with these things than political or even economic causes. We all remember how difficult it was in 1914, when the war habit had grown weak through disuse, to accommodate our minds to the fact that the nation was at war. How strange it seemed! Now the difficulty is to realise that we are at peace; and if to-morrow the news came that we were in for another great campaign there would be none of that plunge into an unfamiliar world which most people found so difficult four years ago. Such things should not be lost sight of when we are considering the dangers of the time. The nations are talking of peace; but they are familiar with war. And familiar ideas are easily put into execution.

For these reasons I do not hesitate to predict that trouble would arise if Great Britain were to go to the Peace Conference possessed by the notion that she is going to make a good thing for herself out of a pacified world. There would be trouble among our own people to begin with. I see the announcement made by an eminent economist that Great Britain can now begin to treble her wealth production and income. Perhaps she can; but I doubt if our returning soldiers will be content to regard this as the cause for which they risked their lives; and I doubt if the mothers and fathers of the slain will like it any better. Even in oneself, after four years of ingloriously watching the sacrifice of others, one feels a little shudder at the pronfence given to this kind of thing. It really looks at times as though, having the giant's strength, we meant to use it as a giant. Is that worthy of the glorious dead—of whom Mr. Kipling has chosen to say "their names will live for evermore"? Is it not something of an anti-climax? These men did not lay down their lives for British trade. They died for Justice, and we owe it to them to see that Justice is established on the earth. It is not established yet. All that is accomplished so far is the overthrow of injustice; a great step towards the goal but not the goal itself. The work of our dead is not finished; it is just begun. It is handed on for us to continue, which we shall *not* be doing by trebling the wealth production and income of the British Empire. If that is to be our dominant idea we may look out for the next war. It is not far off.

The victory we are now contemplating is a victory *by* Justice, *for* Justice and *of* Justice. If I had to make my choice I would lay the chief emphasis on the first preposition—*by* Justice. I am old-fashioned enough to believe that the secret of this victory lies with the "power not ourselves that makes for righteousness," and that we shall be well advised not to sound our own praises too highly. "Not unto us, O Lord, but unto Thee." It has been a most startling experience, a thing not to be understood offhand, but to be meditated long and silently. The more one thinks of it, the more the feeling grows that Marshal Foch and the Prime Minister are not the last names to be named in this business. As a humble psychologist I could wish that the

General Election had happened at some other time—not at the time when quiet men want to meditate on the mighty works of the Lord, and on the desolations He hath wrought in the earth. The thing that has happened means so much that it runs a serious risk of meaning nothing—like the National Debt. One needs a "tranquil space" to take it in; and I for one harbour a little grudge against those who

have plunged me into this new turmoil at the very moment when my soul was craving for quiet. The aspect of our victory which is most worth thinking about is not being thought about. Something else, a far lesser thing is being thrust into the foreground, and the thoughts which it prompts seem to let one down from the height of this great moment. Perhaps we shall do better later on.

Among the writers, the orators, and the poets of the time I listen in vain for the voice that reminds us of what, to me, is the central truth of the whole matter—the victory *by* Justice, the victory for which Justice itself must receive the praise. But looking through my Milton, who has been my chief war prophet throughout, I found the other day a passage which said what I wanted to hear. Probably the reader knows it, but it will do him no harm to see it once more in print.

Oh how comely it is, and how  
reviving  
To the spirits of just men long  
oppress'd!

When God into the hands of their deliverer  
Puts invincible might  
To quell the mighty of the earth, the oppressor,  
The brute and boisterous force of violent men,  
Hardy and industrious to support  
Tyrannick power, but raging to pursue  
The righteous and all such as honour truth;  
He all their ammunition

And feats of war defeats,  
With plain heroick magnitude of  
mind  
And celestial vigour arm'd;  
Their armouries and magazines  
contemns,  
Renders them useless; while  
With winged expedition,  
Swift as the lightning glance, he  
executes  
His errand on the wicked, who,  
surpris'd,  
Lose their defence, distracted and  
amaz'd.

After pondering this splendid passage I would suggest to the reader that by way of contrast he spend an evening with the books we were all talking about in the early days of the war, especially the German books on "World-dominion" and such like nonsense; or that other book of Professor Cramb's which underlined the German logic and gave some of us sleepless nights. How formidable it seemed at the time! Well, as I look back to those days what stands out most vividly in my memory is a certain "plain heroick magnitude of mind" that shone forth in our leaders at the critical hour. From that day to this it has never deserted us. It has been the

strength of our armies in the field and of our people at home. "Plain heroick magnitude of mind," which is another name for Justice, has won the war.

Such is the victory; and now we have to live up to it. To do so will tax to the uttermost the resources of the nation's intellect and of the nation's will. But all this will be vain unless it be built upon the rock. And the rock is "plain heroick magnitude of mind."



MR. ASQUITH



PRESIDENT WILSON



# "Peace, Pelmanism and Prosperity."

## THE WATCHWORD FOR 1919.

10,000 Enrolments a Month!

*Great Business Firms Enrol their Staffs in Hundreds.*

The coming of Peace has given a tremendous impetus to the Pelman movement.

*Within a single month ten thousand men and women have enrolled for a Pelman Course!*

"Peace, Pelmanism, and Prosperity" is, in effect, the national watchword of the day. Thousands who have hitherto been prevented from taking it up are now hastening to begin their study of Pelmanism, which, during the strenuous war years, has proved of such enormous help to business and professional success.

Many big firms are enrolling their employees *en masse*: one famous business house has just enrolled 165 members of its staff.

Every enrolment is made with a definite aim. To gain a bigger salary or a better position: to increase efficiency, to economise time and work: to develop more ability: to broaden experience and to make learning easy—whatever the object may be, Pelmanism never fails to prove its value. There is no man or woman, in fact, who has conscientiously studied "the little grey books" without deriving benefit: the most popular phase being exemplified by the hundreds who have reported 100 per cent., 200 per cent., and even 300 per cent. increases of salary as a direct consequence of Pelmanising.

The evidence for Pelmanism is freely open to every one to examine, and will be sent to any reader who applies to-day to the address given below.

### Salary Doubled in 3 Months.

There is only one way of judging Pelmanism, and that is by *results*. In the records of the Institute there are many thousands of letters reporting the most remarkable "benefits" ever recorded; benefits so substantial and so direct that they speak more plainly than volumes of argument could do. A few extracts are given hereunder from some of these letters.

From Bristol a Pelmanist writes:

"After taking up Pelmanism for about three months I was offered a very high post in the firm in which I am employed. This advancement, *which doubled my salary* (which was not inconsiderable before), I attribute entirely to Pelmanism."

The foregoing is typical of, literally, hundreds of letters, some of which tell of incomes *trebled* and even *quadrupled* as a result of Pelmanism. These letters are not asked for: they are sent of the writers' free will. Pelmanists are only too ready to acknowledge the vast good they have derived from the Course.

Here is another letter, from a journalist, who had only got as far as Lesson 4 when he wrote:

"Already I feel a definite change in my mentality, a stirring and stretching in the mind. I cannot praise too highly the *perfectly natural method of progression*. There is no trick or quackery about it, and for the return your System gives it seems to be nonsensically cheap at the fees you charge."

### Worth a Hundred Times the Price.

Many business men have remarked that the Course, to them, would be cheap at ten, twenty, or one hundred times the price. One man, a solicitor, said that a single lesson of the Course was worth £100. The cost, in short, is infinitesimal as compared with results, and small though the fee is, it may be paid by instalments if desired. Cost is no obstacle to anyone becoming a Pelmanist.

Here is another letter—short and sweet—from a busy accountant:

"Since becoming a Pelmanist I have benefited materially, having been promoted twice in twelve months, with 50 per cent. financial increase."

Large numbers of medical men have taken the Pelman Course, and many of them recommend their patients and friends to do the same. Higher praise from such a cautious and conscientious body of professional men it would be impossible to gain. Here is a letter from one:

"I cannot be sufficiently thankful that I took a Pelman

Course. . . . I attribute my success in a large measure to the application of Pelman principles. The study was done in the spare time left to me by a large industrial practice."

Another letter, also from a medical man:

"I took the Pelman Course because my practice was not in a satisfactory condition, and I could not discover the cause. Your lessons enabled me to discover the weak points and correct them, with most satisfactory results. Your Course has proved to be a splendid investment for me. My chief regret is that I did not take it at the beginning."

### "Results are Wonderful."

Another Pelmanist expresses himself thus:

"The results are wonderful. I used to wonder (before taking up the Pelman Course) if there was any possible exaggeration; but, honestly, *no pen can express one tittle of the value the Course really is*. What I have gained up to the present could never be called costly even if it had cost me £50."

It may be remarked that this gentleman had only worked through *two lessons* when he wrote the foregoing. Comment would be superfluous.

One of the most interesting letters received by the Pelman Institute during recent months contains the following very frank admissions:

"I admit having read your announcements for some ten years, and yet I was not (to my eternal regret be it admitted) persuaded to commence your Course until I noticed your consistent advertising in the *Times*. . . . I do not see how anyone can study the Pelman lessons seriously and not gain thereby—reaping a reward which, besides its definite and tangible advantage, also brings with it developments which have no parallel in money values.

"To those of my acquaintance who ask my opinion of the Pelman training, I have said, and shall continue to say: Take it—follow instructions carefully—and if at the end of the Course you do not admit having gained something good—right out of proportion to its cost—I will personally refund your outlay."

Such a letter from a business man surely shows that Pelmanism is at least as good as—if not better than—its claims. And that is the opinion of many students. The following extract from a Pelmanist's letter has previously been published, but will bear repetition. In the course of a very warm tribute to the system, he said:

"I used to think the claims made for Pelmanism were fantastic and impossible; now I consider them to be understatements of the truth."

### Consider these Points.

There is no parallel to the amazing success of Pelmanism amongst all classes; and every month, every week, its success and popularity increase.

It is perfectly simple and easy to master, takes but very little time, and can be studied anywhere. Being taught entirely by correspondence, it does not matter where you live. Many successful Pelmanists took up the Course when living overseas in remote corners of the Empire.

It has now been adopted by over 400,000 men and women, and no thorough student of the Course has ever yet failed to secure "results."

Full particulars of the Pelman Course are given in "Mind and Memory," which also contains a complete descriptive Synopsis of the 12 lessons. A copy of this interesting booklet, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report on the work of the Pelman Institute, and particulars showing how you can secure the complete Course for one-third less than the usual fee, may be obtained gratis and post free by any reader of LAND & WATER who applies to the Pelman Institute, 39 Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.

Overseas Addresses: 46-48 Market Street, Melbourne; 15 Toronto Street, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.



# How the News came to Barbary

By A. P. Herbert

I WAS at Tlemcen on the great Monday; Tlemcen, the ancient capital of Western Barbary, a hundred miles from Oran and scores of miles from the nearest Englishman. At eleven a.m. the train from Oran halted lazily at a small station, where oranges glowed in the station garden as the wall-flowers do at home, and from the eucalyptus trees great breaths of the scent came in. Here we had the news, and told each other how curious it was to have heard it at the very moment when the fighting ceased; this pleased us more than anything, though I am not sure that it was true.

Tlemcen is a little walled town towards the Moroccan frontier, perched on a small plateau extravagantly covered with fruit trees, with a steep, serrated battlement of a ridge behind it and an impossibly good view over wooded undulations in front.

Normally, I should say, its life is one long siesta, and as I drove through the narrow cobbled streets the place was still struggling out of sleep, sitting at cafés under the plane trees, assimilating the news. Only the cabman expected a commemorative "bénéfice," and the first few flags were climbing about the pink and white houses among the jasmine. The Tricolour and Stars and Stripes held the field. The Union Jack was a rarity, the Empire, being mainly represented by a kind of bastard Red Ensign, a vast expanse of red with a minute Jack lurking shamefully in the corner.

The dramatic sense demanded that this lonely Englishman, herald of a great Allied victorious Empire, should have been met at the Porte de Sidi-Bou-Medine and carried in triumphal procession to a banquet, or at least a substantial déjeuner. This did not occur. Few persons recognised the lonely Englishman as an Englishman at all. This was disappointing, for along the Barbary coast from Tunis to Oran I had been enjoying the experience of being a curiosity, a rare spectacle, as an English officer, after being as common as dirt in England and Egypt and France. It had been refreshing to see men nudge each other and say respectfully—"Anglais." Here, though, on this day of days, they rather whispered behind me that I was a Russian, or Portuguese, or, haply, an American. And so I went into the Hotel des Voyageurs, full of flies and the smell of garlic, and stout Frenchmen, obviously not voyageurs, except perhaps in the commercial sense. They did not rise, and cheer as I entered, but continued to eat, as men say, "with relish." They were eating *couss-couss*, a romantic but nasty dish, and it was all strangely disappointing. One wanted to sing, to become obviously elated; above all, to have company. One thought of Piccadilly, of crowds in the Mall, of English drinks. . . . *Sodales*, that was what was missing. So in despair I turned to the next table, a fat civilian and two poilus (O dignity! O discipline!) and said with a knowing air, "Ah-ha—c'est fini, n'est ce pas?" At which they all gulped furiously, and one said "Ah, oui—Américain?" and another "Ah, oui—Portugais?" and the other said nothing, but picked his teeth. Then I went out into the Place de la Victoire in a great wave of garlic and sadness. I took a cab and drove out mournfully to the old Roman ruins of Mansoura, where the towers of the old wall are a lovely russet, standing peacefully among vineyards and olives, and orange and pistachio-trees. In the middle stands the remnant of the minaret, golden-brown in the warm sun, and from its base you look for many miles over the orchards and the cypresses and the vineyards, in all shades of green and gold and yellow, and russet and brown, to the blue Atlas Mountains.

I sat there in the absolute stillness, under a stage African sky, and thought appropriate things about Peace. In particular I thought, "In this far corner, reeking of history, and battle and sieges, of Romans and Berbers, Almohades and Merinides and all their strifes, men have long since had their fill of war: why should they worry about this one? why should they bother about this Peace?" And I was comforted.

But when I drove back into the white town, prepared to postpone my joy, the streets were astir. They had digested the news, they were excited. On the muezzin gallery of the Grande Mosquée there were clusters of Tricolours looking strangely out of place; and in the Place de la Mairie were bodies of Arab youths, marching about in a brilliant confusion of dirty white breeches and red tarbooshes, carrying gaudy banners and chanting on one note a triumphant refrain, to the metre of "Left—right—left, right, left." (This was explained to me later as a song of victory, and it seemed

to me that "Land of Hope and Glory" had its points after all.)

The rumour of "un Anglais" had got round, and I was smiled upon. As we passed the principal café I caught the glitter of champagne, unmistakable even at 3 p.m., and there were loud cries of "Descendez." Accordingly I descended. Gathered round a few tables on the pavement were M. le Maire, M. le Commandant, the Sous-Prefet, and various other anonymous notables, clearly the preliminary Peace Conference. Also there were oceans of champagne, the bounty of an enormous gentleman with an undulating bosom and no collar. But he paid for the champagne.

## Moist Enthusiasm

The next half-hour remains in the memory as a confused period of toasts and cheers and moist enthusiasm, of continual gettings up and sittings down, of champagne glasses being for ever emptied down the right sleeve and for ever mysteriously filled again; of the vast face of the generous brewer glowing distantly in the background like a Mediterranean sunset; while in the street a large and motley crowd collected, pert Arab boys with almond eyes and olive complexions, grey bearded old Moors with corrugated faces, French officers, French women, Jews, poilus, sleek Syrians in rich silk robes, cross-eyed beggars, Maltese, Turks, Italians, Berbers, Greeks, donkeys, and, I believe, Germans.

At intervals new celebrities arrived, and all the company stood up and embraced or avoided embraces and spilled their glasses and toasted the Allies and sank back exhausted. A man stood on a table and sang the "Marseillaise" with astonishing fire and emotion, and the "Madelon" and the "Chanson du Poilu," and afterwards the "Chant du départ"; and that took me back three and a half years to Mudros Bay, where I first heard the French sailors sing it—as we steamed out for Helles—with the same unique French gift of singing as if they meant it.

Through all this I sympathised with M. le Commandant, the C.O. of the garrison, who was being conscientiously democratic and tolerant (as who should say "The end of a great war is a mere incident to me, but by all means let us be merry"), but clearly wondering how far he ought to go before all those Arabs.

And then the crisis came. A certain general appreciation of the British race had already been expressed. It was now to crystallise into a hideous shape. Next to me was a man in a vague kind of khaki uniform, evidently the self-appointed "soul" of all local festivities, and personally distasteful to M. le Commandant. He had already sung and declaimed and recited *ad nauseam*. His big coup was to come. After confirming in a stealthy ear-tickling whisper his suspicion that I was indeed "un Anglais," he rose and spoke very favourably of the part played by England in the war. "Here," he said, "is 'un Anglais.'" I "lève mon verre," but the rest was lost in what is known as "a scene of indescribable enthusiasm." M. le Maire and the company leapt to their feet with surprising agility and recklessly poured their champagne down their bosoms; shouting and beaming and clinking glasses. Outside in the sun the young Arabs cheered and cast their red hats into the air, and the old Moors smiled silkily in their beards, and all that mob of infidels and true believers paid their tribute of respect to this embarrassed subject of the Great White King. And—oh horror!—the "soul" of the town cast himself upon me, and clasped his arms about me, and kissed me hotly on both cheeks. Before all those Arabs. And he had not shaved. He was prickly. . . . I went under.

When I came up, gasping, the second time, I said to myself, "This is a great occasion. In this lonely corner of Africa, on this historic day, I am the only Englishman present. I am an Ambassador. I am the Empire. In the years to come they will tell their children how the mad Englishman bore himself this day. I will be worthy." A life full of incident and danger had yet left me ill-equipped for such a moment as this, but when I saw the crash coming I had hurriedly rehearsed a little French speech, in the best of taste. I rose—but, alas! it had deserted me. What I said was something like this—"Je suis enchanté. . . . Je suis enchanté . . . d'être . . . damn . . . d'être aujourd'hui . . . les braves poilus. . . . les boches . . . les sacrés Boches . . . j'ai battu . . . Armée Française . . . enchanté. Je lève mon verre . . . je



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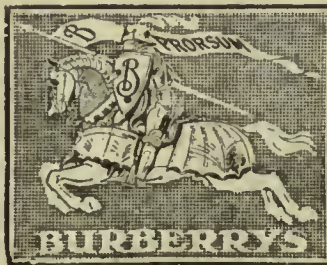
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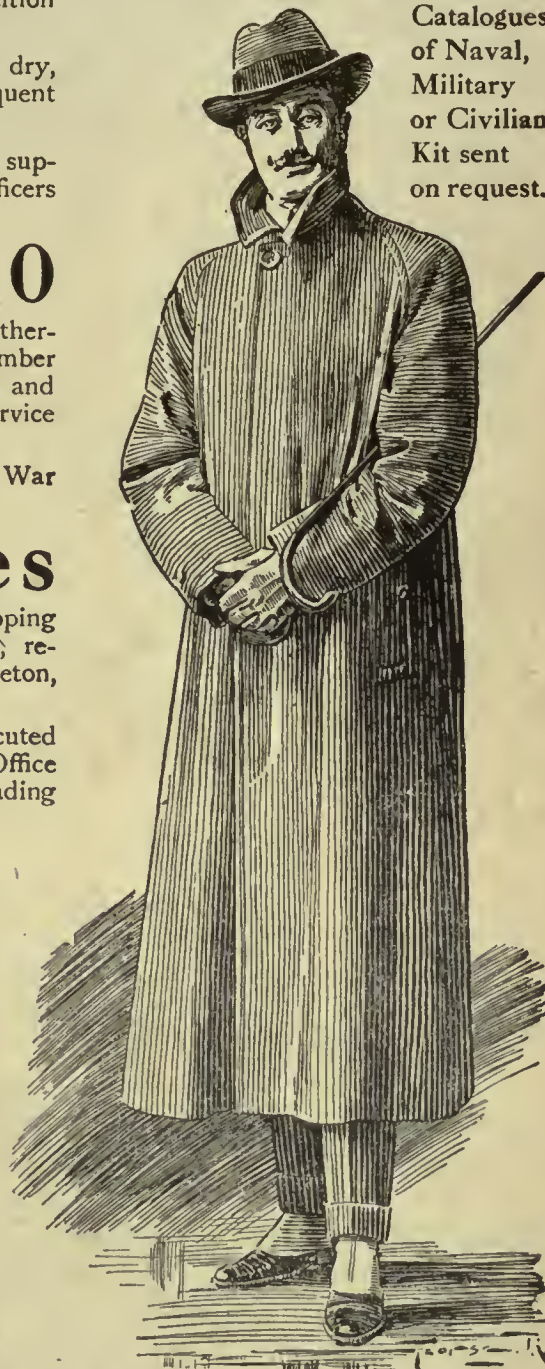
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lève ma verre (the gender of "verre" escaped me) . . . Vive la France!!! This, however, seemed to give every satisfaction; the "indescribable" scene described above was repeated, and even M. le Commandant smiled wanly over the shoulder of a lady, who was endeavouring to embrace him.

After that the company dwindled, and I faded away under the plane trees in search of solitude, pursued by a reverent escort of Arab children, who had clearly been trained in the principles of Scouting for Boys, since it was impossible to shake them off. Hunted, desperate, sole representative of a Great Empire, I fled into the back room of a café and took tea. There was no milk or sugar or butter or cakes or bread—only tea. But that was enough. As I sat there, panting, I said to my faithful heart, "Why did I pray this morning for company and celebrations? Oh, Allah! let me be alone."

In the evening there was a scratch band in the Place, and all the motley population was there; even along the wall there stole a few of the native women in their white hoods, with one vestal eye glowing inhumanly through the slit. From far off in the hills and outlying villages the Moors and Arabs had come in scores, riding portentously on tiny donkeys; and one thought, "Why should these men care? How has the war mattered to them?" And then I saw the swarms of tirailleurs, with the blue tunics and yellow facings—fine, lean men like sunburnt Englishmen, some of them—and I had my answer. For they, too, have given many to the war.

### Questionable Fireworks

The Arab youth were at it again, surging and chanting and banner-waving. "At least," I had said, "here, on the edge of Morocco, there will be no fireworks." Yet even this boon was denied. How can one explain the magical appearance of these things in such a place? Perhaps (who knows?) as part of the very active German propaganda in these regions, sent maybe to celebrate a German victory. For they were live, full-bodied things, squibs that went off like a bomb and put the fear of God into a soldier. So I went up and stood on the balcony of the Mairie, and looked down and felt like an Ambassador. But when the band had finished the wife of the Sous-Prefet came unto me and apologised because they had not played "God save the King." They had tried, but the music could not be found. I felt like a king, and I was gracious.

Then all the world promenaded again, and there was a torchlight procession of tirailleurs, with the flares lashed to their bayonets, and a band of weird wood-wind instruments, something between the bagpipes and a paper-and-comb. In the rear rode a number of Espahis, solemn men with thick turbans and beards, sitting mysteriously on grey horses. All round the narrow streets they went, with the Madelon wailing away in the distance and bursting suddenly round corners; and the torchlight shot up to the shuttered windows where no man may look, and one imagined the harem ladies peeping down through the cracks at this mad and forbidden world.

In the Place, at the height of the festivities, a man approached me and asked (in French) if I spoke Allemand. "Why?" I said, "are you an Allemand?" To which, as the policeman said, he replied in the affirmative. Stunned, I enquired if he too "faisait fête"; and again he said "yes."

All my dreams of peace had not prepared me for such an occasion. From what secret haunt he had emerged, what he thought I was, and what action I should have taken either by the Manual of Infantry Training, or the Code of Honour, I knew not. But he had a French Alsatian wife, so I spared him. But my spirit was broken. I went to bed.

In the morning all the town was still smiling, and there were still more flags; and how much more beautiful the old flags can look in such a place, hung about the white houses in the African sun, than they do at home, dingy and soiled and wet. The Arab boys were still chanting (I do not suppose they are silent yet), and my escort of children and boys was, if anything, in excess of Establishment.

I took lunch with one of the chief citizens—whether the Maire or the Sous-Prefet or what I never discovered. They were Alsations, and their two children, boy and girl, were dressed in honour of the Peace in the native dress of the Alsatian peasant. The boy looked like a character out of Dickens, in a long frock-coat, and the girl like a flag of Alsace, in red and white.

It was a moving thing to see these old clothes, hidden away who knows how long in some old chest, taken out sometimes by Madame to fold and put away again, and now come out gloriously from bondage to fly the colours of Alsace in Northern Africa.

They were going home, Madame said, as soon as they might; and I told them that I, too, was going home. But I was glad the Germans were not in Hammersmith.

## The Navy in Battle\*

THE readers of LAND AND WATER need no introduction to the work of Mr. Arthur Pollen. Week after week during the war, Mr. Pollen has contributed those illuminating essays which have enabled his readers clearly to appreciate the shifting phases of the war at sea, and in so doing, Mr. Pollen has performed a valuable public service. For, under the existing conditions of representative government, the security of the whole community does, in fact, depend upon the degree of national intelligence. The politician, whose business it is to please the largest possible number of people, habitually defers to desires born of an ignorance which he sometimes shares, but to which he more often sacrifices the duty of statesmanship. But the politician will acquiesce as readily in the demands of knowledge and intelligence; it matters nothing to him; for he no longer governs. Nor does he consider it his duty to instruct the people.

That duty is discharged by persons who have no votes to gain or to lose; and in respect of naval affairs, upon a right understanding of which depends the existence of the British Empire, or, to be more precise, the breakfast, dinner, and tea of each one of us. Mr. Pollen's work stands alone. For this reason: Mr. Pollen owns an exact scientific knowledge of the art of gunnery. And the art of gunnery is the final and ultimate purpose of the whole vast organisation of a marine fighting force, because the gun is the main weapon of a navy.

But that fact leads the student further. It leads him to enquire for what purpose the gun is used, and the answer is not so simple as it may appear. For instance, Mr. Pollen's valuable researches into the science of gunnery brought him to the study of strategy, which is the art of bringing forces into contact with the enemy; and of tactics, which is the art of using those forces when they are in contact with the enemy. The object of both strategy and tactics is to bring the gun to bear upon the enemy. Hence it follows that the range and power of modern artillery must affect tactics; which, in other words, must be adapted to the capabilities of the gun. In the old Navy, in which the range of the gun was short, tactics broadly speaking, consisted in close action. Mr. Pollen quotes a remark of the late Lord Nelson, that a captain who laid his ship alongside the ship of the enemy could not go far wrong.

That proposition also appears simple; but that again is not so simple as it seems. For an analysis of naval warfare speedily reveals the fact that there are two methods of fighting, the offensive and the defensive. The principle of the offensive is to strike as swiftly and as hard as possible, taking all risks. That is the tradition of the British Navy. The principle of the defensive is to do as much damage to the antagonist as possible while taking as few risks as possible; and, in certain circumstances, even to avoid battle altogether, using the potential fighting force of the fleet as a constant threat. Hence we are brought to the consideration of the exact importance of decisive battle in naval warfare. Either it is of supreme importance, or the same results may be compassed by other means. If it is of supreme importance, then to seek out and to destroy the fleet of the enemy is the paramount duty of a navy. If the same results may be compassed by other means, then the main purpose must be to avoid battle and thus save ships and men.

Mr. Pollen's study of the conduct of British naval warfare brought him to the conclusion that before and during the first three years of the war the principle followed was the defensive principle. Necessarily, the next thing to decide was whether that principle was right or wrong. The sole test is victory. Can the defensive bring victory? Mr. Pollen most unequivocally declares that it cannot. Victory, he affirms, is the prize of battle and of battle alone.

Mr. Pollen deals with the naval actions of the war in the only way in which they can be made intelligible, or even interesting, to the civilian. He explains what is the object of each operation, how it succeeded or failed, and why. His account of the Battle of Jutland is very remarkable. As in all great naval actions, there came one critical, one supreme moment, when all hung upon the decision of the commander-in-chief. The second and deciding part of the Battle of Jutland was a practical demonstration of the defensive principle.

The storming of Zeebrugge, the blocking of Ostend, marked the change to the right offensive principle. It is now for the British people to determine what is to be the national naval policy in the future. They will find the materials for forming their judgment in "The Navy in Battle." L.C.C.

\* By A. H. Pollen. (Chatto and Windus, 12s. 6d. net.)



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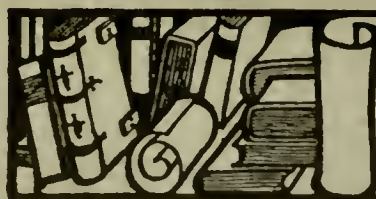
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# The Reader's Diary



## Recent Novels

I T was inevitable that Miss Irene Rutherford McLeod, should write a novel; and, except that the paper, jacket, which represents a flight of steps, apparently covered with a plague of flies and decorated with a pair of imitation lace curtains, is rather surprising I have nothing much to complain of in the fact. Indeed her *Graduation* (Chatto & Windus, 6s. net) is very much better than I anticipated. As I expected, it begins with the unhappy childhood of a strange and sensitive girl, who suffers much by not being understood. She grows up (Miss McLeod mercifully forbears to linger over her extreme youth), enters into happier surroundings, has an unfortunate love affair with a worthless painter, a more fortunate one with a genius, who dies and ends, felicitous at last, in marriage with a young and wealthy poet. Much of this could, I think, have been foretold, in the main lines at all events, by an experienced reader who had not opened the book. It is the recognised pattern for a first novel by a young and clever writer. What nobody, not even my reckless self, would have dared to foretell is the fact that all these people are alive, and that the events through which they move have interest and verisimilitude. Martin, the genius who dies young, has written a book about love (rather, one gathers, like a book by Mr. Edward Carpenter, though not, I hope, quite like), and it seems to me to indicate real talent in Miss McLeod that she should have made both him and the effect of his book on his friends quite credible. I do not mean that I rise from *Graduation* convinced that Martin's book was a work of genius; but I am convinced that Frieda and Alan thought so. Alan, the young poet, is lightly but livingly sketched. Again, I believe in him but not in his genius. He is the sort of young man who twenty years ago would have written ballades and rondeaux, and to-day is writing little "stop-shorts," copied from the Greek anthology. From all this I deduce that Miss McLeod's instincts and instinctive artistry are better developed than her powers of intellectual judgment. Her people are not altogether what she believes them to be; but she has felt them much more truly than she has observed them. Now that is a fine way to begin; and this instinctive feeling for character is the surest guarantee of truth in a novel. But before Miss McLeod can go very far she must develop the power of judgment and learn to *know* her characters. Otherwise, she will perplex the reader, as here, by making statements about them that are palpably false. It is better than she should do this than that she should make such statements about them as will lead us to conclude they never existed; and perhaps the best is yet to come.

Miss Madge Mears in *The Flapper's Mother* (Lane, 6s. net) shows no want of intellectual power. If such a classification had ever been invented, I should say that this was an admirable example of the "well-made" novel. The characters are as real as they need be to carry the story along; and they wheel into their places for the successive situations of the book with as much precision as though they were a company of the Guards (the old Guards) at drill. But Miss Mears' powers are such that I wonder rather why she wastes them on this cardboard tragedy of the flapper who had a misfortune, her lover with his mad wife, her mother with her vanished husband, and the chivalrous muff of a rector's son, who is rather like the well-intentioned clown tripping up people engaged on earnest business. She does it extremely well; but if she tried to do something a little more difficult the result might be on another plane altogether.

Mr. J. Storer Clouston used to write humorous books, and he wrote one, *The Prodigal Father*, which I remember with gratitude as being very humorous indeed. His new book, *The Man from the Clouds* (Blackwood, 6s. net), is a spy-story and a good specimen of its kind. The contrivance by which a R.N.V.R. man drops from an escaped balloon on to a Scottish island and, imagining it to be Germany, speaks in the dark in German to a prowling spy, is admirable. His endeavours to discover again the man who answered his German hail, the false clues he follows up, the suspicion he draws on himself, and the dénouement in which the spy is discovered to be—something I have no intention of disclosing, all make a first-rate story, which I heartily recommend.

## Occasional Reading

There are few things in the world easier than writing a weekly discourse on books and similar things; but to write it well is altogether another matter. It may be that some readers of Solomon Eagle's *Books in General* (Secker, 6s. net) will put the book down under the impression that this is as easy as falling off a log. The mistake will be put right when they reflect that if to give so much pleasure as this book contains is as simple a business as it looks, it is odd that so few people do it. The truth is that the secret of these papers is quite hidden under their charm and apparent want of effort. They deal with all sorts of subjects likely to entertain readers with a taste for letters, from misprints in the *Times* to the Baconian theory, from the obscurity of Henry James to the choice of a word to replace the obnoxious word "Colonial," from music-hall songs to the women of Shakespeare. This diversity is unified by the fact that Eagle hardly ever fails to be entertaining. However huge or trivial the subject, it is always approached by the same method, with respect for what is respectable in it and derision for what is not; and the wisdom of Solomon, however deeply it may be engaged, is rarely unilluminated by some agile effort of fancy or turn of speech or by the discovery of something ridiculous which is presented to the reader as a tit-bit. The peril under which papers of this kind lie is, of course, that wit applied to great subjects may turn unawares into mere facetiousness; and it is remarkable with what skill Solomon Eagle avoids this catastrophe. The secret of it is that he is genuinely interested in the things of which he writes; not only concerned to be flippant upon them; and, this being so, it is no irreverence but a useful as well as a witty comment when he calls Shakespeare "the Porcupine of Avon" or remarks of Wordsworth that his portraits and biographies leave "the impression of an old bore to whom one would not be rude simply and solely because one would not hurt the feelings of a person so worthy." A better combination than real respect for what is good in literature with a refusal to be awed into portentousness by anything whatsoever could hardly be found; and Solomon Eagle adds to this a gift for easy writing and ingenious phrases which completes his equipment. Some of his best sentences are less irresistible out of their context than in it; but I think I should have been tickled anywhere by the remark on a writer named Allene Gregory that "as I cannot tell from the name whether she is a gentleman or a lady I shall call him Miss." Mr. Eagle's desire to produce "the sort of book that one reads in, without tedium, for ten minutes before one goes to sleep" is perhaps a little modest, but though the period of reading will be longer and there are other times and places for which it is as well suited (e.g., in trains), he has certainly produced an admirable book for occasional reading. There are more of these papers in the quarries of the *New Statesman*; and they ought to be dug out.

## Thoughts of an Admiral

In her introduction to *Pages and Portraits from the Past* (Jenkins, 2 vols., 24s. net) which contains the private papers of Admiral Sir William Hotham, Mrs. Stirling points out with some little pride that the Admiral considered neither Napoleon nor Nelson to be a gentleman. This suggests to the impartial observer, not so much that Napoleon and Nelson are consequently to be condemned, as that the Admiral's standards of judgment proved rather poor things when the greatness of a subject put any strain upon them. And so it proves to be. Yet the Admiral knew nearly everybody of note in the period of the Napoleonic wars and after and set down his impressions with great care and honesty. As a result, his papers are of great interest and value, when allowance is made for his own rather narrow outlook. His account of the mutiny at the Nore, that well-known episode of which so little is known, is particularly good; and, if he thinks rather too highly of the powers and virtues of other admirals exactly like himself, he does give an excellent picture of the world as it appeared to an English admiral at the time.

PETER BELL.



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The vulnerable point in *Scandal* is not that it contains a bedroom scene, or that this scene is the climax of the play, but that it depends for what merit it has and what pleasure it gives entirely upon the physical and temperamental charm of the actress who plays the part of the Hon. Beatrix Hinchcliffe. As these, in the case of Miss Kyrle Bellew, are considerable, I got a large amount of pleasure from what is a wretched thing—considered as drama. I cannot deny that I would a thousand times rather hear Miss Leah Bateman speaking half a dozen of Viola's lines to Olivia, than look at Miss Kyrle Bellew in the most bewitching frocks for a whole night, but that does not alter the fact that Miss Bellew is delightful to look upon, and that she has an exquisite taste in clothes—two virtues whose importance I should be the last to belittle. Therefore I can honestly recommend *Scandal* as worth seeing for the sake of Miss Bellew. The plot is simple and extremely intelligible. The bedroom scene is effectively played by Miss Bellew and Mr. Bouchier. Mr. Bouchier stamps about, pokes the fire and makes gruff noises in the good old way, and when she realises that she is in his power—for Miss Bellew makes her the sort of minx that can be in a man's power—gallantly retires, as she, of course, would have known all along was the only result possible, leaving her to contemplate the situation.

Naturally nothing matters in a play like this except the actors; when Miss Bellew is not on the stage the whole thing is incredibly dull, except, indeed, for a brilliant piece of acting by Miss Gladys Ffolliott, as Lord Wickham's sister, and the real head of the family. Miss Ffolliott's acting in the last scene on board the millionaire's yacht is an instance of what can be done by a clever actress on a bare suggestion from the dramatist.

Some time ago in an article on the "Old Vic," I referred somewhat disparagingly to the London Opera House as a building, and said that much of its persistent ill-success was probably due to its out-of-the-way position. I have received a letter from a lady informing me that the London Opera House, now open as a moving picture house, is packed daily to its utmost capacity nearly every hour. I am far from pleased to hear this, as I have a violent dislike to moving pictures. This lady courteously invites me to inspect the building again under her guidance in the hope that I may change my opinion of its beauty, as, she says, the majority of people think it the most beautiful as well as the most comfortable theatre in London.

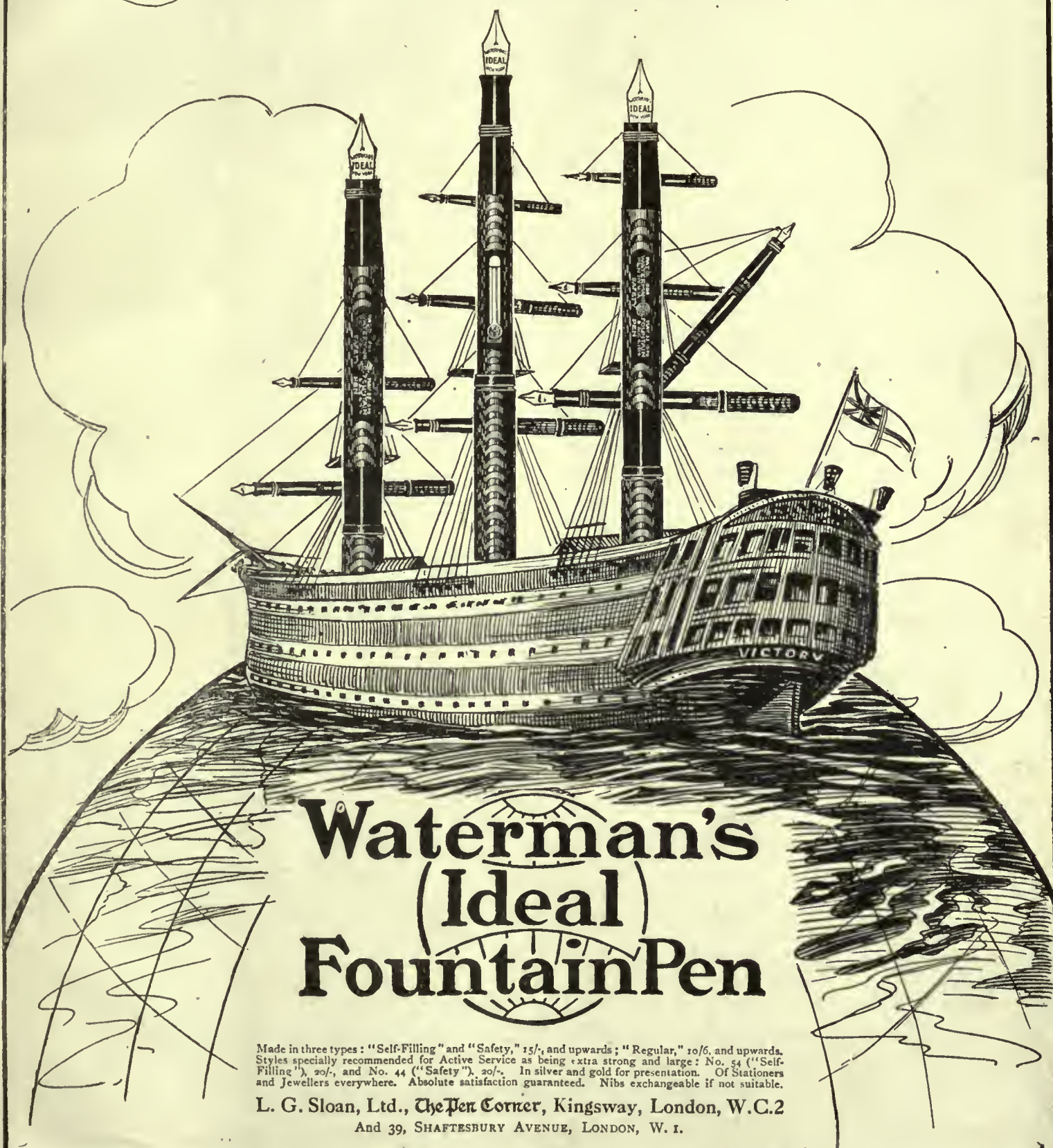
I must politely but firmly decline this invitation. I am determined to go on thinking that the London Opera House is a building in the worst possible taste, and if there be so many Londoners who admire it, I can only say that it is not surprising, considering the badness of our modern buildings generally, and the lack of any opportunity to form a standard by which to judge them. What does my correspondent think of the row of ladies and gentlemen in various attitudes of grief and despair posed along the parapet? The first thing for her to do, if she wants me to admire the building, is to climb up on to the roof and knock them all down into the mud with her umbrella. There is a decent bit of stone carving, if you want something to compare them by, on the right (facing the doorway) of the entrance to Australia House, not a hundred yards off in the Strand. After they have been all knocked down I should require her to whitewash over those wonderful frescoes on the ceiling, where if my memory does not deceive me, it is a matter of great difficulty to fit some of the nymphs with their proper legs. Next, I cannot think a building to be worthy even of consideration that is stone in one street and brick in another, looking like a man having lunch in a dinner jacket and a pair of flannel trousers. The London Opera House is a big, flashy building put up for show. The fact that it is comfortable inside and that, possibly, you can hear well there, is insufficient compensation.



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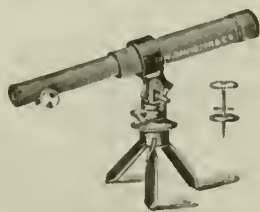
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## Financial Victory

By Hartley Withers

**F**INANCE is at all times a tiresome, sordid business, and anyone who has to write about it in a Victory Number feels (if he has any sense of decency) like a scavenger at a garden party. These questions of money are so small when they are compared with the really big things, and the biggest thing that ever happened in the world's history is the victory that has just been won over the forces of barbarism. When we think of all that that victory may mean, if we make the right use of it, in freeing the world for ever from a kink in its mental apparatus that produced untold misery, it seems entirely irrelevant to consider how much poorer we are going to be for the next few years in material goods, and what is the best thing to do to try to increase the supply of them. Nevertheless, they do count, not for much in themselves, but immensely in producing the right frame of mind. It has been pointed out by Mr. Bernard Shaw (if I remember right, but I quote from a somewhat hazy memory) that even the average burglar, when once he has acquired a comfortable competence, settles down as a highly respectable citizen and does his best to earn public goodwill by decent and kindly behaviour. We want a world that is a pleasant place to live in because it is full of pleasant, wise, and unselfish people; and it will be much easier to achieve this ideal if the general lot of mankind can be relieved of the anxiety about money matters (which means about the control of the necessities and comforts of existence) which at present fills their lives with care and their hearts, too often, with bitterness and discontent. To this end we want a great output of material goods, and a great improvement in their distribution.

These are two nice large problems, and the latter is by far the larger and more difficult. How are we going to set about them? In the first place, it will be an enormous gain if everybody can be induced to see that they are problems worth tackling and that each individual can do something towards their solution. "How is it possible to be patriotic in peace time?" was a question that was asked, quite seriously, the other day by a young officer just invalided out of the Army. He had risked his life for his country in war with the most cheerful alacrity and without asking twice, or once, whether it was or was not the most obvious and ordinary thing to do. In peace time he could not see any opportunity of a similar effort. But he went on to observe, "there's no question of patriotism in paying taxes because if you don't you get caught out and jumped on"; and the idea that one can do any more for one's country, besides paying what it demands, did not seem to him to be practical. And this attitude is very natural and reasonable. In war time the demand on the individual is clear. In time of peace it is difficult to see that the way in which one lives and works and spends one's money can have any practical effect either way.

This feeling is especially strong in this country—the home of individualism. It has so long been cheerfully assumed here that if each man seeks his own interest the interest of the nation will somehow be best secured (which would, indeed, be true if we all really knew what our own interest is) that doing as well as one can for oneself and one's dependents has come to be the natural object of most people's lives. Individualism, if it means the duty of every man to make the best possible use of himself, acting on his own initiative, and not asking to be spoon-fed by a blundering bureaucracy, is by far the highest ideal as long as it does not make people forget that they are part of a great whole, which it is their business to make greater as far as ever they can. In other countries this sense of public responsibility is stronger—or, at least, more openly recognised. An Englishman who talked of living for his country in peace would certainly be regarded as a rather Chadbandy kind of bounder. Even in war time if he talked about dying for his country instead of just going and doing it (or risking it) he would be regarded with strong suspicion. This reticence is an excellent quality if it is only reticence, and not ignorance or forgetfulness. But, in fact, we have very much left out the notion of the effect on the common prosperity of our individual action. Public-spirited people are generally supposed to be those who take some part in public life, but it is quite possible to be public-spirited without ever attending a meeting or recording a vote.

(Continued on page 36)

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(Continued from page 34)

A great deal of nonsense is talked about the cleverness and success in industry of the Germans. In fact, after all their hard work and profit-cutting, their output per head before the war was not much more than half that of this stuffy old country, spoilt by a century of prosperity. But they had that sense of working for a big thing, and every German clerk was conscious that he was a wheel in a great machine, and that it was his business, by doing his level best, to help the great machine to run. This is the spirit that we want to see here, without the bad results that it produced in Germany. If we can get some of the spirit of working for a big end, instead of merely for oneself, without that blind subservience to public authority which made the Germans stupid worshippers of a clay idol, we shall have gone a long way towards that financial victory which is the next item in our achievement, now that the military victory is won. We have before us a very difficult time of transition, and too many of us seem to think that just because the war is won, a cheap and easy heaven on earth is going to be given away at somebody else's expense. Whereas if we do not all work hard and take care of the financial end of things we shall find that the programme provided by the economic providence is really quite different.

### War and Production

War is a first-rate stimulus to productive activity. That is one of the benefits that have to be credited to it. When you take away the flower of the world's manhood and devote their whole energy to destruction, those who are left behind have to find out new and better methods of production, or perish. All the countries of the world have learnt how to make better use of material and how to organise production and distribution better. If only these means can be applied in peace time with something like the same success that war's stimulus provides, the common output can be increased enormously when all the men from the front have once been fitted into the productive machine. On the one hand, there is this possibility of a much greater output. On the other, there is a general demand for all kinds of goods to fill the gap that war's self-denial (voluntary or compulsory) has left in our consumption. The danger is that owing to lack of buying-power this demand may not be effective, as the economists say, that we may see the old absurdity of glutted markets and ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-supplied humanity looking on in despair and discontent.

It ought to be obvious to capitalists, employers, and the well-to-do in general that such a result would be disastrous from their own point of view, and more likely than anything to lead to the appearance of that ugly spectre which they dread under the name of Bolshevism; also that the way to avoid it is to welcome that improvement in the general diffusion of buying-power which can only be produced by higher wages. High wages, accompanied by high output, will go a long way towards dispelling the fear of glut. On the other hand, high wages, if unaccompanied by high output, will only bring us back into the old vicious circle that brought us so near to disaster during the war, and will simply mean high prices which make high wages a mockery. How are we to get round this dilemma? Only education will do it, and perception, perhaps after bitter experience, that one cannot get something out of nothing. If we had any leaders who could put a few simple economic facts before the people, and explain that two and two make four, the effort might be remarkable. Instead of which they encourage a pathetic belief in the bottomlessness of the public purse by conceding everything that ignorant workers demand. That workers should protest against being suddenly turned adrift because the war is over is most natural and reasonable. That the Government should, in fear of their protest, consent to go on using material that is wanted for other things by keeping munition works going in order to appease mobs, instead of explaining the facts of the position, is criminal weakness.

In all this welter of hopeful and doubtful tendencies the ordinary individual can do something. He can see that by his own action he helps on the right side, that by hard work—if he is a worker, by hand or brain—he increases the production of things that are wanted, not only by buyers with money, but by the public interest, and that by spending on the right things, if he has control of wealth, he stimulates only the production of things that the public interest requires to be multiplied. Those who spend money decide ultimately what goods shall be produced. On the wisdom or folly with which they spend, the future of our productive activity depends.

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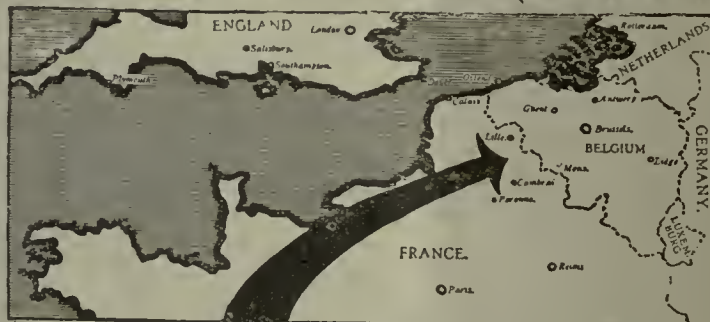
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Vol. LXXII. No. 2955. [57TH YEAR] THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1918 [REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER] PUBLISHED WEEKLY PRICE ONE SHILLING



Donald McLeish

## A MASTERPIECE OF VULGARITY

The Victory Column in the Königsplatz, Berlin. The Column is ornamented by three rows of cannon captured in the Danish, Austrian and Franco-German wars of aggression. It has been suggested that it should be destroyed when the Allies reach the German capital.



# LAND & WATER

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1918

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## Marshal Haig

LONDON'S welcome to Marshal Haig and his generals showed that the British people was in no doubt as to the quality and scope of his and their achievements in the field. The popular welcome extended, of course, far beyond their persons: it was a demonstration of gratitude to the armies which they led and which they represent. Every man who fought with and under them cannot be publicly and individually thanked; but every man can take to himself the cheers that were given to Haig and Plumer, Horne and Rawlinson. But there was a personal character also in London's greeting. Marshal Haig has been one of the least-advertised Commanders-in-Chief whom the British Army has ever had. In the months of his greatest triumphs he was most conspicuously ignored by our political heads. This was observed by the public, which did not, whether things were going ill or well, consider itself competent to form a judgment of the military merits of individual commanders, but which did feel that so long as a general was deemed worthy to retain his command it was cruel, unjust, and impolite to cold-shoulder him, or give the impression of cold-shouldering him. Marshal Haig has not been advertised by the politicians and the Press; and he has not advertised himself. He has typified all those qualities which we like to think of as being the leading qualities of British soldiers, whatever their rank: imperturbability, good humour, cool judgment, and dogged tenacity. He was a cavalryman, but he was also a Scot, and a first-class man at his book and office work; and the wisdom of his selection as Lord French's successor was never, even when he so resolutely pressed home his great victory, so effectively demonstrated as in those black weeks last spring. What was wanted then was not brilliant inspirations or dash, but coolness in face of a possible catastrophe, competence to make use of every local opportunity of resistance, ability to yield ground, but never too much ground, self-control, pertinacious work, determination to hold on until the tide should turn. It was necessary that the commander should have these qualities; it was equally necessary that his army should believe him to have those qualities; had the army not had confidence in Marshal Haig, the defeat of the spring must almost infallibly have turned into disaster. But the Army—and an Army, after experience such as ours has, has an unerring "feel" for the character of its man—never for one moment doubted the competence and the tenacity of its general. It felt that in leaning upon him it was leaning upon a rock. And it was.

## The Air Service

It is rumoured that Lord Weir is about to retire from his position at the Air Board. Attached to this rumour there appeared in several papers an extraordinary report that the Government intend to abolish the Air Service, and to transfer its functions to the War Office. On the face of it, this report was so ridiculous that not only are we unable to conceive any responsible Government making such a change, but we are unable to imagine how any responsible paper could bring itself to suppose that such a change could be made. All experience proves conclusively that operations in the air, like operations by land and by sea, were so important and so peculiar as to demand a separate department and a separate service. Everybody remembers how, with enormous difficulty and in the face of great obstacles, the aerial branches of the Army and Navy were amalgamated, and their administration transferred from the War Office and the Admiralty, and handed over to an entirely new body with a Cabinet Minister at the head of it. Since the Air Board came into existence the Service has developed a peculiar technique and outlook; and it is certain that if there were ever another war the arguments for unity and separateness of aerial control would be even more forcible than before, and that the importance of aerial operations would far exceed their importance in this war. It is perfectly clear that if we amalgamated the Air Board with the War Office, the next step would be to set up a new Naval Air Service, and the next, if and when some emergency arose which demanded efficient and coherent action, a new amalgamation would take place, and some new Lord Weir would be once more put at the head of a new department. The Royal Air Force will remain, and the Air Board will remain, the only question that remains unsolved is who spread about this astonishing report, and for what purposes he, or they, flew this kite? For a kite of some sort it must be, and there must be some sort of after-thought behind it; no journalist would have thought of inventing anything so grotesque.

## Drugs

Since the "Billie Carleton" case the newspapers have been flooded with "drug cases," and with articles on the delights and dangers of opium, morphia, cocaine, heroin, and more recondite drugs of which we confess we were previously only dimly aware. It seems certain that the drug traffic, and the luxurious, as apart from the medicinal, consumption of drugs, are far more widespread than most of us had imagined. It was certainly news to us that Englishwomen from the West End had been known to resort to Chinese opium dens in Limehouse; we had read of such things in "shockers," and assumed that they sprang from the hectic imaginations of novelists. Everything possible should be done to stamp out this vice. But we confess that we see no signs as yet of its being checked by measures publicly taken. The long and intimate newspaper articles on the sensations of drug-takers—their imaginative exaltations, their sensual experiences, their intellectual excitements—seem to us more likely to turn bored weaklings into drug-taking than to cure "victims." It is true that they are always coupled with descriptions of madness and terrible death resulting in indulgence; but every drug-taker knows about this, and those who have not taken drugs are apt to think that they themselves might escape the penalties of over-indulgence and that the risk is worth it if they can get the visions and pleasures so alluringly unfolded by the penny-a-liners. We are sure that these pleasures are exaggerated; in any case they ought not to be described in newspapers. Equally to blame are the magistrates who impose ridiculous sentences on the harpies who trade on their fellows' weaknesses; only last week a woman got *one month* for possessing packets of cocaine which she obviously intended to dispose of. The penalties ought to be so large—large penalties will always check *cold-blooded* crime—that no one but a semi-lunatic will think it worth while to sell these drugs even at £20 an ounce. If men can make £1,000 a year and spend only a month a year in gaol, men will certainly go on selling cocaine.



## The Stages of Victory—II: By Hilaire Belloc

**W**E ended the first part of this summary last week with the situation produced by the Battle of the Somme. It is a convenient place upon which to pause. Then first did the effects of attrition begin to appear in the German forces; and, as we said last week, then first appeared the new tactical instrument, the tank, which was to have so great an effect upon the future of the war.

It is claimed with justice by those who undertook and suffered in that great and prolonged action, that the Battle of the Somme laid the foundations of victory. It is the more necessary to recognise this because the immediate failure to effect a breach in the siege-wall may easily lead the historian to underestimate the significance of what was done in that momentous summer of 1916.

The first of these two points upon which I am insisting—the appearance of numerical weakness upon the side of the enemy—the effect of continued attrition was achieved by the sacrifice of the English; by the very heavy expenditure of their new armies. The second feature, the tank, was later to prove of even greater importance. For the first time a new tactical instrument had appeared, capable of dealing with the chief elements of the modern defensive, and though it had not yet appeared in sufficient numbers, nor even in a quite adequate form, there it was; a step had been taken in advance of the enemy which he never recovered. Fifteen months later we were to see the first example of what that new tactical instrument could do at its fullest efficiency; two years later it was to become a deciding factor.

Though the Battle of the Somme ended in the autumn mud of 1916 without apparent strategical result, the exhaustion of the enemy did produce a remarkable political result.

He did not yet appreciate what would happen in his favour in Russia. He had failed to break through in France, and he had been very badly hammered upon the Somme; he withdrew to lines organised with the utmost expense of labour and ingenuity, stretching from in front of Arras to cover St. Gobain and so to the hill forest of St. Gobain. He systematically devastated the country over which he retired; before his retirement he asked in December, 1916, for peace.

He asked it, naturally enough, as a victor. But, with apparent moderation (for the future gave him anxiety), he demanded little more than the state of affairs before the war. There was no actual demand in terms, only a suggestion for negotiation, but that was the atmosphere in which the suggestion was made. It was very properly refused. In this condition of an apparent deadlock matters stood in the late winter of 1916 to 1917. All methods to break the modern defensive had failed on either side in the West, and the enemy was back upon the strongest and best organised of all modern defensive lines. In the East the enemy still held Poland and the mass of the Balkans, but was confronted with an existing siege-line held by an intact and continuous Russian Army. The Italian pressure had done no more than render stable the Alpine sector, though attack upon attack had there been delivered. A very heavy effort and sortie by the Austro-Hungarians in May, 1916, down on to the plains from the Trentino had failed. A sweeping Russian attempt at a breach back toward Lemburg had captured a great number of Austro-Hungarian prisoners (principally Slavs), but had not effected a breach; the standstill was complete.

We arrive at the month of March, 1917, after nearly thirty-two months of war with what had all the superficial appearance of stalemate.

But remember that the war was a siege—sieges are of their very nature a long stalemate in appearance.

Had there not appeared in that spring of 1917 a totally new factor, the political breakdown of Russia, the collapse of the siege would have taken place after no long space of time.

The Russian State was a political agglomeration of which Western Europe is very ignorant (and of which the present writer knows very little indeed), but which may fairly be described as an autocracy combining a great number of very different political units, dependent necessarily upon the military prestige of the force which held it together. That prestige, although there had occurred a full defeat in the field, although the armies of the Russian Empire and of its titular sovereign were still intact, could not survive the shock of such enormous losses and of so fearful a retirement. There took place what is called "the Russian Revolution,"

though it was not a revolution in any creative sense. No new State was made; nothing was built upon the foundations of any rational political formulae; mere passion was excited; mere loot and murder were provoked by men most of whom (and these were the staff of the movement) desired mere revenge for persecution and suffering in the past, and most of whom were either indifferent or hostile to the name, the glory, and the traditions of the Russian State.

It was certain, when once the movement of disintegration had begun, that Russia soon would be out of the field.

It was an effect of prodigious consequence in favour of our enemies. Had there lain behind and to the east of the former Russian siege-wall great sources of supplies, good communications, organised industry, and the rest, the Central Empires could justly have boasted that the belated fruit of their victories in 1915 had raised the great siege.

Happily, no such source of supply, no such industry, no such organisation existed upon the east of our siege-lines. The Central Empires were like a force which, being besieged in some crusading castle, had raised the siege indeed upon one side, but that side towards the desert. The side towards supplies and life—the western side—was still blocked.

### AMERICA COMBATANT

Meanwhile yet another actor had entered upon the stage of this tremendous drama. The United States, hitherto neutral, and by far the chief source of industrial supply for the civilisation of Europe; the United States, whom we had had to consider in the work of the blockade, and the consideration of whose interests had rendered that blockade so imperfect, entered the war as a result of the submarine effort undertaken by our opponents.

At this point it is necessary to consider very briefly what that effort had been; its political meaning and its strategical effect. Although I deal only in these notes with the war by land, it would be quite impossible to discuss the results of that war without putting in its proper place the theory of submarine warfare advanced by the Prussians and (more reluctantly) by their dependents.

Prussia, ever since it has been a state of consequence—that is, for more than 200 years—has propounded a certain theory of warfare essentially stupid, superficially attractive. It is a theory that, since warfare aims at the total destruction of the enemy forces, all means whatsoever are tolerable. I would not say to the human conscience, for the Prussian takes little note of that, but to posterity and to fate, so long as they achieve the end of destroying the enemy forces. Consonant with this brutish theory, which was apparent in the atrocities in France and Belgium, it was advanced by the Prussian General Staff, especially advised by, a man called Ballin (a millionaire shipowner of Hamburg who has since killed himself), that indiscriminate murder by sea would prove a useful weapon against the civilisation of Europe; "All would be absolved by victory," was their formulæ.

It would be tedious to point out the folly of this, as of every other perversion. It is dangerous to challenge the Gods. It would be tedious to point out the obvious fact that human beings attempting inhuman things stop short, and that absolute inhumanity is unattainable by man. At any rate, the Prussian State undertook the foolish policy of indiscriminate murder at sea. The Prussian General Staff proposed, under the advice of Ballin, not the summoning of contraband, but the mere sinking of any ship, enemy or neutral, bringing anything whatsoever to the countries of the Allies, no matter what loss of life to innocent civilians, women and children included, or to neutrals, might be involved. It was clear that such a policy would necessarily threaten the most obvious, the most glaring, the most necessary rights of neutrals. In this great war the lesser neutrals might be cowed into admitting so monstrous a thesis; but it was equally obvious that a neutral more powerful for the moment than any belligerent, remote in distance, enormous in power, would be challenged in its very vitals, and that neutral was the United States. Coincidentally with the Russian "revolution," which was of such prodigious effect in favour of the enemy, came the virtually necessary adhesion of the United States and their entry into the field as Allies of the Entente.

Observe the situation created by these two coincident factors. Russia—in mere numbers one half of the Allied infantry power; Russia, which had recently absorbed so large a part, through import, of the Allies' industrial effort—



was now for practical purposes eliminated from the war. Her armies, corrupted by desertion and anarchy, might still for some weeks or months make despairing, or rather fruitless efforts; but upon that eastern side the siege-wall was broken. Rumania, which had entered the war, could do nothing without the support of Russia and, lacking that support, collapsed. The United States would ultimately come in with all the forces which, ultimately, its organisation and determination could demand. It had a vast population; it had an industry superior to that of any other State in Europe; it was singularly determined and would make one whole. But it takes, as we have known to our cost, a long time to make an army—especially an army upon the modern scale. To transport such an army over 3,000 miles of sea within a brief space of time might seem impossible. To do so in the face of the submarine menace might seem more impossible still.

The result of these two new factors, the Russian "revolution" and the advent of the United States, was as follows:—It would be many months before the United States could come into play; meanwhile Russia was virtually eliminated. In the interval it lay with the Central Powers to use their new found opportunity and to achieve what military men called a "decision"; that is, to put out of action the Allied armies in the West before the American forces should appear in strength upon the European field. The enemy, a compact alliance of some 150 million souls, had, perhaps, eighteen months—a long, and apparently ample opportunity—in which to do what he willed. The problem before the besieged powers was, therefore, to make the fullest use of the leisure afforded to them, and in that long interval of superiority which they would possess to construct an instrument of warfare capable of breaking the line in France or Flanders and, this achieved, to present themselves as victors in Europe over against the maritime combination of England and the United States.

Had they achieved that victory by land, they would have proved invincible. They could not perhaps have reduced to terms Great Britain, defended by her fleet; still less the United States, very remote, and dependent for the power of attack upon sea communications, but, though hampered for some supply, they could have stood fast with the Continent in their hands.

What we are about to follow is the attempt of the Central Empires, under Prussia, to use that ample opportunity, and the failure of that attempt. But before dealing with this main matter, we must turn to extraneous operations which have also played a part in this great war.

Now of these, which may be called "field actions, exterior to a siege," two conspicuous examples were afforded during the course of this war. Many months before the events we are now about to examine, the Turkish forces, under German organisation and suggestion, had attempted to cut the Suez Canal, which was of high, though not of absolutely, vital importance, an avenue of communication with the Far East. The attempt broke down and there followed a slow counter-effort, the pushing forward of the Allies—in this case the British forces—upwards on the frontier of Palestine. The last consequences of this reaction were the rapid series of victories, or rather triumphs, achieved in Syria during 1918. The second of these "field actions" exterior to the great siege was the Mesopotamia expedition, which at first failed in the capitulation of Kut, and which was later retrieved by that admirable organisation which permitted the advance upon Bagdad, the capture of this Eastern capital, and the British seizure of all the Lower Euphrates and Tigris.

These two exterior operations exhausted the forces of those outer walls of the siege which the Turkish Empire formed, and therefore contributed in their degree to the final collapse.

With so brief a note of such great and decisive military victories, let us turn again to the main problem, the struggle between the Central Empires and Europe (now aided by America) in the western siege war.

Either they were to break our line by a last great sortie, to roll us up and so obtain their decision, or we were to break them, whether by breach or by disintegration, and to obtain our decision.

The stage for this drama was set in the late summer or early autumn of 1917. We had failed in early 1917, in the spring, to make our breach; we had indeed captured the Vimy Ridge and the country past Monchy. But the enemy stood intact. Against the French, in an operation undertaken a week later, the enemy had similarly held his ground; and upon the Aisne, right through Champagne, he had held his ground against the tremendous assaults of the early part of that year. The last Russian efforts in the spring or early summer of 1917 had quite broken down. Even the successful

new tactics with the use of tanks before Cambrai in the autumn were successful only for a moment.

The enemy had stood out upon the East and West with his reserve of forces and had meanwhile, through his now acquired superiority, slowly and carefully prepared the new tactical instrument which would give him victory before the masses of Americans could be trained and could have their effect upon the field.

### THE ENEMY'S LAST SORTIE

The Central Empires were determined upon victory before the United States could bring great forces, organised and equipped, into Europe. The collapse of what had been the Russian Empire gave them a numerical superiority; how were they to use it?

The method they chose was wise. Acting on the defensive, both upon the East and the West, as we have seen, they withdrew from the strain of combat a great number of units. These they trained, especially the Germans, for the last sortie. They made a special provision of food for the men who were to undertake it. They instructed them separately in a new form of attack; they gave them a certain leisure, and at the same time a regular routine of new manoeuvres. In this scheme must be mentioned the use of troops picked for assault, the new tactics of bringing up light guns with the infantry, and the preparation of a very rapid "follow up" of reserves.

It was in the autumn of 1917 that the first blow was struck. All during that summer, while the French armies had lain in wait, the British forces had attempted yet another breach in the siege-wall through Flanders, which once again had failed. This was that prolonged action in front of Ypres, generally called after the name of the Passchendaele Ridge. It was hampered, indeed, by weather and soil, but much more by the proved inability of the offensive, even including tanks used in the old fashion, to break through the defensive in any permanent fashion.

Towards the end of October 1917 the new tactical instrument of the Central Empires, and particularly of the Prussian General Staff, constructed with such care during the leisure afforded by the Russian collapse, and during the interval between that collapse and the possible arrival of any considerable American forces, was brought into play. Many excuses have been put forward by the victors for its success. These excuses, largely political, may be neglected. The true cause of its success was simply that the enemy, being possessed of so much leisure and such superiority due to the elimination of Russia and of Rumania, had been able to make a hammer, while we had neither the leisure nor the numbers for reconstructing a shield.

He broke through at Caporetto upon the Isonzo, and he achieved the greatest victory, if we count victory in number of prisoners and guns, ever yet achieved in the history of the world. He took a quarter of a million prisoners and over 2,000 guns.

There was for some time a doubt whether the Italian armies, thus broken through a rallying with difficulty, could stand east of the Adige, that is, whether they could save Venice, the great arsenal and port—the only arsenal and port of the Italian Adriatic. By the advice of Marshal Foch it was decided to hold the difficult lines of the Piave which just covered Venice, and were prolonged through the foothills of the Alps. The season was late; communications had become difficult through the mountains; a few British and French divisions were rushed down, and the terrible wave was halted upon the lines so chosen.

The great struggle halted throughout the winter, awaiting the final blow. It was clear that the enemy had now produced something not hitherto observed upon the field of war. He had produced a new method of fighting, a new tactical instrument, new values (the result of new numbers), which might well have given him a decision.

As the winter of 1917-18 approached spring, a sort of hesitation hung over the European field. The Central Empires were still the superiors in numbers; debates were held as to whether the Allies' western line would hold. It was believed that it would, and this upon the vague parallel of former assaults delivered before the new tactical effort of the Central Empires had been developed. What actually happened was this. On March 21st the whole weight of the German armies was thrown upon the right sector of the British lines where they joined the French lines—that is, upon all the fifty miles from Arras to the Oise, south of St. Quentin.

Something like one-half of all the German forces in the West, more much than one-half of their fighting value, was massed, whether in the first line or in ultimate reserve,



for use upon that fifty miles. They were prepared to pay, and did pay a very heavy price. Upon the second day of the assault the enemy achieved a break-through just north of west from St. Quentin. There was, for a moment, a disintegration of the line and vast captures of prisoners and of guns on something like half the scale of Caporetto; the reserve armies which had been painfully formed behind the Allies' lines were, for the most part, rapidly absorbed in checking such a tidal wave. It was not until the tenth day of an advance, covering nearly fifty miles, that this last of the vast efforts undertaken by all belligerents in turn to break completely the siege wall upon either side failed as all others had failed. It failed just in front of Amiens; but, though it had failed, the peril was still extreme.

It is one thing to hold your enemy when he is stronger than yourself and pushes you back against a wall; it is another to find the strength to maintain your defence against the further blows which will succeed his first rush.

Here we shall do well to consider particular phenomenon in the use the enemy had made of that superiority in the interval between the collapse of Russia and the advent of the Americans. He had attacked, as we have seen, at Caporetto; he heavily defeated the Italian armies; had taken a quarter of a million prisoners, and over 2,000 guns; yet had not obtained a decision; he had not the enemy at his mercy.

Now, why had he attacked at Caporetto? For the answer to that question we have, I think, the answer to the problem of the whole war. The enemy attacked the Italian sector for precisely the same reason that he failed at the Marne. His strategy did not allow for a sufficient calculation and security. He was all for adventure and for some stroke of genius, I know not what, sporadic, dramatic, incalculable. He was therefore inclined to see the best opportunities for triumphs rather than the best opportunities for victory. Short of the complete destruction of the Italian armies, the Italian front was not the front to attack.

Well, we are about to observe exactly the same spirit in what followed the failure in front of Amiens. He had got his 100,000 prisoners of war, his eleven or twelve hundred guns, his whole ten days' advance. He had paralysed the main lateral communications of the Allies from the coast to Paris. By April 4th he was held.

But what did he do? Did he methodically continue and develop that success? Did he go through the painful process of "slogging" when at last "slogging" might have done what it could never have done in the earlier and fresher days in front of Verdun? He did not. He bethought him of dodges. He suddenly attacked in the North upon the Lys because that was a long way off, and so the reserves of the Allies would be drawn away from the centre. An unexpected success upon the Lys drew him on and he spent himself in a vain "side show" attempt to reach the Channel, which, even if he had reached it, would give him no decision. Exhausted there, he thought it clever to attack, after a month's interval and ample preparation, upon the other extremity of his concentration on the Aisne. Another triumph; another advance; another check. Then, next month, an attack in the Valley of the Matz. There he was held more easily upon the third day. It was a series of adventures.

He mounted each affair, indeed, with great care, but with no consecution of thought linking all.

Upon July 15th of this year he began his last and disastrous effort.

Since the disaster of the 21st and 22nd of March American numbers had been rapidly augmented. The brigading of American units with French and British had been permitted, and the new Allies had shown high tactical value in the field, though they had not yet attempted to act as an independent army.

The Germans had lost in their scattered efforts of nearly four months nearly a million men, counting lighter casualties and sickness. All the strength that remained to them was mustered for the great assault on a front of 50 miles east and west of Rheims, and exactly divided by that city into two halves. The operative wing of this assault lay east of the city. It was conducted by fifteen divisions in the front line, with ten in immediate reserve. General Gouraud, commanding the French forces with certain American divisions added, opposed this charge. He broke it altogether. His Intelligence Department had given him sufficient notice of the enemy's details and time table. His organisation in depth made them spend their effort in the void. The German attack was launched at dawn; by noon it had failed, and here you may say ends the siege phase of the war.

From the Allied right to the west of Rheims, and from the general reserve, some ten divisions were massed secretly upon the Allied left from Chateau Thierry to Soissons. The ex-

hausted enemy failed to perceive the move. At dawn upon Thursday, July 18th, the counter-attack was delivered. It was completely successful. This "pocket" of the Marne occupied all the German energy defensively in the effort to avert destruction.

The "pocket" was slowly absorbed, worn down, and obliterated with the loss of many thousands of prisoners, many hundreds of guns, and many millions of rounds of shell, accumulated and abandoned. The process occupied the end of the month of July and the first days of August. The enemy was pleased to ridicule the failure of Foch (now in command of the Allied armies as a whole) to break through. Foch was attempting no such thing. He had in hand the true business of war, which is not to achieve a mathematical thesis upon paper, but to wear down and destroy and put out of action a living organism, the enemy's army. Hardly was the Marne salient obliterated, at such an expense to the enemy, than the Amiens salient followed. That new tactical instrument, the tank, did its work, and there was another absorption of another congested mass of the German forces, gradually reduced between August 8th and 20th to the chord of its arc with the usual complement of prisoners and guns.

The Prussians called upon the Austro-Hungarians for aid. These sent a few divisions, but their whole national organisation was already strained to breaking-point. They themselves had attempted, in the midst of the German offensive in the month of May, one last assault upon the Italian lines of the Piave, and upon the French and British in the foot hills of the Alps; that assault had completely broken down.

#### A 100 MILES FRONT

Foch, in command of the Allied Armies, rapidly and methodically proceeded to an orderly series of blows which must now conclude the siege. After the reduction of the Amiens salient, the end of August saw a further lighting up of the line to the north in front of Arras, and of Douai. The enemy lost his last elaborate defence and fell back in fear of the tanks upon a water line just before Douai. It did not save him. The battle was now engaged from Rheims to Arras, a matter of 100 miles.

Upon September 26th the American organisation, as an independent army, advanced to cut the German communications south of the Ardennes, while the French struck west of the Argonne. Though this attempt to cut off the great German bulge in Northern France did not bear fruit, the end could be more tardily achieved in another fashion. The British attacked a week later south of Cambrai and completely broke through—that was upon Tuesday, October 8th. Blow after blow succeeded from the British armies throughout the month of October. The northern sectors came into play. The Belgian coast was lost by the enemy; his whole line was backed against the Ardenne where it must break into two. There was prepared the final blow through Lorraine, which, we know not at what expense in men or in time, would have achieved the final dissolution of his armies.

Of this last month of the collapse the heavy blows were British blows. The water-lines south of Valenciennes were passed; the line of the Scheldt was reached and carried. In the first week of November the enemy, who had already asked for an armistice, implored the Allies to treat. The end of the siege had come.

A siege ends in one of two ways: either the besieged stand and are destroyed and their siege area is sacked, or they capitulate and the full political effect is achieved at less cost—supposing always that the besiegers preserve their strength of will after, as before, their victory.

In this case there was capitulation. The enemy having pleaded for an armistice, those terms of armistice were granted him with which we are now familiar. He found himself unable to refuse and he accepted them. So ended the siege, for though terms of peace were not yet dictated, the enemy's military power had ceased to be.

With the political consequences of their collapse I am not here concerned. The great siege had come to an end in the complete annihilation of the besieged. So all successful sieges end. Whether those fruits seem sufficiently dramatic or not is indifferent to the military or, indeed, to any other historian. Whether they are reaped or not depends not upon the soldiers, but, unfortunately, upon the politicians.

All the Allies of Prussia had collapsed and abandoned her one after the other. The Turks wholly defeated in Palestine; the Austrians surrendering their whole forces to an offensive in Italy; the Bulgarians surrendering to a similar offensive in the Balkans. Militarily, the thing was complete. Politically it is in the hands of others.



# Why the Turkish Empire must be Dissolved:

By HENRY MORGENTHAU

*In the opinion of the writer, whose knowledge of Turkey and its rulers is unique, it is not sufficient to drive the Turk out of Europe. As an incorrigible among the nations, Turkey must be debarred from the rule of any subject peoples, which necessitates not only the extinction of Turkey in Europe, but the total reconstitution of what is now Turkey in Asia as well.*

**I**N most discussions of the future of the Ottoman Empire, we usually find one curious misapprehension. Even Mr. Balfour made this mistake when framing, almost two years ago, the terms upon which the Allies would consent to ending the war. He used the expression, "the expulsion of the Turk from Europe" as comprising the solution of the problem presented by the Ottoman Empire. Yet this Turkish problem is no longer one merely of "driving the Turk from Europe." The Turk has already been practically "driven from Europe"; the Balkan States accomplished this in the Balkan wars. Our school geographies divided the Ottoman Empire into "Turkey in Europe" and "Turkey in Asia"; yet to-day all that remains of European Turkey is Constantinople and a small piece of adjoining territory. The Turkish problem of to-day is presented by the Turkish domains in Asia. One may safely take it for granted that, after this war is over, Constantinople will no longer be the Sultan's capital. At present, the real matters for discussion are these: What is to become of Palestine, of Syria, of Armenia, of Mesopotamia, of the Asiatic littoral occupied by the Greeks, of Anatolia? The Turk has already been virtually "driven from Europe"; the important point now is that he must be "driven from Asia," in the sense that he must no longer be permitted to rule over the subject Asiatic peoples that for five or six centuries have suffered so terribly from his bloody and destroying hand. We have fairly completed the task of freeing from his control Serbians, Bulgarians, Rumanians, and European Greeks; our problem now is to give similar freedom to Armenians, Asiatic Greeks, Syrians, Arabs, and Jews.

In Constantinople I became acquainted with an American doctor who had travelled extensively in the East and who had the most intimate knowledge of conditions in the Ottoman Empire. He told me that Herr von Gwinner, the manager of the Deutsche Bank, whom he had visited in Berlin, had asked him to spend an entire evening discussing Turkish affairs. When my friend went to keep his appointment, he began this way:—

"You have set aside this whole evening to discuss the Ottoman Empire. We do not need all that time. I can tell you the whole story in just four words: *Turkey is not reformable!*"

"You have summed up the whole situation perfectly," replied von Gwinner.

That is the fundamental fact which we must constantly keep in mind while discussing this problem. We are dealing with a nation that is absolutely incorrigible. Its hopelessness has been demonstrated over and over again. Turkey has repeatedly made promises to reform her ways and has just as consistently broken them. The European Powers have given her endless opportunities to lead a sober and a decent life, and Turkey has never shown the slightest indication of doing so. In the last three years the Ottoman Empire has had every chance to run its own affairs. It cast off the Capitulations—the foreign restrictions that for centuries had made the country almost a vassal of the European Powers—and started a new life as an independent nation. The first thing these newly liberated Turkish statesmen did was to ally themselves with the Central Powers. Their next move was to begin the wholesale looting of their own people. I have already described the treatment which Turkey has visited upon its enslaved peoples—Armenians, Greeks, Syrians, and other races. These massacres are only the culmination of a policy that has been pursued for five hundred years. Are the enlightened nations of the world willing to permit such crimes to be committed indefinitely? There is only one way to stop them—that is to annihilate this insatiable appetite for pillage, arson, and murder which is called the Ottoman Empire. It has had more than five hundred years to demonstrate its capacity to govern, and its failure is more conspicuous now than when it began. There is to-day, as in 1876, only one solution of the Turkish problem. The words in which Gladstone forty years ago framed this solution are even more timely now than they were then.

"Let the Turks now carry away their abuses in the only

possible manner, namely, by carrying away themselves. Their Zaptiehs and their Mudirs, their Bimbashis and their Yugbashis, their Kaimakans and their Pashas, one and all, bag and baggage, shall, I hope, clear out from the province they have desolated and profaned."

After this desirable consummation has been attained, what are we then to do with the territories that made up the Ottoman Empire?

There is first the question of the only vestige of Turkish authority that still remains in Europe—that of Constantinople and the Straits. History probably presents no greater and more criminal absurdity than that the enlightened nations of Europe should have permitted a nomadic tribe from Eastern Asia to have practically unlimited control for five centuries of one of the world's greatest highways of commerce. Let us seek a comparison in our own country. The economic relation which New Orleans and the Mississippi River bore to the Mississippi Valley in *ante bellum* days—the development of the railroad system has changed the situation since—is that which Constantinople and the Straits bear to-day toward that Eastern Europe which borders upon the Black Sea. Russia's principal commercial access to the outside world is by way of the Black Sea, the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles; this is the only route by which Rumania and Bulgaria can reach the ocean. All the rivers of these countries which drain into the Black Sea are merely the beginnings of water routes that end with the Dardanelles; without this forty miles of water these greater systems are practically useless. These Straits should be absolutely free to the commerce of the world at all times and under all conditions. The fortifications that guard them should be razed. Not one nation should control them, but an International Commission. The League of Nations, which Mr. Wilson proposes, could find no better field for its activities than the control of Constantinople and these waterways. The cosmopolitan population of Constantinople makes it a favourable city for internationalisation. On the basis of race, no one people can claim it; its population is a mixture of Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Arabs, Kurds, and Europeans; its internationalisation, therefore, would merely be the political recognition of a racial fact that already exists.

## The Asiatic Problem

So much, then, for our "Turkey in Europe"; the more difficult problem remains of "Turkey in Asia." Here the processes of history, by its distribution of races in Asia Minor, have also laid the basis for a satisfactory and permanent settlement. Besides the population that calls itself Turk, there are several fairly compact populations of distinct race, particularly Armenians, Arabs, Greeks, Syrians, and Jews. All these people have their national aspirations. Undoubtedly an attempt to create distinct political organisations, founded on race and religion, will involve certain difficulties, owing to the fact that certain of these peoples, especially the Armenians, do not form the majority of the population anywhere; but this problem, which is by no means insoluble, may be safely left to a peace conference which is guided only by principles of justice. What is apparent is that all the races I have named are vastly superior, mentally and morally, to the Turkish population; that they have every right to a free and independent existence, and that they possess qualities that will make them respected members of the family of nations. All of these peoples have great pasts; all of them have made substantial contributions to human advancement, and all of them have lived for five centuries or more under a brutal tyranny that would warp the character of almost any people. When we think of what the Arabs have contributed to art, literature, and science; the Greeks to practically every form of human enlightenment; the Jews to religion and morality; and the Armenians to the economic life of the Near East, it is hardly necessary to insist that these peoples comprise the racial bases for orderly States. Nor should we overlook the fact that the country which they inhabit is exceedingly rich in natural resources. Asia Minor



contains great deposits of minerals and oils, while its agricultural land is extensive and fertile. To-day the country is in ruins; it has experienced the weight of several centuries' domination of the Turks, and the boast of Attila is equally true of the Ottoman, that "Where my horse has once trod the grass ceases to grow."

We need only visit those lands of European Turkey which have shaken off this devastating rule—Greece, Serbia, Bulgaria, and Rumania—to see the magic change wrought by political and economic independence. All these countries, under Ottoman domination, were little more than heaps of human and industrial debris. Their people went in rags, scrambling constantly for a few scraps of food; their roads were quagmires; their villages and cities little more than collections of hovels; they had practically no schools, no hospitals, no sanitation, almost none of the decencies, to say nothing of the graces, of existence. What was the use of cultivating the fields when the rapacious Turkish tax-gatherer took practically all the harvest to support a lazy

brood of officials? The extinguishment of Turkish rule in these countries has been like the lifting of the plague. Almost overnight roads have been built, school houses and universities have been erected, farms have been cultivated, more industries have been started, cities with asphalted streets, electric lights, telephones, sewers, fine public buildings, residences, and hotels have risen on the sites of the old ramshackle capitals. Travelers constantly note the different appearance of Russian Armenia and Turkish Armenia—one a country in which Armenians have had a chance to develop themselves, the other a country in which their position has been worse than that of slaves. What freedom has done for all these former subjects of the Sultan it will also do for those who are still the victims of his tyranny. And in all this let us not fight the Turkish peasant himself. Though he does not possess the native industry and ability of his neighbours, yet he, too, should have a chance to develop into a man, and whatever an enlightened civilisation can do for him should be done.

## The Freedom of the Seas: By Cyril Cox

THE American newspapers have recently taken up the discussion of the meaning of that enigmatic phrase, "the freedom of the seas," and have expressed their divergent views with such characteristic frankness that we are likely to hear a good deal on the subject before the peace negotiations are finally settled. It may be of some service to the disputants to know that the phrase, or its equivalent, is more than a hundred years old, and that it is to be found in the *Memoirs of the United Irishman*, Wolfe Tone, whose career in many of its essential features was reproduced by Roger Casement.

Tone was born at Dublin in 1763, and at the age of 28 founded the United Irish Society—the forerunner of the Sinn Feiners. Soon after the commencement of the war he went to America, and thence found his way to France, where he spent his time in organising an expedition to invade Ireland, and to assist the rebels there in freeing the country from the British yoke. After two futile attempts had been made to transport an armed force to Ireland, Admiral Bompard in 1798 reached as far as Lough Swilly, where he encountered a British squadron, with disastrous consequences to his own squadron. The ship in which Tone was struck her colours after a four hours' fight, and Tone himself was captured, sent to London, tried for high treason, and sentenced to be hanged. While awaiting execution he made an end of himself by cutting his throat with a penknife.

Wolfe Tone's *Memoirs* contain one very instructive passage, which shows that the dialogue of the war in those days was curiously similar to the dialogue of our own Great War. In October 1796, when he was in Paris, he wrote, "The Directory seems fully bent on humbling the pride of England, and lays down as a principle that the peace to which they will consent must be one which will ravish from her her maritime preponderance, and restore the liberty of the ocean." The liberty of the ocean—the freedom of the seas! There is a frankness about Wolfe Tone's mode of expression which compares favourably with German pronouncements.

It is sufficiently clear that the "freedom of the seas" means the same thing as the "liberty of the ocean" meant a hundred and twenty years ago—the ravishing from England of her maritime preponderance. Wolfe Tone expressed it clearly and concisely. In his day there was no unrestricted submarine warfare, but Napoleon had other means of retaliating against the blockade by which the English Navy surrounded him, and it is a remarkable fact that his corsairs were on the whole more successful than the Kaiser's submarines in harassing our overseas commerce. This is a fact which is not sufficiently appreciated—that without the aid of these modern devices, the submarine and the torpedo, and without the barbarism inherent in sinking merchant vessels at sight, regardless of the sacrifice of human life, the French corsairs, by means of sheer skill, inflicted even heavier losses than German submarines have inflicted on our mercantile marine. The worst year for us was 1797 when they captured 979 of our merchant ships, being at a rate of 18 a week. During the next three years the figures were respectively 688, 730, and 666, being at a rate of about 14 a week. The three following years show a substantial reduction, which was probably due to the development of the convoy system, but, curiously enough, the figures go up again after the battle of

Trafalgar, showing that however great may be the superiority of a nation's naval forces, those forces cannot prevent the enemy from making depredations against merchant shipping.

It is a curious fact that during the Napoleonic wars our food shortage in England was not caused by any lack of tonnage to convey imports. At first sight it is not easy to reconcile this statement with the record of the corsairs' activities. The explanation is two-fold. Firstly it has to be remembered that more than fifty per cent. of our merchant tonnage was diverted during the recent war to naval and military purposes. Nothing like this diversion occurred in Napoleonic times for the simple reason that we were not sending expeditionary forces all over the world, and consequently were not employing our merchant ships as transports to convey troops and munitions to any appreciable extent. In fact, it was not until the Peninsular Campaign, which started some fourteen years after the commencement of the war, that we sent any considerable force abroad. Up to that time the war on our side was almost entirely a naval war. It was bound to be so while our supremacy on the sea was still challenged by the enemy, and until the battles of the Nile and Trafalgar had sufficiently established that supremacy to afford reasonable security to the transports of an expeditionary force. In the recent war we started at the point at which our forefathers had arrived after the battle of Trafalgar, and consequently we were able to send troops across the sea within the first few weeks.

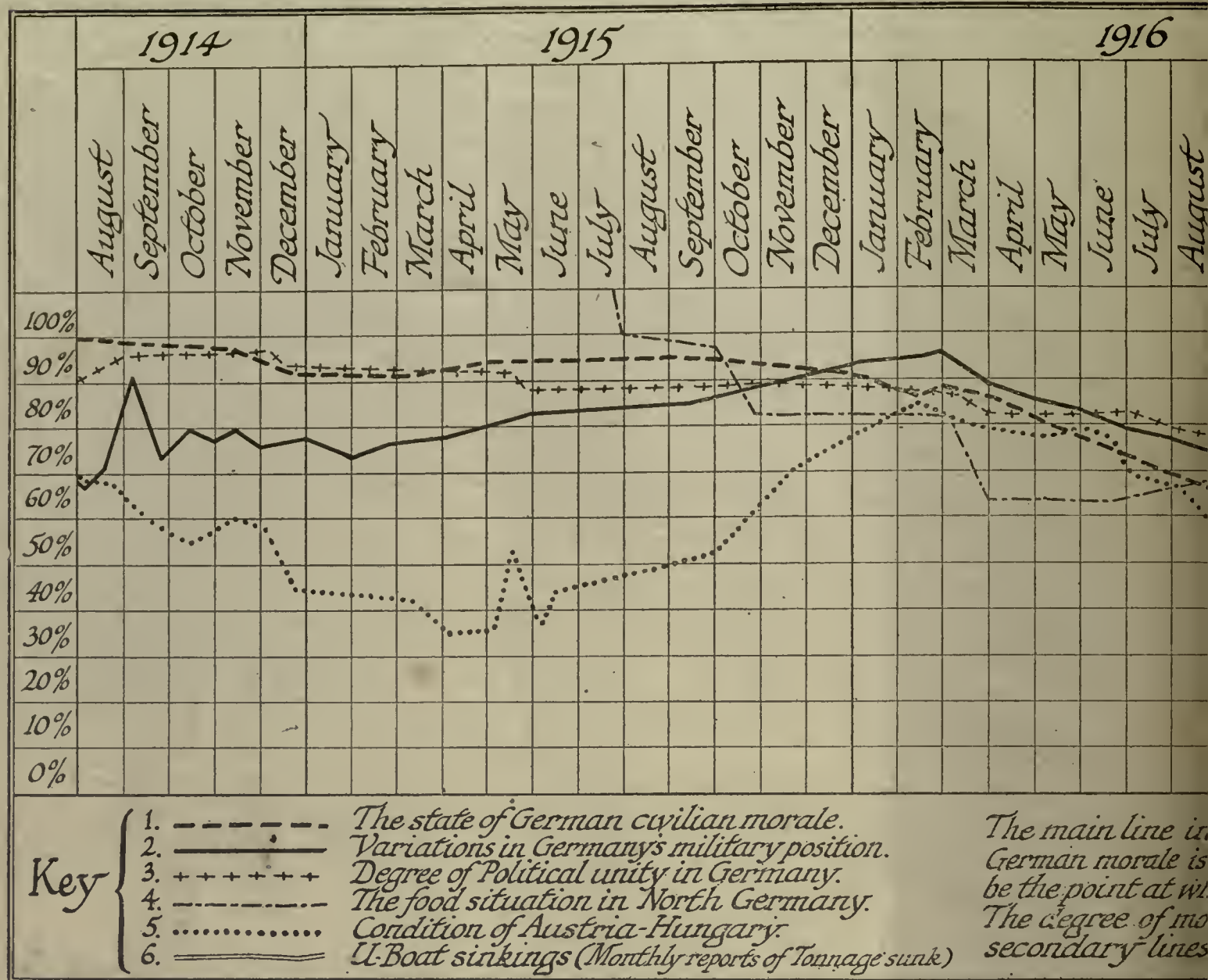
The second explanation of the comparative abundance of shipping during the Napoleonic Wars is to be found in the splendid patriotism of our shipbuilders in those days. They knew that the life-blood of England is her overseas commerce, that without it England could not live for more than a few days, and they made up their minds that, in this great struggle for existence, it should never be said that England failed through want of effort on their part.

In those days, as Sir Henry Newbolt says, "England was England, and a mighty brood she bore," and scanning the pages of the history of those twenty-two years, we cannot help being lost in wonder at what our ancestors endured. Time and again England's allies were forced to throw down their arms, and to leave the island kingdom to carry on the struggle alone; time and again Napoleon with a mighty sweep crushed all his adversaries into submission, and held all Europe beneath his sway—all except the "nation of shopkeepers." England still fought on with dogged determination. More than once a bad harvest brought her to the verge of starvation; food was dear at all times; wages were low; taxes were heavy on the rich and poor alike, for there was not only the income tax on all the incomes over £60, but also there were import duties on all the luxuries and many of the necessities of life; riots and incendiarism were constant in every part of the country. And in the midst of it all came another cruel blow—the Congress of America declared war on Great Britain.

This was England's darkest hour, and probably no other nation in the whole course of the world's history has ever faced such darkness, and won her way to light. Certain it is that no crisis which has befallen England during the War of 1914 to 1918 has ever been so devoid of hope as that through which our grandfathers emerged, and by their courage and endurance saved for us our heritage.



## A Remarkable



**G**IVEN a reasonable degree of accuracy in compilation, a chart of any series of events is far more convincing than chapters of letterpress. The chart of the state of Germany given here was compiled from sources of which the reliability was unquestionable, and the original, of which this reproduction is a copy, was displayed on the wall of the American Secretary of State for War's Office in Washington, furnishing Mr. Baker with the state of the war and of the principal adversary at a glance.

A brief study of the key, which defines the nature of the lines on the chart, is sufficient to render the latter intelligible. The thick black line starting at the left-hand side is the factor which decides all the rest, representing as it does the variations in Germany's military position throughout the fifty-one months of the war. The top limit of the chart itself gives 100 per cent. of each state illustrated by the lines, and the bottom is the zero line. It may be noted that, at the outset, Germany's military position is shown as only 68 per cent. of total possible efficiency; by the first week in September, completion of mobilisation and the advance toward Paris combined had raised this to about 92 per cent.—very near the total necessary to show an equivalent of complete victory. The Allied success of the Marne made a reduction to 75 per cent. of the total. February of 1916, and the last week in March and the first week in April of 1918, are the two other high-water marks, though the result of the German offensives up to last June gave a last rise to 90 per cent.; and after that the decline is very rapid, down to the 12 or 13 per cent., at which Germany gave up the struggle.

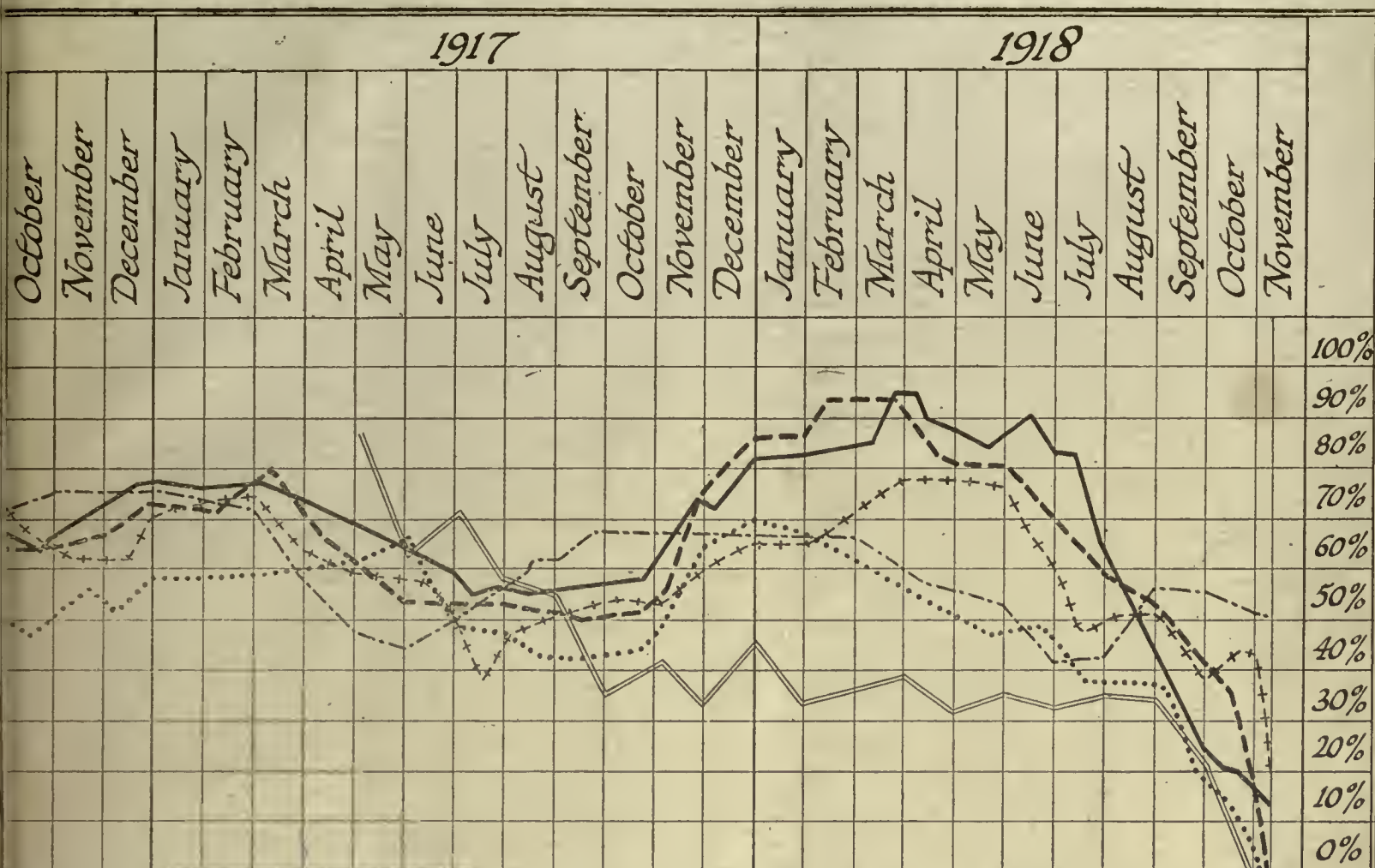
In this one line is the cause and background of practically all the rest, with the exception of the food situation in North Germany, and the U-boat sinkings. These we may leave for

the present, for what is most interesting in this unique graph is the line showing "the state of Germany's civilian morale," which does not exactly coincide either with the results of the submarine war nor with the military situation. There is a fairly close correspondence, at the outset, between political unity and civilian morale, but the latter is a more stable quantity. Up to the end of 1915 it shows as definite belief in ultimate victory, a steadier and more constant quality than that of political unity, even, though both were maintained at very high level for the first seventeen months. From January of 1916 war-weariness begins to be apparent; the civilian morale at that point drops so that it becomes a less quantity, valued in these percentages, than the military state of the country; in October of 1916 it coincides again with the military situation through the fall in the latter to its own level for a brief space; in March of 1917 it recovers, only to fall again swiftly and decidedly, and not until the victory of the coming offensive is heralded and prophesied as decisive, in December of 1917, is there any real rise to such a point as to give the army faith in itself. It is evident that civilian opinion did not fully support the last great series of offensives; the spirits of the people began to fall as soon as it became clear that the break-through of the last week of March, 1918, was not finally decisive, and from then on there was no more rallying—Germans understood that Germany had lost.

The food situation was a negligible factor, according to this chart, until the end of July and the beginning of August, 1915. From then onward rationing became a stern reality, and in spite of rises from periods of bad scarcity, there is never shown more than 75 per cent. of the normal food supply, up to the end of the war. Here, however, it must be understood that the material from which the chart was compiled, especially in the last eighteen months of the war,



## Chart of the War



This graph — the heavy broken line — represents the state of civilian morale in Germany. It is arbitrarily regarded as standing at 100% in August 1914. Zero for the same line, is taken to mean that an effective majority of the German people will refuse to support the war. The movement of this line is determined mainly by a consideration of the deflections of the lines which represent the forces exerting the greatest influence on the German state of mind.

was no more reliable than was generally available in this country. The enemy had reasons for concealing the real state of his food supplies, and it was far more difficult to arrive at exact estimates of these than of the military situation, which could be measured in terms of casualties and of annual classes of men.

The progress of the submarine campaign from May of 1917 to its end with the end of the war seems to have had little influence on public opinion in Germany, though it is of interest to note that there is a certain coincidence between the state of Austria-Hungary and the submarine sinkings during the first six months of the campaign.

From the German point of view, the key to the war, of course, was the state of civilian morale, and all the other lines must be taken as affecting this by their rise and fall. Naturally, the actual military situation stands as the predominant cause of deflection, considering the chart from this point of view; but it is matter for thought that the food situation had not more influence. This, however, may be accounted for by the genius of the German Government for promising without hope of fulfilment. There was always the promise of food coming from the East, from the conquered territories of Russia and Rumania, and, with 60 per cent. of the normal supply in hand, and a whole granary of promises, this as a determining factor of the state of opinion could be rendered fairly negligible—so long as military superiority could be assumed. Similarly, political unity or disunity might remain a minor factor, so long as the army was able through its position in the field to outshine political leaders and to prove their gloom unwarrantable.

A point that is far more apparent from this chart than from any other form of statement is the magnitude of the German effort in every way in the spring of 1918. Civilian confidence in the future was stimulated to the highest pitch

by the middle of February, and maintained to the end of May at a higher point than it had reached during the two preceding years; political unity was re-secured, and was kept up until the beginning of June; even Austria-Hungary was reassured, mainly by the success of Caporetto, from late 1917 to the end of April in 1918, but it is evident that Austro-Hungarian confidence in the result of the war had begun to fail comparatively long before the last disastrous offensive—the staying power of Germany's chief ally had disappeared.

One other thing which this chart makes clear—more clear than could be in any other way—is the long strain to which the Allied nations were condemned from August of 1914 to November of 1917. There is a very gradual fall in German prospects and in the state of German opinion throughout that weary period, but it is gradual as the fall of a tide, almost imperceptible, and in it is explanation of the "stale-mate" theory, as of all the adverse factors to the Allied cause. The results of action, shown from late November of 1917 to the end of the war, were more endurable than that depressingly slow decline, for there was evidence of movement and of the possibility of some end—there was cause for strong feeling, and a removal of the apathy on which Germany counted for disunity among the Allies.

To us, in these opening days of 1919, the chief point of interest will be the way in which these lines of enemy confidence in the result, and cause for that confidence, go down to zero and out from our cognizance. The chart itself entirely bears out the view consistently presented in LAND & WATER by our principal military correspondent, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, and shows that Germany's military forces bore, as he stated, a close resemblance to a rod of toughened glass, which could not be fractured by any single blow, but which, under continued hammering, would snap suddenly and finally—as happened in November last.



# Life in Brussels: By Capt. R. A. Scott-James, M.C.

**B**ELGIUM in war time, in the winter, was a place of phantasmal darkness. If you were travelling on a road, you were guided only by the line of trees which were mere shadows in the gloom. If you passed through a town, the darkness was emphasised by thin gleams of light emerging from chinks in shuttered windows. Even now, in these earlier days since the Armistice, the lesser towns have not yet restored their gas and electric light.

But the lights of Brussels seemed phenomenal, scarcely credible. As we came past the Gare du Midi into the Boulevard we were dazzled by the blaze from the streets, from the shop windows and cafés, and the illuminations which lit up the walls of the houses. It was the day after the official entry of the King and Queen. Half the population was still parading the streets, densely thronging the main thoroughfares, making fête with delirious zest. Our car felt its way slowly through the crowd. Not many English soldiers had yet appeared in Brussels, and we were greeted with shouts of welcome. When we drew up at our hotel close to the Bourse, the crowd gathered round to examine us, lifting their hats, shaking us by the hand; and cries of "*Vive les Anglais*" attended us till we were inside the hotel. I remember how the first news of the armistice was received in the fighting area, and in the town of Courtrai, which was already liberated. And I have read in the newspapers how London and Paris celebrated the day. But when the news first came to Brussels, the Germans were still there—they had been there for four years, and their presence was still a sinister shadow upon the city. Soon they began to slink away. The grey uniforms, now all shabby and dirty, became less numerous in the streets. There was a day of riot, when officers were stripped of their badges of rank. Then the last of the Germans hurriedly departed. They had overstayed the allotted time; no means—in some cases no desire—to remove all their stores, their equipment, their plunder! They were hungry and poor. They wanted money. I am told that machine-guns were sold to the highest bidder at five francs apiece; that a live cow, recently stolen no doubt from a Belgian farm, was sold for ten francs. At length, ignominiously, but without disorder, the last of them left.

The citizens gave themselves over to their joy. "*Tout ce que nous avons souffert, c'est oublié.*" They got out all their Belgian, French, and English flags—Heaven knows where they had been hiding them!—and displayed them from every window. Pictures of the King and Queen were shown in every shop and were flashed on to every cinema screen. Triumphal arches were prepared. "*Bienvenue à nos libérateurs*"—"Vive les Alliés"—"*Hurrah for the Allies*"—"Welcome to the Englishes"—such were the words variously devised in illuminations and in posters. They were ready for the first patrols who pushed ahead on one day; and for the King and Queen, who entered, with American, British, French and Belgian troops, on the following day, and when I arrived, a day later, they were still in the first ecstasies of delight at welcoming the Allied troops. They were singing the "Marseillaise," the "Brabançon," and "Tipperary"—if they knew no other English, they knew the words of "Tipperary" (some of them think it is our national anthem). For us, who have long ago given up the early, wild, enthusiastic optimism of "Tipperary"—did anyone think the way was quite so long?—this reincarnation of our old selves was queerly pathetic. "It's a long, long way"—Heavens, the Bruxellois have been cherishing this music-hall song for us, and keeping it green in their memory long after we had sickened of it!

I went with the crowd through the Grande Place, festooned with floral decorations. The Hotel de Ville was resplendent with flags, and the spire, with its slender elegance, tapered into the pale light above the illuminated town; and the ancient halls of the Mercers, the Brewers, the Carpenters and the Coopers, and the Maison du Roi gazed austere upon the parked lorries and the revelling crowd. I went for a few minutes into the Scala and the Vaudeville—theatres, with revue performances, which opened their doors gratis to all men in uniform—and to the Kermesse, where café and theatre were combined in one. And late at night, from my window high up in the hotel, I looked down upon the broad space of the Place de la Bourse and the Boulevard Anspach, still brilliantly illuminated, and upon the crowd still singing the "Marseillaise," the "Brabançon," and "Tipperary."

Such were some of the outward demonstrations of feeling which were to be observed in Brussels during the five days of my stay there. Towards the end the crowds in the streets

became somewhat smaller, and they went to bed earlier. The novelty of seeing Allied uniforms passed, but not, I think, the pleasure. I do not mean the vulgar pleasure in a uniform because it is a uniform, but in the blue of the French, and the khaki of the Belgians, Americans and British, as symbolising the passing of the hated grey. No words could be too bitter to express the loathing for those German uniforms. It was remarked that in recent years they were always dirty, shabby, uncared for. It was felt to be in keeping with the general attitude of the German soldiers—one of studied insult to a conquered people—that they did not even trouble to polish their belts and buttons when they visited the capital of Belgium.

That the people should have extended a special welcome to all soldiers was, perhaps, natural enough. What was more remarkable was the manner in which they treated one another. The trams were crowded to overflowing; it was difficult to find a place on them; but there was no unseemly pushing and scrambling, and in every case all the men stood aside till the women had got on. This is merely one example, amongst many which I observed, to indicate the sort of consideration which Belgians show for Belgians, a kind of gentleness brought about by the common bond of suffering and enmity for the Germans. To the latter they would show no consideration which they were not compelled to. The German women, thousands of whom came into Brussels for work in administrative or business offices, seem to have been even more insolent in their demeanour than the men. In consequence it was a point of honour among Belgian men not to step off the path to make way for a German woman, or to offer her a seat on a tram. These are small matters, but they show which way the wind blows.

## The Agony of Belgium

"Appalling and indescribable suffering." Those were the words in which life in Brussels during the last four years was summed up for me. If there is anyone who thinks this is excessive let me say at once, and emphatically, that I did not meet a single person among the educated classes who did not impress this upon me with unmistakable earnestness. I plead guilty, myself, to having thought that probably the people of Brussels were getting habituated to German rule; and that probably this rule became less intolerable as time went on. Nothing could be further from the truth. I was fortunate in visiting many people of exceptional intelligence and fairness of mind. But on the main points there was no difference of opinion. The German administration was cruel and insolent; it was often stupid—certainly a clumsy instrument to apply to so quick a people as the Belgians; it aimed at suppressing initiative and character. Men and women alike have said that the resultant effort was to make them feel as if all their faculties were permanently numbed.

At the beginning of the war, as we all know, the Germans adopted the deliberate policy of terror in order to subdue the population. Official complicity in the Louvain outrage has already been sufficiently demonstrated; my own sister went to Louvain within a day or two of that "incident," and has lived in Brussels during the war; she gave me the same kind of evidence, personally observed by her, as has already been made public. The march of the invading German army, at the goose-step, through Brussels, failed to impress the population in the manner intended. It was felt to be an outrage; but equally it was felt to be stupid; the Belgians were struck with the silly appearance of the soldiers going through those awkward and laborious movements.

After a time the Germans learnt the error of attempting the policy of terror so far as Brussels was concerned. Brussels was too conspicuous a city, and outrage there, if made too public, was bad for propaganda. The cases of Captain Fryatt and Nurse Cavell were seen to have damaged their cause. The consequence was that, whilst they maintained "terror" as a method of ruling in the small towns and villages, they preferred a policy of pin-pricks for subduing the temper of the Bruxellois.

Few things, for example, were more trying than the way in which they attempted to confiscate all wool and copper. I say "attempted," because they ignominiously failed. The citizens developed a genius for hiding their valuables. The house of every well-to-do person, every tradesman, every *petit bourgeois*, was soon provided with a *cachette*—a hiding-place which baffled the pertinacity of German officials. The latter made periodical house to house visits, often spending



hours in one house, tapping the walls and tables for hidden recesses, turning out drawers, scattering the linen and bed-clothes and personal belongings about the rooms—leaving everything in disorder. But in vain. The hiding-places were there, but seldom discovered. Again and again I was shown the ingenious devices by which the treasured wool and copper were preserved.

Other things, too, were hidden—things which were likely to be confiscated. I met an English prisoner who had assisted to dig out a motor car, which had been completely buried, and had never been found. The Germans took all the wine they could lay their hands on, and had the effrontery to give *bons* at one franc a bottle in payment for choice vintage wines. But there were few families which did not succeed in hiding some portion, at least, of their pre-war stocks.

The poor, on the whole, were less oppressed than the rich. Food became inordinately dear, and they suffered always from insufficient nourishment. But in this respect they were no worse off than the German poor, who for a long time have been in a state of semi-starvation; indeed, they were slightly better off, thanks to the Comité d'Alimentation, administered originally by the Americans. If they were charged with any act of disrespect to German authority, they would be fined when they had money; or packed off to prison when they had none.

### German Thievery

But the well-to-do people were always under surveillance. Above all things the Germans wanted money, and they were apparently anxious to find rich people guilty of offences in order to rob them by the simple process of fining. Also the influential class was the class which they wished to cow. If any German denounced a Belgian on the most frivolous charge, the latter was at once sent for, cross-examined, and perhaps punished with fine or imprisonment. "Do you dare to refuse to answer my questions?" said a German to a young girl who had been sent for to give evidence against other Belgians. "Are you aware that you are alone, and absolutely in my power?" He did not actually carry out the implied threat, but the fact that women could at any time be thus liable to insult made life at all times frightening and nerve-racking. The officials also took pleasure in putting childish indignities upon prominent people. It was a favourite practice to order Belgian men to go and "stand in the corner" for "being rude" or "being naughty." This sort of petty indignity appealed immensely to the official sense of humour. It is amazing how they seem to have gone out of their way to make themselves hated.

Those who were sent to prison never forgot the experience they suffered, especially from hunger, dirt, cold, and bad air. For women the ordeal was still more painful. The gaolers were men, and had the power of looking in on the prisoners at any hour in the day or night. For those who were charged with serious offences, prison life was appalling. I met an Englishman who was charged with espionage. He was first condemned to death, but in view of the fact that the evidence against him was doubtful, his sentence was commuted to five years' imprisonment. He was sent to a place outside Brussels which had once been a Belgian civil prison, but long before the war had been condemned as unfit. He underwent solitary confinement in a cell which was dark and wet. He suffered tortures from cold, and became, as he believes, permanently rheumatic. His food consisted of a thin, nauseating soup and a little bread, and he was always half-famished with hunger. When I saw him, though his Belgian friends had been doing their best to restore him, he was still thin, emaciated, and anæmic looking.

During the last day or two of my stay in Brussels British and other prisoners released from Germany began to arrive in large numbers. The Germans made no attempt to hand them over formally to the British. They simply let them loose, and left them to find their way as best they could back to Belgium. Trains began arriving from Namur full of these poor fellows, who were suffering from long privation and recent famine. Such a sudden and big influx of destitute men had not been foreseen, and for a time there seemed to be no constituted British authority for dealing with them, excepting one lieutenant and three or four men who were installed at the Palais d'Été to tide over the emergency. Late one night more of these men arrived, and between twelve and one in the morning I found myself appealed to by some compassionate Belgians to see what could be done there and then to feed them. Thanks to some representatives of the Belgian Comité Nationale, and to the personal energy of Monsieur Romain Boin, we secured a car-load of bread to feed about a thousand of these prisoners, pending the preparation of a more adequate meal. The British

Minister, who had just arrived in Brussels, took the matter up in the morning, and as I had to leave the town almost immediately I cannot say what happened afterwards. But the public ought to be aware of the fact that hundreds of thousands of British prisoners of war, who have been suffering for months, and in some cases years, of hunger and privation, have already arrived in, or are on their way to, England; and that thousands of these men will not be fit for work for a long time to come.

Before this incident I had already met, on three separate occasions, in a private house, small parties of British prisoners who had escaped, and had been assisted and hidden by civilians in Belgium. One was a New Zealand regimental quarter-master-sergeant, one was a corporal, the rest, I believe, were privates. It is not within the scope of this article to record the thrilling stories of their capture, confinement, escape, and concealment. I need hardly say that the average British soldier is not given to rhetoric or undue embellishment; and that if these various men all agreed, as they did, in their accounts of disgusting quarters, demoralising hunger, and the callousness of their German guards, these accounts must be taken as true.

Certainly my whole view of the average German soldier and the average German official has undergone a complete change since I entered the liberated parts of Belgium, and Brussels in particular. Before, I thought that a large allowance must be made for the natural prejudice engendered by war, for the inevitable bitterness of the Belgians, and for the exaggerations of the Press. Most British soldiers at the Front have not thought of the enemy as a hateful or hating enemy; more usually, in my experience, they have thought of them, with some curiosity, as a set of men rather like themselves—a set of unfortunate devils condemned to the same monotony of shooting and being shot at.

But the prisoners, who know the Germans, cannot take that amiable view. The Belgians, the most cultured and reasonable of them, do not take it. The rather humane and tolerant view held by most Englishmen on active service is not, I now believe, adequate to the facts. I too, during recent weeks, have been convinced that we were fighting men who were enemies not merely by accident, but men who, by some perversion of education and government, were, for the time being, at any rate, enemies fundamentally.

### True Johnny

Johnny, sweetheart, can you be true

To all those famous vows you've made,  
Will you love me as I love you,

Until we both in earth are laid?  
Or shall the old wives nod and say:

"His love was only for the day:

The mood goes by,

His fancies fly,

And Mary's left to sigh?"

"Mary, alas, you've hit the truth;

And I with grief can but admit  
Hot-blooded haste controls my youth,

My idle fancies veer and flit  
From flower to flower, from tree to tree;  
So when the moment catches me,

Oh, love goes by,

Away I fly,

And leave my girl to sigh."

O, can you but foretell the day,

Johnny, when this sad change may be,  
When light and gay you turn away,

And laugh and break the heart in me?  
For, like a nut, for true love's sake  
My faithful heart must crack and break;

When love goes by

And fancies fly,

Then Mary here must die.

When the sun turns against the clock,

When Avon waters upward flow,  
When eggs are laid by barn-door cock,

But dusty hens do strut and crow,  
When up is down, when left is right,  
Why, then, I'll break the troth I plight,

With careless eye

Away I'll fly,

- And Mary here may die.

ROBERT GRAVES.



# The Egoist:

A Story by Douglas Jerrold

TWO weeks of active service . . . and he felt tired. It was not at all what he had expected. No pleasant trench routine, no newspapers, no tinned food from Fortnum and Mason, none of that suburban civilisation which his friends who had been in France had taught him to associate with war.

In the two weeks which he had spent he had experienced little more than the acute discomfort of an Aldershot field day. It is true there was the sun and the dust to torment him, but at the moment it was just that ironic resemblance to an old-fashioned Foxhills field day which hurt. Those long hungry mornings came back to him, and he would think for a minute. "Why, my God, I have done all this a hundred times over before, and enjoyed it" . . . and then he would come up against the awful, the damnable fact which to many made the Peninsula a place almost accursed. . . There was no rest behind the lines, no place of safety, no relief. One couldn't even wash without inviting shells. And this was to go on till—till the end.

Or till he gave in . . . for men had given in . . . it was better to face the fact. It was not merely the old primæval test of danger which he had to bear—a test which finds so many to pass through it triumphant, that indifference to danger passes readily enough among the ignorant for an ingrained habit of man. This was different. It was the prospect of endless voyagings through the deserts of the soul which, he knew, had already broken the spirit of lion-hearted men. A continuous lowering of the vitality, which gave no respite for forgetfulness. An enveloping fate which held their souls in pawn against the cheerful acceptance of every conventional sign of human degradation.

That was what it came to—sheer bestial humanity fighting for survival against every plague of nature. The excitement of an engagement was the only tonic which keyed up men's sinking hearts. The present danger was the only relief from the immanent decay.

Out of the line, sick men crawled about in holes scratched in the ground; men couldn't be allowed to spend their reserves of strength in assuring their own safety. . . Gallipoli made sterner demands than would allow of those common-sense precautions.

Seven weeks of active service . . . and still in Army Corps reserve. And he felt less than tired . . . his sensibility was growing less delicate. . . Gallipoli was making her inevitable conquests. Civilisation was beginning to look *macabre* from the intolerable distance.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three months of active service. And four hundred and fifty men gone sick . . . left, faded away rather, without having fired a shot. . . "Everything was quiet on our front" . . . that was what the papers said, and it was damnably true. Quiet! He had never known such quiet—some people were growing almost disinclined to discuss what they would order for dinner if they were sitting in the Grill Room of the Hyde Park Hotel.

And then the dubious solace of an impending attack.

The news came to him one night as he, lying awake, broken with sickness, filled with a bitter hope that the next day . . . who knows . . . well, the doctor might take a graver view of his case. And he lay there hoping . . . hoping desperately. And it was hope which it was ignominy to endure. . . And all over the camp men were hoping the same thing . . . sullenly.

And then this news. Truly a heaven-sent breakwater against the tide beating insatiably against the stalwart broken spirits of humiliated men. The way of escape was illuminated with an irresistible brilliance.

Not for nothing, he felt now, had he trained that fine company of men. The memory of that debonair march to the entraining station lost its cruel irony in a moment of inspiration.

He would lead them from that plague-stricken sea-shore, on into the green valley beyond. Sari Bair no longer loomed over them, an irremediable menace to the aspirations of a hundred thousand men. It was the key . . . and within his grasp, within the grasp of others too, no doubt. But no body of men would equal the achievement of his company the day after next. . . no body of men of all that expectant army.

\* \* \* \* \*

The first faint glimmer of dawn broke over the assembled

armies, still waiting on the threshold of the last desperate adventure.

How far it would be the final thrōw of the campaign he could not tell. But of all these expectant ranks few could look forward to getting out yet again from that fatal strip of shore to share in another dawn of battle. They were sick men and tired, and hungry for the green life of fields and pleasant shades of imagined woodlands where the only sound to break on them should be the silver plashing of innumerable fountains.

It was no fantastic reverie of his, of his and a thousand others, which was interrupted by the fateful moment of attack. They could go forward past the perilous edge of battle into the beyond of their dreams, on to this forbidden inaccessible height whence they could look down on Chanak and hold the Straits in their keeping. That indeed was an ambitious dream, but within the measure of their power, it seemed. But to go back . . . to let the memory of a few ardent hours be all the increment of their happiness and to continue for more weary weeks that appalling life of sickness and discomfort, to suffer again that aching inertia of the soul . . . that was bitter beyond his merely physical capacity of endurance.

They must go on . . . that was what he had told his company; and he told them not out of the mere routine encouragement which was expected of a company commander, but with an intensity of conviction which made itself felt. After all, these men were more than his company; nine-tenths of them had grown up within the boundaries of his father's estate, and he knew that the unspoken traditions of a stubborn countryside were being tested beyond the imaginable limits of endurance.

If the dawning day should show no triumph, the reaction of its effort would snap that stubborn tradition of endurance, and a week would see the rest of that still splendid company of his fading away like withered leaves in autumn. And the return—one by one those once ardent spirits would return to the unspoken rituals of their countryside, but the illusion would have perished; and men without illusions, though they may live sometimes with endurance amid the bustle of cities, cannot support the burden of existence each in the secrecy of his own wayside hearth.

And he hadn't needed to tell them . . . that was his comfort; that antique wisdom which lingers still in the ends of the earth and the forgotten byways of busy civilisations had told them enough. He merely reminded them of what each knew of himself unaided. They must go on.

He himself, adventurer though he was, hardened to most of the vicissitudes of a persistent good fortune, could not but lead, with every expectation of being followed. And when the moment came, he and his company bade farewell to the plague-infested shore with something of the exultation of a dream fulfilled.

The sun, rising over the Straits, shone with a merciful restraint as they advanced resolutely, with the quick determined stride of free men set on a great adventure across the shell-swept scrub. The fire was heavy, but for the first half-hour of the advance their losses were slight. Now and again he would stop, to check the direction of his men, to give an unspoken farewell to a dying man, or a glance of encouragement to a less ardent spirit.

For it was only the beginning. The main position, not exactly determined, was clearly not yet reached. Only shrapnel and long-range rifle fire were taking their toll of the advancing infantry. Men were falling as yet only by ones and twos. The battle was but beginning. . .

\* \* \* \* \*

Now they were reaching the gradual slope of the hill and the fire was getting ominously intense. They went on. Men were falling by tens now. The centre of the attack was growing thinner . . . and again thinner, and now only isolated groups were toiling pitifully up the barren slope.

Their own path was round the shoulders of the hill. They went on.

He waved the direction to his company and then their pace quickened . . . once round the shoulder of the hill they might come in on the flank of the retreating enemy, driven from his trenches on the hill itself. That was the military situation, present dimly in his mind. He himself had seen those scattered bayonets caught by the sun on the hillside, and knew that there was no path for them forward nor back. But he shut out the vision of those pitiful dis-



solving waves of men and imagined as best he could the rôle he should have fulfilled.

And under the stimulus of his infectious imagination his men rallied to one final effort.

Now they were over the low shoulder of the hill. So small a barrier, but so impenetrable, and shielding so goodly a sight. The little village untouched by the ravishing of war, the olive trees bearing green fruit for the hungry eyes of men to feast on with an incalculable envy, in the distance a shepherd and his flock framed against the skyline of a further hill.

No body of men could resist the enchantment. They had to go on. He found himself repeating to himself what he had told his company on the eve of the attack . . . but as in a dream. It was not the discipline of the soldier which urged him. The egoism of the adventurer drove him, and all unknowingly his company followed, true to the leader whom they trusted too well, and whose promise was fulfilled. They would not go back.

The fire poured on them from all sides. A hundred men became fifty in a moment of time. But with their eyes set on the green horizon the fifty went on . . . to become five and twenty. They strewed their path with the bodies of their enemies, grim signposts on the road to . . . to where? . . . but they went on . . . five men now . . . scattered, stumbling blindly on. . .

A little later consciousness returned—he was lying on his back, a strange deadening calm creeping over him—on his back, in a field of standing corn, hidden from view, looking into the blueness of space . . . and he remembered. . .

He had known men and cities, but the memory faded with his desires. Once more, as in his youth, the peace of the

cornfields was his, the freedom of wide blue skies and the songs of birds. This was the climax . . . and the slow romantic agony of the prelude came back to him.

He remembered the frogs croaking in the gullies their aristophanic chorus, the olive tree of their first shelter casting its reluctant shade to calm the habitual argument, the walk to the beach at sundown, Indians praying by the wayside with their faces to the setting sun, and the goats clambering restlessly up and down the cliffs, and then as the evening sun touched the placid waters to a delicate purple, he remembered how they would plunge in and for a moment or two revel in the cool luxury of the sea. That was Gallipoli in its peaceful twilight. Then there were moments of a menacing grandeur—a night alarm which lit up the short front from sea to sea; or a sortie up the Straits by destroyers seeking to silence the recurring menace of the Asiatic guns, or the narrow gullies on the day of battle swarming with fevered excited men moving into action, the gunners responding indomitably to the needs of the crucial hour, the wounded crawling painfully down the converging roads that led to peace and to the sea, and the great ships gathered off the western shore, a spectacular menace to the bravest of enemies. But it was the memory of the twilight that lingered the most, where the sun in a blaze of glory sank behind Imbros, the torment of flies had abated awhile, and while peace reigned for an interval, the coolness of the welcome night gathered the tired warrior beneath her enveloping shade.

And every unutterable suffering, the utmost soul's destitution, men were enduring for a sight of what he alone had known . . . just for a moment. And it was only as a romantic episode that his egoism recalled these sufferings . . . a memory evoked for pleasure's sake as he lay at peace.

## Rhineland : The New Front Line



Donald McLeish

THE PFALZ CASTLE

A former stronghold of robber knights



Donald McLeish

ST. GOARHAUSEN

The Cat Castle



# Rhineland: The New Front Line



**GENERAL VIEW OF COLOGNE**  
The Bridgehead now occupied by British Troops.



**BINGEN ON THE RHINE**  
The Mouse Tower and Ehrenfels Ruin now occupied by American Troops.

*Cologne, looking across the Rhine, and a view of the river at Bingen. In the latter photograph are shown the famed ruins of Ehrenfels and the Mouse Tower down at the river's edge to the left. Bingen, under the plan of Allied occupation, falls to American troops to keep guard over.*



# Life and Letters by J. C. Squire

## A German Genius

PEOPLE often try to write books about geniuses. They are usually very boring books, and the geniuses are not at all geniuses, but merely irritating *poseurs* with artistic tastes and a technical knack which we have usually to take on trust. Miss Romer Wilson's *Martin Schuler* (Methuen, 7s. net) is the first book about a genius that I have ever read which has really interested me.

The career of Martin Schuler is short. We first meet him at Heidelberg, poor and self-confident; indifferent to the death of the friend who supplies him with the libretto for a great opera and to the fate of an amiable girl whom he casually seduces in a wood; but intoxicated by the ancient streets, the hill, the wide prospect of river and wood, the town sleeping under the moon. He goes to Leipzig, where he meets Hella von Rosenthal, who is irresistibly drawn to him, and spends a luxurious year in Switzerland with him; he breaks with her, becomes a fashionable young man in Berlin, forms an alliance with a beautiful young woman whose husband is in the East, grows sick of the crowds, parties, horses, and clothes, flies to a Bavarian solitude surrounded by lakes and woods, composes his masterpiece there, and dies at the first performance.

This is the "plot." It is very like the plot of other novels about "erratic geniuses." They usually have a succession of love affairs; and I dare say that they often die in the moment of triumph—a banal conception that Miss Wilson, who is usually at least exempt from the charge of banality, might have avoided. The book is a short one, and I cannot say that Martin Schuler's actions are to me made quite convincing. Miss Wilson jumps difficulties. If Schuler was at all a sensitive or sympathetic person he must have felt something when parting with Hella and afterwards, considering that he had spent a year with her; if (and this is the presumption from the general sketch of him) he was not, it is most unlikely that he would have remained with her for more than a week. He is represented as completely selfish; not very sensual, physically attractive to the other characters (so the author contends), but repellent to the reader. He reads nothing and has no interest in ideas; he has nothing to say in conversation. He is not, in fact, to my thinking, at all a type of the genius, whether literary, pictorial, or musical. The genius is usually anything but Bismarckian in his relations with other people; he suffers on account of those relations, however he may mismanage them. If he does trample on other people, he is usually certain, and prepared by argument to demonstrate it, that he is justified; his personal experiences colour his work, and he is full of ideas. Wagner's ideas may have been second-hand, but he had plenty; Turner's verse may have been balderdash, but it was very emphatic. Martin Schuler is altogether too elemental and inhuman; he is imagination without intellect; he has a personality yet no interest in personalities; his genius lives in a closed compartment; his inspiration has nothing human in it. The picture seems to me an impossible one. But Miss Wilson almost palms it off on us.

For she has two conspicuous merits. The first is that remarkable visualising power which enables her to "palm off" an imperfectly conceived character as a real one. Particular aspects and scenes are flashed before us with extraordinary vividness. "This man," we think, "must exist, for we have just seen a photograph of him." Miss Wilson never wastes words. But whether describing the houses of old Heidelberg, a party sitting round a candle-lit tablecloth, the moon on the Rhine, a motor-car journey through wet woods at night, a frozen lake covered with snow, the inside of a theatre, a Swiss valley in spring, she brings the scene before us in the few exact sentences that makes it as "real" to us as if we had seen it ourselves. I do not know any episode in any book more vividly described than Martin's motor-car ride from Berlin to Bavaria; the rain, the endless fir-trees, the halt on a bridge at midnight with a mumbling group of villagers on the fringe of the lamp-light, and the other halt at dawn where Martin emerged to stretch himself and climbed a hill-top whence he could survey hundreds of

miles of country all lying at his feet in the wan light, and all, as it were, in his power. This burning vividness extends to the rendering of physical as well as visual sensations. When Martin is flooded with a great idea "waves of sensation passed from his head, the seat of imagination, to his abdomen, the seat of the knowledge of pleasure"; and when he meets again Steinbach, the friend with whom he has broken, "In spite of the terrible tension and of the sounds in their ears of ugly ringing and booming bells, they both had a desire to make an effort of friendship, but not the will." One could quote scores of passages of these kinds, such as the sentence about Martin riding down the Tiergarten when "The trees formed long parallel lines before him, between which ran the ever-narrowing roadway, to which a thin sprinkling of people seemed to be glued, so constant was their number upon it." It is like looking at the pictures of a new artist who is thoroughly realistic, but who nevertheless sees reality in such a way that his glimpses of the world seem as novel as they are familiar.

And her other notably and much greater quality is her knowledge of how the creative imagination works. She may not have given us a convincing picture of Martin Schuler; but she knows something about imaginative genius, for she has it herself. She knows the blindnesses and the revelations, the contacts with the eternal and the infinite, the possessions and the relapses, and, above all, the way in which the imagination is fed by the scents, sounds, and sights of the material world, taken in keenly and consciously or quite unconsciously, and working in the darkness of the brain until they spring to life in new forms and new combinations through the medium which is natural to the individual. Her Martin Schuler may or may not have been a great artist; but if he was not, it is the imagination and the working methods of a great artist which she has imputed to him. She tells us very little about the conception and the composition of Schuler's great opera, *The Peahens*, but she convinces us that there is a marvellous opera in her brain if not in his. She has, and she knows, the poetic faculty; she is as familiar with its operation in a musical as in a literary mind; and one awaits her next book with a keenness of expectation that has not been aroused by many books far more elaborate, and, with regard to the unfolding of character and the invention of incidents, far more logical and convincing.

Finally, she has said the best that can be said for the spirit of the old Germany, still largely present in the new Germany. Her Germans are not, to us, attractive people; the only likeable man in the book (the women are more amiable) is the consumptive Werner, who is a Rhinelander, and strikes one as being French. Schuler, Steinbach, the young Heidelbergers, the theatre-director, the Prussian aristocrats and business men, are all, to English feelings, gross and ugly; and a Cabinet Minister, to whom the author is not unsympathetic, spits cherry-stones upon a drawing-room carpet. In the act of ejection, he thinks of lovers and the moon; he is profoundly musical and philosophical. The misfortune is that his romanticism probably bore no relation to his conduct of affairs, which was no doubt grotesquely logical and ruthlessly "realistic"; and that his sensibility did not modify his manners, which were those of a hog. But we feel in him, as in all the others, a great capacity for emotional and imaginative experience, which, given more civilisation and a sense of humour, would produce tremendous results. "Give me," says one, "some more beer. Perhaps another mug will send me slobbering into Paradise." And they all somehow, however ungainly, seem a part of the old romantic German—it is South German, and dull, flat Prussia has no share in it—background of castles and fir-woods, elves and fairies, witches, spectres, yearnings and folk-songs. The character of a people and the atmosphere of a country are got into the few short chapters of this book. Whether Miss Wilson likes or dislikes the Germans, and even whether she likes or dislikes her hero, remains completely uncertain; yet she interests one so acutely and uninterruptedly that one is exasperated when her book ends—and with so unworthy a cinema trick as a death in a box at a first night.



# THE THEATRE

By W. J. Turner

THESE is no idea more widely held than the idea that you can learn the technique of an art like you can learn the multiplication table or the use of logarithms. Writers will expound the principles of dramatic writing as dogmatically as any schoolmaster teaching Euclid, drawing up sets of rules, to infringe any of which is disastrous. Yet, again and again enormous success has followed on a complete disregard for all the laws so authoritatively laid down and backed by such strong precedents. Only the other day a German general stated that by all the rules of war the Germans should have got to Paris in 1914, and he confessed that their defeat was due to the French soldiers continuing to put up a stiff resistance when according to the best theory they should have been helpless through exhaustion.

The young playwright is still hampered by the superstition of the actor, the theatrical manager, and the self-elected expert, who cling to recognised formulæ of dramatic construction, who quote Jefferson to instruct you that an audience should never be kept in the dark as to the true state of all matters connected with a play, and will then instance the screen scene in *The School for Scandal* as an example of the great effect obtained through the audience's knowing what is unknown to Sir Peter Teazle, forgetting the great effect obtained by precisely the opposite course in the first act of *Lady Windermere's Fan* and in many of Ibsen's plays.

There are still dramatic agents who will inform you that all they require to judge if a play is likely to be acceptable or not is a bare scenario written on a sheet of notepaper. This is making a fetish of plot and situation with a vengeance, and is substituting the foot-rule for the brain. It is perfectly absurd to imagine that a bare outline of plot can give anyone a true conception of a play. Take the plot of *Macbeth*: a Scottish noble and his wife murder their king, he becomes king, has his enemies killed to make his throne safe, sees the ghost of one of his victims, and is killed by another noble. What could one possibly gather from that—except that it was not a comedy? And *Macbeth* is a play that is full of action and particularly easy to describe! It may be stated as a fact that the better the play the less possible will it be to obtain an adequate idea of it from an outline of the action, however full.

Another notion that needs exploding is the notion that action is of the first importance. I remember once seeing a play at a London theatre in which there seemed to be about ten Red Indians. Red Indians in the house, Red Indians in the garden, Red Indians up the chimneys and under the beds—never was there such a concourse of wild, whooping Red Indians! And action! it was all action, and I was never so bored in my life. "It is all very well for you Red Indians," I muttered to myself. "You, I see, are having a fine time; but where do I come in?"

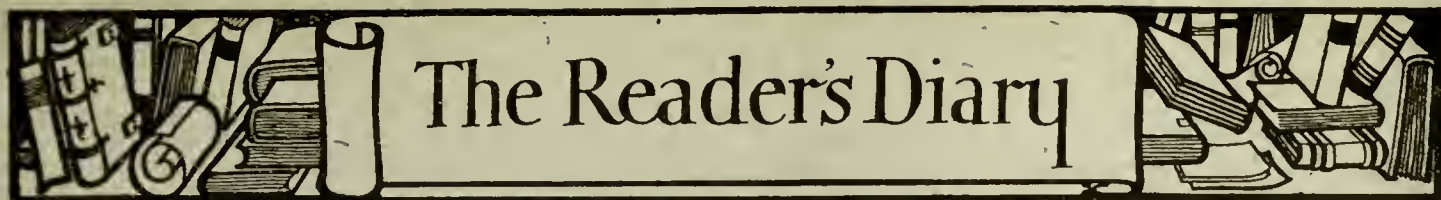
It is not the action that matters, but the imaginative value of the situation. What could be more dramatically effective than the meeting of Helen with Menelaus after the fall of Troy in *The Trojan Women* of Euripides. To what a pitch our emotions are raised all through the dialogue! How we hang on every word of Helen's long speech, some seventy lines of verse, wondering how she will justify herself! How we tremble in expectancy of Menelaus' sentence! How our minds are divided by Helen's pleading and Hecuba's denunciation! The dramatic gifts of an author are best revealed by what he can make of such a situation. Can he extract the last ounce from it, or will he pass rapidly over it, just scratching the surface? In a word, has he imagination—the first, second, and third requirement of a dramatist as it is of the poet and the novelist. The difference between the poet and the dramatist is that between nature and human nature. A power of moving us by our imaginative treatment of landscape in verse will make a poet, but not a dramatist. A drama is a relation between two or more people exposed by the people themselves in a space of a few hours. That is the classical drama. The whole technical difficulty consists in getting the people to do it themselves. In some of Maeterlinck's plays the dramatic relation is between human nature and nature; but, whatever development may come in the future, we can be sure that the mainstay of drama will be human nature.

There are many people who object to Mr. Gordon Craig's scenes and stage settings on this ground that the human element is made a secondary thing. It is no longer man's relation to man that is being dealt with: it is man's relation to nature, to his own imagination, to his environment. Look upon Mr. Gordon Craig's illustration of designs for Hamlet, and you feel that with such a setting Hamlet is no longer in the Court of Denmark, talking with Horatio, Ophelia, the actors, and the King and Queen, but seated in the gloomy vault of his own mind into which no ray of this world's sunlight has ever penetrated; which is to say that Hamlet, as a human being, is dwarfed into insignificance, and all the other persons in the play fade away into shadows. No actors could ever retain reality in such surroundings; they would sink into whispering ghosts. I grant that the effect might be curiously vivid; but it would not be Shakespeare's *Hamlet*: it would be an entirely new play, with a new motif. I think that it would be possible to create very interesting plays in this way. There is no doubt that we have not seen the last novelty in dramatic construction, and that there are many effects that no one has ever yet tried to get on the stage.

The dramatist who has ideas in this direction will consider his setting as deeply as his people; he will not leave it to a producer to stage his play according to whatever may be the fashion of the moment or according to any brilliant but irrelevant notion that takes roost in the producer's head. I grant that there will always be a large range of drama through which the producer may rove at will, giving first this interpretation and then that, much as musicians give different readings of the same composition—a perfectly legitimate and interesting occupation, since any work of art that is worth contemplating contains more than can be seen from a single point of view. It is a risky business, though, this interpretation. As in music, the result in the wrong hands is to interpret the play off the stage. This is an art in which the late Sir Herbert Tree was a great master. He would take *Julius Caesar* and, instead of Shakespeare, give you Beerbohm and a crowd of "supers." Yet the producer with the right instinct can do the boldest things. Mr. Granville Barker, for example, who gave the fairies in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* gold faces, which was a very solid and concrete touch in so light and gossamer-like a structure; but that very concreteness accentuated the dream-like quality of the whole play and took you a step further away from reality. The first duty of a producer is to get the right atmosphere; and it is in the creation of atmosphere that the dramatist of the future will be occupied to a far greater degree than he has ever been in the past.

Except for a few plays by Maeterlinck, Yeats, and Chekov, there has been no serious attempt by modern dramatists to set men not against men, but against fate or some intangible, indefinable background; to use them much as trees, or rocks, or the sky, or the moon, namely, as symbols or vessels carrying a meaning that cannot be expressed in direct speech. Yet the whole progress of the sister art of music has been during the last fifty years along these lines. Direct melody has been abandoned for shifting veils of harmony which reflect light, colour and meaning, just as clouds reflect sunlight and the shadows of woods and rain. The difficulty that confronts the dramatist is how to retain any significance for speech in scenes where the actors are used just as pigments in a landscape or individual notes in a harmony. Speech seems too direct a simplification, it is as incongruous as a strongly rhythmical melody like *The British Grenadiers* would be in *L'Après Midi d'un Faune*; and we are driven to the conclusion that perhaps there is no future for the drama along this path except as something entirely different to what it is now, something more akin to pantomime with or without music. Thus the drama seems to fall between two stools. It cannot depend entirely on words as poetry does, and it cannot depend on visual design and colour as painting does. The theatre of designers, like Mr. Gordon Craig, is, in its logical development the stage treated as a huge canvas upon which the producer paints his will, and where words are not merely superfluous, but as out of place as verse painted on a picture. Both artists and poets, therefore, despise the stage; they feel "cribbed, confined, and confined," but it is, nevertheless, not impossible that these very limitations will yet be made, in the hands of genius, a source of power.





# The Reader's Diary

## Recent Novels

## Mr. Bertrand Russell

I AM inclined to think that in *Martin, Son of John*, by Mr. [Miss, Mrs., or, perhaps, Master (?)] C. A. Nicholson (Sidgwick & Jackson, 6s. net), we have again our old friend the "complex" of the psychoanalysts, on whom be peace. At all events, Martin is subject to hallucinations, murders his father, and writes a novel—all, in greater or lesser degrees, signs of mental eccentricity. What I cannot quite make out is what produced the "complex" and what removed it. Martin's mother went to live for a little while with John, but, distrustful of his power to make her or her child happy, refused to "make an honest man" of him, a decision which distressed him very much. She accordingly supported herself by teaching languages in a school, sent Martin to John, who was a rich country gentleman, occasionally for a visit, and eventually died, rather gratuitously, of starvation. All the time Martin was developing signs of eccentricity, and when he returned from Germany, whither he had gone on John's allowance, announced his intention of writing a novel. He referred mysteriously to the projected book as his child, which naturally roused the darkest suspicions in John's heart. These were, however, allayed; and John, in the reaction of relief, tried to bribe an eminent publisher into putting the name of his firm on the title-page of the as yet unwritten book. Martin chose, for some reason, to think that this effectually prevented him from ever writing his blessed novel; and so he chalked up one against John. Later, the unhappy country gentleman interfered, with the best motives and in the most fatuous manner, in Martin's love-affairs; and as the lady chose to be almost equally absurd, the promising match was broken off. As a result, John found himself two down. Then, in a climax of fatuity, he revealed to Martin the fact of his parentage, without any preparation; and Martin, feeling perhaps that this was too much of a good thing, knocked him down and half-strangled him. John, being in a weak state of health, succumbed easily. There ensue some delirious passages, in which the Furies that pursue Martin, several dogs, and a revolting young woman named Susie are the principal persons. Eventually, of course, Martin marries his Edith, and the Furies are dispelled, the manner and the reason of their departure remaining obscure. The pity of it all is that Master Nicholson (I feel I must protest somehow against the reticence of these initials) has imagination and shows occasionally a respectable power over words. But he is lurid too often, and he seems to think that when he tells us that his characters made impossible fools of themselves, we shall believe him on his bare word.

With what relief I turn to *Youth Went Riding*, by Mr. C. E. Lawrence (Collins, 6s. net), a jolly romance of knight-errantry! There is, after all, something to be said for the order of society in which, when a man has an unusually sinister complex, you just cut off his head, instead of analysing his sickening dreams and making a pother about his marital relations. Mr. Lawrence's story is rather like *The Forest Lovers*, only it is not quite so languid in its characters or its style, and considerably more acid in its humour. Michael rides out from his castle of Palentyre, attended by the squire, Ferbeau, with the object of worthily winning his spurs; and, in the course of his adventures, he rescues several distressed damsels, meets a horrible wizard, gains the friendship of the noble-hearted outlaw, Gorm, and makes an enemy of the wicked Lord of Boutclere. In the end, he slays Boutclere in single combat, and marries Avrille, the daughter of the Emperor. Michael is not a prig, but a chivalrously ambitious youth, eager to be a hero, but willing to acknowledge his follies and his failures. Avrille is delightful, as are all the other damsels who flit in and out of the story, Gorm is a generous and open-hearted brigand, Boutclere is a black villain, and there is a liberal allowance of skirmishing, tilting, ambushing, guerrilla warfare, and riding through the lonely forest at night. I do not suppose that the book will live for ever. I even doubt if it will outlive *The Forest Lovers*; and it will certainly begin to be forgotten when William Morris's prose tales are still in a fresh and hearty youth. But it is a good book; and oh, what a relief!

I suppose *Roads to Freedom*, by Mr. Bertrand Russell (Allen & Unwin, 7s. 6d. net) and *The Philosophy of Mr. B\*rr\*nd R\*ss\*ll*, by Mr. P. B. Jourdain (Allen and Unwin, 3s. 6d. net) have a certain connection which makes it appropriate to notice them together; but they are by no means books of the same sort. The second of them is a collection of extremely obscure jokes about logic and mathematics, which cites among its authorities the *Principia Mathematica* and *The Hunting of the Snark*. I have found its perusal interesting as settling a doubt which has long perplexed me, the doubt whether metaphysicians sometimes foregather of an evening and talk humorous metaphysical shop over their pipes and whiskies. But Mr. Bertrand Russell, in proper person, is speaking in *Roads to Freedom* not to the members of his trade, but to anyone who will listen. It opens with a curious little apologia for the temperament of the idealistic reformer, in which it is hard not to see a reference to the part the author has played in the war and a confession of at least over-emphasis; and it proceeds to outline and criticise the four main theories which at present are being urged as cures for the unhappiness of the world—State Socialism, Anarchism, Syndicalism, and Guild Socialism. Mr. Russell is, of course, one of the ablest popularisers of abstruse theory in the world; and this volume has the same lucidity and the same simple elegance of style which distinguished his collection of popular philosophical essays published early this year. Those who are unable to understand what it is that the Anarchists offer the world and precisely how much of it is attractive, how much practicable, and how much absurd, should read the extremely moderate chapter in which he finds the whole theory by no means so wild as it has been represented to be, and yet finds its principal tenet impossible in the end. His treatment of the other theories is equally just and clear, though these, of course, are better understood by the ordinary reader. And, on finishing this book, one wonders regretfully why so moderate and so admirable an expositor of idealist causes should have chosen, whatever may have been his zeal to state the neglected case, to be so bitterly unjust towards his own country.

## The B.E.F. Times

*The B.E.F. Times*, which is now republished in facsimile (Jenkins, 7s. 6d. net), is a remarkable paper with a remarkable history; but in turning over its pages I have found no passage worthier of notice than the following editorial pronouncement in the issue of January 22nd of the present year: "We have heard so many tales from Hunland about what he is going to do to us now that he has fixed Russia, that it makes us think he is trying to forget what *we* are going to do to *him*. It is still our firm opinion that any Hun could be bought for a tin of bully and a slice of bread. Anyway, we feel inclined to get mixed up with the prophets Elijah, John the Baptist, and Horatio Bottomley, and prophecy the general bust-up of the Hun at no very remote date, say, September next, provided all pull their weight." Then the offensive began, the printing-office was shelled, the type of the next number was "pied" more thoroughly than the most malignant printer could have managed by himself, and the *B.E.F. Times* came to an end; not, however, before uttering a prophecy which required courage in surroundings where prophets of the end of the war were, if possible, more unpopular than anywhere else on earth, a prophecy which must have caused the editor's heart to leap within him when his shot proved to be within two months of accuracy. The rest of the paper is written in an equally breezy and engaging manner. I have no space to quote all on which my eyes rested; but I particularly liked the serial "For King and Country," in which the hero quarrels with his father, whom he assists, and who is an M.L.O., and rushes off in a suicidal mood to become an R.T.O. The gaiety of all the contributions is undeniable, though unexpected in the circumstances; and this reprint is well worth having, not only to preserve as a "document," which it is, but also as an entertaining piece of literature. PETER BELL.



# The Levy on Capital: By Hartley Withers

INTEREST in the subject of the Levy on Capital has lately been revived by correspondence upon it between Mr. Henry Bell, of Lloyds Bank, and Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P. Mr. Bell opened the ball by a letter to the Labour leader pointing out that the latter's political programme included a levy on capital, for the repayment or reduction of the National Debt; that he (Mr. Bell) had no prejudices against any plan to effect this purpose, which seemed to promote the interests of trade and industry, and of the community as a whole; but that the proposed levy seemed to him likely to have "precisely the opposite effect, and that to a disastrous degree." Proceeding to concentrate his criticism to the point of the unfairness involved to large sections of the people, Mr. Bell propounded the following questions to Mr. Henderson:—

"1. Two persons, 'A' and 'B,' have each of them for a period of twenty years enjoyed an average income of £1,000 a year. 'A,' being unmarried and having no encumbrances, and having, moreover, desired to 'have a good time,' has spent the whole of his income. 'B,' on the other hand, being married and of a prudent and thrifty disposition, has saved and invested half his income, and has lived on the other half plus the interest on his savings, which have added to his income year by year. He has thus accumulated a capital sum of £10,000 with which to provide for the old age of himself and his wife and to start his children in their careers.

"Now, I do not suppose that we shall differ as to which of these two men has lived the more useful life or has deserved better of the State. Even from the merely material point of view, 'B' has in fact contributed larger sums in direct taxation than 'A' because he has paid income-tax not only on his original income, but also on the interest derived from his savings.

"What possible justice can there be in now subjecting him to a tax on his hard-earned capital from which 'A' would be entirely exempt?

"2. Again, a sea captain who has retired after forty years of service has accumulated during that time a provision of £5,000 for his old age. He has only been able to do this (for the mariner's rate of pay is none too generous) by continuous and earnest thrift and self-denial. A comrade in a like position, who has spent every penny he has earned, is in his old age dependent on the generosity of his relations and friends, and may even become a charge on the State.

"What possible justice can there be in taxing the capital of such a man's hard-earned savings?"

Justice can only be done to Mr. Henderson's answer by quoting it in full. It is as follows:—

"33 Eccleston Square, S.W.1,

December 9th, 1918.

"Sir,—I am much obliged for your letter of the 2nd instant, to which only my absence from London and great pressure of business has prevented me from replying by return.

"The Labour Party desires that the whole or a large part of the burden of indebtedness with which this nation is charged—over and above such reparation and compensation as may be made by the Central Empires—should be borne by an assessment according to capital fortunes, instead of an assessment according to annual incomes. This is the proposal commonly referred to as a levy on capital or the conscription of wealth.

"I may point out, however, in reference to your remark that such a proposal would have a disastrous effect, that in this project of a capital levy, the Labour Party is committing itself to no invention of its own, but is merely supporting the suggestion made by the political economists—see the significant series of articles in favour of the proposal in the *Economic Journal*, the quarterly of the Royal Economic Society, for March last—which is not without considerable adhesion among financiers.

"I come now to the particular cases you put to me as demonstrating its unfairness and its injurious effects on character and thrift. I should like to point out, to begin with, that you are assuming that the proposed capital levy is to be the only tax that is levied. The Labour Party is not able to make any such assumption. It seems clear that, besides a considerable amount of indirect taxation—which has the approval of the Labour Party only in so far as it

falls on luxuries of which it is not desirable to increase the consumption—there will necessarily have to be an income-tax on the one hand, and death duties on the other. The Labour Party holds that the whole burden of taxation should be made to fall, according to the dictum of the economists, in proportion to 'ability to pay.'

"I now take your cases. 'A,' the thriftless bachelor, who spends all his income is contrasted with 'B,' the prudent husband and father who saves half his income, and thereby accumulates £10,000. Is it fair that 'A' should escape, and 'B' have to pay? May I point out that it is the present system of taxation—not the Labour Party's proposal—which has this result? At present, apart from taxation on their earned incomes, so long as these last, 'A' pays nothing, and 'B' the very heavy tax on his income from the £10,000 invested. He even has to pay the tax on his earned income at a higher rate than the thriftless 'A' has to do just because of his prudent thrift in having accumulated the £10,000.

"What the Labour Party proposes is to reduce this penalty on thrift. The capital levy will enable the income-tax to be reduced probably to its pre-war rate, so that 'B,' whilst paying his tiny quota to the capital levy, will be spared the considerable annual payment that he now has to make as income-tax on his £10,000 of investments. The thrifty 'B' will, under the Labour Party's proposals, be left in enjoyment of a larger net income than he now has.

"So with your thrifty sea captain with £5,000. At present he is severely mulcted by the heavy income-tax, which will have to be further increased if there is no capital levy. Substitute the capital levy for this income-tax, and the thrifty sea captain will find he has more left to live on than he has now.

"I venture to suggest that in deciding that 'it would be difficult to find a form of taxation which would militate more against thrift, or would operate with greater injustice,' you had perhaps not considered how very seriously the present income-tax incurs this criticism; nor yet weighed to what an extent your objection is affected if you take the capital levy as a substitute for a ten-shillings income-tax.

"I agree with you in thinking that what we have to do is to produce additional wealth and to accumulate further capital; but I would point out that it is not by these means that the National Debt can be reduced. That can only be done by taxation, and what the Labour Party—following the political economists—desires is that the taxation should be assessed according to the ability to pay. That is the case for the capital levy.—Yours faithfully,

"ARTHUR HENDERSON."

The weakness of this answer, by so able a defender of the levy as Mr. Henderson, is a measure of the strength of the case against it. He quotes the *Economic Journal* for March last as evidence that the levy was suggested by political economists, and was not invented by the Labour Party; but he forgets to mention that the interview between Mr. Bonar Law and the Labour representatives, who put the proposal before him, took place in the previous November. This, however, is a detail. Who was the inventor is not the question, but whether the proposal is fair. Nor is Mr. Henderson's quite unwarranted accusation that Mr. Bell assumes that the capital levy is to be the 'only tax that is levied,' (!) any more to the point. What is to the point is this: that Mr. Henderson's endeavour to demonstrate the fairness of the levy in the case of Mr. Bell's example, is, with all deference to the former, amazingly weak. The Labour Party proposes to amend the penalty on thrift, involved by present income-tax arrangements, not by reforming the income-tax, but by reducing it out of a levy on the accumulations of the thrifty (among others).

Every one must admit that accumulated wealth, especially if inherited, is a fair subject for heavier taxation than earned income. But attempts to take away blocks of it in order to redeem debt seems to me to involve so much injustice to the small saver, who is providing for his old age or for his dependents, and to be so likely to discourage future saving that the effects would almost certainly be disastrous. Mr. Pethick Lawrence argues very plausibly that the small saver would be benefited by the reduced income-tax more than he would lose by the levy; but this argument is based on two quite unwarranted assumptions: (1) that the levy on capital would never happen again, and (2) that the whole of the relief that it effected by reducing debt charge would be applied to the benefit of the income-tax payer. So likely, isn't it?











